

THE
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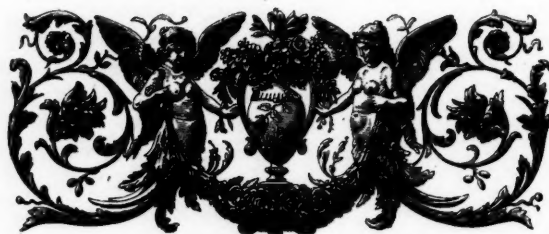
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The Chronicle of Art.

ART IN OCTOBER.

M. AUGUSTE RODIN, whose bust of J.-P. Laurens is perhaps the most successful sculpture of the year, has completed a "Manon Lescaut" in marble.

PROFESSOR LEGROS has remodelled his charming bas-relief, "La Source," from head to foot, and it may now be considered one of his happiest and most finished achievements. In conjunction with three great satyric masks, of uncommon merit in respect of both invention and execution, it will probably be adapted to the ornamentation of a mural fountain in bronze and stone.

MR. HERKOMER has gone to America to lecture and paint portraits. He leaves behind him, among others, a portrait of the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. James Russell Lowell, author of the "Biglow Papers" and of much intelligent work in verse and prose besides.

THE President and Mr. E. Burne Jones have been invited, as representative English painters, to contribute to the next year's Paris International Exhibition of Contemporary Art.

LIKE the Crown Princess of Germany, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice has been elected an honorary member of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. The next exhibition of the Institute will be held in the spring of 1883, in the new galleries in Piccadilly. It will be open to all water-colour painters alike, as the Institute is a "Close Society" no longer.

THE Treasury has refused a special grant for the purchase of the "H.B." drawings—nine hundred and seventeen in number; the originals of so many famous caricatures. It has sanctioned their acquisition, however; and when funds are available, and the collection can be paid for, it will be transferred to the British Museum.

AT South Kensington it is proposed to form a complete collection of such manuals of the art of fence as have appeared in Europe from the Fifteenth Century downwards. A more curious or more interesting library it is not easy to imagine.

MR. G. A. AUDSLEY has in the press an important and elaborate work on Japanese art. It is intended to describe and illustrate the whole artistic achievement of the Middle Kingdom, and it will contain upwards of ninety folio plates, sixteen of which are photographic reproductions in monochrome, while the other seventy-four are printed in gold

and colours. The book will be issued (to subscribers only) in four parts, at intervals of six months. The entire edition—for England, America, and the Colonies—is limited to twelve hundred and fifty copies, fifty of which are artist-proof impressions, printed on Japanese paper.

THE Twelfth Liverpool Corporation Exhibition comprehends eight hundred and twenty-six pictures, seven hundred and twenty-seven drawings, miniatures, and etchings, and some forty pieces of sculpture. The gathering includes a collection of impressionist pictures, and a collection of realist work as well. It is remarked that history and *genre* are fully represented, but that the landscapes are few and unimportant. The most notable of all the exhibits is the President's "Phryne." Among the others are Mr. Yeames's "Prince Arthur and Hubert," Mr. Barnard's "Sidney Carton," Mr. Blair Leighton's "Foreign Bride," Mr. John Collier's "Clytemnestra," and Mr. Richmond's "Prometheus and Hercules." Among local artists the most successful is Mr. Peter Ghent, whose "Nature's Mirror," a very striking piece of landscape art, has been purchased for presentation to the Corporation. The sales on private view day amounted to upwards of £1,325.

THE Ninth Annual Exhibition at Brighton includes some five hundred pictures. Among the exhibitors are Mrs. Jopling, Miss Hilda Montalba, Mrs. A. F. Grace, Miss Eleanor Brace, Chevalier Desanges, M. Fantin, and Messrs. Alfred Parsons, Aumonier, Wells, Elmore, Schäfer, J. S. Adams, Davidson Knowles, Clem Lambert, W. Lewis, Handel Lucas, J. M. Burfield, and E. Armitage. Much of the work is of excellent quality, and the success of the exhibition is complete.

AT Kirkcaldy the Eleventh Annual Fine Art Exhibition comprehends over nine hundred works, at prices ranging from five shillings and sixpence to two hundred guineas. Chief among the exhibits are Mr. R. McGregor's "Great Expectations;" Mr. A. K. Brown's "The Way to School;" Mr. Lavery's "Young Lady of the Eighteenth Century," and "The Time and the Place;" and Mr. Andrew Young's "Snorers"—a piece of rather vulgar comedy. It is worthy of note that the sales at last year's exhibition amounted to £1,164. At the last exhibition of the Paisley Art Institute the sales were eighty in number—nearly a fourth of the whole collection—and the amount realised thus was upwards of £359.

THE Nottingham Autumn Exhibition includes Mr. John Collier's "Last Voyage of Hendrik Hudson," Mr. J. D. Linton's "The Banquet," and pictures by Messrs. Aumonier,

Walter Crane, E. A. Waterlow, Schäfer, J. R. Herbert, and Frank Dicksee. Among local artists, mention may be made of Misses Pitman, Florence Small, and M. S. Storey; and of Messrs. Peel, Wilde, Holland, Cubley, Moore, Redgate, Gresley, and Belshaw. Messrs. Arthur Young and George Halse contribute work in marble and bronze. The exhibition, which has been extremely popular, is pronounced a great improvement upon last year's.

THE Glasgow Black and White Exhibition is remarkable in a magnificent and unique collection of Méryons, one hundred and thirty-two in number. In other respects it greatly resembles its predecessors. Lhermitte, as usual, sends some broadly simple charcoal drawings. Professor Legros is at once the most versatile and most individual contributor. Always on the look-out for a new method of expression, he exhibits two luminous studies of heads in which mezzotint and etching are combined with wonderful effects of strength and colour. The portrait of himself, in pure etching, is frank and masterly in treatment, and shows a perfect conception of the limits of the medium. In addition to these, he sends a stately drawing in sepia of French fisherwomen and several noble landscape studies in outline. M. Richeton is represented by a portrait of Professor Blackie, alike unworthy of the subject and the artist, and Mr. Whistler has two charcoal studies with nothing particular about them but eccentricity. The current French landscape school, never so strongly under Corot's influence as when divorced from colour, has representatives in Allongé, H. Trouville, Karl Robert, Lalanne, and P. Vautier. Other original work is sent by Messrs. Albert Moore, Paul Flandrin (whose heads lose some of their characteristic insipidity when in outline merely), Alma-Tadema, J. Sant, and J. D. Watson.

MR. WOOLNER's much abused "George Dawson" having been irreparably broken and defaced, the Committee has decided to commission Mr. Williamson to submit a model for a new statue, for which, at the time of writing, eight hundred guineas had already been subscribed.

AT Vienna the "Fiammetta" of M. Jules Lefebvre, M. Léopold Flameng's "Rorke's Drift," and the "Parisienne" of M. Adolphe Martial have been bought by the Austrian Government.

Two curious documents have been discovered at the Hague. The earlier in date (1649) is the catalogue of a state lottery in which pictures were given as prizes. Among the paintings disposed of were six Cuyps, valued at from 45 to 52 florins apiece; an "Alchemist," by David Teniers, rated at 25 florins; and a Van Goyen, estimated at the same figure. The second paper is a price-list of certain pictures that were sold about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. It includes a Wouvermans, 44 florins; an Ostade, 70 florins; a Teniers, 70 florins; a Metz, 105 florins; and a Van de Velde, 400 florins. The comparison of these prices with those secured at the Hamilton Sale is, to say the least of it, instructive.

BELGIUM—the country of Rubens and Van Dyck, of Teniers and Ostade and Jordaens, and a hundred famous painters besides—has been for some time past extremely well disposed towards that "artist in nightmares," Antoine

Wiertz. Not only does it regard the hideous phantasmagoria exhibited at the Musée Wiertz, in Brussels, as high and noble art, and the expression of a notable intelligence and a fine imagination; it has determined that Wiertz is a proper subject for fêtes and monuments and after-dinner speeches, and that Dinant, his native place, is to be made happy and glorious in a colossal reproduction of his "Triomphe de la Lumière," to be set up there under the lee of the citadel. To this end a national committee has been formed; a national subscription has been set going; national fêtes have been organised in many of the principal towns; the "Triomphe" has been described as "one of the most beautiful creations of Nineteenth Century art;" and, at the time of writing, some 15,000 francs have been collected for the embellishment of Dinant. The story of the Wiertz Memorial will form, no doubt, an entertaining chapter in that "History of Misdirected Enthusiasm" which will one day be written. In English something analogous already exists: in Mr. Hollingshead's pleasant farce, "The Birthplace of Podgers."

M. DUBUFE's enormous diptych, "La Musique Sacrée et la Musique Profane," noticed by us in our review of the Salon, has been bought for the Conservatoire. Mr. Ruskin's notorious little Meissonnier has been purchased by Defoer Bey, and now adorns his house in the Boulevard Haussmann.

THE late Henri Lehmann—an exhibition of whose work is announced for January next—has bequeathed a number of *objets d'art* to the Académie des Beaux-Arts. These are to be sold by auction, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the foundation of a triennial prize—of a thousand pounds—to be awarded to the artist who, during the previous three years, shall have achieved the most eloquent protest "contre l'abaissement de l'art que les doctrines préconisées aujourd'hui semblent favoriser." The prize will be called the Henri Lehmann Prize . . . "pour l'encouragement des bonnes études classiques." The bequest is, of course, an attack upon Realism and Impressionism: upon the tradition of Courbet and the principles of MM. Manet and Degas. How many youngsters (the recipient must not be more than five-and-twenty) it will persuade into premature wisdom remains to be seen.

THE opening of a private International Exhibition, at the galleries of M. Georges Petit, in the Rue de Sèze, is announced for the 20th December next. The French artists who will be represented therein are MM. Duez, Saint-Marceaux, Béraud, Courtois, Jacquet, Dagnan-Bouveret, and Bastien Lepage; the foreign, MM. Boldini, Edelfelt, Domingo, D'Epinay, Eguzquiza, Gonzales, Ribera, Liebermann, Tofano, Stewart, and Sargent.

A COMMITTEE has been formed for the erection of a subscription statue at Besançon to the memory of Claude de Jouffroy—"inventeur de la navigation à vapeur." MM. Faye, Dumas, and Ferdinand de Lesseps are among its members. With respect to the proposed subscription statue of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, it is noted that the Convention ordered a Rousseau of the great and famous sculptor, Houdon, whose "Voltaire," in the *foyer* of the Théâtre-Français is one of the finest portrait sculptures in existence. Houdon's plan has the merit of ingenuity at least. Pouched on a rock, "planté d'arbres," his Rousseau would have been

seen engaged in the act of contemplating "avec satisfaction" the ardours of the young Emilius ("âgé de dix ans"), who "surmontant les obstacles, s'élance et saisit le bonnet de la liberté attaché à un arbre." . . . "prix," remarks the patriotic artist, "d'une course dont l'objet est à la fois de développer ses forces physiques et d'élever son âme." The philosopher the while, his hand upon his heart, "paraît jouir du succès de son élève," while with the other hand he covers with the mantle of philosophy ("qui est le sien") the symbols of the arts and sciences . . . "pour les transmettre à Emile, qui n'a d'autres maîtres que lui et la nature." This pleasing performance was destined for the Champs-Élysées. It is perhaps as well that it never got into marble out of prose.

A SECTION of special interest in the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs is devoted to the graphic illustration of the Art of Dress. It is largely composed of engravings lent by Victorien Sardou, who is a *curieux* of the first water, and who is responsible, not only for the greater part of the collection, but for the catalogue as well. It may be noted that M. Sardou, as becomes a practical dramatist, is a devout and most intelligent student of social and domestic archaeology. The literary merit of his pieces is sometimes questionable; but his work is always perfect considered as an example of the art and science of *mise-en-scène*. As employed by him, indeed, costume has a positive dramatic quality, and plays an active part in the development of an intrigue. In "La Famille Benoiton," for instance, the miracles of extravagance in which M^{me}. Fargueil dressed her Clotilde were as necessary to the part as the homilies upon luxury it was her function to deliver. It must be added that now and then M. Sardou forgets the playwright in the costumier, and fairly swamps his drama in accessories and decorations. This was the fortune of "La Haine"—the most moving and vigorous of his failures. It is a capital melodrama in many ways; but it was tailored and mounted to death, and has never known resurrection.

IN this connection it is worthy of note that the costume question has of late been much and earnestly debated. It is probable that ere these lines are in print a proposed Congress for the Discussion of Women's Dress will have assembled and squabbled and dispersed. Meanwhile Mr. Roberts has been lecturing on the enormities of modern costume; Colonel Ziegler, Surgeon-Major of the Swiss Federal Army, has been demonstrating the stupid sinfulness of boot-tops and high heels to the Hygienic Congress at Zurich; and Dr. Alfred Carpenter has exposed the nothingness of the funnel hat, and the diabolical quality of tight stays, and shoes with high heels and pointed toes, to the Sanitary Congress at Newcastle. None of the lecturers had any difficulty in proving his case. The subject, indeed, is worn threadbare; and there is nothing new to be said about it. It has over and over again been pointed out that, from the physiological point of view, Society is compassing its own destruction; and, on every occasion, Society has replied with a calm smile and the production of a more idiotic waist than ever. It is certain, therefore, that for the moment things must remain as they are, and that little or nothing will be done in the way of dress reform until the reformers go to work in another direction, and secure the interest, not of the Nation's doctors, but of the Nation's milliners and tailors, and of those on whom these arbiters of health and morals most depend. M. Worth, for instance,

could bring in low heels and loose corsets with a stroke of his pen; why should not M. Worth be appealed to? The spectacle of an illustrious personage of either sex in reasonable attire would do more to make extravagance ridiculous than a thousand congresses with an equal number of medico-æsthetic addresses thrown in. Why, in the interests of art and sanitation, should not illustrious personages be attempted? Associations may argue as they please, and prove and disprove until the world is sick and tired of hearing; but until they can make the reforms they profess not only becoming but fashionable, they will, for all practical purposes, be little more than non-existent.

WE should add that the difficulty of persuading the trade was fully recognised by Mrs. King of the Rational Dress Society in a brisk and sensible paper read in the Health section, before the Social Science Congress at Nottingham. To propitiate the Abstract Milliner, she said, the society had offered a thirty-pound prize for a pattern dress which should be at once becoming in effect and rational in principle: with prizes for tricycle, cricket, lawn-tennis, and skating costumes of a similar type. Mrs. King, who is an evangelist of the Divided Skirt, is strongly in favour of bright hues and charming combinations of colour. This element she holds to be the best in feminine attire as it now exists; and she is unselfish enough to hope that, in course of time, it may resume its old importance in the dress of man, and become, as in bygone ages, the attribute of both the sexes. With its men in brave apparel and its women so costumed as to be able to move freely and grow properly, the future, she opines, will have the advantage of the present to a great extent indeed; and there is every reason to believe her opinion justified.

THE catalogue of the National Gallery of Canada, in Bank Street, Ottawa, presents some interesting features. The Royal Canadian Academy was instituted in 1879, and after the first exhibition at Ottawa, in 1880, seventeen pictures and drawings were presented to the gallery, together with a piece of sculpture, the gift of the Marquis of Lorne. At the close of the second exhibition, which was held at Halifax in 1881, the collection was still further increased by the presentation of two pictures and half-a-dozen drawings. After the third exhibition (Montreal, 1882), at which some four thousand five hundred dollars' worth of art was sold, four more pictures were added, and within the last few months accommodation has been found for a copy of Salvator Rosa, presented by the painter, and for a "Study of a Head," presented by Sir Frederick Leighton. The total number of works included in the collection is therefore only thirty-three—which, for the National Gallery of a great and flourishing dependency, is small indeed. It is earnestly to be hoped that the President's example will not be thrown away, but that his gift to the Canadian National Gallery will be followed by many others. There is no doubt that the Dominion will presently be the scene of a vigorous æsthetic revival; and it is surely not too much to expect of the artists of the mother-country that, by precept and example, they should help this consummation on.

THE Spirit of the Age—a spirit of correction and destruction—is triumphant all over the Continent. In Italy the ravages of the restorer are infinite. At Bordeaux

the making of a new road has entailed the destruction of many Thirteenth and Fourteenth Century houses. At Basle the western towers of the great church, which was built in the reign of the Emperor Henry II., have been thoroughly restored, renovated, and conventionalised. At Bern the cathedral has been handed over to the architects of the place, to be repaired, completed, and generally improved. And at Paris—Paris, *umbilicus artium*, the eye of the universe, the brain of the world . . . the city of Victor Hugo, in fact—at Paris, it is found that the treasures of the Garde-Meuble National have been “restored” and “done up” for exhibition in the Palais des Champs-Élysées. In England we are—for the moment at least—more fortunate. It is proposed, for instance, to destroy the Old Toll-House at Yarmouth, which is said to be unique of its kind in Britain. Sir John Lubbock, however, has taken the matter in hand, and is doing his best to have the place appropriated as a museum. It is said, too, that the restorations committed on the Abbey-Church at Hexham will be visited as severely as possible. Altogether, we are in a better way than our neighbours.

THE death is announced of the landscape-painter Joanny Rave; of Émile Renard, a designer of great merit, employed at the Manufacture Nationale, Sèvres; of J. de Halbig, sculptor of the colossal “Descent from the Cross,” erected near Ober-Ammergau; of W. B. C. Fyfe, a popular painter of portraits, landscape, and *genre*; of Gaspard Gobant, “aquarelliste militaire;” and of Joseph Pettitt, the Birmingham landscape-painter.

As represented by the first number, the “Glossaire Archéologique” of M. Victor Gay (Paris: Librairie de la Société Bibliographique) is a work of great merit and importance. It supplies a want, and it does so with so much fulness and exactness as to be really irreproachable. Copiously illustrated, neatly and clearly written, it is so evidently the outcome of a vast and abundant erudition as to seem almost beyond criticism. The form is a large octavo; and the number, which carries on the work from “A” to “Bl,” is a hundred and sixty pages long. As the type is small, and as the pages are double-columned, the amount of matter is very great. As a specimen of the articles themselves, the first, short as it is, may be regarded as typical. Under the heading “A,” the author treats of the place in mediæval art of the capital letter. His description is eleven lines long; his illustration is copied from a golden buckle (1300) in the Warne collection; the five quotations by which he completes his definition are taken from Chaucer’s “Canterbury Tales” (1392), from the “Inventario di Guardaroba Estense” (1494), from the “Inventoire d’Anne de Bretagne” (1499); from the “Voyage d’Anne de Foix” (1502); and from the “Inventoire du Chateau de Pau” (1561). Nor are the capacities of the letter exhausted in a single article; for in his next definition M. Gay remarks that, in combination with a certain border, it did duty as a trade-mark among the armourers of Abbeville. Of special interest are the articles “Basin,” “Bain,” “Armes et Armures,” “Baton,” “Artillerie,” “Arquebuse.” We should add, however, that these are selected almost at random, and there is not a page in the number but is in the highest degree authoritative and interesting.

THE eighth number of “L’Art au Dix-Huitième Siècle” (Paris: A. Quantin) is devoted to Gravelot—a Frenchman

who worked so largely and steadily for England, and whose achievement is so liberally represented in the National collection that, according to MM. De Goncourt, the British Museum had at one time determined to call him an Englishman, and to consider and catalogue his work as English art. He was a facile draughtsman, with a pleasant and abundant vein of invention, a knack of graceful and telling composition, and an intimate acquaintance with the modes and manners of his contemporaries; and he was recognised as one of the best and happiest illustrators of his time. Of his innumerable designs, the most remarkable, as MM. De Goncourt observe, are those produced for the illustrated “Decameron” (in five volumes) of 1757; for the 1765 edition of Marmontel’s “Contes Moraux;” and for the “Lettres de Deux Amants.” The worst are probably his illustrations to Shakespeare, though the designs he executed for Fielding’s “Tom Jones” are tolerably bad likewise. Among his other achievements were the illustrations of the Baskerville Horace; of Marmontel’s translation of the “Pharsalia;” of Voltaire’s “Pucelle;” of M^{me}. de Boccage’s “Paradis Terrestre;” of Beaumarchais’ “Eugénie,” D’Urfé’s “Astrée,” “Manon Lescaut,” the “Partie de Chasse de Henri Quatre,” the Voltairian “Corneille,” and Voltaire’s tragedies. The list, however, is such a long one that even MM. De Goncourt, enthusiasts as they are, do not attempt to give it in its entirety. We shall have said enough if we add that they have written a charming account of Gravelot, and that, of the five examples of his work which they have chosen for reproduction, not all are particularly meritorious.

MR. JAMES HILTON’S “Chronograms” (London: Elliot Stock) is both a curiosity of literature and an achievement in production. Everything about it is comely and attractive. The form is quarto, the size is scholarly and serious; the types are clean cut, varied, and clear; the paper is thick and luxurious; the title-page is original in design and quaint in effect; the margins are wide, and the edges decently rough; there are initials and head and tail pieces enough for a dozen ordinary volumes; the reproductions in fac-simile—of medals, engravings, woodcuts, and so forth—are worthy of France herself. The matter, too, is not less curious and remote than the guise is elegant and quaint. Mr. Hilton is an enthusiastic chronogrammatist, and he has hunted chronograms all the world over. There are five thousand or so imprisoned in his book, and he knows where to lay his hand on some five or six thousand more. He gives us chronograms from Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, the East; chronograms in Arabic, Hebrew—even English; chronograms on Marlborough’s wars, John Calvin, drowned puppies, hunting lodges, tombstones, title-pages, statues, universities, processions, battles. He tells us of learned wits whose imagination expressed itself chronogrammatically, and who worked off chronograms by the thousand; of odes and dialogues and satires in chronograms; of chronogrammatic sermons, hymns, and ecstasies; of chronograms public and patriotic and chronograms private and confidential. In a word, he as good as exhausts his subject, and leaves his successors to follow his lead and garner up his harvest anew. It is improbable—as it is certainly undesirable—that the worship of the chronogram will ever be revived. If it were, however, Mr. Hilton would assuredly be ranked with the fathers of the faith, and have immortality showered upon him (in chronograms) from a hundred quarters at once, for the masterpiece of patience and research he has just now produced.

ART IN NOVEMBER.

THE Royal Academicians have decided to reprint and publish the catalogues of the R.A. exhibitions from the earliest almost to the latest. Mr. Eaton, Secretary to the Academy, will direct the publication, and will overlook the preparation of the necessary indexes. The reprint will be sold at cost price.

THE National Portrait Gallery is being completely rearranged. The portraits from Sergeant's Inn and the British Museum are being incorporated in the general collection; the order will be chronological; and every picture will be labelled with the name of the giver. While the process of re-arrangement is proceeding, that part of the gallery in which the alterations are going on will be closed; the rest of the collection will be open as usual.

THE Emperor of Austria has bestowed the commander's cross and star of the order of Franz-Joseph on MM. Bonnat and Georges Lafenestre; the commander's cross on MM. Jules Lefebvre, Robert, and Francisco Turbino; and the knight's cross on MM. Guidocelli and Rafael Chacon. The Khedive has conferred the order of the Osmanieh on Mr. Villiers, the special artist of the *Graphic*.

MR. W. B. RICHMOND has resigned the Slade Professorship at Oxford. Mr. Frank Dicksee is painting the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. Mr. Holman Hunt has well-nigh completed the "Flight into Egypt," begun six years ago at Jerusalem. Mr. Alma-Tadema has painted a portrait of the Duchess of Cleveland. MM. Detaille and De Neuville are at work, for Vienna, on a panorama of the Battle of Rézonville. M. Meissonier has been painting at Venice, in St. Mark's. M. Bonnat is busy with a "Martyre de Saint Denis," for the Salon of 1883, and finally for the Panthéon. M. Frémiet has been commissioned to produce an equestrian bronze—of a herald at arms bearing a cresset—for the new Hôtel de Ville. M. Cot has in hand a gigantic "Sainte Elizabeth d'Hongroie." M. Clésinger, who has finished a "Kléber" and a "Marceau" for the École Militaire, is at work on a "Carnot" for the same institution. And M. Morot is engaged in working off some 90,000 francs' worth of commissions for the city of Nancy.

MISS MARGARET THOMAS has been commissioned to produce a bust of Henry Fielding, to be placed in the Somersetshire Valhalla. In this connection it is worthy of note that the only authentic portrait of Fielding in existence is that one painted from memory by Hogarth after the great original was dead. Tradition has it that Hogarth was assisted in his task by a *silhouette*, cut specially for him by a lady; and the story—in support of which, according to Mr. Austin Dobson, there is not a tittle of evidence, while good reasons are not wanting for supposing

it to be wholly untrue—is repeated by Mr. Leslie Stephen in his brilliant introduction to the *édition du luxe* of Fielding issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. As the portrait in question is but the slightest sketch imaginable, and presents no more than the outlines of a very strongly marked and individual profile, it can hardly be of much use in the production of a portrait in the round; and it seems certain that Miss Thomas's "Fielding" must be almost as pure fiction as Houdon's noble "Molière."

DR. JEAN-PAUL RICHTER's edition of the writings of Lionardo di Vinci, now for the first time printed, will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low, in two superb octavos. It will include whatever is known to exist of Lionardo's literary work, and will be illustrated with close upon seven hundred fac-similes, two hundred and twenty of which are in photogravure. To subscribers the price will be eight guineas.

MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES have confided to Mr. Alfred Lucas the engraving of one of Constable's most impressive landscapes, the "Stratford-upon-Avon." The plate will be of the same size as the master's "Salisbury." The "Stratford" is only inferior to the "Salisbury" as the church is inferior to the cathedral. In the representation of green England, with its breezy skies, its flying clouds and shady trees, its gleaming rivers and lush meadows, it is a veritable masterpiece.

As usual the French Gallery (Mr. Wallis's) exhibits a good deal of able work, but there is nothing striking. G. Von Bochmann's "Waiting for the Fish-Boats" shows pleasant feeling, fine colour, and excellent realisation of character and gesture. Of Karl Heffner's contribution, by far the best is "Summer Sheen" (68), in which the artist has grappled with a difficult and original problem of straight lines and levels. The effect is not as full as it might be, but the picture is striking nevertheless, and atmospheric and luminous. Mr. Leader's "After Sunset" (35) is in his more imaginative vein—rich, solemn, quiet; but his larger "Wilds of Dartmoor" (98) is tame and very unequal. Mr. J. Clayton Adams's "Poppies" (175) shows sincerity and commendable restraint; and Mrs. Val Bromley's "View in Kent" (5) is pleasant and simple. An ambitious "Hermione," by Mr. T. F. Dicksee, is ably drawn and realistically treated; but though his figure is dignified and simply posed, the picture is rather disappointing. Mrs. Anderson's "Egeria"—a work of similar pretensions—has good qualities of line and colour, but is hackneyed in treatment. These are the chief works in an exhibition which shows a fair average of honest labour and pleasant interest.

AT Messrs. Tooth and Sons' the place of honour is of course given to Bastien Lepage's Salon picture, "Le Père

Jacques." It is painted with his unrivalled ability and insight into certain elements of fact; but that is all. In "Pets" Mr. Holl seems to have tried to imitate Mr. Millais; he also seems to have failed. But in "No Tidings" he touches a chord of true feeling; indeed this canvas is not only more sincere and masterly than anything of his we know, but nobler than any other work of the kind produced in recent years. M. Emile Vernier has a delightful method, and has, too, the right tradition of Rousseau and Corot; his "Putting Down Oysters at Cancale" is full of truth and quiet charm; such faithful, delicate, and altogether pleasant work is rarely seen. Mr. John Burr strikes a note of genial humour in "Going to School," a lively, expressive, and unconventional picture of children. We have only space to mention Louis Deschamps' "Resignation," which seems to us to reach the lowest depths of ugliness; Mr. S. E. Waller's characteristic "Flown"—with good horses and a remarkably ill-drawn mansion; Mr. A. C. Gow's "Wedding Morn;" and Mr. G. Simoni's "Market Day at Tangiers"—clever, dashing, and cold as ice.

THE most disappointing work in the Dudley is Mr. Clausen's "Peasant Girl," which, not unjustly, hangs in the chief place of a very feeble exhibition. It is ably painted, but unreal; and it is only interesting as an example of imitative skill. Mr. Clausen, in fact, has gone back—has forsaken Millet and his own unexceptionable manner, for a clean and smooth imitation of Bastien Lepage. Mr. H. Moore sends a characteristic rendering—more finished than usual—of grey sea and wind and struggling light, "Scarborough Fishing-Boats Running in a Breeze;" and Mr. Orrock an airy and effective study "In Charnwood Forest"—weak in the foreground, however. As far as originality and sincere effort go, the best thing on the wall is "Ironworks on the Tees," a little sketch by P. Cockerell (a new name), suggestive, interesting, and atmospheric, though the railway signals are too large. Mr. W. M. London's "Easy" combines simplicity and effectiveness; Mr. J. O'Connor's "Entrance to Fish Market, Vincenza" is patient and careful; and Miss Florence Martin's "A Deep Study" is as pleasant as bright. These are all that we can commend out of a total of four hundred and thirty-seven frames.

IN the catalogue of Mr. M'Lean's Exhibition of British and Foreign Water-Colours there are many distinguished names; and on the walls there are many uninteresting pictures. A few are attractive and meritorious enough. The late Cecil Lawson's imaginative work, "The Morn in Russet Mantle Clad," in spite of arbitrary colour and blotchy execution, would be notable amidst much abler surroundings, being beautiful in sentiment and fine in atmosphere. Again, Mrs. Cecil Lawson's studies of flowers—of which "Provence Roses" and "Lilies" are the best—are remarkable for combined delicacy and truth; whilst Mrs. Angell's "Apple Blossom and Primroses" is natural and bright. "Peeling Potatoes" is a good piece of tone and composition, by Josef Israels; and, odd as it may seem, it comes very near to being humorous. Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Lonely Shore" is a fine study of Forno Sands, full of feeling and quiet truth; and there is considerable action and good composition in "The Callow Brood," by Mr. Phil Morris; whilst two other works which deserve mention are Mesdag's "Hazy Morning," delicate in tone and atmosphere, and an "Evening," broad and solemn, by L. Harpignies.

THE honours of the Brighton Exhibition of Laces and Fans were carried off by Lady Brassey, with a superb show of Point de Venise, Point d'Argentan, Point d'Angleterre, Honiton lace, Irish lace, and the manufactures of Genoa and Spain. Next in order comes Mr. Chilmad's collection, illustrious in some magnificent examples of Point d'Alençon, Point d'Argentan, Venice Rose-Point, old Genoese, and the Brussels Needle-Point of the present day. Of exceeding interest was Mr. Armstrong's fine gathering of Mechlin and Valenciennes, and the pillow laces generally. Mr. Blackburne's exhibit was composed of old Greek and Spanish, of Italian "Punto Tagliato," and of late and early Mechlin, Brussels, and Venetian Point. The specialty of Mrs. Tamplin's case of laces was a gathering of Old Blonde and some exquisite examples of Burano. Mrs. Barrett exhibited a founce of Venice Rose-Point, six yards long and close on three-quarters of a yard wide. The chief exhibitors in the Fan section were Lady Brassey, Mrs. Charles Phillips, Mrs. Bland, Miss Day, Mr. Gates, and Mr. Marcot. Such a collection of charming designs and exquisite materials—tortoise-shell, chicken-skin, Vernis Martin, lacquer, ivory, satin, mother-of-pearl—has not often been brought together.

THE Liverpool Art Club propose to hold an exhibition of the work of the late Hablot K. Browne during the months of January and February next.

THE Manchester Royal Institution has been made over to the Corporation, and is now the municipal art gallery. The first donation, from Sir Joseph Whitworth, was of four Ettys: a "Peacock," a "Last Judgment," a "Godfrey of Bouillon," and a "Portrait of the Painter."

THE Manchester Literary Club have determined to purchase the collection of sketches and engravings by John Leech, now in the hands of the artist's sister; to bestow a certain number of them on the Manchester Art Gallery; and to divide the remainder between Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, and other large and important cities. A committee has been formed to this end; and at the time of writing it included Mr. Boehm, Mr. Tenniel, and Mr. Ruskin, who, with even more than his accustomed excessiveness, declares the drawings superior to anything in art, the best silver point work of the Sixteenth Century Italians alone excepted. There is no doubt that the object of the movement is meritorious in no mean degree, and none that the acquisition and dispersal of the drawings in the way proposed would be in some sort a national gain. It is therefore all the more to be deplored that the action of the promoters should have been illustrated by the delivery of an opinion which, with all our respect for a great and eminent writer, we cannot but regard as a piece of pure extravagance.

AT the Antwerp Salon M. Fantin-Latour was represented by one of his charming portraits; Mlle. Clémence Roth, a pupil of Alfred Stevens, by a "Docteur Worms;" M. Vautier by a "Botaniste;" and M. Bokelmann by an "Arrestation." M. Isaac Israels sent an "Enterrement Militaire," and M. Mauve, a "Plage de Scheveningen." Among the other exhibitors were MM. Mesdag, Emile Claus, Schaeffels, Jacques de Lalaing, Frédéric, Delvin,

Verstraete, Courtens, Joseph Layraud, and—with the bust portrait of Professor Legros first shown at the Grosvenor Gallery—Auguste Rodin. Of the twelve gold medals, one fell to Mlle. Clémence Roth, others to MM. Mauve, Courtens, Verstraete, Claus, Delfosse, and Smidt-Hald.

FROM the Musée de Grenoble the theft is reported of a collection of gold medals, 1,911 in number, valued at £32,000, and worth £800 as old metal. No traces of the thief have been discovered; and it is probable that ere this the medals have become mere gold.

AT Rome the hanging committee of the International Exhibition is composed of twenty-four artists from the chief cities of Italy. Florence has sent the painter Barabino, the sculptor Gallori, and the architect Castellazzi.

AT Florence, Professor Consani has finished a marble "Susannah," which is unclassical in subject and extremely refined and pure in style. Mr. Longworth Powers, son of the late Hiram Powers, is at work upon his first statue, a "Hero Awaiting Leander." The maid is seated on a rock, holding a torch and gazing seaward. The pose is good, but at the time of writing the work is not far enough advanced to be discussed with assurance.

AT the Guildhall, busts of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, the work of Messrs. Belt and Woolner respectively, have been unveiled. A "St. Francis," Giovanni Dupré's last work, has been unveiled at Assisi. Monteverde's "Bellini," a poor work, which has been years producing, and has cost some six or seven thousand pounds, has been unveiled likewise. In France a committee has been formed to collect subscriptions for a statue at Nancy to the illustrious Claude Lorraine.

A LITTLE shrine, with statuettes in bronze of Mercury, Hercules, Apollo, Æsculapius, and two Lares, and with the bronze lamp still hanging in its proper place, has been unearthed at Pompeii. At Rome a fragment of Egyptian sculpture—in basalt—has been discovered, together with a polychromatic mosaic, of a scene connected with the yearly rise of the Nile. At Paris, in the Quartier du Temple, the demolition of an old house has resulted in the discovery of a pot of old coins, valued at £12,000; of wood carvings and frescoes worth £4,000; and of a leaden roof valued at £4,000 more. The greatest find of all, however, has been made at Poitiers, where the Abbé De la Croix, and M. Lisch, Inspecteur des Monuments Historiques, have brought to light a whole Gallo-Roman city; with streets, houses, and taverns; a theatre with a stage some ninety *mètres* wide; an immense thermal establishment, complete to its very flags; a temple, measuring a hundred and twenty *mètres* in length, and with a façade seventy *mètres* wide; and a multitude of statues "de meilleur style," and of articles in bronze and pottery and iron. M. Lisch has recommended the Government to purchase the discovery as it stands, and the Commission des Monuments Historiques has decided to support his recommendation.

THE death is announced of Mr. Lewis Pocock, one of the original founders of the Art Union of London, and

its honorary secretary since 1837; of J. C. Bunney, well known for his careful and accurate studies of Venice; of the German historical and landscape painter Adolf Eybel; of the animal painter J.-P.-P. Gélibert; of the draughtsman and illustrator Staal; of the sculptor Ferrat, author of a famous "Icare Précipité dans la Mer Egée;" of the landscape painter Jules Rozier; the historical and portrait painter Charles Bonnegrace; and of Comte Clément de Ris, author of "Le Musée Royal de Madrid," and curator of the Musée de Versailles.

MESSES. W. J. AND G. A. AUDSLEY'S "Popular Dictionary of Architecture and the Allied Arts" (Sotheman and Co.) supplies a want, and is therefore assured of popularity. The first three volumes, carrying the work from "Alpha" to "Buttery," are now before us. The articles, albeit a little long, are well and clearly written; the illustrations, which are many, are sufficient and suggestive; the matter is throughout of undeniable excellence. More than this, the work is intelligently planned and composed, and is, both in intention and in fact, the popular text-book which it purports to be.

THIS year the Christmas Card season set in early, and with uncommon severity. There is so much to choose from that choice becomes difficult and a decided opinion almost impossible. Conspicuously successful are the wares produced by Messrs. Marcus Ward. Among them special mention must be made of their folding cards, "Cinderella," "The Three R's," and—particularly—the charming "Christmas Procession;" of their pictures of children, birds and animals, all pretty and natural, some humorous and fanciful; and of their floral designs, many of which—as, for instance, those representing the penny bunches of violets, primroses, and so forth—are charming indeed. The novelties prepared by the Artistic Stationery Company include notepaper and envelopes illustrated with landscapes etched by E. Law; notepaper and envelopes pictured with devices from Shakespeare; a pleasant series of "Etched Art Christmas Cards," on paper and on satin, by the younger Cruikshank; hand-painted designs, on satin and on gelatine, of no great merit; some excellent calendars, large and small; and a number of Christmas cards—floral, Shakesperian, and "aesthetic"—incomparably the prettiest of which are those pictured with birds and children, and with children and flowers. Messrs. W. Mansell make a specialty of photographs:—of flowers and landscapes, from nature; and of birds and mice and "Beautiful Faces and Figures"—imitated from Mr. Frank Miles—from pictures and drawings. Their specimens also include some rather dubious etchings, and a quantity of chromo-lithographs, the best of which are the seascapes signed by the Cavaliere de Martino. In passing it may be noted that all their exhibits are exceptionally well mounted and produced. By far the best of the innumerable productions of Messrs. Hildeheimer and Faulkner are the delicate and charming studies of flowers (639, 648, 670, and 734) of Mrs. M. E. Duffield. After these—a long way after—mention may be made of Mr. Weigand's "Jack and Jill" (712), Mr. Ludovici's "Street Arabs" (570), the prize designs of Mr. H. G. Willink (671), the "Winter Landscapes" (779) and "River Scenery" of Mr. Maurice Page, and the elaborate studies of flowers by Mr. W. J. Muckley. Most of the prize designs, we may add, are astonishingly poor and uninteresting. On the other hand, Messrs. Raphael Tuck are more varied and successful than ever. Their "Royal Academy

Portfolios" open upon designs by Messrs. Poynter, Dobson, Herdman, Yeames, and Sant; their comic cards (307 and 376) are really comic; in figure and landscape subjects they abound; and some of their floral designs (324, 399, 427) are as graceful and pretty as need be.

ONE of the comeliest Christmas books ever produced is Mr. Robert Dudley's "Monthly Maxims." Its covers are in vellum and gold; each one of its leaves is of fine ivory cardboard, linen hinged; it has uncommon merit as a specimen of colour-printing. Mr. Dudley's verse, it must be owned, is rather poor. His designs, however, are always graceful in effect, and are often very happily invented, and touched with a whimsical humour which, so far as we know, is peculiar to their author.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have published as Christmas books a new edition of Bloomfield's hearty old pastoral, "The Horkey," with a riotous preface by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and a set of pleasant illustrations by Mr. George Cruikshank; and a new translation of Grimm's "Household Stories," by Miss Lucy Crane—"Done into Pictures by Walter Crane." The first is the more popular, the second the more distinguished. Bloomfield's verse is old enough to be almost new, curious enough to be interesting, and frank and genial enough to be entirely agreeable. Then, Mr. Cruikshank's innumerable designs—though they smack a little of Bedford Park and the inevitable Caldecott—are full of fanciful prettiness, and are neatly drawn and gracefully coloured. The effect of the new "Household Stories" is what is called "æsthetic." It reminds us less of elves and goblins than of a private view at the Grosvenor. There are no more determined and successful expressions of the spirit of neo-medievalism in black and white than Mr. Crane's larger illustrations: to "Rapunzel," "Mother Hulda," "The Six Swans," and the rest of them; and with the spirit of Grimm the neo-medieval spirit will not marry. As a purely decorative artist, Mr. Crane is seen to far greater advantage than as an artist in romance and drama. They must be fastidious indeed who could refuse him admiration for the delightful initials, the wonderful head-pieces and tail-pieces with which he has adorned his daughter's translation. Nothing so fanciful and good and quaint has been drawn for wood for many years.

IN "Abroad" (Marcus Ward and Co.), by Thomas Crane and Ellen Houghton, we are presented with a kind of sequel to the "At Home" of last year. The pictures are prettily drawn, prettily coloured, and prettily invented; the idea—of a troop of youngsters on tour—is novel, and has possibilities; the verse in which the story is told is fluent and intelligible; some of the decorative work is quaint and pleasing. The book, however, is hardly so attractive or so well done as the one that preceded it.

OF Messrs. Griffith and Farran's publications, the best—pictorially speaking—is certainly "Wee Babies," by Ida Waugh and Amy Blanchard. Miss Waugh's conception of the Abstract Baby is none the less interesting for being purely realistic. She knows her subject well, and her several renderings of its peculiarities are presented with much vivacity and some humour. Miss Clarkson's illustrations to "Fly-Away Fairies and Baby Blossoms," which,

like "Wee Babies," is of American origin, are more conventional in spirit and in effect. They are prettily felt, however, and their appearance is calculated to be popular. In "Fairy Land" the text, which is by the elder Hood and his wife and children, is better than the pictures, which are by Tom Hood the younger. It is very good and pleasant reading. In "Fairy Gifts" the text, which is fresh and bright, is by Kathleen Knox; the illustrations, which are far from remarkable, are by Kate Greenaway.

THE text of the new four-volume edition of the "Thousand and One Nights" just issued as an "Old English Romance," by Messrs. Nimmo and Bain, is that revised by Jonathan Scott, from the French of Galland. It is, in fact, the text in which the incomparable "Arabian Nights" became in England the classic it is. It presents the essentials of these wonderful stories with irresistible authority and directness; and as mere reading it is as satisfactory as ever. The edition, which is limited to a thousand copies, is beautifully printed, and remarkably well produced. It is illustrated with twenty engravings designed and etched by Lalauze. These, as was to be expected, are rather too Parisian in sentiment and effect. They suggest not so much Bagdad and Serendib and Damascus as a *féerie* at the Porte-St.-Martin. Still, they really do illustrate the text; they are uncommonly skilful and finished work; they contain some charming figures; they constitute a true attraction. In a fifth number of the same series, Beckford's wild and gloomy "Vathek" appears side by side with Johnson's admirable "Rasselas." The five illustrations are etched by Damman from designs by A. H. Tourrier. They have no merit whatever.

MESSRS. CASSELL publish, in a sumptuous quarto, a re-issue of Doré's "Paradise Lost." It is admirably produced and printed; it is illustrated with fifty full-page plates, remarkable both for invention and execution; it may fairly be described as one of the best and handsomest gift-books of its year. A publication of singular merit and interest is Dr. Andrew Wilson's "Wild Animals and Birds," illustrated with innumerable engravings after Wolf and Specht. In "The Changing Year," a Christmas book for people of all ages, there are many pretty pictures and a great deal of pretty verse; while "A Parcel of Children" is as pleasant a volume for the nursery as can well be imagined.

AMONG new prints special mention must be made of Mr. Lumb Stocks' charming engraving after Mr. Millais' diploma picture, "A Souvenir of Velasquez;" it is very skilful work, and one of the prettiest decorations imaginable. A line engraving by Mr. Holl, after Poole's "Midsummer Night's Dream," is careful in point of *technique* and pleasing in effect. Both are published by Messrs. Seeley. In "Rivals" (Mansell and Co.), etched by T. B. Kennington, from a picture by Edwin Hughes, the sentiment is obvious, and the *technique* by no means of the highest quality. Of surpassing merit as specimens of photography are the reproductions of Mr. Schmalz's sentimental "Allegorical Triptych," and the same artist's "Sir Galahad," recently issued by the Autotype Company. The latter, which is very large, is particularly remarkable. Both are likely to be very popular. With these the company have published a reproduction, excellent in every way, of Mr. Henshall's "Behind the Bar."

ART IN DECEMBER.

MR. A. W. HUNT, the landscape-painter, has been elected an honorary fellow of Corpus Christi, Oxford. Mr. Millais, who has sold his "Pomona" for £2,500, is painting more children; he has completed, besides, a portrait of Mr. Hook, R.A. Mr. Hughes has painted, for an inn at Canterbury, a noble sign, representing Sir John Falstaff, the patron saint of the house, in the act of encountering the immortal Men in Buckram: with portraits of Mr. Godfrey Lushington's children. Mr. Watts has sent his great "Hugh Lupus" to the founder's. The President—who has been working his hardest and best to make the Rossetti Exhibition complete and representative—and Mr. E. J. Poynter have made great progress of late with their work for the decoration of St. Paul's. Mr. Poynter, too, is at work upon a "Cæsar and Calphurnia" for the next Academy. M. Cranck, the French sculptor, has finished his monument to Admiral Coligny. Professor Legros is busy with a medallion memorial of the author of "The City of Dreadful Night;" Mr. Ford, with statues of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Henry Irving; and Mr. Alma-Tadema, with some new exercises in the Neo-Antique, called severally "Shy," "Between Venus and Bacchus," and "The Meeting of Antony and Cleopatra." M. Degeorge is at work on a statue of the painter Flandrin. M. Falguière, sculptor of the colossal group designed for the summit of the Arc de Triomphe, has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. M. Jean Béraud is painting a picture which represents one of the vestibules of the Grand Opéra at the close of a performance: the crowd of men and women in evening dress, the army of lacqueys, the gas, the fans, the hubbub, the light overcoats, and all the rest of it. Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson is painting, for Mr. Henry Irving, a large picture of the Chapel Scene from "Much Ado About Nothing;" and M. de Neuville, after a visit to England, has gone to Egypt, to paint us a Tel-el-Kebir.

M. ARMAND DURAND has reproduced, with a text by M. Georges Duplessis, the complete work of Lucas van Leyden, in 174 plates. M. Ernest Cheaneau is writing an "Artistes Anglais Contemporains," for the Bibliothèque de l'Art—to be illustrated with thirteen etchings. M. Quantin has published François de Belleforest's map of old Paris, with notes and an introduction by the Abbé Dufour. Mrs. Mark Pattison has nearly finished her monograph on Claude Lorraine, for the Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art.

GEORGE MORLAND is principally known to the present generation as a drunkard who drew signboards for pots of beer. That the public now think thus of him is mainly his own fault, and it is not they who are to be blamed if his marvellous gifts of colour and manipulation, his true feeling for English scenery and character, have been forgotten. It is time that an attempt should be made to restore him to his place among original English artists, and we are glad to hear that Messrs. Henry Graves will issue a series of engravings from his best works.

THE Institut has received twelve marble busts from the Direction des Beaux-Arts, for the decoration of one of its vestibules. The list is as follows:—"Jules Favre," by Mme. Rouvier; "Litré," by Deloye; "Claude Bernard," by Desprey; "Sylvestre De Sacy," by Martin; "De Rongé," by Gravillon; "Stanislas Langier," by Belhomme; "Élie de Beaumont" and "Perrault," by Ricard; "Sainte-Claire Deville," by Lequien; "Regnault" (Académie des Sciences), by Joly; "Michelet," by Pascal; and "Félicien David," by Mataben.

THE "Ajax" at Cambridge was, pictorially and archaeologically, a complete success, and reflects the highest credit on all concerned in its production. The most famous of London stage managers has produced nothing so tasteful and nothing so near perfection. The proscenium, with its groups in bas-relief; the altar, with its tiny flame; the two scenes (superbly painted by Mr. O'Connor), in which the action of one of the greatest and completest of tragedies is cast; the costumes of the Salaminian mariners, of Tecmessa and Athenè, of Ajax and Odysseus, and Teucer and Menelaos and Agamemnon; the shining armours, the weapons, the colours and textures and hangings—all was excellent alike. In action the immortal poem approved itself a stage-play of the most perfect type, written with absolute knowledge alike of human emotion and the essentials of drama, and constructed with an incomparable mastery of stage resources and requirements. It is not without significance that somewhere about the same time Hugo's dull and arrogant melodrama, "Le Roi S'Amuse," should have been failing solemnly at the Théâtre-Français.

CLOSE on seven thousand pounds' worth of pictures are said to have been sold at the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition.

THE Hamilton Manuscripts, sold for something like £80,000 to the German Government, are 700 in number. Among them are the Psalter of Saint Salaberge, first Abbess of Saint-Jean-Baptiste, at Laon, and a "Gospels" in gold letters on a purple ground, given by Leo X. to Henry VIII. Both these date from the Seventh Century. Another inestimable work is a Byzantine "Gospels," dating from the Eleventh Century; another, Augustine's "Cité de Dieu," written for Charles V. of France; yet another, a manuscript (1409) of Boccaccio's "Des Cas des Nobles Hommes et Femmes." Then, there is a magnificent "Bible" (Fourteenth Century); there is a wonderful "Gospels" (1399), by the Venetian Jacopo Gradenigo; there is an extraordinary missal written on parchment (1520) for Giovanni di Medici; and there are MSS. (Italian; Fourteenth Century) of Horace, of Jerome, of Xenophon, Petrarca, Visconti, Cecco d'Ascoli, which are equal to anything of the kind in existence. Perhaps the most remarkable number of the collection, however, is a manuscript of the "Divina Commedia," illustrated with eighty great parchment folios of designs—in silver-point, fixed with the pen—by Sandro Botticelli. It

is hardly possible to say too much in dispraise of the policy which allowed such treasures to leave the country, nor too much in approval of the very different set of principles and ideas which dictated their acquisition.

It is said that a bust of Robert Burns will presently be placed in Westminster Abbey, near the memorials of Thomson and Campbell. Colossal bronzes of Stephenson and Watt, by Professor Kiel, are preparing for the New Polytechnic, at Charlottenburg, near Berlin.

THE Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is composed of pictures by Mr. Alma-Tadema and the late Cecil Lawson. The effect of so large a gathering of works in oil and water colour (there are some two hundred) by the painter of "Sappho" and "The Sculptor's Model" is curious and on the whole disappointing. There is an immense amount of technical skill—and especially of technical skill as applied to the painting of surfaces and textures; there is an incomparable display of antiquarian and archaeological science; there is a great deal of dexterous composition, of apt and pleasant colour, of careful and accurate drawing. And withal it seems as if a single example of Mr. Alma-Tadema's art would be more satisfying, and would give a better and a more gracious idea of Mr. Alma-Tadema's talent and accomplishment, than a whole roomful. The fact is that in human sentiment, in dignity, in passion, in imagination (as opposed to invention) the artist's work is somewhat lacking; and that, in the absence of these master-qualities, the attributes of finish, of intelligence, of knowledge, become in no great while almost uninteresting, and in the end grow positively tedious. The exhibition should therefore be taken by instalments, so to speak—half-a-dozen pictures at a time. If it be, the visitor, finding in its matter those qualities for which the painter is so justly famous, will pass from surprise to surprise, as at a Royal Academy exhibition; and so be able to appreciate such work as "The Sculpture Gallery," "The Silver Statue," the "Fredegonda," and the "In the Peristylum," as it deserves.

THE hundred or so of pictures left by the late Cecil Lawson comprise a gathering at once interesting and impressive. Among them is much that is false in sentiment, gross in colour, and elaborately artificial in manner. There is much, however—as, for instance, the solemn, noble "Pool;" the large, liberal, Rubens-like "Minister's Garden;" the admirable "Barden Moors;" the mysterious and suggestive "Strayed"—that is notable in many ways: as imagination and as craftsmanship, in composition, handling, and feeling alike. And it is impossible to consider the collection as a whole without a great respect for the artist's talent and ambition, and without reflecting that English landscape was signally unfortunate in his death.

THE Exhibition of the Society of British Artists is very much better than its predecessor. The average of merit, it is true, is not remarkably high; but a large proportion of the pictures are good. Indeed it is impossible for us to do more than mention the chief attractions. To our mind the best work, so far at least as intention and sincerity are concerned, is Bertha Newcombe's "A Common Greyhens Silvers Everything," which is a thousand times better than its title. Mr. Yeend King's "Freshwater Sailors" is a

strongly-handled landscape, with some very admirable figures; and Mr. Fred Barnard's "An Unequal Match" is an old idea, ably and characteristically expressed. "Noon-day Rest," by Mr. Robert Page, shows some well-drawn farm horses; and Mr. J. R. Reid's "Plagues of the Village" is strong, but far too clever. Some careful and eminently successful studies of Eastern life and character, by Eugene and Philip Pavy, attract by their unobtrusive style, their thorough but nevertheless artistic treatment of details, and their marked richness and variety of colour. The landscapes, as usual, are the most numerous. Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's "Dull Weather" is fine in light and distance, and good in well-balanced values; and its sentiment is as beautiful as it is sincere. Mr. R. W. Radcliffe's "The Hamlet in the Marsh" has many good qualities, but loses in proper pictorial effect, by the unhappy insistence on the cluster of houses. The same artist's "Lambing Time," too, is truthful, and possesses admirable open-air feeling. If Mr. Halfnight had thoroughly appreciated the fine dignity of trees and beauty of line, his "When Autumn Leaves are Falling" would have been more complete and striking than it is. The best sketches on the walls are Mr. A. D. Peppercorn's "Surrey Cottage" and "Surrey Rickyard;" and there are many more or less able and attractive pictures by W. L. Wyllie, G. F. Munn, Yglesias, Leslie Thomson, C. T. Garland, W. J. Laidley, Stuart Lloyd, J. Fraser, H. Caffieri, Janet Archer, Kate Amphlett, F. M. Jones, Mrs. Val Bromley, and Langton Barnard. The water-colours all show quite as steady and fair an average as the oils.

MR. MILLAIS' "Pomona" (exhibited at Arthur Tooth's Gallery) is very bright and winning work. In art and workmanship it is not as good as "Cherry Ripe;" but in both respects it is better than "Caller Herrin'." The expression of the plump little lady's face is admirable, and her golden hair is realised with Mr. Millais' own union of breadth and truth. The wheel-barrow, too, is a masterpiece in its way: probably no other living English painter could have introduced so bare and commonplace a thing with such boldness and effect. The colour in the draperies is delicate and novel; there are happy suggestions of light and air and distance in the background; and the general scheme of the picture is vigorous and fresh. The faults are: a lack of character in the trunk of the apple-tree on the right; exaggerated colour and value in the apple in Pomona's hand; and a poorly conceived and very badly executed gate in the distance—looks like an afterthought dabbed in at the last.

Of the pictures of Venice at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, perhaps the most complete is Van Haanen's "The First Dip." The technique, of course, is admirable; more notable are the variety of character, the facial expressions, and the truth of gesture. It is graceful in line, correct in value, and harmonious in colour; it is very human; and we have seldom seen a story better told. If there is a fault, it is a slight poverty of illumination. P. Fragiacomini's "In the Lagoon," "Squalid Venice," and "Venezia Ricca" show fine feeling for sunlight and air, a certain grasp of tone and colour, and some broad and able handling. The sky and water of the last-named are painted with particular ability and charm. A. N. Roussoff is represented by several drawings, best of which perhaps is the "Funeral of a Child at Chioggia:" large in style, good in many technical qualities, and touched with unaffected pathos. This artist can

be vigorous and brilliant, as in his "Fruit Seller," and delicate and quiet, as in his three charming studies of bridges. Mr. MacWhirter's "Bridge of Sighs" compels attention by its superior ineptitude; but Mr. G. Q. R. Talbot's "Autumn Leaves" is very bright, harmonious, and truthful. Mr. Ruskin's pencil sketches are interesting; his finished drawings are elaborately commonplace.

BUT, from one point of view, the most important contributions to the collection are several works by the late J. W. Bunney, a *protégé* of Mr. Ruskin. Bunney's forte was architecture, which he treated with remarkable skill and sympathy. His most ambitious work at the Fine Art Society is a large study in oil of the front of St. Mark's: wonderfully elaborate and accurate in detail, but quite wanting in picturesque qualities. As a scientific record it is of the highest value; as a picture it fails—is indeed inferior to a water-colour drawing of the same subject, and to a very pleasant picture of the cathedral by Mary Weatherill. His "Judgment Angle of the Ducal Palace," however, and the "Giant Stairs" of the same edifice, are really fine—the latter being particularly large in style; and there are several other works which not only afford considerable pleasure, but also bear careful examination.

THE most notable pictures at the Guardi Gallery are those by Hermann Philips. The largest of these is "The Troubadour," which is rich and solemn in colour, able in composition, strong, broad, and suggestive in handling. It has also some possibilities of beautiful line, and a touch of such imagination as is found in Old Masters. His "Dame Allemande," too, is rich, fine, and free, and not without a certain distinction; whilst "Martha" is quieter, but admirable in colour and sentiment. The young Spanish painter J. Benlliure is represented by many extremely clever *tours de force* in *genre*; and Domingo's "Fascination" shows a thoroughly well-painted kitten and a slovenly and meaningless background; his "À Ma Propre Santé," however, is good in texture and technique. Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "Cabaret in Normandy," and Mr. Hamilton's "Vivisection" (56), attract attention; the one by its able realism, the other by its clean, clever, and thoroughly popular treatment of an improbable incident. Heffner's "After the Storm," and Bochmann's "Last Load," are average specimens of each painter's work.

IN America considerable attention has been attracted of late by the works of two clever young painters—I. M. Gauguin and George W. Edwards. The first—a Bavarian by birth, but a naturalised resident of Boston, U.S.A.—has already won for himself the title of the "American Meissonnier," and a tiny work of his, "L'Affaire d'Honneur," in the French master's manner, has just been sold for a thousand dollars. His works are in so great demand that one has already been stolen from the walls of an exhibition, and a large reward has been offered for information as to its whereabouts. He studied at Munich, and also in Italy and France, and works slowly. Mr. Edwards is some years younger, but has already made a name. His work in black-and-white and water-colour shows fancy, originality, and good technique; and some recently executed pictures in the latter medium have made quite a stir at Boston, and are fetching high prices. He is a native of New York,

but is now at Paris, where he will study for some years: another instance of the value of Continental training.

INDEED, the rapid improvement of American art as seen at the Salon, and here in England, has produced a responsive movement across the Atlantic. Mr. John A. Lowell has opened at Boston an exhibition of first-rate work by several of the foremost American painters now in Europe—including the Harrisons, W. E. Norton (whose work has been remarkably well received), C. S. Pearce, W. F. Halsall, G. Todd, Gauguin, and Edwards. Mr. Pearce's Salon picture "An Arab Jeweller," has sold for two thousand dollars, and several other works have brought proportionate sums. Mr. Norton's "Mussel-Gatherers" has come in for special praise, and was probably the best picture at the New England Institute Fair.

SOME time ago the Royal Bavarian Academy of Arts appointed a commission to inquire into the system of mural painting perfected by Herr Keim, of Munich. The report of that commission has recently been published; and it would appear that the new method is not only of considerable value, but may possibly bring about a revolution in mural decoration. A picture executed with Herr Keim's process was buried under a gutter throughout the severe winter of 1880 without injury; and neither hot nor cold water, neither alkalis nor acids—diluted or otherwise—produced any effects worth mentioning; the pictures so tested remain quite impervious to climatic and even mechanical influences. The colours are supplied from the manufactory all but ready for use; they are pure, they blend well, and are easily manipulated; the tones and values are equal in both wet and dry states, and they are unaffected by the final glazing. The painting ground is a clear white, and affords novel freshness and brightness of effect.

THE death is announced of the famous engraver Eduard Mandel, professor of engraving (1847) at Berlin, and author, among other masterpieces of the burin, of reproductions of the "Colonna Raphael," Van Dyck's "Charles I." and "Van Dyck," and Scheffer's "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem;" of the Lyonnese sculptor Bonnaire; of the landscape-painter Dessain; of E. B. Stephens, A.R.A., sculptor of "Maternal Love" and "Narcissus;" and of the Dresden professor Julius Hübner, curator of the Dresden Gallery, and author of a "Sampson," an "Orlando and Isabella," and a "Dispute between Luther and Doctor Eck."

THE "Dictionnaire de l'Art, du Bibelot, et de la Curiosité" (Paris: Firmin-Didot), by M. Ernest Bosc, is one of the handsomest, completest, and most useful publications possible. It may be described as the only manual for collectors in existence. Not a single species of *objet d'art* but finds room in its pages; not a single species of knickknack, curio, gem, antique, jewel, but is described and illustrated by its indefatigable author. It is well and clearly written, excellently planned, and admirably executed; and the connoisseurs who can afford to be without it are few. Of the seven or eight hundred illustrations it contains, some seventy of which are full-page size, many are good from the points of view of drawing and engraving; all are sufficient, and represent the objects they set forth with accuracy and suggestiveness. Among them are several printed in colours and gold, which may take rank with anything of the kind the house of Firmin-Didot has ever produced.

"OUR SKETCHING TOUR," By Two of the Artists (Griffith and Farran), is pleasantly imagined, pleasantly written, and pleasantly illustrated. It sets forth how a bevy of young ladies—Ivy, Thyra, Claudia, Myra, and Imogen—went forth to paint from nature; how they had adventures; how they made studies; how in the end they married and settled and all that sort of thing; and it will probably induce other beves of young ladies to try and do the same. It is prettily intended and prettily produced; and has, indeed, no other fault than may be conveyed in the words "it might have been better."

MR. J. A. SYMONDS's admirable "Renaissance in Italy" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) has found favour not only with experts, but with the general public as well. The first volume, "The Age of the Despots," passed into a second edition some time ago; and now the second and third, "The Revival of Learning" and "The Fine Arts," have done the same. Few modern books have better deserved success. Mr. Symonds began by mastering his subject; and into the five volumes of "Renaissance in Italy" he has crowded the results of many years of intellectual effort, and of reading enough for an ordinary lifetime. He is, as is inevitable with laymen, a far surer guide in literature than in art. But he has taught many to see, and on the whole to see rightly; and he takes a foremost place among those whose function is to unfold the teachings and results of the Revival. His work is a book not so much to read as to study. It is full of knowledge and understanding, and its suggestiveness is remarkable.

THE new edition of Lane's translation of the "Thousand and One Nights" sent out by Messrs. Chatto and Windus is "an exact reproduction" of the edition published by Mr. Murray in 1859, with the translator's final corrections. The present editor is Mr. Stanley Lane Poole. He is perhaps a little too confident of the merits of Lane, and he is certainly a great deal too contemptuous of the merits of Galland. Lane's translation, for instance, can hardly be so valuable to scholars and students as he makes it out to be, inasmuch as it is confessedly expurgated and incomplete; and it is certain that as a piece of literature it is in nowise remarkable, inasmuch as the style is uncommonly turgid and inexpressive, and as the literary and dramatic gifts displayed in it are the reverse of commanding. It is certain, too, that Galland's version, considered as narrative merely, takes rank among the good things of literature, and that, however inferior as an Arabist the author may have been, he was—supposing the story-telling to be his work, and not, as is sometimes said, the work of Lesage—immeasurably superior to Lane as a literary artist. This, however, is by the way. What in this place we are concerned to say is that the new edition, which is in three volumes, is handsome to look at, and convenient in form, and that it includes the well-known illustrations, some hundreds in number, prepared by William Harvey under the supervision of the translator. They are graceful and ingenious from the point of view of art; and we are informed that, in the matter of costume, architecture, upholstery, and so forth, their accuracy is unquestionable. They are probably the draughtman's best work and his best title to fame.

THE "Liber Studiorum of J. M. W. Turner" (Autotype Company): "Autotype Reproductions, with Critical Notices

by the Rev. Stopford Brooke." In these days, when only the wealthy few can hope to possess the "first states" of the "Liber Studiorum," it is no little boon to be able to purchase something like a complete set of them for a few pounds. We ought therefore to be thankful to Mr. Stopford Brooke for suggesting this reproduction and doing his best to make it worthy of the great original. He and the Autotype Company have not altogether succeeded (for that was impossible), but they have not altogether failed. The photographs, while they miss the subtler gradations, the richness and soft texture of the mezzotints, are much better than worn impressions of the copper-plates. There is also much to be said in favour of the little dissertations which Mr. Stopford Brooke has written to accompany each picture. They show the long and reverent study which, under the guidance of Mr. Ruskin, the editor has devoted to the subject. They are also full of poetic suggestion and sympathetic (or would-be sympathetic) criticism. Nevertheless they are often laboured in expression, and not seldom forced in sentiment. Tricks of composition familiar to the most ordinary artist are explained at length as if they were marks of Turner's special genius, and the feelings excited in the writer's mind by each picture are too often set down as those which undoubtedly instigated the artist to produce it.

THE illustrations to the new edition of Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" (S. Low and Co.) are not altogether satisfactory. Of course, the best are by Mr. Small: his designs are few, but in sentiment and grace, in charm of draughtsmanship and balanced contrast of white and black, they are representative of his best manner. Mr. Boot's initials are not up to his usual high level. Mr. Armstrong's numerous landscapes are pretty, very careful, and weak. Some of the weakness may be due to the engraving, which is elaborate, thin, and inexpressive. The blocks, too, seem poorly printed. All faults notwithstanding, this is a graceful gift-book, pretty in binding, fair in typography and paper; and Mr. Blackmore's story, if it is unequal and in places dull, contains some very good and vigorous work.

MESSRS. HILDESHEIMER AND Co.'s issue of Christmas and New Year Cards comprises a great deal of excellent and attractive matter. Two series of "Views on the Thames" (3002—3), etched by Mr. Wilfrid Ball, are pleasant in themselves and have besides the rare merit of being genuine etchings. Of exceptional elegance and charm are certain "Wreaths of Flowers" (92, 692). Worthy of peculiar praise, too, are Mrs. Whympers' "Butterflies" (49, 1249); a set of "Little Kittens" (75, 675); a set of "Growing Ferns" (95, 995); and four designs of flowers in red earthenware pots (96, 1296). Speaking generally, Messrs. Hildesheimer's wares are extremely well printed. Prominent among the many pretty and delicate fancies published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode are Maurice's "Wedgwood Series" (369), a series of "White Flowers" (432) designed by James Dundas, and a series of "Silver Border" views. Mention may also be made of a set of "Children's Heads" (384); of Paolo Priolo's "Four Seasons" (1213); and of a set of "Flowers in Antique Vases" (629). The "Etched" Christmas and New Year Cards published by Alfred Gray (from designs by Mr. Baxter and the publisher) are something of a novelty. They are good in themselves, too—touched with fancy, ingenuity, and sometimes humour. The porcelain hand-painted cards sent out by the same publisher are pretty.

ART IN JANUARY.

THE P.R.A. is at work upon a statuette—to be presently enlarged and cast in bronze—of a man awaking from sleep; on the picture, life-size, of a girl in gold and purple, seated on a tiger-skin; on the portrait of a little maiden in white and gold, with peacock feathers in her hand and a blue flower at her breast; on a study of a female head, seen in profile, above the folds of a white mantle; and on the picture of a fair woman in gorgeous apparel, set against blue tiles and among white and red marbles.

HERR LUDWIG KNAUS has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy, in the room of the late M. Viollet le Duc. Mr. Zouch Troughton has been elected Honorary Secretary of the Art Union of London, in room of the late Mr. Lewis Pocock.

A PORTRAIT of Anne Boleyn—in a cap of gold thread, a black veil, a hood with an edging of pearls, and a pearl necklace—has been added to the National Portrait Gallery.

FOR two years past the Rev. S. A. Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, has been doing his utmost to educate and develop the artistic sentiment of his parishioners. This he has attempted by means of loan-collections of pictures and sculpture, which, exhibited at St. Jude's Schools, have excited the greatest curiosity and awakened the sincerest interest. Last year the St. Jude's exhibition was visited by over 26,000 people, most of whom had never in their lives been brought face to face with a gathering of art until that moment. An experiment so praiseworthy and so successful can hardly be too warmly recommended; and we trust that all those who have first-rate pictures will communicate to Mr. Barnett their willingness to lend them, and give him all possible help with his Easter Exhibition.

THE winter exhibition at the Royal Academy includes over three hundred and sixty pictures and drawings. Of these a hundred and sixty-one are by the late John Linnell, and other eighty-three by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The remainder are by Old Masters generally—English, Dutch, French, Flemish, and Italian. To the consideration of the Rossettis we shall next month devote an illustrated article. For the present we shall content ourselves with noting the fact that at first they were crammed into a single gallery, and that their arrangement still leaves much to be desired.

OF the Linnells it must be owned that, taken collectively, the impression they produce is one of disappointment and regret. There are many that prove the painter to have been possessed of excellent parts; there is hardly one that does not prove him to have been more or less incapable of using his talent aright and of doing himself full justice.

To have seen the gathering is to have had a curious experience. At first sight Linnell—at all events the Linnell of the beginning—is nearly always agreeable and impressive. Imagination there is, and daring, and a feeling for colour, and a fine faculty of composition, and a sense of style, and a genuine regard for the larger and nobler aspects of nature. But, on examination, the effect, in nine cases out of ten, turns out to be misleading. The imaginativeness is too evidently a consequence of Turner; the daring is rather reckless than discreet; the colour sense is found to lack delicacy, and to be unaccompanied by a corresponding and complementary insight into value and tone; the quality of style is touched with mannerism and with imitativeness; the regard for nature is expressed with too great an indifference to essentials and too sincere a consideration for accidents and details; the faculty of composition—which is Linnell's noblest attribute—appears to take but little count of such important elements as beauty of form, and grace of line, and excellence of texture. It is as if, beside Linnell, the only painter who had ever lived were J. M. W. Turner; as if the lofty and invigorating example of Constable, the plain heroic magnitude of Crome, the noble and affecting simplicity of Hobbema had never been. For Linnell, it is evident, such qualities as mystery, as natural light, as atmospheric elevation and perspective were simply non-existent. He painted skies, not as arched and domed—like bowls—but as flat and pendent—like awnings; his idea of clouds was of something solid and involved—like excited bedclothes; his conception of air was of an element altogether valueless and inefficient. Too often is his drawing vague, and his conception more or less confused; too often is his colour hot and brassy and heavy, his handling spotty and uncertain; too often have his backgrounds the same importance and significance as the planes of landscape—the stretches of what should be air and light and space, and of what is after all but very palpable paint—that lead up to them. In Linnell at his best—the Linnell of "The Barley Harvest," and "Under the Hawthorn Tree," and "The Last Gleam before the Storm," and "The Windmill"—these defects are not perhaps so marked and obtrusive as to be fatal. In Linnell at his worst they are obvious enough to compel the reflection that since the painter's day we have learned much, not only in the way of seeing nature, but also in the way of reproducing what we have seen. And the reflection, so far as Linnell is concerned, is supplemented by the thought that it is the property of such exhibitions as the present either to consecrate a reputation or to kill it; and that with the tradition of Constable the living influence it is, and the unapproachable examples of Corot, Rousseau, Crome, and Millet, the ordeal, in Linnell's case, might well have been shunned.

AMONG the Old Masters pure and simple mention may be made of an excellent Perugino—a "Pietà;" of an admirable portrait—a so-called "Caterina Cornaro," good enough to be the Titian it is reputed; a couple of Poussins,

both very badly hung; two good Van Dycks—the portraits of Spinola and of the Duke of Newcastle; a very noble piece of Venetian portraiture, ascribed (rather imaginatively) to Giorgione and Giovanni Bellini; a wild and wondrous Turner—the “Burning of the Houses of Parliament;” a lovely little Gainsborough—the “Child with a Cat;” a most chaste and delightful Reynolds—the portrait, as Una, of Elizabeth Beauclerk; three strange, mysterious, and impressive Rembrandts; a good Hobbema—from Buckingham Palace; a very vigorous little Morland—“The Surprise;” and a tiny masterpiece by John Constable, which is perhaps the most notable work in all the exhibition.

If Mr. Edward F. White's exhibition at the King Street Galleries, St. James's, is scarcely equal to its predecessors, it includes some thoroughly good and respectable work. “A Basket of Quinces” is a wonderfully painted piece of still life by A. Haanen—a lady; it combines an almost phenomenal power with truth and right restraint. Mr. Pettie's “Sisters” are very charming girls, though his values are doubtful, and his execution somewhat unequal. Mr. Henry Moore is represented by a finely conceived and admirably painted “Summer Moonlight—In the Downs,” uncommonly spacious and sincere; and there is a simple, unaffected interior by Mr. Holl in his Dutch manner. One of the best works, however, is J. van de Sande Bakhuysen's “In the Wood,” which may be compared with a picture similarly named by J. Neuhuijs. Both are broad in style and true in effect; but whilst the first is strong, vigorous, and realistic, the second is quiet, dreamy, elegant, and refined—with reminiscences of Corot's sentiment and distinction. Other works there are, too, by Mark Fisher, Mesdag, John Linnell, Boughton, Cluys, Leader, Frith, Pettie, and others. Some of these, the Linnells, for instance, are old friends, but they bear further acquaintance.

In the present crowded condition of our pages it is not possible to do much more than chronicle the formal opening at South Kensington of the princely collection bequeathed to the nation by the late John Jones. It occupies two courts, one of which was recently filled by the historical array of English water-colours. It consists in the main of furniture and porcelain, chiefly French of the last century, though there is some very good Chelsea-ware as well. The furniture, on the whole, is good and representative, some specimens being, indeed, of the best; but the choice collection of Sèvres is probably unique. Nearly every known variety and style of the best period of manufacture are included; and as the Museum was particularly poor in this department, these additions are of the utmost interest and value, for they go very far indeed to render the national gathering complete. Of the pictures, bronzes, miniatures, statues, and the like, it must suffice for the present to say that few, if any, are without interest, and several possess genuine worth and beauty. Taken altogether, the bequest is probably the handsomest ever made to the people of England.

THE Old Masters belonging to the Marquis of Bute have been lent to the Bethnal Green Museum. The collection is rich in examples of the Dutch and Flemish schools; and of these we may note a Teniers, a fine Ostade, some Cuyyps, a Gerard Dou, and works by Rubens, Snyders, Ruysdael, and Hobbema. The portraits include one at least

of Gainsborough's most distinguished achievements; a fine half-length of Wellington by Lawrence (who painted the duke over and over again); and, chief of all, an astonishingly powerful presentment of Innocent X., attributed to Velasquez. It is certain that Velasquez painted the Pope at Rome in 1648, and that the portrait was so successful as to be honoured with a coronation and procession; but whether this is Velasquez's picture may not easily be decided. It would not dishonour him in any case; and it is, taken altogether, the most impressive, and certainly not the least interesting, of the two hundred and odd canvases exhibited.

WHILE on the subject of the Bethnal Green Museum we may point out that these loan collections lose much attraction for the public, and particularly the East End public, in the absence of a catalogue. There is absolutely no catalogue of these two hundred pictures, and the information labelled on the frames is not only brief but in many cases unreadable, from being either inaccessible or placed in a bad light. Light, indeed, is a great desideratum at the Bethnal Green Museum. Vast sections of the roof that might be glazed seem to have been deliberately constructed to exclude illumination: with the result that on some parts of the walls and on certain sides of the screens pictures are almost invisible. This, however, is a large matter; the catalogue is a small one. The expense of compiling and printing even a catalogue *raisonné*, which is the sort likely to be most useful, is not very alarming; and we believe that the sale would be remunerative. Rightly viewed, however, whether it pays or not ought not to be considered; and certainly when South Kensington publishes an elaborate illustrated handbook of the Jones Collection, it is not impertinent to ask for a mere inventory of a gathering whose importance is scarcely inferior.

THE exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours seems a bad one, as regards both intention and execution. This much being said, we shall only particularise one work: Mr. Oswald Brierley's very beautiful and delicate view of Venice, which is, perhaps, the only complete and properly artistic achievement on the walls; the only picture in which technique is subordinated to intention, and in which poetry and natural truth are combined with refinement and charm. For the rest, it must be admitted that there is plenty of prettiness, plenty of careful workmanship, and more than plenty of that niggling commonplace which has wearied us any time during the last ten years.

It is rarely that a lady accomplishes such strongly individual work as is shown in some pictures by Mrs. Charles D. Lakey exhibited at the London Art Galleries, in Baker Street. Mrs. Lakey, an American, paints landscape and cattle with understanding and even distinction. Her style is based upon a right tradition, in that it often suggests Constable, and something, too, of Corot: a broad, vigorous, expressive handling, and a solemn and dignified sentiment. Her cattle are painted somewhat in the manner of Van Marc, but with a distinct individuality nevertheless; and while, as in the largest of the pictures under notice, she is impressive, she can also be genial. She has a strong sense of tone and value; her touch is remarkably simple and direct; and her work, if unequal, is quite devoid of either trick or exaggeration.

PERHAPS the most remarkable feature of the *Graphic Animal Exhibition* at the Fine-Art Society's rooms is that in many cases the artists have not painted animal pictures at all. The cats and dogs and horses play subordinate parts in the drama or the comedy represented—have become, so to speak, mere vehicles for the conveyance of human sentiment and sentimentalism. In Luigi Chialiva's "Exchange of Compliments," for instance, the main interest of the picture is the little comedy between the humorous old boy on the horse and the plump and rather pert young hussy in the field. In "Awaiting Master's Return," by J. M. Clude, again, it would be hard to say whether the accurate treatment of the soft light of the lamp and the glow of the fire on rich furniture was not the painter's chief object, rather than the presentment of the dozing greyhounds. Still, true studies of animal life and character are not wanting. Mr. Frank Calderon's "Left in Charge" is really admirable. "A Pigeon Fancier," too, by Clough Bromley, is a good study of a poaching cat; while Otto Weber's "Culprits" shows some admirably painted turnspits and genuine insight into dog character. Mr. Charlton's dogs in "A Fellow-Feeling Makes us Wondrous Kind," are, of course, first-rate.

PERHAPS the best proof of the legitimacy of the revived art of tapestry-painting is to be found in the way that it has been taken up by artists of unimpeachable "orthodoxy." At the interesting exhibition of these storied hangings at Messrs. Howell and James's, one of the judges, Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., as well as Mr. Herkomer, A.R.A., and Mr. W. J. Linton, exhibits original work. A scene from "As You Like It" is important both from its size and character. The painter's art has always shown good decorative qualities, and his broad treatment of the beach trunks, and the simple, firm design of the figures of Touchstone and his companions, display, as might be expected, a thorough sense of the limits of his materials and the nature of the service which his painting is intended to perform. The list of prize-takers is too long for quotation, and description of their work is out of the question; but it may be said that both English amateurs and professionals appear to be improving in technical skill and appropriateness of design.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, A.R.A. (he was duly elected an Academician, but would not take up his membership), was an artist of whom not only Derby but England may well be proud. Seeing that Hudson and Mortimer were his masters, it is a wonder that he painted so naturally and well. As a painter of the effects of light, especially artificial light, he reaches a high rank, and no visitor to the National Gallery can help being struck by the fine modelling and the power of expression displayed in his "Experiment with the Air-pump." He was also a fine portrait painter. Somehow or other, though "Wright of Derby" is a name with which we are all familiar, he is seldom mentioned, as he should be, with Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Wilson. But even as a matter of history he deserves such honourable association, for he was one of those few complete and individual artists who made the English school something more than a mere name. We are, therefore, very glad that Derby is about to honour her son with an exhibition of his collected works and the fine engravings after them by Earlom. The exhibition will be opened in March next, and any owner of Wrights, who is willing to lend them, is requested to communicate with Mr. W. Bemrose,

Chairman of the Art Gallery Committee, or with Mr. Heath, Secretary, Free Library, Derby.

AT Lille a thief broke into the museum, while the watchman was at the other end of his beat, secured a certain number of coins and medals, and decamped. He was apprehended in no great while, with his pockets crammed with the "purchase" thus valiantly acquired. At Fontevault and Pellouailles they contrive to "convey" things more adroitly. According to a writer in the *Courrier de l'Art*, seven pictures have lately disappeared from the church of Fontevault, while the church of Pellouailles is mourning the loss of "le plus beau monument de l'art angevin au XV^e siècle—an "Entombment" by Vandellant, the painter of René d'Anjou.

M. GUSTAVE DORÉ has finished his "Alexander Dumas," which will be set up in the Place Malesherbes, and unveiled some time in April next. A subscription statue of Harriet Martineau will be unveiled at Boston.

GÉRICAUT's sketch for "Le Radeau de la Méduse"—which somebody has called "the last epic"—has been bought for 2,000 francs for the Musée de Rouen. We should have been better pleased to announce its purchase for the National Gallery.

AT Mayence a labourer has brought to light an earthen pot containing over a thousand gold coins, all minted between 1340 and 1390. A Roman town has been unearthed in Bavaria. And in Paris, in an old house in the Quartier du Temple, a copper vessel has been turned up, and with it a load of gold pieces, close on eight thousand in number, and valued at four thousand sterling as old metal.

A TRIPTYCH, attributed to the Van Eycks, has been discovered at Enghien. An "Entombment" is figured in the central compartment, while the dexter and sinister panels respectively are occupied with presentments of the Woman Clothed with the Sun and the Mission of St. James. The history of the work is curious and suggestive. For centuries it adorned the hospital at Enghien. Two years ago it passed into the possession of M. Reuse-Leroy, director of the Municipal School of Art, in part payment for work done for the Commission des Hospices. By M. Reuse-Leroy it was sold to the Abbé Jules Bosmans, archivist of the house of Arenberg, who has published a pamphlet on his purchase, and who will find no difficulty in disposing of it to one or other of the great European galleries.

AN International Exhibition—being the third—will be held this summer at Munich, in the Royal Crystal Palace. Pictures must be sent in—at the sender's risk—between the 1st and 31st of May. Herr von Piloty is president of the Central Committee. Another International Exhibition, from May to October, will be held at Amsterdam. At the Albert Hall the painters "crowded out" of the Academy will again be invited to exhibit their work: under other conditions and to better purpose, it is to be hoped, than last year.

HERR JACOBY, the eminent engraver, has finished, after sixteen years of effort, his reproduction of Raphael's "School of Athens." The engraving is sixty-three centimètres high by ninety centimètres wide. Thirty proofs are offered for sale at £45 each; twenty-five at £30 each; and so on, in a descending scale.

ARTISTIC Prussia is just now in luck's way. Awhile ago it secured the incomparable Hamilton Manuscripts. This purchase it followed up almost immediately by that of a superb gathering of Japanese pictures (including some ninety albums and rolls and over a hundred kakemonos), which had been formed by Dr. Gierke, of Breslau, and which was secured for the Gewerbe Museum for not more than 45,000 francs. And it has now, at the cost of some twenty thousand sterling, become the possessor of a complete collection of the works of Antony Eisenholt, of Wartburg, one of the famous goldsmiths of the Renaissance.

THE President of Guatemala has issued a decree forbidding stone to be quarried from the monuments and remains of the Mayas. In France, on the other hand, the town gate of Nancy has been disrated as a public monument, and is delivered over to the tender mercies of the municipality; while in England the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has been obliged to issue an appeal in defence of Maghull Church, in Lancashire, parts of which date from the Eleventh, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Centuries, but which is threatened none the less with instant demolition. Then, the Society for Preserving the Monuments of the Dead has had more to put up with of late—in the way of desecration and destruction and defacement—than we have room to set down. It is reported, too, that the Midland Railway Company have resolved upon the ruin of Tintern Abbey and the Great Western at one and the same time, and to this end they are preparing to bridge the Wye near the famous ruin; while it is certain that the Surrey Archæological Society have had to protest against the threatened demolition of the Archbishop's Palace at Croydon. Altogether, it is evident that in "Rien n'est sacré pour un Sapeur," Thérèse, albeit to all appearances a mere singer of comic songs, was in reality a kind of Pythoness. The refrain she made so popular is the aptest device for the Nineteenth Century, all the world over, that has yet been produced.

THE death is announced of Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, née Heaphey, the painter of portraits and Eastern subjects; of the engraver Pollet, a pupil of Ingres, Delaroche, and Richomme; of the painter Sellier, author of a "Léandre" and an "Esclave Gaulois;" of Maurice Poirson, painter of "A Bord d'un Yacht" and "Le Vieux Capitaine;" and of the German sculptor Afinger.

"EVERY-DAY ART," by Lewis F. Day (Batsford). Readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART are no strangers to the ability, both literary and artistic, of the author of this volume, some passages of which have appeared in our pages. Of the many writers who think themselves competent to instruct the public on matters of decoration, Mr. Day is one of the very few who are thoroughly equipped. A good artist and a sound thinker, he has produced a book of sterling value, as free from ignorance as from affectation. If the present

fashion for decoration is to be of permanent artistic value to the nation it will be by adopting the principles and following the precepts of teachers like Mr. Day.

MR. JOHN ASHTON's "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne" (Chatto and Windus) is a thoroughly honest and creditable piece of work. He has aimed at accuracy rather than picturesqueness, and preferred facts to fine writing. A crowd of books are annually put forth, of which the sole enduring effect—reversing Praed's words—is "to startle Truth and 'stablish Error;" and no one in any way acquainted with modern literature can fail to have observed their disastrous activity. For this reason, when a work comes before us which makes no rhetorical pretence, but, in a modest way, gives us a vast amount of valuable and properly authenticated information, we feel very grateful to the author. We feel grateful to Mr. Ashton, whose patient pages on Augustan manners must be invaluable to the student of the time. Our only regret is that he should not have given us something better in the way of pictorial illustration.

MR. J. W. MOLLETT's "Illustrated Dictionary of Words Used in Art and Archæology" (S. Low and Co.) "was commenced as an amended edition" of M. Ernest Bosc's; but "little or nothing of the text of M. Bosc's work has been left standing; his definitions having in the process of revision under reference to original works almost entirely disappeared." This being so, there seems no necessity to refer to M. Bosc; still less for Mr. Mollett thus to condemn the source that inspired his work. His compilation attempts much, and fails not a little. It is misleading on such matters as the violin; it omits "Medal"—a large chapter of art history and achievement; its definitions are unexplanatory: as "Elevation. In architecture a perpendicular plan drawn to scale"—which may mean anything. And if it omits some essentials, it includes much that is unnecessary; whilst its illustrations are not always selected with good judgment. Oddly enough, too, it appears simultaneously with M. Bosc's new "Dictionnaire de l'Art, de la Curiosité, et du Bibelot" (Paris: Firmin-Didot, et Cie.), to which it is in every way inferior.

AMONG recent fine-art publications there is nothing so costly and elaborate as the "Encyclopédie des Arts Décoratifs de l'Orient" (Canson, Rue des Beaux-Arts, Paris) of MM. Collinot and A. de Beaumont. In size and form this monumental work is a splendid folio; the paper is of uncommon excellence; the reproductions—by Lemerclier—are in the best and finest style of chromo-lithography. The six sections into which it is divided—Persia, Japan, China, Arabia, Venice, Turkey—are issued in twenty-five fascicules, each of which contains ten plates, and costs forty francs. The best and most interesting number of the set—to whose consideration we hope to return—is the one devoted to Persia, which is an education in itself.

THE Fine Art Society have published, at a modest price, a good and careful engraving by Josey, of Mrs. Tyrrell's graceful and pleasing work, "A Long Time Ago." The picture, it is to be noted, is an excellent specimen of its class. It represents a pretty face, part of a pretty figure, and something of a pretty costume; and, as reproduced by the engraver, it makes a pretty decoration.

ART IN FEBRUARY.

THE maximum number of works by a single artist admitted to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy has heretofore been eight. It is reported that in future it will be limited to four. The innovation, which has long been called for, is of the highest possible importance.

THE Institute of Painters in Water-Colours proposes to establish free schools for students of the art of water-colour painting. These are not elementary—which is perhaps a mistake; admission being obtained by means of a test-drawing, proving the applicant already skilful in the use of his materials and the practice of his method. The course will comprehend still-life, landscape, and figure, and book-illustration. The Sixty-Fifth Exhibition of the Institute, the first in the new building in Piccadilly, will be opened to the public on the 30th of April next.

WHAT, perhaps, is more to the purpose is—that the Institute has resolved to open its galleries during the winter season with an exhibition of pictures in oil. The resolution is probably in consequence of the determination to reduce the number of exhibits adopted by the Royal Academy. Its possibilities could hardly be exaggerated.

MR. RUSKIN has been elected to the Slade Professorship of Fine Arts, in room of Mr. W. B. Richmond. Mr. Richmond, it will be remembered, succeeded Mr. Ruskin, who had resigned. Now Mr. Richmond has resigned, and Mr. Ruskin succeeds in his turn.

MR. B. W. LEADER, the painter of "February Fill-Dyke" and "In the Evening There Shall be Light;" Mr. T. Brock, the sculptor of "A Moment of Peril;" Mr. R. Macbeth, the painter and etcher; Mr. E. J. Gregory—whom many people consider the most powerful of living English craftsmen—and Mr. Francis Holl, the engraver, have been elected Associates of the Royal Academy.

MR. HERKOMER, for the enlightenment of the Americans, has issued a critical and descriptive catalogue of such work of his as has been on view in New York "at M. Knoedler's Gallery." In this he tells his public what he thinks of his handiwork, and applauds himself, when he believes he deserves it, for "solidity of work" and "largeness of manner," and "youth" and "boldness" and "attempts to do something unusual," and other virtues, with some point and a characteristic energy. Against the performance there is really nothing to say. On the contrary there is much to be said in its praise. Most men have a very definite idea of the merit of their work, and their opinion, if they could only be persuaded to enunciate it, would often be more amusing than the work itself. Michelangelo, as we know, thought highly of all he did; so did Beethoven;

so did Berlioz; so does the Laureate; so have many others. The record of their self-satisfaction is at least instructive. The difference between their case and Mr. Herkomer's is that they unburdened their souls in conversation or in their autobiographies, while Mr. Herkomer unburdens his in a "Descriptive Catalogue" of works apparently for sale:—that Mr. Herkomer, in fact, has tried his hand at advertising, while his predecessors only attempted confession. All the same, American journals have not hesitated to speak of the matter in flippant, even disrespectful, terms, and to resent—as a personal affront—the keen perception of character and the insight into facts by which, if by nothing else, the painter's attack upon the American public is marked. This, to say the least of it, is unjust. Advertising is a modern art and science; and it has nowhere been more steadily pursued nor more brilliantly successful than in the United States. Whether Beethoven and Michelangelo and Berlioz and the others would have risen to the occasion as Mr. Herkomer has risen is a question that need not just now be debated. What is evident is, that it is unjust of New York to blame Mr. Herkomer for approving himself, on the instant of landing, a New Yorker of the most accomplished type; and that in the expressions of local opinion to which we have referred there is probably a certain element of local jealousy.

THE antiques exhumed and collected at Cyprus by Mr. G. Gordon Hake have been unpacked and arranged, and will presently be on view at South Kensington. The gathering consists of nearly a thousand specimens. It includes (1) a quantity of Cypriote, Phœnician, and Ptolemaic pottery; (2) a number of statuettes (from Salamis), Hellenic in type and of great artistic merit; (3) a quantity of antique glass; (4) a collection of lamps; (5) a variety of objects in alabaster and in bronze; and (6) a batch of ornaments in gold. There is every reason to believe that the Museum has been fortunate in its agent.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA's "Cleopatra"—the picture recently added to the collection at the Grosvenor Gallery—is neither better nor worse than anything he has done before. Surfaces and textures are realised with his peculiar accuracy; all manner of archaeological fact and detail is treated with his peculiar care and inventiveness; the colouring is rich and pleasing; there is a successful rendering of Eastern light and air. But, except as *mise-en-scène*, the picture is unimpressive. The Cleopatra is not a bit admirable and splendid; the Antony is rather conventional; and there is a cast of self-conscious comedy over all the work.

THE feature of the Bartolozzi Exhibition, at 26, Savile Row, is the fact that the best engravings on the walls are not by Bartolozzi. Condé and Burke were his superiors, and one or two examples of their work take first place.

But, as we said the other day of a more important collection, it is the property of individual exhibitions to consecrate a reputation or to kill it. Bartolozzi happens to be fashionable just now; but from the critical point of view his work is of small account. Whether he actually invented the stipple method of engraving seems doubtful; failing this, however, his admirers claim that he "founded a school." This is true; but the school he founded was merely accomplished and inane. His art is as well pleased with itself as it is flattering to the spectator; thus, it is just the thing for idle folk. To all else it is insignificant.

CERTAIN mannerisms apart, the second series of Mr. Pownoll Williams's Sketches and Drawings of the Riviera, &c. (at McLean's Gallery), are generally of higher technical excellence than the first. Last season Mr. Williams did not confine himself to the Riviera, but visited also the Italian lakes and Geneva. Among the drawings of Italian lake-scenery, "A Sunny Corner near Pallanza" (31) and "Il Sano di Ferro after Rain" (35) are admirable; the cool greys of the disburdened sky in the latter are particularly fresh and truthful. In "Morning at Bordighera" (19) a bold decorative effect is produced by the projection against the sky upon one side of the drawing of a spray of yellow roses of natural size; some palms are deftly introduced on the opposite side, and Bordighera becomes a mere vignette. Some drawings are slightly theatrical in expression: as of Nature posing. Instances of dirty and exaggerated colour in the skin are not unfrequent. The texture, too, of the rocks sometimes leaves much to be desired.

WE regret to announce that the Treasury has reduced its grant to the British Museum. In Paris, on the other hand, of the 700,000 francs in hand from the Salon of 1882, a sum of 500,000 has been voted for the purchase of pictures and statues for the nation. To the enterprise and daring of the Prussians we have had occasion more than once to refer; and we shall not linger on the pitiful contrast between our fortune and theirs. Matters with us indeed are so bad that they could hardly be very much worse. The National Gallery is so full as to be almost a public scandal; the British Museum has not room for half the treasures it possesses; collection after collection is offered us for sale, and offered in vain; there are no funds available for purchase, and none for education; and in all directions there is as little prospect of a change for the better as our worst enemy could well desire. Facts more discouraging could hardly exist. They show how narrow and peculiar has been the influence of the New Renaissance, and how scant is the importance of culture in the national scheme of government and the national theory of existence.

MR. BURTON has bought another Signorelli for the National Gallery—one of the rare altar-pieces of the master, once in the Mancini Collection—for not more than £1,200. The National Collection is also the richer—by the gift of the artist's widow—of "The August Moon," a well-known work by the late Cecil Lawson. The same artist's spacious and Rubens-like landscape, "The Minister's Garden," has been purchased by the Corporation of Manchester for the new Fine Art Gallery of that city. The Louvre has taken to itself an excellent "Lamartine," by the portrait-painter Gérard; while for 2,000 francs the Musée de Rouen has acquired one of the most remarkable of Géricault's studies—the famous "Deux Têtes de Suppliciés."

FROM Manchester it is reported that over six thousand pounds' worth of pictures were sold at the last exhibition. From Kingston-on-Thames, that a balance of over £340 remains in hand from the Industrial and Fine Art Exhibition of 1882, and that it is proposed to devote this sum to the foundation of a local school of art. From Chester, that the Dean is taking measures to insure the establishment of a school of art and museum. And from Newcastle, that the Life School there will be reconstituted, and is in future to be called the Bewick Club.

IN Paris the Société Philanthropique is preparing an exhibition, to be opened in April, of "Portraits du Siècle:" the portraits of all such men and women as are famous in the history of Nineteenth-Century France. International exhibitions are open at Rome and at Berlin, and others are organising at Munich, at Amsterdam, and at Calcutta. Exhibitions of pictures and sculpture will later on be held in Caen, Bordeaux, Grenoble, and Dijon. And in London it is proposed to stock and open an exhibition of Irish lace, with a view to the improvement of the industry, which is not in a flourishing condition.

DURING 1882 the Administration des Beaux-Arts has expended 320,000 francs in the purchase of works of art for the Government of France. Of this sum, 52,800 francs have been disbursed in original pictures, and 15,500 in copies of the Old Masters; 47,700 in antique marbles for the museum; 192,000 in modern sculpture; and 3,000 francs in medals. Among pictures the costliest is a "Bataille de Bapaume," by Armand Dumaresque; among sculpture, the first and second places are taken by Jacquemart's "Mariette Bey" (for Boulogne), which cost 18,000 francs, and by Lanson's "Judith et Holopherne," which cost 15,300, while Gustave Doré's "Alexandre Dumas" comes third, at 12,500 francs. Cavelier's "Gluck" and Allesseur's "Rameau" (both for the Opéra) cost 7,200 francs each; the monument to Rouget de l'Isle, at Choisy-le-Roi, cost 9,000 francs; while 8,500 francs were expended in the casting of Doublemard's "Camille Desmoulins."

AT Florence, Mr. Ruskin has bought landscapes and flower pieces by Mr. Newman, the American water-colour painter, which, with characteristic impetuosity, he pronounces "the acme of modern art." He has also purchased for his museum at Sheffield an album of pen-and-ink sketches by Miss Alexander, illustrating the Tuscan *stornelli* and *rispetti*. A "Death of Julius Caesar," by Professor Zimenes, is a distressing example of the offensive realism which is (for the moment) the last word of Italian sculpture. It shows the great Roman clenching his fists and sprawling—with a broken neck—among the stark and naked legs of his upset chair. Of course the abomination is cleverly wrought. Signor Gordigiani has presented the Sisters of Charity with one of his sweetest portraits, painted, it is said, from a vision seen by him while musing in his studio—a smiling girl in the white muslin and cap of the last century. The Sisters have made this Christmas gift the subject of a lottery.

IN Brussels, Courbet's "Environs d'Arras" sold for 22,000 francs; Millet's "Le Verger," a pastel, for 10,500 francs; a sketch by Meissonier for 5,600 francs; and the "Gouter" of Willems for 5,000 francs.

At Sardis, Mr. Dennis has bought the site of the Temple of Cybele, and will begin to excavate at once. A certain sum has been subscribed towards the expense of excavating at Ephesus, on the site of the Temple of Diana. At Pergamos, Dr. Flummann is recommencing operations for the German Government; while Dr. Schliemann—whose account of his last campaign in the Troad is announced by Mr. Murray, and who has already made up his mind for a raid upon Crete—is hard at work at Athens.

In Gustave Doré (1832—1882) the world has lost the most famous of modern designers. From the first he had such a facile hand and such an inventive brain as in their degree have never perhaps been rivalled. At eighteen he was drawing grotesques for the *Journal Pour Rire*, and exhibiting landscapes in pen and ink at the Salon. At two-and-twenty he was famous as the illustrator of Rabelais, and in no great while he had tripled his reputation by the publication of his designs for Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques." He illustrated Béranger's "Juif Errant;" the "Essais" of Montaigne; Taine's "Voyage aux Pyrénées;" the "Contes" of Perrault. In 1861 he published his designs for the "Inferno;" "Don Quixote" in 1863; the "Bible" and "Milton" in 1865 and 1866; "La Fontaine" in 1867; and between that year and 1879 he had illustrated the "Purgatorio," the "Paradiso," the "Idylls of the King," the "Londres" of Louis Errault, the "Espagne" of M. d'Avilliers, the "Ancient Mariner," and the "Orlando Furioso." In addition, he had painted the "Mort d'Orphée," the "Famille du Saltimbanque," the "Titans," the "Paolo and Francesca," the "Dream of Pilate's Wife," and a score of enormous pictures beside; and he had done popular work in sculpture. It is reported that he leaves a set of designs in illustration of the plays of Shakespeare, and a good deal of unpublished material in black and white as well. The story of his life will be told by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, who has had the work in hand for several years.

THE death is also announced of the famous sculptor, Clésinger; of the Belgian sculptor, Geefs; of the engraver, Karl Huber; of the animal painter, Christophe Cathelineau, a pupil of Drolling; of Richard Cockle Lucas, the etcher and monumental sculptor; and of Don José Salamanca, a famous virtuoso and collector.

It is not easy to imagine a better gift-book than the English version of the "Florence" of M. Charles Yriarte, put forth of late by Messrs. Sampson Low. Exception may be taken to the covers, which present such a combination of gold and scarlet and black as—for some inscrutable reason—is supposed to add to the beauty and luxury of the British drawing-room. But, apart from this, the book is excellent in every way. It is admirably printed; the paper is choice and comely; the ornamental borders, from the "Grandes Heures" of Simon de Colins (1547), are masterpieces of decoration; the four or five hundred engravings, on copper or on wood, are good and interesting one and all. Prints, paintings, manuscripts, sculpture, have been pressed into the service; till nothing that is notable in Florence remains unpictured, and scarce any distinguished Florentine remains unportrayed. As a popular introduction, pictorial and verbal, to the history of the famous city the work is unsurpassed. Considered under its literary aspect, it appears as a series of brief but graphic sketches—of men, monuments,

epochs, pictures, movements, tendencies. The effect produced is somewhat broken; but the interest is fresh throughout, and the information imparted is good in quality and considerable in quantity. M. Yriarte has the art of putting things lucidly and well—of stating general propositions and describing particulars in terms that enable his readers to grasp his meanings instantly, and easily to keep pace with him as he proceeds upon his way. As Englished by Mr. C. E. Pitman, his work retains its characteristics in sufficient proportions to be generally acceptable—alike to those who can read it in the original and to those who cannot.

THE "History of Ancient Egyptian Art" (Chapman and Hall, Limited), translated and edited by Mr. Walter Armstrong (who, by the way, has done his work with skill and discretion) from the French of MM. Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez, is probably the most valuable publication of the season. The two volumes, which are well printed and carefully produced, are illustrated with close upon six hundred pictures in black and white, and with fifteen coloured plates. Some are not particularly good; many are excellent:—as, for instance, those for which the primary responsibility rests with MM. Bourgoïn and Saint-Elme Gautier. To give an adequate idea of the value of the text is impossible. It must suffice to say that such an exhaustive and authoritative account of antique Egypt has never before been produced in English. Civilisation, architecture, sacred and sepulchral painting, sculpture, the industrial arts, gems, ornaments, technical processes—everything relating to art in Egypt is discussed, described, and explained, and that with a fulness of knowledge and an acuteness of perception that leave nothing to be desired. The book, in fact, is of its kind invaluable. No art-library and no public collection can afford to be without it. Wherever English is spoken it must at once take rank as the best and fullest popular text-book of Egyptian art in the language.

IN "Nature at Home" (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.) we have an English version of Gautier's "La Nature Chez Elle," illustrated with some seventy process-reproductions—twenty-four of them full pages—of designs by M. Karl Bodmer. How "le divin Théo" got his knowledge of nature does not appear. He was a great reader of dictionaries, a great student of ballets, a great lover of the drama, a great amateur of properties and curios, a great dreamer of dreams, a great writer of picturesque French, a great master of the art and artifice of verse; but that he was intimate with natural scenery, or indeed with nature of any sort, is nowhere apparent in his work. In the present volume, however, he comes forward as the social historian of the forest; and, whether his report be real or only romantic, he contrives to be amusing. He is of all writers the most difficult to translate; and the figure he cuts in "Nature at Home" is not much like the brave and splendid presence he has in "La Nature Chez Elle." Still, he is readable, and for the most part even attractive; so that the effort at translating him may be said to be on the whole not unsuccessful. M. Bodmer's pictures must be spoken of in better terms. The artist has long been working in the forest of Fontainebleau; he knows his ground thoroughly; his representations of wild life have considerable merit. His drawing is sometimes insignificant, and his effects of tone are often commonplace and ineffective. Still, the intention of his work is excellent enough to make it interesting; while in parts the execution is really vigorous and sound.

THREE books about Rossetti. Mr. W. Tirebuck's "Dante Gabriel Rossetti" (Elliot Stock) is an enthusiastic and rather loosely-worded essay on the quality of Rossetti's mind and imagination and the tendencies of Rossetti's influence and art. It may be read with pleasure and with interest: though its conclusions are very far from being incontestable; and though some of its comparisons—as, for instance, that of the Lyceum with the Grosvenor Gallery, of Mr. Burne Jones with Mr. Henry Irving, of Beethoven with Wagner, and of Beethoven and Wagner with the Pre-Raphaelites—are far from being felicitous or convincing. Mr. T. Hall Caine's "Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti" (Elliot Stock) is vague in style, and not remarkable for measure or discretion. It is written, however, in a generous and admiring spirit; it contains a number of interesting details; in the absence of a better book, it can hardly fail of popularity. Mr. Sharp's "Dante Gabriel Rossetti" (Macmillan and Co.) is a combination of biography and criticism. In manner it is pompous and inexpressive; and it is tedious in effect. It is likely, however, to be useful to students of Rossetti's art and life, inasmuch as it includes copious extracts from the master's prose, and a considerable number of variants—old readings, first drafts, corrections, interpolations, and so forth—of his verse; together with a good catalogue of his pictures and drawings.

IN his preface to "Japan: its Architecture, Art, and Art Manufactures" (Longmans), Dr. Dresser with emphasis declares that it is "as a specialist, and a specialist only," that he submits his book to the public. The fact is, he has little new to tell us, even of native architecture—his strong point; and he does not tell it particularly well. Still, his work is acceptable as a fairly intelligent and not unpicturesque story of a brief sojourn in a strange and mysterious country. If, beyond this, it has a peculiar value, that value lies in the illustrations. Some of these are little masterpieces of careful drawing and refined engraving: they instruct, and they faithfully record; while those drawn and engraved in Japan by natives have extraordinary interest and charm.

THE "Artists'" edition of Mr. Wise's excellent "New Forest" (Henry Sotheran and Co.) is a disappointment. The illustrations consist of twelve new etchings by Mr. Heywood Sumner, and sixty-three old wood-blocks engraved twenty years ago by Mr. Linton from drawings by Mr. Walter Crane. The etchings are spiritless and impersonal; they might illustrate any district but the New Forest. Mr. Crane's drawings are only careful and accurate. Mr. Linton, it is needless to say, has engraved them as well as could be; but they offer no scope for the exercise of his peculiar and admirable vigour and breadth. Moreover, the best engraving shows to disadvantage if the blocks be worn. These blocks are badly worn; and the use of India paper merely emphasises the defect. The growing practice of printing so-called India "proofs" from old and useless blocks cannot be too severely condemned. Of Mr. Wise's pleasant work we need say nothing; it is a classic already.

OUT of "Scraps and Sketches" and "My Sketch-Book" (Reeves and Turner) a pleasant idea may be obtained of the humorous and whimsical talent of George Cruikshank. Both volumes—which may now be had at a tithe of the original cost—are made up of stray numbers and odd leaf-

lets published between 1828 and 1836; and in both, with much that is trivial enough, and much that is positively hideous, there is much to admire and respect. Of the sixty pages of which they are composed some few are occupied by a single design. Among these are such truculent pictorial sermons as "The Fiend's Frying-Pan"—a protest against the horrors of Bartlemy Fair—and "The Gin Shop" and "The Gin-Juggernath"—both of them powerful and both of them gruesome and dreadful: with caricatures like the "Scene in Kensington Gardens"—a lampoon upon the modes of 1829; and such vigorous and imaginative grotesques as "London Going Out of Town"—a design as full of movement and fancy and originality as anything its author ever produced. For the most part, however, the volumes are composed of sheets of thumb-nail sketches:—pictorial puns, reflections on the vapours and scandals of the time, "Chapters on Noses," "Memories of the Common Pleas," enormous contrasts of fatness and leanness, whims and oddities and humours of every sort and on every subject. Some of these are excellent, and may be returned to again and again—a remark that applies with equal force to the volumes themselves, their many trivialities and grossnesses notwithstanding.

No more gallant and delightful booklings are produced than those sent forth from the Librairie des Bibliophiles (Paris: 368, Rue Saint-Honoré) with the imprimatur of the publisher Jouaust. Every volume is a work of art; every set of volumes may claim equal rank with a picture gallery or a portfolio of etchings. Among M. Jouaust's last issue mention may be made of the four volumes of delightful old French, in which are contained the "Notti Piacevoli" of Straparola, the Boccaccio of Caravaggio, one of the gayest and most spirited of the Italian *novellieri*. Like the "Decamerone," it is a book "de hault goust;" but it has never seemed so readable as in the Edition Jouaust. It is illustrated with fourteen etchings by Champollion, from designs by Garnier. They really illustrate the text, but they have no special merit, and would be better away. The same may be said of the five plates etched by Monziès, of drawings by Arcos, for the Jouaust "Mariage de Figaro," and of the four contributed by the same artists to the companion volume, "Le Barbier de Seville." The quality and appearance of all six volumes are admirable. Even prettier and more attractive is the *Sieur de la Brosse's* excellent translation of Tasso's "Aminta," which forms a part of the Collection Bijou. The illustrations—by Champollion and Victor Ranvier, and by Méaulle and Giacomelli—the print, the paper, the rough edges, the parchment cover, the red lines, the lettering in blue and gold, are all in keeping and are all delightful. In "Un Drame Dans Une Carafe," by E. de Beaumont, with illustrations by Louis Leloir, the design is of another order. The volume (which is not extraordinarily good reading) takes the form of a *plaque*. It is bound in white; there is a sprinkling of flies (a fly is the hero) on the cover; it is tied with green ribands. The effect is charming.

MR. PERCY THOMAS's etching, "The Inn-Yard of the Old White Hart" (F. S. Nichols and Co.), is pleasant in tone and fairly skilful in technique. It should prove acceptable to all amateurs of Old London for the hostel's sake, and to all Pickwickians for the sake of Sam Weller, who makes his first appearance, as everybody knows, as the boots of the Old White Hart.

ART IN MARCH.

THE Royal Academy intend to build two new rooms—in size the second largest in Burlington House—for the exhibition, one of steel engravings and architectural drawings, the other of water-colours.

It is announced that this year the summer exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery will comprehend, beside the usual miscellaneous gathering, a large and representative selection from the work of a distinguished Academician.

MR. BURNE JONES is hard at work on his great picture, "The Wheel of Fortune," for the coming Grosvenor Exhibition. Mr. Herkomer has painted a picture of life in New York—a group of Irish and German emigrants at Castle Garden. Mr. Nettleship, the painter of "A Dirge in the Desert," will exhibit two more lion and tiger pictures: one of a blind lion feeling his way with his paw along the edge of a precipice, and watched over by a pack of hungry hyenas; the other of the end of a duel between tigers over the "Ewiges Weibliche"—over a disputed mate. Mr. Poynter, besides the "Cæsar and Calphurnia" already announced by us, an illustration of Shakespeare's line, "When beggars die there are no comets seen," has finished a picture of Psyche in the halls of Eros. Mr. Woolner has finished, for the Temple Library, a marble bust of Sir William Erle, and the marble, for Birmingham, of Her Majesty, and has accepted, for the Priory Church, Cartmell, the commission for the memorial to Lord Frederick Cavendish, and—for the Lord Lawrence Memorial Committee, as the Lawrence Student's Prize—a commission for a gold medal two inches in diameter. Aimé Millet's admirable "Quinet," for the town of Bourg, has been successfully cast, and will be unveiled some time in May. Herr Makart has produced a portrait of the wife of the French Ambassador, the Comtesse Duchâtel, which has set Vienna talking. Professor Legros has completed his medallion of James Thomson, the poet, and a medal of Gladstone which is said to be the finest thing of the kind he has yet produced; and M. Rodin is at work on portrait busts of Victor Hugo and Henri Rochefort.

AMONG recent additions to the National Portrait Gallery mention may be made of Mr. F. W. Burton's "George Eliot," engraved by Rajon, and exhibited last year at the Grosvenor Gallery; of a portrait, in chalk, by Linnell, of the translator, Sarah Austin; of Lawrence's full-length "Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls," painted for the Rolls Court; and of Hudson's full-length "George II.," for many years in the Judges' Room at Westminster.

MR. WHISTLER'S "Arrangement in Yellow and White," at the Fine Arts Society's Rooms, is perhaps the most original of Mr. Whistler's jests. It is so completely successful and so charmingly unlike an exhibition, and so pleasantly

suggestive of buttercups and daisies, that to take it seriously is impossible. It sets forth some charming studies of tone—as, for instance, "Upright Venice," "Wheelwright," "Nocturne Palaces" (Mr. Whistler's English is peculiar), and "The Dyer." But the artist's humour has attacked even his theory of etching; and four-fifths of the work exhibited can no more be taken seriously than the exhibition generally. The best thing of all is the catalogue. It is unique among catalogues: it has a brown paper cover; it abounds in ingenuity, and is evidently the result of a good deal of reading and research. It proves its author to have a pretty talent for art-criticism.

THE collection of water-colours at Messrs. Agnew's Old Bond Street Galleries contained not a little interesting and able work. There were several sketches by David Cox—muddy, however, and generally disappointing; and a few good examples of De Wint—striking in truths of atmosphere and distance. There were a couple of sketches by Turner, the "Criccieth Castle," engraved in "England and Wales;" the "Bridge," not much more than begun, and specially interesting as showing the artist's method; and a curious sketch—presumably for the illustration to Milton—"The Temptation on the Mountain." Amongst the moderns, several drawings by Luigi Chialiva were entitled to first place, in point of truth, charm, and technique. Best of them, perhaps, is "A Summer's Day"—a hot and thirsty flock drinking from a broad still stream. The pose of the shepherdess is full of simplicity and grace; the drawing of the sheep and lambs all that could be desired. We have only space to note two quietly impressive sketches by W. W. Ball, and works of merit by Harpignies, T. B. Hardy, E. K. Johnson, Ridgway Knight, G. F. Wetherbee, Edwin Ellis, Frank Powell, and J. M. Macintosh. Mr. R. Anderson's "Fishing Boats on the Guadalquivir" is remarkable for strength and out-of-door truth and light, and a slight want of value; the distant houses seem a little strong. Mr. A. W. Hunt's drawing entitled "Durham" is interesting, because the quaint old city is conspicuous by its absence.

MR. MILLAIS' "Pomona," after a considerable sojourn in Mr. Cousins' studio, has been added to Messrs. Tooth's Exhibition in the Haymarket, where it divides the honours with "Toil," the large picture painted by M. Lhermitte for the coming Salon. It has been declared that M. Lhermitte and his school perpetuate the tradition of Millet. Nothing, probably, could be more erroneous. Millet painted peasants; and so, it is true, does M. Lhermitte. But whereas the master delineated them with supreme sympathy and heroic sentiment, these modern artists, of whom M. Lhermitte is at once a type and a leader, paint them with almost brutal realism. And this is true of "Toil" as it is of the whole school. The technique is splendid; assurance of handling, accuracy of value, comprehension of tone, balance of colour and effect—all these are able and right. Textures, drawing, and atmosphere are good; and prob-

ably corn has never been better painted. But the whole thing is kind of dead; the old reaper and his daughters have neither animal life nor human souls, and what was meant to be pathetic is only wooden and hard. It replaces the noble idealism and the deep emotion of Millet by a clever accumulation of facts; it is not beautified by a single throb of human feeling, and in its excess of realism it entirely fails to be real.

AN idea much in favour with artists who have travelled in the East—particularly in Egypt—has been turned to good account by Messrs. H. and J. Cooper. They have brought over a variety of antique Arabian woodwork, which they propose to use in the interior decoration of modern houses. The effect, if we may judge from the "Arabian Room" in Great Pulteney Street, is admirable in every way. An enchanting series of alcoves lighted by coloured lamps, a delightful unconventionality of construction, and a picturesque arrangement of rich rugs, soft drapery, and appropriate furniture, combine to render Messrs. Cooper's "Arabian Room" a serene realisation of much that is best in Arab art. The latticed verandahs—so full of the odd and the unexpected, so picturesquely antiquated, and so instinct with individual ingenuity and feeling—are particularly pleasant in effect; but the point which claims most attention, perhaps, is the adaptation of this quaint and ancient woodwork—the Verandah Meshreblyeh of old Cairo—to modern European requirements, in the form of grille-screens, for dividing rooms and as fire-screens and in the shape of dados and friezes for wall decoration. Herein lies the originality of Messrs. Cooper's idea; it seems appropriate, and if handled with judgment and taste, capable of wide development with the best results.

IN Liverpool the Browne Exhibition has been so successful that it is possible that the collection may be sent for exhibition to London. It comprehends a good representative selection (not too large) from Browne's designs for Lever and Dickens, chief among which are the drawings for "Domby and Son," "David Copperfield," and "Bleak House." Browne, it is evident, was hardly a colourist. In certain of his pictures, however—"The Bathers," and the two "Surrey" water-colours, for instance—there is a very pleasant sense of colour. It is evident, too, that design he never so gracefully and well, he was hardly able to grapple with a great subject and a large canvas. All the same, "Les Trois Vifs et les Trois Morts," his big picture, is striking work. Chief among the innumerable fantasies included in his work are "The Book of Life," "Vanitas Vanitatum," and "Death's Revel." An interesting failure is the series of designs, a hundred in number, for Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," in which the goddess is shaped and featured like a grisette, and draped as for a fancy ball. There are many striking examples of the brilliance and skill that animate his drawings of horses, and many of the fun and frolic he breathed into his pictures of Irish life. Of the spontaneity and facility of the artist's talent, of his fancy and his humour, his abundant humanity, and his strange command of graphic melodrama, the exhibition gives proof from the first number to the last.

THE series of eight portraits of the ancient Earls of Chester (1069–1237), sold at the dispersion of the possessions of the Stanleys of Hooton some forty years ago, have been presented to the city of Chester by Sir Thomas Frost,

and are hung in Chester Town Hall. As examples of how the men of the Fifteenth or Sixteenth Century pictured the men of the Norman period, the series is interesting.

IN Paris the Louvre has acquired, for 6,500 francs, a reputed Clouet, exquisitely finished and in perfect preservation—a "Jean de Bourbon, Comte d'Enghien." An admirable purchase, by the Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs, was that, for no more than 10,600 francs, of a collection, over 213,000 pieces strong, of patterns of textile fabrics—French and Persian painted cloths; Chinese, French, and Indian embroideries; silks, shawls, laces, scarves, cashmeres, waistcoat stuffs, and flowered materials; carpets, painted hangings, and curtain pieces; manufacturers' patterns by tens of thousands—Austrian, German, French, and English. Mr. Quaritch disputed the lot with the Union Centrale; but it was the Union Centrale that won. As the collection is unique, and the formation of a second is absolutely impossible, it is greatly to be wished that the bidding had gone the other way, and the lot had crossed the Channel.

WITH a great deal of bad and middling work, the Exposition de Cercle de l'Union des Beaux-Arts was interesting in certain portraits by MM. Sargent, Carolus Duran, Lévy, Cormon, and Wenker; in a "Venezia," by the Russian painter Bogoluboff; in a good *Détaille*, "Son Ancien Régiment;" in a "Spadassin," by M. Leloir; in a "Bœufs de Cotentin," by M. Barillot; and in a charming mirror-frame in gilt bronze, the last work of Gustave Doré.

MM. BASTIEN-LEPAGE and Jules Lefebvre, French painters, M. Delpérée, the Belgian painter, Herr Bockelmann, the Saxon painter, and Herr Brozick, the Viennese, have been made knights of the Belgian Order of Leopold.

THE Roman exhibition is not international but Italian. Of the 1,500 works on view only a small proportion are foreign. Among them are pictures by Messrs. Stanley Hazeltine and Dwight Benson, the American landscape-painters, Rosa Bonheur, Louis Gallait, the Polish painter Matejko, the Norwegian Adelsteen, and Mr. Alma-Tadema. Of the Italian work there is not much to be said, except that it is clever in technique, mostly realistic in intention, and very often vulgar and offensive in effect. Among the better examples are Michetti's "The Vow"—a picture of peasant pilgrims in the Abruzzi; Lacetti's "Christus Imperat"—a presentment of the excesses of the early Christians; Canumarano's "Battle of St. Martino;" Scifoni's "Il Cottabo;" Barzaghi's "Lady Jane Grey;" and Boschetti's "Socrates." The best of the landscapes are by Count Corsi, Felli, and Vertumni. Mention may be made of Dalbino's "Ariadne" and the Venetian and Pompeian studies of Cabianca and Bazzati. Some of the sculpture is very hideous. In contrast with the bad, clever new work are Storey's bas-reliefs, Consani's "Susanna," and Confalonieri's graceful "Saffo." There are many bronzes; but there is none worth talking about. Altogether, the exhibition is the reverse of exciting.

It is decided that an International Exhibition shall be held in Rome every four years, and that national exhibitions shall be held every three years, in one or other of the cities of Italy.

AN impressionist exhibition will be opened this summer by M. Durand-Ruel, at Messrs Dowdeswell's Gallery, in New Bond Street. An exhibition is announced of the work of Mr. George Tinworth, the sculptor. In June an exhibition of works of art will be opened at Huddersfield; Messrs. Agnew being the agents for the conveyance of pictures and sculpture sent for examination. In Paris the Union Centrale will open an exhibition of decorative art on the 11th of April. Apart from the Salon (which will be open from the 1st of May to the 15th of June), the Exposition Nationale will be open at the Palais de l'Industrie from the 15th of September to the 31st of October.

THIS year the picture sales have only been remarkable for small prices. Thus in Paris, a "Kermesse," by Delacroix, was sold for 7,000 francs; Meissonier's water-colour, "Pierre l'Ermite," for 5,000 francs; Théodore Rousseau's "La Chaumière," for the same price; Daubigny's "Village au Bord de la Seine," for 5,500 francs; Tassaert's "L'Aïeule," for 4,005 francs; Corot's "La Levée du Filet," for 10,000 francs; Millet's "Pêcheurs de Varech," for 4,000 francs, and his pastel, "La Gardeuse de Chèvres," for 11,000 francs. In London, Mr. Leader's "On the Llugwy" was sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods for £446 5s.; Henry Dawson's "The Old Loch," for £262 10s.; Richard Wilson's "Lake Avernus," for £115; George Barret's "Langdale Pikes," for £99 15s., his "Virginia Water" (from Lord Albemarle's collection), for £194 5s., and his picture of the Long Walk at Windsor—painted in collaboration with Gilpin—for £330; Linnell's "Young Anglers," for £525; and Mr. T. S. Cooper's "Cattle and Sheep at Pasture," for £346 10s.

THE death is announced of Professor Alexander Strachubur, author of a number of illustrations to the Bible and to Luther's hymns; of Joseph Frank, the Belgian engraver, a pupil of Calamatta; of Leonidas Driossys, a Greek sculptor, medallist at the exhibition of 1867; of Florence Pollet, the engraver and water-colour painter; of the Saxon landscape-painter, Julius Fiebing; of James Whittall, Turkey merchant and numismatic collector; of the French engraver, A.-J. Huot; and of a well-known Belgian picture-dealer, C.-J. Nieuwenhuys, long resident in England, and author, in English, of "A Review of the Lives and Works of some of the most Eminent Painters" (1834), and of a "Description de la Collection des Tableaux qui Ornent le Palais du Prince d'Orange à Bruxelles."

IN some of the newest houses of Bedford Park—the æsthetic Eden which made Mr. Abbey, the American artist, "feel like walking through a water-colour sketch"—the nurseries have been papered with light and sweetness in the form of pictorial versions of the idylls dear to infancy. Thus a red cow leaps over a brick-dust moon; hard by, a red dog prepares to swallow a red dish and a red spoon, which are careering through space in the manner of the chariots of the gods. It is only fair to add that this heroic work is infinitely preferable to the paper still to be seen in many modern drawing-rooms.

IS Turner's famous "Norham Castle" a sunset or a sunrise? A great deal of beautiful sentiment has been expended upon it on the supposition that it is the latter. Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his graceful and pleasant commentary

on the plates of the Autotype "Liber," makes the sunset his text for a very pretty discourse, and even points out that the sun in the "Norham" of the "Liber" has gone farther towards its setting than in the "Norham" of the "Rivers of England." Mr. Brooke also says that Turner saw Norham only once, and was always faithful to his first impression, remembering the cows and the boat, &c. Yet it is certain that the sun could not both rise and set on the same side of Norham, and it is also certain that in Turner's first drawing of Norham the sun was rising and not setting. This is the description of it from the catalogue of the Royal Academy for 1798—

Norham Castle, on the Tweed—Summer's Morn.

"But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the East; the lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumined—his near approach betoken glad."

Thomson's "Seasons."

Where is this drawing of 1798? It could solve the doubt, as could any one acquainted with the position of the castle.

MESSRS. LIBERTY'S issue of Spring Patterns includes some charming colours and some very pleasant materials. The printed silks and velvets are of remarkable merit, as examples of the use of red and blue upon maize and yellow. Some striped silks are of uncommon lightness of texture and brilliance of tint. Most useful, and in certain samples most delightful of all, are the Alwan Cloths and Umritza Cashmeres, among which are some of the prettiest blues and greys imaginable.

IN "Françoise de Rimini" (Paris: J. Rothschild), M. Charles Yriarte has resumed all that is known of one of the most famous episodes in human history. To those interested in Dante, and to those interested in as much of him as was expressed in Rossetti, the work should "arrive most welcome." In material and design it is of singular merit. The illustrations, which include fac-similes of drawings by Ingres and Ary Scheffer, are appropriate and well produced.

IN "A Royal Warren" (Typographic Etching Company), Mr. C. E. Robinson has given us—with some eccentricities of manner—a gossip account of the Isle of Purbeck; its legends—which are often wild and dramatic; and its topography—which is almost always unconventional and interesting. As regards print and paper the volume is luxurious, and its illustrations, mainly produced by a new process, demand some attention. They are etchings by Mr. A. Dawson; but the novelty consists chiefly in that most of them are printed with the letterpress, like woodcuts. The process, which is described in the preface, and which is the invention of the artist, seems to have possibilities; but judged by these examples it is inferior to good wood-engraving. The main faults of the pictures are want of force and a clear sense of value; but whether these are inherent in the artist's work, or whether they are produced by the absence or misuse of certain mechanical aids to good printing, it is difficult to say.

A PUBLICATION of uncommon interest is Mr. Elliot Stock's fac-simile reprint of the *editio princeps* (1719) of "Robinson Crusoe," with the original frontispiece, the quaint title-page, the abundance of capitals, the long s's, the primitive type, the list of "errata"—all the features of the

original, even to the publisher's advertisement at the end. Mr. Austin Dobson contributes a pleasant "biographico-bibliographical" introduction. The reprint is an excellent addition to the admirable series of which it forms a part: a series which, it is proper to note, already includes fac-similes of the first editions of "Paradise Lost," "The Pilgrim's Progress," George Herbert's "Temple," and the "Compleat Angler" of Mr. Izaak Walton.

Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD's very charming "Anyhow Stories" (Macmillan and Co.) are hardly stories for youngsters. They are touched, however, with a quality not at all unlike genius; and they are good reading for boys and girls well on in years and in experience. It is pleasant to know that they are already in a second edition, and may well become the standard work they ought to be. Some of Miss Dorothy Tennant's illustrations are good and pretty, some of them are not. The best—the frontispiece—is capital.

THE authors of "Lectures on Art" (Macmillan and Co.) are Messrs. Reginald Stuart Poole, W. B. Richmond, E. J. Poynter, J. T. Micklethwaite, and William Morris. The volume, in fact, contains the half-dozen lectures delivered by those gentlemen in aid of the "Anti-Scrape Society"—the "Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings." It is an excellent little book. Everybody concerned in it is a specialist; and everybody has something good and valuable to say. Mr. Richmond speaks of Monumental Painting; Mr. Poynter, of Ancient Decorative Art; Mr. Micklethwaite, of English Parish Churches; and Mr. Poole of the Egyptian Tomb; while Mr. Morris is seen at his best and strongest in discourses on "The History of Pattern Designing" and "The Lesser Arts of Life." Occasionally there are lapses: as when Mr. Poole goes out of his way to refer to Mr. J. F. Lewis as "the greatest recent painter of light after Turner," a description that is questionable as English and inaccurate as information.

"ART AND THE FORMATION OF TASTE" (Macmillan), by Lucy Crane, is one of the few sensible and practical books of its kind. Its author seems, with her brother Walter, to have inherited not a little of the artistic spirit of her father, and with this chief attribute her lectures combine careful study and sound sense. Entirely free from affectation, her advice, if conveyed in a form that is always somewhat dry and too self-contained, is pointed and appropriate. Her precept on such matters as form and colour, and her example on such homely affairs as the decoration of a fireplace, are unexceptionable; and though she is a little weak and uncertain when speaking of Michelangelo and Raphael, in the main her hints are good and her opinion safe. The volume, we should add, is neatly printed and bound, and usefully illustrated with drawings by Thomas and Walter Crane.

"THE SERPENT PLAY" (Chatto and Windus) is a "Divine Pastoral," by Thomas Gordon Hake, who was in some sort one of the masters of Dante Rossetti. Poems of high spiritual meaning are nowadays so rare that Dr. Hake's last and in some respects greatest contribution to literature appeals to a public untrained, and therefore disinclined, to give the very serious attention which it requires. An allegory of the human soul in its search after God, through the temptations and discouragements of mortal existence,

the mystery of evil, the ultimate triumph of good—these are themes which find patient readers almost as seldom as competent writers. "The Serpent Play" is not easy reading; the meaning of the whole, the meaning of the parts, and the relation of the one to the other, are all difficult to master. It must be read not only once, but many times, to apprehend the grandeur of its scheme and the noble complexity of its thought. It is worth the trouble.

MISS M. A. WALLACE-DUNLOP's "Glass in the Old World" (Field and Tuer) is a really admirable book. Embodying what the author modestly calls her "notes of studies made during the past few years," it presents a very exhaustive epitome of what is known of ancient glass—that is to say, of the glass manufactures of ancient Egypt, of Greece, Assyria, and Rome; of Hebrew glass, and Chinese and Japanese, Persian and Indian, Etrurian, Pompeian, and Christian; of early glass in Great Britain and Ireland, and in Europe generally. This review of the history of one of the oldest of the arts is written with perspicuity and care; it is the result of earnest original study, and of thorough research in the voluminous writings of ancient and modern authorities. That it is full of interest goes without saying; student and amateur will be equally pleased with it. No better summary of peculiar knowledge has been given to the public since long.

M. AUGUSTIN CHALLAMEL's "History of Fashion in France" (S. Low and Co.) is a book entirely after the heart of woman; and the translators—Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie—have reproduced the sprightliness and piquancy of the original with marked success. The book deals with "the dress of women from the Gallo-Roman to the present time;" though the illustrations only carry us to 1880—already behind the age it would seem. It is anything but dry reading, this handsome volume with its admirable plates. It presents an attractive blending of history and anecdote, and if the one is not wholly accurate, the other is infinitely entertaining; for M. Challamel has expressed the essence of centuries of beauty, extravagance, and art.

It is proposed to erect a subscription statue to the memory of Hector Berlioz. The committee in Paris is under the presidency of the Vicomte A. Delaborde, and is composed, among others, of MM. Ambroise Thomas, Saint-Saëns, Massé, Reyer, Massenet, Colonne, Litolf, Brandus, Albert Wolff, Vaucorbeil, Pasdeloup, and Charles Gounod. A committee has also been formed in London. It is thus composed:—Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Stainer, Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Augustus Manns, Messrs. T. A. and F. Chappell, Mr. Joseph Bennett, Mr. Hueffer, and Mr. Louis Engel. There are many to whom Berlioz—the maker of the modern orchestra; the very genius of colour and arrangement; the unrivalled artist in instrumentation—is out and away the greatest musician since Beethoven. There are few who have listened to his work without admiration of some sort; there are fewer still who have read his memoirs and letters, his "Soirées de l'Orchestre" and his "À Travers Chants," without conceiving a feeling of personal regard for him. In his life he was unhappy and unsuccessful. It is but fourteen years since he died, and his fame is already universal; his example has gone far to revolutionise the practice of music. It is to be hoped that the memorial with which it is proposed to complete his immortality will be not unworthy the occasion.

ART IN APRIL.

MR. E. J. POYNTER's "The Catapult," reproduced by us last month, is the property of Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, M.P., by whose permission it was engraved.

MR. FRANK HOLL has been elected an Academician. Mr. Cope—A.R.A. in 1843, and R.A. in 1848—has resigned his R.A.-ship, and become a retired Royal Academician. Of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Mr. Spencer Stanhope, Mr. Walter Langley, and Mr. E. A. Abbey, the American illustrator of Herrick, have been made Members. Messrs. John Burr, Wainwright, Glindoni, E. J. Poynter, R.A., and Frank Holl, R.A., have been elected Associates of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Mr. Louis Fagan, of the Print Department, British Museum, has been elected an honorary member of the Société des Artistes-Graveurs au Burin de France.

MR. ONSLOW FORD, who is at work on a "Gladstone" in marble, for the City Liberal Club, will exhibit a portrait statue, life-size, of Mr. Henry Irving as Hamlet. Mr. A. C. Gow will be represented by a scene from Motley's "Dutch Republic;" Miss Gow by a "Captive Maid;" Mr. Oakes, by three landscapes, one of them a picture of the "Adder's Pool" on Snowdon; Mr. John Collier, by a "Professor Huxley" and a picture of Nubian Dancing Girls; Mrs. John Collier, by a portrait of her husband at his easel; Mr. Simonds, by a "Perseus;" Mr. Thornycroft, by a bust of Professor Erichsen and a statuette of Miss Sassoon; Mr. Holl, by a "John Bright" and "No Tidings," the sketch of which we engraved lately; Mr. E. J. Gregory, by a picture of Piccadilly, with the Life Guards passing, and a double line of carriages, and the usual London crowd; Mr. Dicksee, by a picture of the Foolish Virgins; Professor Legros, by a "Projet de Fontaine" and a case of medals; Mr. Boehm, by a "Sir Francis Drake," a bronze "Millais," and busts of Lords Derby and Sydney and the late Archbishop of Canterbury; Mr. Val Prinsep, by a "Titian's Niece," a "Miriam," a "Mrs. Kendal," and a "Bathing Ghaut, Benares;" Mr. Fildes, by a "Village Wedding;" Mr. Marcus Stone, by "Asleep" and "An Offer of Marriage;" Mr. Orchardson, by a picture of Voltaire and De Rohan's lackeys; Mr. Keeley Halswelle, by three landscapes, one an illustration of a stanza in "The Lady of Shalott;" Mr. Vicat Cole, by a single landscape; Mr. Colin Hunter, by several seascapes and a portrait; Mr. Adrian Stokes, by some French and Spanish scenes; Mrs. Jopling, by a portrait of Miss Terry as Portia; Mr. Stacey Marks, by an "Ornithological Lecture," "The Clock-Setter," and "Lost or Missing;" and Mr. G. F. Watts, by "Kate"—a portrait and a study in reds—and "The Rain It Raineth Every Day."

THE proposal to lighten the burden of South Kensington, the National Gallery, and the British Museum by distributing their superfluous treasures as loans among the pro-

vincial museums and galleries is likely to meet with vigorous opposition. Such a proceeding, it is argued, would deprive the three great collections of their national and representative character, would make them incomplete as gatherings and imperfect as stores of reference, would expose them to the risk of many losses and much damage, and would be a death-blow to the higher study of art. It is therefore proposed to memorialise the Government, and to prepare, for general signature, a petition setting forth the practical aspects of the scheme and a consensus of artistic opinion as to its demerits.

It has been decided to establish a Royal Academy Students' Club. Rooms, to be open all the week round, have been taken at 17, Golden Square. Here members may meet and dine and read; and here, too, it is proposed to have musical evenings, smoking concerts, and conversations. It is also designed to provide the members with colours and brushes and canvases and artistic material generally at prices much lower than the average, and to make the club rooms a kind of depot from which the works of country members may be forwarded to any London exhibition for the mere cost of carriage. The yearly subscription for old students is a guinea, and for younger ones ten shillings and sixpence. There will be no entrance fee until the number of members exceeds 125. The scheme, which has the sanction of the P.R.A. and the Royal Academicians, seems an excellent one, and is worthy of all encouragement. Application should be made to the Honorary Secretary, Royal Academy Students' Club, Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.

THE Easter exhibition, organised by the Rev. Samuel Barnett at St. Jude's, Whitechapel, has been this year more brilliantly successful than ever. Close on 250 pictures were lent for exhibition. Mr. Watts sent his "Manning," his "Carlyle" (which someone has described as "a mad ploughman in his Sunday clothes"), his "Esau," his "Love and Death," his "Poverty and Love;" Mr. Graham, Rossetti's "Annunciation"—the most popular picture in the show—and "Brother Peaceful," and a Holman Hunt, the "Light of the World;" Mr. Burne Jones, his "Saint Theophilus and the Angel;" Mr. Orchardson, his "Jessica;" Mr. Burgess, his "Stolen by Gipsies;" Mr. Constantine Ionides, his magnificent Millet, "Les Scieurs de Bois;" Mr. Tate, his five Friths, "The Race for Wealth;" Mr. Loder, the "My First Sermon" of Mr. Millais; Mr. Turner, two charming examples of Briton Riviere, the "Cave Canem" and the excellent "Hope Deferred." In addition to these, there were Petties and Calthrops and Goodalls, there were Goodwins and Allinghams and Sutton Palmers, there were Friths and Burgesses and Boughtons, and Severns and Longs and MacWhirters, and Van Haanens and Hunters and Legros. The committee worked hard and well; the catalogue was eloquent with Ruskin, Keats,

Carlyle, Shelley, Blake, Wordsworth, and St. Paul; the 36,000 visitors enjoyed themselves immensely. Better work in the popularisation of art has seldom or never been done.

THE first water-colour exhibition of the new Dudley Gallery Art Society has been somewhat unjustly handled. On the whole it is better than the later Dudleys, and it contains work which would not disgrace any all-round good exhibition. Miss Macaulay's "Still Waters, Loch Fyne," indicates a steady advance on previous work: less mannerism, more truth. The same may be said of "Kirkcaldy Boats, Drying Nets," which is an admirable transcript, and full of daylight and air. Mr. A. Melville's "Call to Prayer," a scene outside the Midan Mosque of Bagdad, if blotty in execution, is a very clever work, and good in colour. Shockingly hung, Mr. Mercer's "Dethroned"—an old, gigantic tree, blown down by a storm, indicated in a stress of cloud and sunset—is impressive alike in sentiment and effect; and Mr. Caffieri has done nothing truer or pleasanter than "On the River, a Quiet Row." Mr. R. W. Allan's "Returning from the Oyster Beds, Brittany," is a fresh and sincere combination of the sentiment of sea and storm, with the pathos of fisher-life and toil. A tiny "Street Corner, Pont-Aven," presents a delightful group of village folk by M. L. Menpes, and forms an odd contrast with Mr. Edwin Ellis's vigorous and melodramatic "Last Gleam." Mr. Pownoll Williams has achieved an admirable effect of "Golden Sunlight, Venice;" and an "Alpine Slope, near Zermatt," by J. M. Donne, is a drawing of considerable technical merit and some originality of conception.

ON the whole the Lady Artists show an improvement on their last exhibition. There is still a vast amount of frivolity and ineptitude; but there is earnest effort and some good achievement. The flower-pieces often show sincere regard for nature, considerable grasp of decorative necessities, and a very respectable technique. The most ambitious work on the walls perhaps is Miss Alice Havers' "Footsteps," engraved in this magazine. Miss Hilda Montalba's "Sorting Crabs on the Venetian Lagoons," is beautiful in atmosphere and soft grey tones, but the figure seems still even to lifelessness. Mrs. R. T. Wright's "Fishing Boats of Chiozza," is admirable in handling and colour. Bertha Newcombe sends three pictures, none as good as she has done and can do. She seems in danger of acquiring the preposterous mannerisms of a certain French school. Miss Helen O'Hara's little sketch of "A Cottage near Lismore," is good in atmosphere and colour, and broad in handling. More winning and quite as natural is the same artist's "Throw Me a Rosy One"—a child in an orchard: here tone and light are excellent, the expression is lively and pleasant. Mention may be made of good work by Misses Linnie Watt, Charlotte H. Spiers, K. Macaulay, Emily M. Merrick, Grace H. Hastie, and Clara Montalba.

THE Exhibition of the Society of Painter Etchers is but a little better than its predecessor, which was a shocking bad one. The strenuousness of Mr. Herkomer, the eclectic fantasies of the Americans, and the supreme accomplishment of Professor Legros are absent. It is significant enough that out of 169 exhibits only as many as may be counted on one's fingers are worth attention, and most of those even are the work of a single artist—Mr. William Strang. His contributions, in point of draughtsmanship and imagi-

nation, in command of means and severity of treatment contrast with the trickery and feebleness of surrounding efforts. Here, at least, is etching—imitative, it is true, rather than assimilative, of a great school at its best—an austere and expressive method, and strong and simple ideas to express. In such work as "The Traveller," the "Woman Bathing," and "The Prodigal Son," Mr. Strang shows himself not only a very accomplished etcher, but an artist of high promise. Of the other contributions worth attention we may note Mr. Macbeth's "Flora;" Mr. Oliver Baker's "Draycott Mill"—bold in line if harsh in effect; Mr. Alfred East's "Evening"—strong, vigorous, expressive, a thought tricky; Mr. Slocombe's "On the Lymington River;" Mr. G. Gascoyne's "Evening;" Mr. Herbert Marshall's "Broad Sanctuary, Westminster;" the desolate, mournful and mysterious "Near Lake Idowal," a landscape mezzotint by Mr. Joseph Knight; and the views of the five Borough inns by Mr. Ned Swain.

THE attraction at Mr. White's King Street Galleries is "The Stowaway," by Mr. Millais. In some respects this is admirable, in others disappointing. Solidly and carefully painted, it indicates more of effort and intention than most of the artist's recent work. The lad's pose and gesture are very natural; the worn face, with its conflict of expression—fear in the startled lips, defiance in the knit brow, and entreaty in the young eyes shining in the light from the opened hatchway—all these are realised, and are curiously impressive. But there is an air of unreality, a want of inspiration. The picture scarcely tells its story (a printed explanation is given to visitors), and those cables and wisps of straw savour more of the studio than the hold. There is some good work besides the "Stowaway," of course.

AT the French Gallery are three Corots, well worth the seeing; chief of them is "When the Year is Young"—full of the tender and delicious mystery of spring, and of the painter's serene distinction and indescribable charm. Then there is the famous "Ferry" of Troyon, beautifully spacious and atmospheric, and very broad in handling. Professor Muller's "Arab School" is probably the best picture he has yet produced, for along with painstaking elaboration of detail, it presents some fine studies of character, some admirable gesture and expression, and a vivid rendering of eastern light and air. All the same, it appears inferior to his sketches. These are curious and effective comments upon Muller's finished works: they are so much more spontaneous and vivacious and human; and withal the technique is more effective because swifter and more direct. The heads are true portraits; the interiors are models of their kind; and there is a bit of coast scenery in which the solemn majesty and glowing colour of eastern sky and sea are rendered with inevitable truth and with unwonted feeling. In Kaulbach's "Venetian Beauty," the scheme and colour are too manifestly accommodated from the Venetian school. Billet's "Gleaners" presents some pleasant colour, lively gesture, and a sense of movement; but the sky is a solid falsehood. Von Bochmann's "Horse Fair, Hungary," is full of varied human character and vigorous movement. Julien Dupré's "Rest," a note in the fields of Brittany, if a little hard and violent, possesses some charm in the landscape and human interest in the figures; while the technique of Laugée's "Les Choux," is first rate. Seiler's "Rembrandt in his Studio," is a capital piece of *genre*; and Benjamin Constant's "Harem Guard" is dexterous and rich.

THE Fine Art Society's Exhibition of pictures of children is essentially popular and pleasant. The place of honour is given to Mr. Herkomer's "Grandfather's Pet;" but the best picture in the room is Mr. Millais' "Captive." Mr. Herkomer seems to have tried to do something merely strong and big; while Mr. Millais displays much of his early care and a more restrained technique than usual. His "Captive" is a woman and not a child; but there is about her an exquisite grace and much pathetic dignity. The colour, too, is beautiful—is at once quiet and rich; and there is a touch of distinction rare in modern work. Mr. Collier's vigorously-painted "Sonatina" presents a pretty girl posing with a violin; playing she is not, for her fingers are "stopping" a discord which would astonish Wagner himself, and she has not yet learned how to hold her bow. Mr. Archer's "Springtime" is delightfully simple in treatment. Mr. Morgan in "Maternal Cares" gives us a portrait of a charming child with some strong colour in the accessories. Mr. Leslie's companion pictures, of a school girl on the first and the last day of her holidays, are less affected and more charming than most of his later work. We do not believe in Mr. Morris's "Babes in the Wood," with their false flesh tones and badly-painted costumes; we are sceptical, too, about "The First Sorrow" of Mr. Marcus Stone's maiden, in spite of ingenious colour and good expression; and we have doubts about Sir F. Leighton's soft and pearly "Yasmeeneh," delightful as she is. The boy in Mr. Macbeth's "Playmates" is lovely, but the dog is rather a caricature.

THE new Art Gallery of Derby was opened by Mr. Russell, the Mayor, who gave a very pleasant conversation on the occasion. To Mr. Bass, M.P., the donor of the building, to Mr. Woodiwis, the giver of the valuable site, to Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, for the interest taken in the matter from first to last, and to Mr. Wm. Bemrose, who has played the most active part in collecting and arranging the works of Joseph Wright, A.R.A., commonly called Wright of Derby, the credit of the whole undertaking seems principally due. The result of the exhibition is one very favourable to Wright's position as one of the fathers of British art. We propose to devote an article to him at once.

THE twentieth exhibition of the Irish Fine Art Society is undoubtedly the best ever held in Dublin. It comprehends some four hundred and forty several works, most of them water-colour. Some of the work is vastly superior to the rest, but the general standard is satisfactorily high. The oils of Miss Webb and Miss Purser are marked by drawing at once bold and correct. Miss Currey's water-colours take the first place, her "Modern Dutch Painter," "Pansies," and "Hawthorn" being remarkably clever; but Miss Helen O'Hara, well known as an illustrator, deserves almost equal commendation for her masterly "Kingfisher," "Little Beggars," "A Recitative," and a beautiful May study of primroses; as does (Miss) J. J. Longfield, for her two landscapes, "A Wooded Glen" and "Mountain Road." Mention may also be made of the contributions of Miss Keane, Rose Barton, Maud Peel, and Mary Fowler.

Of the Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy it is not possible to speak in such terms of praise. The collection is uneven and below the average. The hanging has been vigorously censured. Good work has not only been skied, but has been condemned to a wretchedly-lighted

side room, locally known as the "back kitchen;" bad work has been excellently placed. Three of the Academicians send thirteen pictures each, some of large size; one has fourteen; and three others have a total of thirty-two. Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Harmony," lent by the Council of the Royal Academy, is the gem of the collection; but with a few exceptions—from Miss Alice Havers, Mr. Yglesias, and others—English art is poorly represented. There are some good landscapes, one of the finest being Mr. Caterson Smith's "The Top of Howth," which breathes the very spirit of a lovesome gloaming on a mountain track. Messrs. W. Osborne and Edwin Hayes, Augustus Burke, the President (with a beautiful "Sabrina"), Alfred Grey, J. E. Rogers and W. Duffey send good work. Here, as at the other exhibition, the female artists come brilliantly to the front.

PROFESSOR COLVIN, after long deliberation, has at last matured his plans for the institution of a Museum of Classic Archaeology in connection with the Fitzwilliam Museum, and it is expected that by October 1st, the building will be ready for use. The architect, Mr. Basil Champneys, has had to adapt an old structure to new purposes. He has done his work with great judgment and skill, and the lighting and arrangement of his interior leave nothing to be desired. The museum will contain six groups of casts; forty single figures; sixty smaller single figures; reliefs, and architectural details; eighty smaller reliefs and busts; and eighty statuettes, heads, and specimens of ornamentation. The cost of these is estimated at £1,500; that of the building itself, £9,000, exclusive of the site. The museum will take rank, not only as the finest in England, but—after that at Berlin—as the finest in all Europe.

At the election of jurors, for the forthcoming Salon, M. Bouguereau, last year the thirty-ninth on the list, was placed at the head of the poll, with 990 votes. Next came M. Harpignies, with 980; then, M. Henner, with 966; then, M. J.-P. Laurens, with 950; then, MM. Humbert, Busson, Jules Lefebvre, and Robert-Fleury, with 930, 924, 924, and 907 respectively. Among the other jurors are MM. Benjamin Constant, Puvis de Chavannes, Ulysse Butin, Vollon, Fâyen-Perrin, Bonnat, Duez, Luminais, Baudry, Cabanel, Detaille, and De Neuville. It is anticipated that 611 French painters, 252 French sculptors, 246 French architects, and 127 French engravers will contribute; that pictures and statues will come from 60 lady artists, 50 of whom are Frenchwomen, and that the foreign contingent will include 188 painters, 57 sculptors, 42 architects, and 31 engravers.

M. PAUL BAUDRY'S "Parnasse," his "Poètes," and his "Rêve de Sainte Cécile," all three in the *foyer* of the Grand Opéra, are to be engraved at the expense of the State. The first, by M. Bertinot, of the Institut, for 12,000 francs; the second, by M. Haussoullier, for the same sum; and the third, for 4,500 francs, by M. Dubouchet.

IN Florence, Professor Gordigiani has finished a "Marchesa Ginori," so full of careless grace as to be worthy of Lely. The brilliant flesh tints are subdued by a large crimson-plumed hat, and relieved by a creamy-white dress and pearls on a background of the primrose peculiar to the artist. He has also a delightful little "Mozart at the Harpsichord," which is idealised from his own daughter.

Mr. Craig, the American, exhibits some very sincere work. His "Scratch-Cradle" is a graceful group of children. The hands, interwoven in the intricacies of the game, show very careful study. His young girl under trees, against a background of misty olives, is very successful in soft relief. In his "Perdita" the colouring is stronger—a deep-blue robe against a foliated ground. He has lately been trying experiments in a new style, which, for decorative purposes, has merit. It consists of flat washes of colour, the shadows being only indicated by deeper tones of the same colour. In a large altar-piece—"Christ at Emmaus"—for a church in America, painted in this manner, he produces a very quaint effect, the flatness giving the idea of an enlarged miniature. Theoretically, the method is of course a step backward. Signor Chelazzi has just painted three mirrors—some twelve feet high—for the Grand Duchess of Russia. They are noble in form and well painted; but they are sophisticated with wreaths of roses, iris, and ivy, with water-lilies in the form of a bush, and much false botany of that sort.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS have sold the late E. Duncan's "Brighton Downs," for £241, his "Launching the Lifeboat," for £378, and his "Brig on the Rocks, near Dunbar," for £409; a David Cox, for £152; and Topham's "Wayfarers," for £199. Among the Exnman Flaxmans, the twenty-four lots of the "Odyssey" went for £271, the twenty-three of the "Iliad" for £208, and the twenty-six of the "Æschylus" for £72; a "Teresias" sold for £9 9s., and the "Monument to the Marquis of Hastings" and the "Lost Pleiad," for £30 9s.; Professor Colvin bought for the Fitzwilliam Museum the MS. poem, "The Knight of the Blazing Cross," illustrated with forty-one groups of figures, for £220; Blake's "Songs of Experience," finished in colours by the artist for Flaxman, realised not less than £85. At the Hotel Drouot, Corot's "Chemin de Coubron" sold for 6,300 francs; the "Femmes à la Source," of Decamps, for 8,500 francs; Fortuny's "Rentrée de la Procession" for 9,200 francs; Isabey's "L'Alchimiste," for 9,550 francs; Daubigny's "Bords de l'Oise" and "Les Brûleurs d'Herbes," for 10,300 francs and 12,000 francs respectively; the "Femmes au Bain" of Diaz, for 15,000 francs; the "Calvaire" of Delacroix, for 19,000 francs; and a Rousseau, the "Chemin dans le Forêt de Fontainebleau," for 20,500 francs. On another occasion Drouais' "Buffon" and "Madame de Bouffon" realised 14,300 francs and 15,000 francs respectively. At the sale of the Lehmann Collection, "L'Enfant au Fauteuil," a pencil drawing by Ingres, sold for 2,950 francs; his pencil study for the arms of the Phidias in the "Apothéose d'Homère," for 1,200; and—to the Louvre—his pencil portrait of Mdlle. Boinard, for 5,000 francs.

THE death is announced of F. Hengsbach, the Dusseldorf landscape painter; of the French engraver Huot; of the French painter, Jules Grenier; of Alfred Clint, son of George Clint, A.R.A., for some years President of the Society of British Artists; and of Baron Charles Davillier, the eminent archaeologist and art-critic, author, among much else that is of permanent value, of "L'Orfèvrerie en Espagne," and a "Histoire de l'Origine de la Porcelaine en Europe."

M. SOLON, the famous ceramic artist, has written an elaborate history of English pottery from the earliest times to the beginning of the present century, and has illustrated it with many etchings of his own. The edition, which will

be one of luxury, and limited in number, will be issued to subscribers only, and will be published by Messrs. Bemrose and Sons. It will be entitled "The Art of the Old English Potter," by L. M. Solon, and the plates will be destroyed.

OF Mr. John Kinross' "Details of Italian Buildings" (Edinburgh: Waterston and Sons) it is impossible, in the space at our disposal, to speak as it deserves. It is beautifully produced, to begin with: the paper is good, the ornamentation is in excellent taste, the fifty plates are excellently clear and fine. The majority of the author's examples are Renaissance; but a certain proportion are Gothic. They are admirably chosen; they are sufficiently numerous to be representative; and as specimens of free-hand drawing they could not readily be surpassed.

CHIEF among the art manuals of the season are Mr. Charles Perkins' "Handbook of Italian Sculpture" (Remington)—translated by Mr. J. T. Clarke; and Dr. Franz von Reber's "History of Antient Art" (Sampson Low and Co). Both are the work of specialists, each one eminent of his kind; both are the result of years of study and research; both are elaborately authoritative and complete; both are absolutely indispensable to the student. The "Handbook" contains some forty illustrations only; the "History" is rich in upwards of three hundred. There is little to be said of either one set or the other, except that they are good enough as diagrams and not particularly good as pictures.

THOSE in quest of French books for children cannot do better than procure "Le Monde Enchanté," edited and prefaced by M. de Lescure, and—among more modern work—M. Daffrey de la Monnoie's translation of the "Magic Mirror" of Musæus, M. Emile Moreau's pleasant and whimsical "Aventures de Bertoldo de Bertagnano," and M. Aimé Giron's romance of the Wandering Jew, "Les Cinq Sous d'Isaac Laquedem." All are excellent reading, especially the first, which contains a dozen nursery epics by Charles Perrault, the Comtesse D'Aulnoy, Anthony Hamilton, the Comte de Caylus—"Cinderella," the "Sleeping Beauty," the "White Cat," "Fleur d'Épine," "Beauty and the Beast," and the rest of them. The last three are admirably illustrated in black and white, and in colours from designs by MM. Georges Jeannot, Alexis Lemaitre, and Henri Pille; but of the pictures in "Le Monde Enchanté" the less said the better. All four are produced and published by the famous house of Firmin-Didot.

IN "Les Médailleurs Italiens des Quinzième et Seizième Siècles" (Paris: Eugène Plon et Cie), by Alfred Armand, we have the second edition of a book that to the student and collector of medals is simply invaluable. The original edition was in one volume, and was concerned with only 750 medals; the second is in two, and the medals it describes are close on 2,600 in number. The book is divided into two parts. The first part deals with the medallists who are known to us by name—with Sperandio, Matteo da Pasti, the Pisanello, and some 1,300 of their works; the second with the anonymous artists, their contemporaries, and the 1,200 or 1,300 pieces for which they are responsible. No more complete and thorough piece of work has been produced these many years. It is a model of arrangement, a masterpiece of research, a mine of information.

ART IN MAY.

THE Exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, of works by members of the Société des Impressionistes, is not, of course, to be taken seriously. What is good in the impressionistic idea is as old as the art of painting. Every great painter has been an impressionist "before the fact." Velasquez was an impressionist when he painted the gesture of the actor Publillos de Valladolid; Raphael was an impressionist when he caught and fixed the central figure in the "Transfiguration;" Millet and Constable were impressionists in the "Angelus" and the "Valley Farm;" and Rembrandt was an impressionist in the "Ronde de Nuit." But these were all great artists and prodigious craftsmen; the impressions they represented were the ultimate and consummate flowers of imagination supported by all the resources of technical skill; they were of enduring interest not only in themselves, but also by reason of the manner in which they were conveyed. Their successors have changed all that. With them—M. Degas alone excepted—impressionism is another name for ignorance and idleness. It would seem as if they suppress all drawing, because they don't know how to draw; put composition away because they are too lazy to compose; throw colour to the dogs, because they do not care to learn the proper use of it; practise a new theory of art because they will not be at the pains of mastering the old; and report facts instead of painting pictures, because they have no remarks to offer on the subjects they elect to record. To them the world is a place of Chinese lanterns and theatrical transparencies, and fashion plates and chemists' bottles; they affect the sentiment and imagination of the abstract camera, the sense of beauty of the average penny-a-liner, the insight into nature of the common bagman. They are the Cheap-Jacks of art, and they offer impressions for pictures as to the manner born. In the work of M. Degas there are eminent artistic qualities: of drawing, colour, observation, truth to nature; the qualities of a man strong enough to paint as he pleases, and say his say in the terms that like him best. In the work of MM. Boudin and Pissaro there is some pleasant colour, and little else. In the work of MM. Manet, Monet, Sisley, Brown, and Renoir, there is plenty of cleverness, a good deal of impertinence, and as much vulgarity—of sentiment, ambition, and technique—as can well be put on canvas.

THE antipodes of all this might have been seen a hundred yards away, in the magnificent Rousseau—"La Vallée de Tiffauge"—exhibited by Messrs. Goupil. Painted (in 1839) with the solidity of an Old Master, a masterpiece of colouring, an achievement in sentiment and imagination, it set forth, in the noblest terms, an impression such as no "Impressioniste" seems capable of seeing, much less of essaying to record. Hard by it hung a Bastien-Lepage—a village street at early dawn. It also set forth an impression:—in poorer and meaner terms, with a veracity, an understanding, and a mastery of means that were truly remarkable. But then, like M. Degas, M. Bastien-Lepage is an artist first and an impressionist afterwards. MM. Manet, Monet, Renoir are impressionists—*et præterea nil*.

H

OF the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, at the new galleries in Piccadilly, we have first to note that the three saloons are excellently designed and lighted, and very tastefully decorated. What is of more account, perhaps—the collection of 900 pictures is not unworthy of its home. In so large a gathering there must be an inevitable amount of rubbish. The Institute's sixty-fifth exhibition is no exception to the rule. Still the average both of aim and achievement is unusually high. Mr. Keeley Halswelle sends several wonderful transcripts of sky and water; Mr. W. L. Wyllie several of his fresh and delightful river studies. Arthur Severn's "Breaking Waves" shows a novel effect of foam and rainbow and lumpy swirl of water; and Alfred Parsons has done nothing breezier or more natural than "Washing Day." Arthur Melville's "Portrait of Mr. Sanderson" is masterly as well as strong, and Anderson Hague's "Hay-field" is admirable in feeling and tone—which is true (perhaps more forcibly) of Peter Ghent's cool, solemn, and beautiful "Ferry: Evening." Helena Maguire's "Orpheus" is a new and pleasant rendering of an old story; and such accomplished painters as Messrs. Abbey, Wirgman, T. Walter Wilson, W. J. and Fred Morgan, Charles Green, J. Fulleylove, John White, H. B. Roberts, W. C. Symons, A. H. Weatherhead, J. D. Linton, C. S. Reinhart, and E. A. Corbould are seen to excellent advantage. Miss Mary L. Gow's "Godmother" is a singularly pleasing composition of its kind. Some of the landscape sketches are admirable in their way; and such all-round excellent work as Mr. Huson's "Sons of Toil" would make its mark in the best of company. Mr. Clausen, we are glad to see, has returned to Millet, as appears (a little too clearly perhaps) in the "Shepherd with a Lamb;" but his most impressive and original work is "Flora"—not a lovely goddess, but simply a street flower-seller: an old woman, with a weather-beaten face scarred with experience and poverty; a world of suffering in her eyes, a strange pathos in her whole attitude and aspect. It is, as yet, Mr. Clausen's best work.

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, spurred by the activity of their rivals, have also produced an excellent show, though there is a notable absence of freshness. There are many works here which, commendable enough in point of mere technique, fail to interest, because they are repetitions of dead sentimentalisms and exploded conventions. The Society have strengthened themselves of late, and some of the new Associates are well to the fore. Mr. Frank Holl's "Leaving Home," for instance, is a first-rate replica; and Mr. Wainwright's "The Singers" is almost a masterpiece of gesture and expression, while in composition and colour 'tis excellent. Perhaps the most successful points of it are the textures: the method is broad and simple; yet the differentiation of white stockings from white marble—two things identical in tone and colour—is all but perfect; and this in water colour is exceptionally difficult. Henry Moore's "Bright Breezy Morning" is delightfully fresh and true. Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury sends several of his charming midland pastorals, always notable for truth, care, and

delicacy; and Carl Haag's "Bismillah" is capital in technique, and notable for its transparent luminous shadows. Of Mr. Marshall's Thames sketches "Limehouse Reach" seems most successful. Mr. Brierly is represented by an admirable effect of "Weather Clearing up after Rain," at Venice; fruit boats, wind-ruffled water, and wet sunshine are rendered with truth and delicacy. Of Arthur Hopkins's contributions we prefer "Patching Up the Old Flag;" a group of fisher-girls mending a Union Jack—less mannered than usual, graceful in drawing and design, and good in tone and colour. Sir John Gilbert has "A Doubtful Pause," admirable in colour and expression, and a dirty "John the Baptist;" and C. Gregory's "Tales and Wonders" shows careful handicraft, good tone and colour, rather sentimental feeling, and some charming children. Miss Clara Montalba, in "The Convent's Offering," is as usual successful in colour and tone; but her palace seems astonished at its own perspective. Other works of merit are P. J. Naftel's "On the Beach, Amalfi;" W. E. Lockhart's "Crail, Fife;" J. W. North's "Old Cross in a Western Village;" E. F. Brewtnall's "Upon the Wings of the Wind;" and R. Thorne Waite's "Buttercups and Daisies." Edwin Buckman's "Financial Difficulty" is a pleasant bit of comedy: good in drawing, harmonious in colour, and admirable gesture and expression.

At the Society of British Artists there is an immense amount of mediocrity, alike in aim and execution. The best picture is Mr. W. C. Symon's "Early Morning: Helford Creek." Here the influence of Constable is strong and beneficial. The sky is full of light and movement, and throughout the work there is a sense of largeness and air; the gestures are admirably caught; the group of trees in the right centre is well imagined, and, like the rest of the work, well painted in a manner broad, simple, direct, powerful, and sufficiently expressive. Mr. Charles W. Wyllic's "Washing-Day at Étapes" is a pleasant transcript of sky and shore and brightly-dressed figures. Mr. A. W. Williams's "Charcoal Burning" shows laudable effort; and H. E. Detmold's "Spring Morning, Normandy," is good in tone and a sense of clear air. Mr. Wyke Bayliss's "Interior of Coutance Cathedral" is an unusually striking example of his skill in architectural subjects. Mr. J. S. Noble sends in "Uninvited Guests," some well-painted horses; Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Cornwall" is strong and vigorous, of course, but inharmonious; and Mr. Stewart Lloyd's "Moonrise" is not so much moonrise as a study of varied colour in vegetation under the last rays of sunset. Arthur Hawksley's "At Glen Conway" is cool, strong, and airy; Paul Knight's "November Day" is delicate and true in effect, and commendably simple in handling; and R. C. Bell's untitled picture of "Phyllis, fair and bright," has pleasant sentiment and good colour.

In some respects the best work at Mr. T. M'Lean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket, was Van Marcke's "Mill Stream with Cattle," which combines more than ordinary individual attraction with much of the method and feeling of Constable. Benjamin Constant's "Judith" is strong, dexterous, and aimless; and Mr. Fildes' "Roses" is graceful, very pretty, rather original in treatment, and rather too reflective of certain mannerisms of Sir F. Leighton. Mr. L. W. Hawkins's "Wayside Cross" is simple and not unpathetic; sunlight and solitary stillness of air are admirably rendered. Pierre Billet was unusually well represented. "Waiting the

Fisherman's Return"—a group of weary women on the shore—presents some excellent drawing, some quiet colour, some admirable tone; but sea and sky are rapid. His "Shepherd Boy," again, is strong and true, with some very life-like goats; but his most important work was "Toilers of the Sea." Here the grey shore, the mists, the stealthy sea are painted with truth and feeling; the poses of the women lying on the sand are touchingly suggestive; the distant figures toiling in the water are full of varied action. Menzler's "Lady of the Sixteenth Century" possesses distinction and beautiful and refined colour. Jacquet's "Reverie" is wonderfully painted; pose and expression are simple and true, and the colour is splendid.

At Messrs. Arthur Tooth's there is Mr. Millais' "Olivia," one of the worst things he has done. Tito's "Market Place, Venice," shows clever execution; Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Tired," good pose and expression. Mr. Morgan's "Open your Mouth and Shut your Eyes" is bright and popular, of course; and Mr. Leader's "Valley of the Llugwy" is good topography, with a fine sense of sunlight and air. Professor Sorbi's "Mora" shows some very excellent handling in colour and expression; and Mr. Boggs's "St. Vaast la Hogue" charms by its grey tones and luminosity. Israels is represented by two characteristic works—"Watching," and "Sailing the Boat."

M. DE NEUVILLE's is the best of the war pictures at the Fine Art Society. In some respects, indeed, this presentation of the final rush on the earthworks at Tel-el-Kebir is his most impressive work. No doubt it lacks the finish of "Le Bourget;" but in invention and imagination, in truth of detail and effect, in variety of incident, in delicacy of colour and balance of tone and value, it is excellent. The whole exciting drama of that onslaught in the early morning is realised in it with extraordinary spirit and truth. Beside it, Mr. Woodville's "Kassassin" appears an ill-considered nightmare. Its illumination is impossible; its draughtsmanship is melodramatic; its colour is far more ingenious than real. Mr. Wyllic's pictures of the bombardment of Alexandria, on the other hand, are perhaps the best of all his works in oil. Ships and sea, and bursting shells, and all the wonders of air and vapour peculiar to a sea-fight are rendered with rare sympathy and skill; and on one canvas the vastness and implacable strength of the modern iron-clad are suggested with telling effect.

THE exhibition, at Messrs. Lefèvre's, of works by Rosa Bonheur cannot be said to increase her reputation. Accomplishment of the careful sort there is in plenty—notably in the "Wild Cat;" and those who care for the accurate painting of fur, and such-like technical niceties, will find something to engage their attention. The exhibition, in short, consists of studies or portraits of animals, not of pictures, in the right sense.

MR. FRANK MILES has had (at Messrs. Dickinson's Galleries, 114, New Bond Street) an exhibition of his pencil-portraits and works in oil. Of the former, the best in point of liveliness and interest are the portrait of Mrs. Banbury, in chalk; some winning portraits of children; the triplex of Mrs. Langtry; and better still, the single portrait of the same lady. Honourable mention may be made of the study

of a breaking wave—"An Ocean Coast"—which gained the Turner silver medal in 1879; and there were some pleasant landscape sketches—notably "A Grey Day" and a "Nocturne at Amsterdam."

"RESPONSIBILITY"—a water-colour painted for reproduction in the *Pictorial World*—is one of the best drawings of its kind that Mr. E. A. Abbey has of late produced. The idea is not new perhaps; but it is treated here with genuine humour, with rare grace of style, and with refinement. In fact the work is altogether pleasant and fresh, and its technical merits are high.

THE Album of Water-Colour Drawings by living artists from 1826 to 1828, collected by the late G. F. Robson for Mrs. Haldimand, made an interesting little exhibition at Messrs. Vokins', 14 and 16, Great Portland Street, W. Most of the hundred drawings were very like each other. A "Scene at Salisbury," by Constable, was very careful and precise, but full of cheery go and strength, and admirable in light and atmosphere. A Copley Fielding had much movement in the sea under a "Brisk Gale;" and a striking drawing by R. P. Bonington—"Grandpapa," all things considered, the best of the lot—was rich and fine in colour, vigorous in drawing, full of gesture and life and humanity. A "Chatillon, Val d'Aosta," by J. D. Harding, might be mistaken for a lithograph; but there was demure simplicity in Uwins' "Going to School." A vigorous sketch by Landseer; a memorable Turner—"Oyster Beds, Whitstable;" and a "Spanish Posada," by Wilkie, added much to the value of a collection which, if not completely representative, has many lessons for the student, and interests for the world at large.

MR. BURTON'S Report for 1882 asks the Government for more room, and chronicles three donations, and the purchase for the National Gallery of twenty-two pictures, at prices ranging from £100, the cost of a Blake, to £6,300, the cost of a famous but suspicious Velasquez. The Gallery was visited by some 896,000 persons on the free days, and on the students' days by 34,260 persons at sixpence apiece. The receipts were therefore £856 10s. against £719 10s. 6d. in 1881. It need hardly be added that owing to something or other the new official catalogue is not yet ready for publication. One begins to wonder if it ever will be.

Two superb specimens of Soochow Coral Lac—globose bottles, some forty inches high, adorned in relief with stormy seas and marine monsters in vigorous action—have been bought for £325 for South Kensington: also a set of water-colours by Balthazar Solvyns, a Seventeenth Century Belgian illustration of Bengalee life and manners. A portrait by Isaac Van Ostade—of a boy in dark green, with a fox-tail in his cap, and his hands in a fur muff—has been added to the National Gallery. The Louvre has acquired a collection of nineteen portraits drawn by Daniel Dumoustier, and—by the gift of Mme. Adolphe Moreau—a famous Delacroix, "La Barque de Don Juan," valued at £12,000. At Brussels the Musée-Royal has bought—from Spain—three sketches by Rubens: the "Rape of Hippodameia," the "Fall of the Titans," and "Mercury and Argus." From Naples it is reported that Angelico's famous "Crucifixion" has been sold to France. The picture, which is a large one, covered the wall of what had once been the refectory of the convent of San

Domenico, and is actually a peasant's cellar. The place had been turned into a kind of lodging for travellers, and to save it from ruin the picture had been covered with glass by a Jewish gentleman, distressed and scandalised by the spectacle of its degradation. Another picture from the same abode of wickedness has been bought for 47,000 lire by the Grand Duke Sergius, and sent to the Hermitage. In Rome Prince Corsini has sold his palace—books, pictures, gardens, and all—in the Via Longara, to the municipality for £100,000, for a public picture gallery, library, and museum. The Palazzo Farnesina, shut to the public this some time past, will be thrown open on the first and fifteenth days of the month, and with it the Raphael frescoes—the "Psyche" and the "Galatea" series—it contains.

IN Paris, at the Hotel Drouot, the Narishkine Collection realised 1,072,830 francs. A Troyon, the "Abreuvoir," went for 80,000 francs; a Fragonard, the "Serment d'Amour," for 42,000 francs; a Rembrandt portrait ("de Vieille Femme") for 51,000 francs; a Rubens, "Étude de Quatre Têtes de Nègres," for 55,000 francs; a Dow and a Terburg, for 50,000 francs and 51,000 francs respectively; a Dürer, the "Senator Mouffet," for 72,000 francs; and a Peter de Hooghe, the "Consultation," for 160,000 francs. At the sale of the Aguado Collection, which realised 272,000 francs, the top price—50,000 francs—was brought by a Murillo, a "Portrait de Moine." In London Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods have sold Turner's "Glaucus and Scylla" and the "Whale Ship" for £598 and £945 respectively; John Phillip's "Lady in a Garden," for £819; Linnell's "Milking-Time," for £677; and Mr. Alma Tadema's small "Proclaiming Claudius Emperor," for £535; his "Lesbia," for £577; his "Honeymoon," for £840; and his "Exedra," for £1,470. The Aston Rowant pictures—described and illustrated in THE MAGAZINE OF ART, June, 1882—realised £34,500 16s. The top prices of the sale were:—£850, for Mr. Horsley's "Banker's Private Room;" £968, for Linnell's "The Travellers;" £1,165 10s., for Mr. Burgess's "Licensing the Beggars;" £1,260, for Mr. Long's "A Question of Propriety;" £1,365, for Mr. Hook's "Leaving at Low Water;" £1,575, for Rosa Bonheur's "Early Morning in the Pyrenées;" £2,100 apiece, for Mr. Fildes "Applicants for Admission to the Casual Ward" and "The Widower" (both engraved by us); and £2,625 apiece, for Mr. Long's "The Gods and their Makers," and Mr. Riviere's very pleasant "Sympathy."

MR. GEORGE BULLOCK is engaged upon a book on George Jameson, sometimes called "the Scottish Van Dyck." Mr. W. Bemrose has in hand "The Life and Works of Joseph Wright of Derby:" to be published by subscription; with a portrait, fac-similes of engravings, and etching, by Mr. Seymour Haden, of Wright's "Edwin the Minstrel." Mr. G. A. Audsley, the author of the "Ceramic Art of Japan," is at work on a book upon chromo-lithography. Messrs. Macmillan will presently publish, for the Dilettante Society, "Specimens of Ancient Sculpture," "Principles of Athenian Sculpture," and three volumes of "The Antiquities of Ionia." Mr. A. C. Murray has in the press the second volume of his "History of Greek Sculpture," the first of which was crowned by the French Institut. Mr. Muybridge proposes to publish, by subscription, "The Attitudes of Man, the Horse, and other Animals in Motion," illustrated by one hundred permanent photographs. Mr. Robert Farren has sent in for publication, to Messrs. Mac-

millan and Bowes, a volume of etchings called "Cathedral Cities: Ely and Norwich;" with an introduction by Mr. Freeman. Mr. Quaritch and the Keeper of the Prints are preparing a volume of photo-intaglio transcripts from the Italian engravers:—the "Monte Sacro" of Botticelli and Baldini; Lippo Lippi's "Triumph of Petrarch;" and so forth. Mr. Algernon Graves has completed his index of the catalogues of English Exhibitions—a work of great labour and exceptional value—and has finished his "Dictionary of Artists." And in October Messrs. Seeley will publish the late Samuel Palmer's Paraphrase of Virgil's "Eclogues," illustrated with the etchings by the author-artist. M. Louis Gonse, editor in chief of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, has written a great book on Japanese art, which will be published by subscription—with scores of illustrations, on wood and in colours—by M. A. Quantin, in October next.

Not long ago the United States Congress—at the instance, it is said, of a naturalised German, a painter of panorama landscapes, who found himself being ruined by foreign competition—passed a bill increasing the *ad valorem* import duty on works of art from ten to thirty per cent. The Society of American Artists, on the other hand, had tried to bring about a total abolition of the said duty, and in the January of the present year had even introduced a bill, backed by innumerable petitions, to that effect. Now the Society, the monstrous action of Congress notwithstanding, is hard at work on the abolition of the new bill. It is satisfactory to know that this scandalous measure is resented by the American artists generally; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the Society, backed as it is by the feeling of artists all the world over, will achieve the complete success it deserves.

THE death is announced of Adolf Itsenplitz, the Prussian sculptor, librarian of the Académie der Künste; of the Belgian medallist, Adrian Veyrat; of the landscape-painter, Alphonse Lambert, a pupil of Corot and Daubigny; of the decorative sculptor, F. Lalmand; of Thomas Agnew, the well-known picture-dealer; of the water-colour painter, William Leighton Leitch; and of Edouard Manet, the famous impressioniste, the painter of "Bon Bock."

IN "Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily" (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.) Mr. Augustus C. Hare has produced a very good and useful guide book. Its literary merit is inconsiderable. But it is suggestive, and it is complete; and it should be popular in no mean degree.

MR. E. W. GOSSE's "Cecil Lawson" (London: Fine Art Society) is pleasant reading. The style is instinct with the author's peculiar brightness and skill, and as a biographical essay it is much to be commended. As a piece of art-criticism, however—as an attempt to anticipate posterity by fixing the place and defining the special attributes of an artist but newly dead—its value is not evident. It is written with the graceful intemperance of a funeral oration or an academical *éloge*; it is brimful of dexterity and tact; it is obviously intelligent, suggestive, judicious, well informed. But it leaves the matter precisely as it was before. Mr. Gosse claims much for his friend; but he has not much more to advance in support of his claim than the assertion of his personal convictions and an eloquent quotation from Mr. Comyns Carr. Again, Mr. Herkomer's vigorous

portrait notwithstanding, he is curiously unfortunate in his illustrations. As reproduced for him, Lawson's "Hop Gardens" is even uglier and more chaotic in black and white than in colour; Mr. Whistler's variation upon Lawson's "The Swan and the Iris" is in Mr. Whistler's most sportive vein; and the fac-simile of Lawson's pen-and-ink, "The Morn in Russet Mantle Clad," brings out but too plainly the pretentious worthlessness of the original.

MR. PERCY GARDNER's new book, "The Types of Greek Coins" (Cambridge: The University Press) is of quite singular interest and completeness. It attempts, and with admirable success, the co-ordination of numismatics with the other branches of classic archaeology; and, in English at least, it marks a new departure in research. To know it is to know as much as can be known about the coins of Hellas; and to be acquainted with these is to be acquainted with some of the most perfect work in the whole range of art. That this is so a glance at any one of the sixteen plates (admirably produced by the Autotype Company) with which the book is furnished will show. There is not one but reproduces a number of admirable expressions of beauty; there is not one but is worthy of the closest study, and is capable of giving the greatest delight. Mr. Gardner's text—full, scholarly, expressive—prepares his reader for much, but for scarce so much as he finds in Mr. Gardner's plates. Both text and plates, however, are of great and enduring merit; and none interested in art, or with a feeling for beauty, can afford to be without them.

MR. CALDECOTT's Commentary upon *Æsop* ("Some of *Æsop's Fables*, with Modern Instances." London: Macmillan and Co.) is a disappointment. The animals, with one or two exceptions—the Ass in the "Ass in the Lion's Hide," and the Frogs, in the "Frogs Desiring a King"—are insignificant; and the men and women shown in the artist's "Modern Instances" are no better. The book adds nothing to the artist's pleasant and graceful reputation.

THE second and third *livraisons* of the Hermitage Autotypes (Autotype Company, London; Braun et Cie, Paris and Dornach), containing fifty more photographs, are fully equal to the first. No such reproductions of pictures have been seen before, and no such masterpieces of photography. Among the finest subjects included in the second issue are an admirable Raphael (37); a "Sainte Famille;" Velasquez's prodigious "Innocent X." (418); an "Enlèvement des Sabines," by Rubens (555), full of tumult and energy and daring; a "Madeleine Repentante," signed Titian (98); and a Claude, "Le Matin" (1428), the mere sight of which is enough to ruin one's faith in Mr. Ruskin as an art-critic. In the third, the best are a Franz Hals, a "Portrait du Peintre" (770); Antonis Mor's superb "Sir Thomas Gresham" (480); a wonderful "Buste de Vieillard," by Van Dyck (629); Poussin's "Triomphe de Galathée" (1400); and Ruysdael's "Le Bois" (1138). This last, we should add, appears to have been printed from a plate retouched with more of energy than discretion. The hero of both issues, however, is certainly Rembrandt. He is represented by six or eight capital works:—by the "Jeune Guerrier" (809); the wonderful "Sacrifice d'Abraham" (792); a "Portrait de Femme" (829 *bis*); the incomparable "Willemzoon Van Coppenol" (808); the "Laboueurs de la Vigne" (798); and the astonishing "Abraham à Table avec les Anges" (791).

ART IN JUNE.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA has been to Naples, where he painted a portrait of Signor Amendola, the sculptor. Mr. Millais' new picture—exhibited by the Fine Art Society—is called "Fresh from the Nest," and represents a child in a white frock and a pink sash standing (for her portrait) under a tree, with a fledgeling bird in her hand. It is very pleasant and graceful work. Mr. Legros is at work on a medal of himself. Mr. Oakes has finished a new landscape.

THE bust of Fielding which Miss Thomas has prepared for the Shire Hall at Taunton is not the only posthumous bust that exists. As early as 1846, Mr. W. F. Woodington, A.R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy "a posthumous bust of Henry Fielding, the Author." It was commissioned by a clergyman of the name of Curtis, and was placed in the upper school at Eton, under Dr. Hawtrey.

THE brilliant success of the "Tale of Troy," acted in Lady Freake's Theatre for the benefit of a scheme for the Higher Education of Women, was a remarkable instance of the new culture of our day. That a band of eighty maidens and young men could be gathered from the ranks of London society, all zealous to pose as Homeric characters and chant Homeric Greek, is as wonderful a sign of the times as that society should crowd to see and hear them. Admirably stage-managed by Mr. Alexander, the performance was best as spectacle: in the graceful and charming tableaux imagined by Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Poynter, and others. Readers of the "Greek Myths in Greek Art," which appear from time to time in THE MAGAZINE OF ART, will be interested to know that, from a histrionic point of view, Miss Harrison's rendering of Penelope was the masterpiece of the play.

At the Slade Schools Professor Legros has carried into effect a cherished idea, not a whit less important and suggestive than that of the medals. The idea is sculptured vases, and the anonymous friend who offered the prizes for the medals also came forward with £10 for the vases. The idea, it appears, did not quite take the fancy of the students, until one day the Professor said, "Let's begin at once," and led the way to the modelling-room, followed by sixteen of his pupils, mostly ladies. The conditions of the competition were severe. The subject proposed was "Children Playing in Foliage," and a fortnight was allowed for the design, which included vase as well as decoration and modelling—fourteen days for the whole thing. One or two of the competitors had some previous knowledge of modelling in clay, but the majority were new to the work, and none had done vases before. For inspiration they glanced at a famous set of etchings by Piranesi; but, with one exception, they do not appear to have assimilated much from that immortal master. Still, the results are in every way satisfactory, and the interest of this beginning is undeniable. Miss E. Hallé carries off the first prize, with the most com-

plete production; Miss E. M. Rope comes second, with an admirably conceived vase, and some delightful babies, though the work is less equal than Miss Hallé's; and Miss E. S. King is third, with some excellent design. These three sketches in clay have graceful and refined feeling: they are touched, in fact, with art; and the experiment opens up practically a new field of decoration.

At the Dudley Gallery is an interesting little exhibition of pictures and sculpture by a dozen French artists—Mesdames Cazin and Besnard, and MM. Rodin, Lanson, Ary Renan, Léon Barillot, Cazin, Besnard, Roll, Damoye, Auguste Flameng, Gervex, and Lerolle. M. Ary Renan, a son of the distinguished Hebraist and Biblical critic, is a kind of French Strudwick; he is mystical, sentimental, *évaporé*; his pictures abound in the unconscious humour of which we see so many fine examples at the Grosvenor Gallery. M. Barillot, an animal-painter of good parts, sends seven pictures, the best of which is probably his "Oxen—Cotentin." M. Cazin sends but a single picture—of the bedroom where Gambetta died; excellent in tone, true in colour, very cleverly and vigorously painted. M. Roll is a realist *et præterea nil*. To M. Lerolle's "A Misty Morning," which contains a true impression, and reminds you a little of Lhermitte, we shall return later on. M. Gervex, one of the most popular of modern French masters, is represented by thirteen canvases, the best of which are perhaps "The Bath," a brilliant but rather immodest nudity, and "Winter," a pleasant achievement in the representation of light textures and exquisite and delicate tints.

THE interest of the gathering, however, centres in the seven contributions of M. Auguste Rodin. Chief among these is a plaster of the superb "St. Jean," the head of which was pictured in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for February, 1883, and whose merits were fully discussed on the same occasion. A work of singular merit is the "Eve" of the same sculptor. The figure is not of faultless beauty; but the modelling is incomparably vigorous and skilful, and the attitude and gesture are so full of passion and energy as to make the work, mere statuette though it be, great imaginative art. To M. Rodin's magnificent bust of M. J.-P. Laurens—which is certainly the finest piece of portrait-sculpture produced since David d'Angers—we shall return next month; of that of M. Carrier-Belleuse, we shall only say that it is not much inferior to the "Laurens," and that it is touched with ever so much of energy and dignity, and, like the "Laurens," if in a less degree, has the attribute of an absolutely heroic style.

IN the old galleries of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 53, Pall Mall, is a collection of works by M. Charles Verlat, of Antwerp. We are told in the biographical notice in the catalogue that the artist was "guided in his studies"

by Delacroix and Théodore Rousseau, both mighty men in the story of modern art. There is absolutely no trace of their teaching in his work, which, on the whole, is coarse, uncomely, uninteresting, and unattractive. Some of it—such as the study of "Ragmé," the young "Radoni," and bits of the "Vox Populi"—is undeniably clever, but the rest is, for the most part, mere craftsmanship and solidity.

MR. HINE has gathered an interesting collection of water-colours at his galleries in King Street, St. James's. Of works by deceased artists there are many, notably some De Wints and Copley Fieldings, whilst the best modern men are represented by drawings which are always creditable, and sometimes of considerable mark. Mr. J. D. Linton's "Les Emigrés," for instance, will not have been forgotten by those who saw it a year or two ago. There are also several drawings by the late W. L. Leitch.

MR. J. P. MENDOZA has opened his new St. James's Gallery, in King Street, with a small but not uninteresting collection. There is that wonderfully faithful piece of still life, "The Printseller," by Mr. Walter Goodman; with a handsome Spanish lady by Mr. Pettie, which is one of the artist's brightest achievements in character, expression, and in colour. Of the foreign pictures we may note an excellent "April Sunshine," by Bartezafo—exhibited at the Milan Exhibition—good in light and colour, and with some quaint and pretty gesture in the group of child-figures. Favretto is represented by several canvases, of which, perhaps, "Le Favori" is the best: clever handling, original idea, and very natural in pose and expression. Mr. Hamilton Macallum's "Summer Half-holiday" has been seen before; Mr. A. H. Burr's "Saying Grace" is a new rendering of an ancient subject, combining winsomeness with humour. There are also some excellent sketches by Mr. MacWhirter, Mr. Leader, and Mr. J. O'Connor; and, finally, Mr. Frith's most popular and depressing series, "The Road to Ruin."

A MAGNIFICENT specimen of Seventeenth Century wood-carving has been on view at the rooms of the London Art Association, 124, Pall Mall. It is from an ancient castle in the south of Europe, and consists of two doors and about one hundred and fifty feet of dado. The design is said to date about 1630, and is pure Renaissance, though the workmanship has the boldness, richness, and freedom which are usually associated with Gothic handicraft. The dado is panelled in solid oak, and inlaid with light in dark and dark in light alternately. Each panel is carved in high relief with a distinct design; but so admirably are they conceived that the balance and harmony of the whole is well-nigh perfect. As for the doors, they are masterpieces of chaste and beautiful design, and magnificent examples of wood-carving skill. Our museums possess nothing like them, and due effort should be made at once to secure them for South Kensington.

Of the Salon there is very little to be said. Among the painters absent are MM. Meissonier, Jules Dupré, Baudry, Gérôme, Vibert, De Neuville, Munkacsy, Menzies, Makart, Van Haanen, Knaus, Legros, and Madrazo; and of the five thousand exhibits on view not many are of extraordinary merit. In sculpture, the success of the year is M. Dalou's—with two magnificent bas-reliefs, for the adornment of the

Chambre des Députés; the one, an allegory of Liberty and Fraternity; the other, a presentment of Mirabeau's memorable defiance of the Marquis de Breux-Brézé. In portraiture, the success of the year is Mr. Whistler's, whose excellent "Portrait of the Painter's Mother" has been medalled. Mention may also be made of M. Bonnat's "Mr. Morton" and "Mme. E. R.," M. Cabanel's "Mme. H. C.," M. Courtois' "Fantaisie," M. Comerre's "Mlle. Achille Fould," and the vast canvas achieved by Mr. Sargent. In figure-painting, the failure of the year is M. Carolus Duran's, whose "Tentation"—like his "Lady Dalhousie" in the current Academy—has hardly a single good quality; the success is perhaps M. Cazin's for his excellent "Judith," and perhaps M. Henner's, for his "Femme qui Lit," a superb nudity; while M. H. G. Martin's new version of the pangs of Paolo and Francesca has been medalled. Among the realists, M. Charles Giron's "Deux Soeurs" represents a virtuous woman of the people—*en plein Boulevard*—haranguing her sister, who has taken to guilty splendour; M. Bréauté paints a scene at the Morgue; M. Fourié the corpse of Flaubert's Emma Bovary; M. L.-R. Carrier-Belleuse, the interior of a Parisian milliner's; M. Morot a powerful "Crucifixion"; M. Bernard a varied and novel "Exposition des Arts Décoratifs"; M. Jean Béraud, the interior of a beershop; M. Brunet, in "Les Gibets de Calvaire," a modern view of the Crucifixion; and M. Beaulieu, a dreadful picture of a heap of rags and squalor and humanity bedevilled with brandy. An illustrated account of M. Bastien-Lepage's single contribution, "L'Amour au Village," will be found on a preceding page.

Of the American contingent we shall have something to say later on. Among pictures of landscape with cattle and seascape with figures, mention may be made of M. Jules Breton's delightful "L'Arc-en-Ciel" and "Le Matin"; of M. Yon's "La Rafale"—a pair of ponies in a windy meadow by the sea; M. Georges Bertrand's absurd "Le Printemps qui Passe"—a group of naked damsels careering over the spring grasses upon prancing steeds; of the notorious "Gorge aux Loups" of M. Lacroix, which has been described as "an immense abortion"; of the "Epave" of M. Lazerges—a body stranded by the ebb-tide; and M. Ulysee Butin's "Mise à l'Eau," which shows a fishing-boat in the act of taking the water, her crew all rowing, and their wives, waist-deep in sea, all pushing for dear life. This last is probably the best picture of its kind in all the exhibition.

IN the sections of architecture, painting, and engraving no *medaille d'honneur* has been awarded; in the section of sculpture the distinction has fallen to M. Dalou. In the section of painting the awards were, one first-class medal, twelve seconds, and twenty-seven thirds, among them Mr. Whistler's; in that of sculpture, four firsts (to MM. Carlier, Boisseau, Turcan, and Cordonnier), five seconds, and nine thirds; in medal engraving, one first and one third; in architecture, one first, five seconds, and six thirds; and in engraving, two firsts (to Champollion and Lamotte), one second, and ten thirds.

It is hardly necessary to add that the Hanging Committee have done their work as arbitrarily as usual, and made themselves enemies by the score. Against their verdict some painters have appealed in a fashion rather passionate than practical. Thus, M. Van Beers has bedaubed both

his outraged pictures with black, and so made them invisible, while M. Vauquelin has cut his picture out of the frame, and taken it gallantly away with him. In England we are less sentimental and a good deal more impersonal. It is impossible to imagine an English painter who has had his contribution exalted into invisibility at the Grosvenor or the Academy assaulting himself, as represented in his work, with a palette-knife, and so making Varnishing Day for ever hideous and for ever memorable. He would never think of such a thing as that. He would look carefully along the line, and relieve his feelings on the works of other people. It is only fair to add, that if he picked his men aright (there are plenty of them) he would at once become a hero to every art-critic in the civilised world.

AMONG the Rossettis sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, the "Venus Astarte" and the "Aurea Catena," in coloured chalks, realised £126 and £210 respectively; while of the water-colours, the "Jehanne la Pucelle" sold for £367, the "Giotto and Dante" for £430, and the "Beata Beatrix," a replica, for £661. At the sale, by the same firm, of the Griffiths Collection of prints, the second state of Rembrandt's "Hundred Guilder Piece" sold for £305; his "Landscape, with a Tower," for £308; the second state of his "Jan Six" for £505; and the first state of his "Arnoldus Tholinx" for £1,510—the largest sum ever paid for a print. The 258 lots of the collection realised a total of £6,948 5s. Among other good prices obtained of late, mention may be made of the £1,837 achieved by Rosa Bonheur's "A Scottish Raid." In the Lee Collection the highest pieces were as follows:—Peter Graham's "Passing Showers," £630; Alma-Tadema's "The First Course," £808; Linnell's "River Scene, North Wales," £819; Rosa Bonheur's "In the Forest of Fontainebleau," £1,060; Creswick's "The First Glimpse of the Sea," £1,312; Millais' "St. Martin's Summer," £1,365; Elmore's "Charles V. at Yuste," £1,417; Briton Riviere's "Genius Loci," £840, and "An Anxious Moment," £1,732; and Troyon's "Evening—Driving Cattle," £1,995. Coming to the drawings: Turner's "The Valley of the Var" went for £210, "Corinth" for £231, "The Sea, The Sea" for £210, and "Tintagel" for £367; Rosa Bonheur's "Stag and Hinds" for £236; Louis Haghe's "Transsept, Tournay Cathedral," for £210; Duncan's "Overtaken by the Tide" for £325; and Copley Fielding's "Landscape, with Cattle," for £378, and Bridlington Harbour" for £420. The 211 lots of the Fettes-Douglas Collection of medals realised a total of £1,471 13s. 6d.—an Elia de Janua selling for £40; a "Maximilian" for £65; a Gentile Bellini, of Mahomet II., for £85; a Médaille à l'Espérance, of the "S. Camilla Buondelmonti," for £95; and a "medal of Butrigario and his brother Ercole," by a Bolognese, for £110.

At the Hôtel Drouot five Courbets sold for 7,000 francs, 5,650 francs, 5,400 francs, 4,000 francs, and 3,400 francs respectively; a Corot, a Nattier, and a Boel for 7,000 francs each; a Porbus for 8,200 francs; two Bouchers for 4,500 francs; and a Ribera, "St. Luke Painting the Virgin," for 18,100 francs: in a total of 509,665 francs. The top prices of the Collection de Beumonville were:—8,000 francs for Fragonard's "Renaud et Armide;" 10,000 francs each for Rembrandt's "L'Obélisque," and Torqué's "Portrait de Jeune Femme," and Greuze's "Mme. de Viatte;" 10,950 francs for Guardi's "San Giorgio Maggiore;" 17,000 francs each for Wouvermann's "Déménagement Rustique" and Ruysdael's "Village sur la Hauteur;" 20,000 francs for

Watteau's "L'Ile Enchantée;" and 28,000 for Hobbema's "Le Moulin à Eau." At Brussels, the pick of the Nieuwenhuy's collection were Memling's "Adoration," 8,500 francs; Lucas Van Leyden's "Le Bal de Marie Madeleine," 12,500; Van Meire's "Le Christ en Croix," 11,150 francs; and Jan Van Eyck's "Portrait d'une Femme de Philippe-le-Bon," 20,000 francs. The difference between English and Continental prices is great enough to be remarkable.

THE National Gallery has just acquired what, if Mr. Burton's ascription be correct, is a superb example, in perfect condition, of Antonello da Messina—a "Portrait of a Man." Mr. J. H. Parker has presented the Ashmolean Museum—already the richer for his gift by 3,400 photographs of Rome and things Roman—with five hundred drawings of ancient Rome, most of them by Professor Cicconetti. A magnificent Jordaens, the property of M. Arnold Pret, has been bought for 50,000 francs for the Musée Royal at Antwerp. The Louvre has purchased for 200,000 francs the notorious "Apollo and Marsyas," the best debated and worst certificated Raphael in the world.

FROM Paris it is announced that M. Charles Garnier, a whole Anti-Scrape Society in himself, has protested in the public prints against the yearly scraping of house-fronts, in which the French *propriétaire* is wont to indulge. From Bristol it is announced that the Dean and Chapter have pulled down Minster House, or Prior's Lodging, at the south-west angle of the cathedral, which dated from the Fifteenth Century, and was one of the few remaining fragments of the Augustine abbey. Izaak Ware's little summer-house in the gardens of Ashburnham House has been pulled down by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. The Fifteenth Century nave-roof of Western St. Mary's, near Spalding, Lincolnshire—with its seven bays, its nine tie-beams, and its admirable tracery panels—has suffered so much from neglect as to be threatened with destruction, unless funds are forthcoming to put it in repair. The Royal Archæological Institute "greatly regrets" to hear of the condition in which the unique and beautiful chapel of Kirkstead now is, and hopes that means may be found without delay to prevent its fall, which appears to be imminent. The proceedings of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments have given rise to so much impatient criticism and such a deal of illiberal laughter that it is only fair to show how necessary is its existence and how useful is the work it attempts to do.

At Derby there are now two porcelain factories—the older, conducted by Mr. S. Hancock, and celebrated for its delicately modelled flowers, as well as for some fine flower-painting executed by one of the oldest hands in Derby; the younger, a limited company, called the Derby Crown Porcelain Company, which has grown into a very important art laboratory within the last few years. While reproducing with a skill which leaves little to be desired the old and still popular Derby patterns, with the famous blues both under and over the glaze, there is a constant search after new design and decoration. Some beautiful new "bodies" have been invented, notably one coloured throughout with delicate mauves and greens. Some fac-similes of Oriental china have been lately produced for South Kensington. One very large Japanese jar, rich with gold and red and blue, would do credit to any factory in Europe.

THE Committee of the National Eisteddfod of Wales—to be held at Cardiff on the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of August—propose, for the first time in the history of the institution, to offer prizes, some five-and-twenty or thirty in all, for the graphic and plastic arts. They include an open one of £30 for the best oil-painting; another—of £30, £10, £5, £3, and £2—for the same, confined to natives of the principality; two of £20 each for the best water-colour, the one open, the other for Welshmen only; an open prize of £30 for the best piece of sculpture; one of £5 5s. for the best ideal medallion of Cardiff town; and one of £7 7s. for the best bust of a Welsh worthy. Others will be offered for carving in wood and stone, bookbinding, monochrome in oil and water colours, chalk, pen and ink, sepia, lithography, architecture, china-painting, terra-cotta painting, and needle-work. The judges are Messrs. Tadema and Wedmore.

THE death is announced of Louis Viardot, the well-known art-critic, husband of Mme. Viardot-Garcia; of Mme. Eva Gonzalès, a pupil of Manet; of the German battle-painter, Sele; and of Jules Goupil, a pupil of Ary Scheffer, four times medalled at the Salon, the painter of "Une Merveilleuse" and "Le Rendez-vous Manqué."

MESSRS. NEILL AND SON, of Haddington, N.B., are about to issue a limited number of impressions from thirteen hitherto unpublished mezzotint engravings after drawings by Girtin. They were executed by that admirable engraver S. W. Reynolds in 1823-24, or about the same date as his engraving of the "Dartmouth" of Turner in "Rivers of England." This work contained three plates after Girtin, who, it will be remembered, died in 1802. From specimens of the proofs which have been forwarded to us, the engravings are evidently of the first quality, rich and luminous, and soft as velvet. They are a little smaller than the "Rivers of England," and, we think, a little larger than the plates known as "the small Liber" of Turner. Amongst the subjects are "Carnarvon Castle," "The Rainbow," "On the Exe," "Bolton Priory," "Kirkstall Abbey," and the cathedrals of Ripon and York. The last is, with a few slight alterations, the same scene as that in "Rivers of England." With them will be published a portrait of Girtin (engraved also by Reynolds), after the painting by Opie, now in the possession of Girtin's family. The plates were designed for a work to be called "Liber Naturæ," and it is thus Messrs. Neill will now issue them.

It is not possible to say much in favour of Mr. George E. Woodberry's "History of Wood Engraving" (S. Low and Co.). It is a fairly readable compilation, but it is not exhaustive, and it is generally uncertain and in parts confused. The chapters on the early printed books, and wood-engraving at Venice, are the best (and least original); and the illustrations are certainly interesting. Dürer and his successors, however, are inadequately treated; and the chapter on modern wood-engraving is absolutely misleading and unfair. Thus, Mr. Woodberry seems to think that "little that is valuable for artistic worth" has been executed since Nesbit, Clennell, and Thompson; whereas the best work of the last twenty years is better than anything done before, not even excepting Bewick. Mr. Linton is barely mentioned; yet his landscapes are pre-eminent. The work of Mr. Roberts, again, is apparently unknown to Mr. Woodberry, though his achievements in portraiture and

figure are unexampled. The truth is, that our author apparently thinks that the only modern wood-engraving is American. He seems to claim Mr. Linton as an American; and omits to mention that two blocks by Adams, reproduced here, are direct copies from finer originals by the Englishman Powis.

MR. H. W. BATLEY'S "Etched Studies for Interior Decoration" (S. Low and Co.) show careful execution and commendable taste. The etcher tells us in his preface that his ambition is towards a more wooden and less stony style of furniture than distinguished the early period of the Gothic revival. With this view he has gone, oddly enough, to Egypt. Not for materials, we add, but for design. The result, as applied to a drawing-room (Plate 4), is altogether admirable: here, indeed, is a real suggestion. The design for an oaken staircase, with the lines of construction boldly carved and moulded, is rich and even impressive; though Mr. Batley seems to have come to grief with the perspective of the light from the window. Faults notwithstanding, these studies will be found useful; for their suggestions, if not remarkably novel, are certainly effective, and they never offend, even when they are least conventional.

OF "The Sunshade—The Glove—The Muff" (Nimmo and Bain) we shall say little save that it is a translation from the French of Octave Uzanne, and that it is charmingly illustrated (in divers colours) by Paul Avril. The French edition, produced some months ago by M. Quantin, was almost instantly exhausted. The present version differs but little from the original, save that it is in English, and is published by an English house. The translation, it is true, is obviously a translation; and of the gallant and significant flavour of M. Uzanne's French (M. Uzanne is an Eighteenth Century Parisian, born a hundred years too late; as who should say a contemporary of Crébillon's Zéphyre and of Zola's Nana) not very much has been preserved. But, for all that, the book is good to read and good to look upon. In fact, we do not remember to have seen so pleasant and graceful a jest this long while.

MR. J. FERGUSSON, in "The Parthenon" (London: John Murray), says not much of the Parthenon itself. His work, which is singularly exhaustive and convincing, is best described, as in his own sub-title, as "An Essay on the Mode in which Light was Introduced into Greek and Roman Temples." His two main arguments are these: (1) "That, as a rule, all Grecian Doric peristylar temples were lighted by opæion, or clerestories;" and (2) that "no temple in the ancient world—with the single exception of the Pantheon at Rome—was lighted by a horizontal, as contradistinguished from a vertical opening." He writes very vigorously and aggressively, and he supports his theories with good argument and all the weight of learning and authority. As a contribution to the literature of architectural archaeology his work is extremely noteworthy.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS have sent us Mr. Blackburn's "Academy Notes" (ninth year) and "Grosvenor Notes" (sixth year), together with the sixth issue of M. F. G. Dumas' "Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon." All three are excellent; to art-critics and art-students all are indispensable.

ART IN JULY.

MR. REID has resigned the office of Keeper of the Prints. His place will be filled by Mr. Sidney Colvin, now Slade Professor of Fine Art at the University of Cambridge. Mr. Reid, who has been chief of the department since 1860 (his connection with it dating from 1842), resigns "on account of his increasing years and failing health." His career has been useful and laborious. There is no doubt, however, that in Professor Colvin he has the best successor possible, and none that the department will rather gain than lose by his retreat.

It should be remembered that Professor Colvin is something more than the critic and scholar we know. He has an admirable capacity of organisation: as the foundation and completion of the new Museum of Classical Archaeology—which at starting will be only second to the great institution at Berlin—and the conversion of the Fitzwilliam Museum from a kind of chaos into a model of order and arrangement, and an active educational influence, will show. For the exercise of a capacity of this sort the Print-room affords ample scope: it is hardly too much to say that under the new Keeper it will very speedily become a great deal more useful and complete than it has ever been before.

By permission of the Queen, the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours is henceforth a Royal society. As the Royal Institute is to water-colour art as the Royal Academy is to painting in oils, it is greatly to be hoped that Her Majesty will follow up this first favour with a second, and by conferring on the Institute the power of granting diplomas, do all that is wanted to equalise it with the rival corporation.

RAGGIO's bust of the Earl of Beaconsfield—a work for which the artist was lucky enough to secure three special sittings—has been subscribed for by the members of the St. Stephen's Club, of which it is henceforth the property.

It is understood that the Ashburnham Manuscripts will not be purchased for the nation after all. The Government—the most intellectual ever got together, as we know—is not prepared to pay Lord Ashburnham his price; and the manuscripts, which of course are miserably uninteresting, and only refer to English history and the nation's past, will probably go to Berlin, or Chicago, or New York. Lord Ashburnham offers them for £90,000; the Government, with the inopportune and impertinent economy of which such corporations, however intellectual, are sometimes capable, will give no more than £70,000; and the collection, as we have said, will probably go elsewhere.

THE meeting held at Marlborough House to consider the proposed foundation at Athens of a British School of

Classic Archaeology was enthusiastic and practical at once. It resolved that the object of the school should be to promote all researches and studies which can advance the knowledge of Hellenic history, literature, and art, from the earliest age to the present day; that it should occupy a house at Athens, with a library under the care of a resident director; that membership should be open to any person accredited by a university or college of the United Kingdom, or by the authorities of the British Museum or of the Royal Academy; that it should be among the duties of the director to aid members with information and advice in the prosecution of their studies, and to transmit periodically to a committee in England reports of researches made under the director of the school, or on other subjects of interest in relation to its work. That, of course, is all very well; but as there are no funds, it is difficult to see how any of the resolutions can take practical shape and being. Much might be done if the universities would help; and much more if the Prince of Wales, who presided, would show the same personal interest in the scheme which he is showing in the Royal College of Music. These consummations, however, desirable as they are, seem equally hopeless. The universities are overburdened with responsibilities; the College of Music is not yet half-endowed, so that as much or as little may be looked for from the one quarter as the other. It is hoped and expected that something may be achieved by means of a national subscription.

MR. BURTON has bought for the National Gallery, for £2,360, the "Samson and Dalila" of Andrea Mantegna, once the property of the Duke of Marlborough, and sold at Christie's with the Sunderland Collection. The price is considered somewhat excessive; and there are not wanting those who would not have been sorry to see the representative of the Berlin Museum emerge victorious from the duel in which Mr. Burton engaged him. The latest acquisition to the Louvre, the gift of the heirs of a certain M. Coutans, includes seven pictures in oil—among them the "Chapelle Sixtine" of Ingres, Prud'hon's "Christ en Croix," and a "Têtes D'Etude" signed "Géricault." Together with a number of water-colours, the work of Paul Delaroche, Charlet, Bonington, Géricault, Prud'hon, Augustin, and Decamps; and a fine selection of drawings by Ingres, perhaps the greatest and the most accomplished of modern draughtsmen.

MR. BRUCE-JOY's colossal statue of Lord Frederick Cavendish is an agreeable conception. The pose is natural; the right leg being advanced, while the hand rests on the left hip in a manner characteristic of the statesman in speaking. The sculptor has dealt successfully with the intractability of modern dress, a long inverness ulster being treated boldly and effectively as a relief to the conventional frock-coat. The likeness is good, and the whole work is animated with the personality of its original.

A FAIRLY representative collection of the works of the late W. J. Leitch, vice-president of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, has been exhibited in the Council Chamber of the new galleries in Piccadilly. Leitch was one of the last representatives of a water-colour school which has been overshadowed by the brisker and stronger and, on the whole, healthier work of a new generation; but his aims and style are interesting and instructive enough. We shall return to the subject in our next "Current Art."

AT Messrs. Goupil's there has been on view, amongst other things, a fine Corot, with a curiously strong contrast of light and shade, a beautiful and delicate atmosphere, an ingenious grouping of cattle, and characteristic tone. The chief attraction, however, lay in the studies by MM. Detaille and De Neuville for their panorama of the battle of Champagne: six large canvases, painted with a kind of distemper, which has evidently many advantages for rapid work. The most striking thing about them is their carefully studied character, and the almost severe reticence of M. de Neuville, whose sketches have hitherto been remarkable for a pardonable exaggeration of a fiery energy of technique. Here, however, the two artists have worked on the same level with excellent results. It must be said that the panorama seems more topographical than military; but there is an abundance of movement, the landscape features are excellently portrayed, and a sense of clear, bright, and frosty air has seldom been more truthfully expressed.

SOME curiosity was roused last year by the exhibition in Bond Street of some new painted tapestries. Examination showed that though the invention might be capable of considerable results, the specimen exhibits were not artistic productions, being crude in colour, feeble in design, and common in effect. The exhibition of Tentures Artistique, however, proves that capable hands can turn the new method to good and beautiful account. At the Albert Hall, and at a specially arranged house in Bond Street, are examples thoroughly well worth seeing. There are, for instance, nine copies of Baudry's "Muses," at the Opéra: to say nothing of a large variety of pieces suitable for as various purposes, designed, and, as a rule, actually painted, by artists like Henner, Harpignies, Monginot, Feyen-Perrin, Olivier de Penne, and Victor Ranvier. The colours, instead of being woven in, are painted on the web, and, it is stated, are as durable as the Gobelins dyes themselves. The question is so important that we propose to examine it in detail.

THOSE who are interested in the graceful ineptitudes of Bartolozzi and his defunct school found a good deal to dream over in the second Bartolozzi Exhibition at the Windsor Gallery, Savile Row. To the proofs of rare plates of the master, and some productions of his pupils and disciples, exhibited some months previously, Mr. Nash added some of the original works from which the plates were engraved—notably some black and white by Angelica Kauffman; a few oil paintings by Cipriani (vastly inferior to the engraver's reproductions); and some very graceful pencil designs by Cosway, who in his way was perhaps the best and most artistic of them all. There was a useful catalogue, marred, however, by some remarkable indefinitions of etching.

THE collection of sporting pictures gathered together by the Messrs. Gladwell, at their gallery in Gracechurch Street,

afforded a curious glimpse of a bygone state of things. Round a portrait of the late "Jack" Russell, painted a quarter of a century since by Mr. Richard Elmore, were arrayed a selection of drawings, paintings, and prints in the peculiar "Tom and Jerry" style of the first half of the century. It included works by and after such men as Harry Hall and Rowlandson, Seymour and Stubbs. Rowlandson was represented by a set of the famous "Cries of London," and Alken by those odd fantasies, the "Symptoms." The general impression left on the mind by these pictures is that our forefathers were disreputable in a fine old vigorous fashion of their own, which, in its way, is rather pleasant than otherwise.

MESSRS. HOWELL AND JAMES are to be congratulated on the success of their eighth annual Exhibition of Paintings on China by lady amateurs and professional artists. Miss R. J. Strutt deservedly carries off the highest prize for amateurs—the gold medal presented by H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany—with two beautifully painted panels of "Spring" and "Winter." The other takers of royal prizes are Miss L. Whitaker, Miss C. L. Barber, Miss Everett Green, Lady Bromley, and Miss B. Gilson amongst the amateurs, and Miss J. S. Smith and Miss E. Chatfield amongst the professionals. The high level of execution which has now been reached in this pretty branch of art is fully sustained throughout the exhibition; but as we propose to return to the subject, we shall here only mention the names of the other prize-takers. Amateurs:—Miss K. Kirkman, Miss C. H. Lee, Miss A. Beard, Miss E. A. Mallett, Miss E. Cooke, Miss E. O. Guy, Miss E. M. Bowar, Miss A. M. Webb, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Nesbitt, Miss A. Chapman, and Miss E. E. Crombie. Professionals:—Miss A. Hanbury, Miss C. Spiers, M. Georges Léonce (judges' prizes for the best work in the exhibition), Sydney Callowhill, Miss Andrews, Miss E. Harrison, Mr. James Callowhill, M. Gautier, and Josef Rösl. If we have any fault to find with the manner in which Mr. Frederick Goodall and Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., have performed their duties as judges, it is only with respect to two or three works. Miss Nellie Hadden's capital "Jackdaw" might, we think, have received more than simple commendation; and Mrs. Sherrington's "Fall of Jericho" and Mr. Ryland's "Procession" some strong mark of appreciation.

THE small but very creditable display of the Cincinnati Pottery Club shows that the art of painting, both on porcelain and on pottery, has been in some respects more successfully practised by lady amateurs in America than by their sisters in England. While in mere skill of producing pictures on china the former do not appear to such great advantage, they seem to have a greater decorative sense and a finer feeling for conventional design. Miss Laura Fry's pitcher, for instance, with incised decoration, is inferior in the drawing of the ducks to Miss Hannah Barlow's; but the water-lily ornament round the knob is simple and effective. Miss Holabird's feather bottle and Miss McLaughlin's large vase, both underglaze barbotine, are instances of successful decoration of the round which it would be difficult to match by any amateur work in England. Mrs. Keenan's vase with large lilies and gold, Mrs. Leonard's plaque of dogwood flowers, and Miss Peachy's claret-jug are all fine in their way; and though we do not care for the elaborate modelling of flowers in china, Mrs. Field's vase, with chrysanthemums in high relief, is first-

rate of its kind. Works by Miss Banks, Mrs. Kebler, and Miss Rice also deserve their decoration by the initials (H.C.) which record the approval of the judges.

OF the foreign professional work there are admirable examples of such well-known masters as Grenet, Gautier, Clair, and Léonce; but the palm for splendour and novelty is borne away by M. Mallet's magnificent specimen of what is called the "New Gem Pottery"—a painting in translucent and iridescent enamels which is in its way unique in the history of ceramics. There are also some vases painted with animals of various kinds, of which the design seems due to the hand of M. Léonce, who is probably the most accomplished decorative draughtsman of animals out of Japan. In these the new enamels are used with great effect and propriety; strange fishes shimmer and gorgeous insects flash as through tropical water and air. Enamels so vivid and lustrous have to be employed with great judgment; but as long as the secret of their production remains, as at present it does, in the hands of MM. Léonce and Mallet, only delightful results can be expected.

THAT the development of Mr. Elton's pottery, to which we recently called attention, is still far from having reached its climax is evident from some later productions from his kilns, to be seen at Messrs. Howell and James's. Some of the specimens show an increasing mastery of the grotesque, and others an advance in elegance of shape and daintiness of decoration. The pottery at Linthorpe, exhibited at the same place, shows a marked improvement. Some of the "splashed" vases form very charming and new combinations of colour, and are free from the defects alluded to in our article on "Some Original Keramists." Mr. Albert Hill's plaques, with beautifully modelled animals and flowers in gold, are another feature of real artistic interest in the present exhibition in Waterloo Place. Some portion at least of his secret seems to have been discovered by the Messrs. Callowhill, who (they are three in number) exhibit some charming works, with flowers and landscapes in modelled gold on a bronze ground.

AT the last exhibition of the South African Fine Arts Association (founded 1871) the exhibits sent from all parts of the colony—of paintings of Cape scenery, drawings from cast, and so forth—numbered about a thousand, many hundreds in excess, that is to say, of any previous show. And the increase was not one of quantity alone; the work was of better quality also, some of the flower paintings being of considerable merit. The Association is supported partly by subscription, and partly by a small Government grant, and funds are urgently needed for its further development. Owing to want of means the Committee have been unable to purchase any valuable works of art either in England or elsewhere. They have, however, established a school of art with a competent master (for many years head of the Macclesfield School of Art); and it is hoped that the institution will ere long be one of the leading features and influences of the colony.

THIS year the Prix du Salon went to M. Rochegrosse for his enormous "Andromaque"—a picture all massacre and immodesty and hideousness. We may add that the

list of purchases by the State includes a couple of pictures by American artists:—the "Port d'Isigny," by Mr. Frank Myers Boggs, and Mr. Dannat's "Contrebandier Aragonais;" both of which we purpose to engrave.

AMONG pictures and sculpture sold of late for high prices, mention may be made of a "Bacchante" by Clésinger, £1,400; Hook's "Market Morning," £504; a Constable, £945; a Corot, "St. Sebastien," £1,228; David Cox's "Going to the Hayfield," £2,425; and Gainsborough's "Country Cart Passing a Brook," £714, and "Peasants and Colliers Going to Market," £2,835.

THE death is announced of Mrs. Mary Heaton (*née* Keymer), author of "The History of the Life of Albert Dürer," the "Masterpieces of Flemish Art," and other well-known works; of Ferdinand de Brakeleer, the *doyen* of Belgian art, father of the admirable painter Henri de Brakeleer, and a brother-in-law of Baron Leys; of the Prussian historical painter, G. Daege; of Alessandro Castellani, the archaeologist and antiquary; of Jacob Felsing, the eminent engraver on steel; and of Isabella Bewick, the last surviving child of the famous wood-engraver.

THOSE who are interested in the statistics analysed by Mr. Blaikie, in his article on "Exhibition Popularity," will find Mr. Graves's list complete in *Notes and Queries* for July 28th, 1883.

AMONG new books mention may be made of an *édition de luxe* (Paris: Launette) of the "Sentimental Journey," limited to 200 copies (at 300 francs or 350 francs apiece), each of which will contain a unique *aquarelle* by Maurice Leloir. Also of a volume of etchings from pictures, with illustrative verses, the text and illustrations both by members of the Savage Club.

"MUSTER ALTITALIENISCHER LEINENSTICKEREI" (Berlin: Frantz Liepperheide, 1881-1883). Two vols. Selected and published by Frieda Liepperheide. This excellent book of copies and suggestions forms part of the series of "Musterbücher für Weibliche Handarbeit" published by the *Modenwelt*. It may be described as an edition of the "Complete Needlewoman." Its object is to place before such of the public as are interested in the better and more elaborate types of needlework a selection from those wonderful and complex patterns which were the occupation and delight of all good housewives in the Italy of the Renaissance. The text is full and careful; but it is not necessary to know German to understand and profit by it. Any one with a good eye and an ordinary amount of sense may pick out the stitches for herself, so plain are the diagrams and so complete the processes of illustration. The stitch that is chiefly exemplified is the cross-stitch. This in itself is simple enough. Properly used, however, it can be wrought into patterns of exceeding elaboration and considerable beauty—can be made, in fact, to produce remarkable decorative effects. Many of those set out in the eight-and-forty plates (*hors texte*) contained in the two volumes are of great merit. Some are suitable for working on dresses; they would be vastly preferable to the stamped devices at present in use. Again, if only as a change from the very in-

different crewelling that is so mercilessly inflicted on us, they would please and rest the eye. Besides this use, they might be turned to good account in quilts, chair-backs, table-cloths, portières, and so forth. The one objection is that the work would take more time and trouble than, with our many interests and our much unrest, we are nowadays accustomed to bestow. Evidently our great grandmothers had a good deal less to do than ourselves. Still, one cannot help admiring the labour of their hands; and with this very handsome publication to serve as a guide, one might do worse than follow in their footsteps.

IN "Les Trappistes" (Paris: A. Quantin), a portfolio of ten etchings, M. Auguste Lançon has produced a series of accomplished and striking illustrations of the convent life so pleasantly described by Mr. R. L. Stevenson in his "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes." In the first of his designs, which is also one of the best, he shows us the swine-herd and his pigs; in the second, which is not so good, the hen-herd among his birds. Then he takes us through the dormitory, with its rough, coarse couches and its range of cells; into the barbering room, where several brethren are getting their crowns shaved and their tonsures produced; into the dairy, where cheeses are making; into the refectory, where, in grim black and white, the brethren sit at meat, while the reader admonishes them from the pulpit, and the skull grins horribly at them from its little shelf under the cross on the bare white wall; into the scullery, where they are washing dishes and doing scullion's work, with all imaginable gravity and seriousness. So much for their life. The next etching, "L'Exposition du Corps," shows one of them in death: stretched out upon his bier in his habit as he lived, while two brethren sit by in solemn vigil. In the next, among kneeling monks, the poor corpse is being laid in earth; while the last of all, "Le Retour de l'Enterrement," pictures the mourners prostrate in abasement on their faces on the flags of the church. The work is touched with pathos—the simple melancholy of the ideal it reflects and the life it portrays. To say that of it is to say much in its praise, but not more than it deserves.

IN "Four Masters of Etching" (London: The Fine Art Society) Mr. Frederick Wedmore tells the public—as often as not in terms that savour overmuch of affectation and of "preciosity"—his opinion about the works of Dr. Seymour Haden, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Legros, and the late Jules Jacquemart. As he expressly states that he is "not a Mede nor a Persian," his verdicts need not be taken too solemnly. This is fortunate, inasmuch as though they are marked by intelligence and a great love for his subject, they are a little too refined and peculiar to commend themselves to the general. Of the four masters with whom Mr. Wedmore is pleased to deal, he is most in sympathy with Dr. Haden and Jacquemart, in the first of whom he discerns a great deal more than meets the vulgar eye. In his estimate of Whistler he is more exacting and austere; in his estimate of Legros he is brief, lofty, and on the whole unsatisfactory. As the illustration of Legros' art is the portrait of G. F. Watts, R.A.—perhaps the finest work of its kind in modern etching, and certainly the only work in the volume at which most people will care to look again and again—this unsatisfactoriness is a little mortifying. Of the Haden etching, "Grim Spain," Mr. Wedmore remarks that it is "the only Spanish subject of his which I thoroughly like;" from which it is evident that when Mr. Haden's work is in question his

critic is very easily pleased. A charming sketch by Mr. Whistler and a capital example of the sober, careful, ingenious accomplishment of Jacquemart complete the book. It is excellently produced, we may add, and should be seen by everybody interested in its very charming subject.

MR. LOFTIE'S "History of London" (London: Edward Stanford), 2 vols., is a most exhaustive and scholarly study of the development of the great city. To do it anything like the justice it deserves in such space as we have at our disposal is merely impossible. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with remarking that it begins with the "fortified cattle-pen" by Wallbrook which was London to the aboriginal Briton, and ends with the London of Street and Decimus Burton and the Speculating Builder; that it is well and vigorously written; that it abounds not only in learning, the result of years of research, but in intellectual originality and independence; that it is authoritative and complete in its treatment of peculiar institutions as well as of the questions of urban topography and development; that it is, in fact, a really monumental piece of work, marking an epoch in our knowledge of its subject. To this we must add that it contains a number of excellent maps, both ancient and modern, and some curious and appropriate illustrations—after Hollar (an excellent artist), Van den Wyngaerde, and others; together with a careful index. Not to have read it is not to be interested in the greatest city in the history of the world.

IN "Velasquez and Murillo" (London: Sampson Low; New York: Bouton) Mr. George Curtis has produced a useful and exhaustive catalogue of the work—original and engraved, extant and destroyed—of the two most eminent artists of Spain; Don Diego de Silva y Velasquez, the prince of portrait-painters, the perfect craftsman; and Bartolomé Estéban Murillo, the painter of saintly ecstasies, the poet of a hundred religious idylls, the limner of the romance of Roman Christianity. Mr. Curtis admires the latter master a little too fervidly to inspire us with complete confidence in his faculty of criticism. But his work of research is singularly thorough and complete. It includes a catalogue of his heroes, pupils, and a classified and descriptive list of his heroes' work, with their history, the names of their owners past and present, an account of the sales at which they have appeared, the engravings that exist of them; and with a bibliography of the literary matter in which they are discussed. We shall have said enough if we add that it is illustrated, rather ill than well, with four etchings—of the "Portrait of the Painter" and the "Innocent X." of Velasquez, and of Murillo's "Marriage of St. Catharine" and "St. Diego of Alcalá;" and that it is produced with much of the luxurious simplicity which bibliophiles admire.

THE tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth numbers of "L'Art au Dix-Huitième Siècle" (Paris: A. Quantin) are devoted to Eisen, Moreau, Debu-court, and Fragonard respectively. With the notice of Prud'hon yet to come, the work will be complete. As we propose to discuss it as a whole it is needless here to treat of it in these four of its details. All are excellently illustrated and produced; are good in subject and fresh and novel in treatment; all are brilliantly written; all are worth reading, worth keeping, and even worth remembering.

ART IN AUGUST.

THE project to transfer the British Museum drawings from the Print Room to the National Gallery, if it was ever seriously entertained, has been definitely abandoned. As it stood, it was immature; and it was incomplete. If it should ever be mooted again, it will not be in its pristine shape.

MR. BOEHM intends to take down his present "Lord Lawrence"—all sword and pen and stomach, as people will remember—and put up a better in its place. The example is a good one, and may be recommended not only to all sculptors of memorials, but to many painters of portraits.

THE National Gallery will not be opened at night until the trustees have discovered an electric light that will do its duty properly. Hitherto experiments have been confined to the arc light. The objections to this form of illumination have been already stated in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, and there is no need to state them anew. The pith of the matter is that, as we pointed out, the arc light need not be used at all. What is wanted is, as we took pains to show, the incandescent lamp with a storage battery. This arrangement has succeeded in scores of private houses; it has succeeded perfectly in the library of the House of Commons; why should it fail in the National Gallery?

THE Royal Institute has taken studios in Great Ormond Street, and will open there in the autumn its newly-founded schools. These will be limited to male students, under five-and-twenty years old. The instruction, which will be gratuitous, will be extended only to those who have already attained to a certain proficiency in their art.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON has resigned the colonelcy of the Artists' Volunteer Corps. The honorary colonelcy he retains. His successor is Mr. R. W. Edis.

AT Amsterdam a diploma of honour has been awarded to Mr. Herkomer; at Berlin the great medal of honour has fallen to the Belgian portrait-painter Wartens; and in Paris, M. Galland is made an officer of the Legion of Honour, the riband of which has been sent to MM. Roll, Pisan, Morice, Dutert, Gruyer, Alegre, Dasson, and Dalou.

AMONG the Committee elected at Marlborough House for the promotion at Athens of a British School of Classic Archaeology are the Dukes of Devonshire and Albany; the Archbishops of Canterbury and Dublin; the Marquises of Lansdowne and Salisbury; Lords Granville, Dufferin, Cairns, and Rosebery; Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote; Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir Frederick Pollock,

Sir Henry Maine, Sir Alexander Grant, Sir John Lubbock; the Masters of Balliol and Trinity, and the Provost of Oriel; and Professors Butcher, Lewis Campbell, Jebb, Newton, Parry, Gardner, Tyrrell, and Sidney Colvin. The acting secretaries are Mr. T. H. S. Escott (36, Brompton Crescent) and Professor Jebb (Springfield, Cambridge). The President is the Prince of Wales. Some large subscriptions have been promised, and it is proposed to issue a public appeal for others. They will be received by Messrs. Grindley and Co., 55, Parliament Street, S.W.

M. RODIN has finished his bust of Victor Hugo. Mr. Armstead is busy on his bust of the late Archbishop Tait for Westminster Abbey, and upon a marble doorway for the Holborn Restaurant. Herr Makart has sold his "Diana and her Nymphs" for £7,000 to an American banker. Miss Margaret Thomas proposes to issue to subscribers a limited number of casts of her "Henry Fielding." Mr. Shields has finished his series of pictures in glass for the chapel at Eaton Hall. The designs are twelve in number. The six in the upper tier are as follows:—"Adam and Eve in Paradise," "The Nativity," "The Crucifixion," "The Ascension," "Pentecost," and "The Judgment." Those in the lower tier are allegories of "Praise," "Obedience," "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," and "Vigilance." The figures are life-size.

THOSE who rejoiced in the rejection of the Ennerdale Railway Bill, and the preservation from defilement of Borrowdale and Derwentwater, will be somewhat startled to hear that half a dozen schemes for railways in the Lake district are afoot, "two of which are objectionable in a very high degree, and one of which, if it should ever be carried out, will ruin the beauty of the whole Lake county." In the face of these preposterous encroachments it is all very well, with Wordsworth, "to share the passion of a just disdain." It will be ever so much better to "rally round the Permanent Lake District Society," and help to keep the railway man at his proper distance. The Society is already large and influential. Communications are addressed to the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Crossthwaite, Cumberland; to Mr. Albert Fleming, Broxbourne, Herts; or to Mr. W. H. Hills, The Knoll, Ambleside.

AT Messrs. Goupil's there have been, amongst other things, a grey and tender Daubigny, exquisite alike in tone, colour, and sentiment; a glint of sunshine through a wood, by Diaz, unaffected, delicate, luminous, and rich; three small but very interesting Corots, showing as many varieties of technique; and a striking study of a head by L. Mettling, rich and refined in colour, vigorous and expressive handling, and effective light and shade. Besides these, also, were fifty-two water-colours by J. H. Zuber, an artist whose work in oil is known at the Salon, but whose name is new to this side of the Channel.

THESE water-colours, indeed, are of more than ordinary interest and artistic worth. The work of a foreigner who has never been in England, they suggest a strong and intelligent study of the best English masters of the art. Simplicity is the keynote of the whole collection, every drawing of which seems to have been executed in the open air. They unite the strength of David Cox without his mud, and the delicacy of De Wint with colour and effect far fresher and not less true; and they show withal a singular command of means, an unusual capacity of suggestion, and a marked ability to seize the essentials of an evanescent aspect of landscape and sky. It is difficult to particularise where all is excellent, but we may note the admirable water in "*L'île à Alt Kirch, Haute Alsace*"—an altogether beautiful and effective sketch; the fine out-of-door breadth and luminosity of "*La Ferme Isolée*;" the cleverness of the scheme of colour in "*La Promenade des Bébé, au Luxembourg*;" the veracity of "*Un Jour de Neige*," wherein the snow is represented by the plain white paper; and "*L'Embouchure du Carée à Menton*," in which the sheen of the water is excellent in colour and transparency, and the figures are full of life and gesture. This last drawing is a leading example of the artist's skill. It is so delicate in tone, and so subtle in gradations of colour and light, that at first sight it seems to belong to the "highly finished" order. Highly finished it is, but its effects are produced not by stippling or niggling, but by direct and simple washes of the broadest kind. That, indeed, is M. Zuber's method, in which body-colour is almost entirely eschewed. His collection shows us something quite novel, and something, too, which will hold its own with the best English work.

THERE was nothing to distinguish the recent exhibition at the Mansion House of embroideries from the Royal School of Art Needlework from previous exhibitions at the Duke of Westminster's. The designs were not new; the craftsmanship was neither better nor worse than before. The exhibition, moreover, was hurriedly arranged and badly advertised, and, it is to be feared, was poorly attended and poorly patronised. This is the more to be regretted as the School is the reverse of flourishing, its receipts having dwindled steadily during the last three years.

MANY of the cabinets made by Chippendale and Sheraton, besides their elaborate inlays, were adorned with copperplate engravings stuck on the wood and polished. Messrs. Morant, of Bond Street, having purchased some old plates by a pupil of Francesco Bartolozzi, in a very good state of preservation, have hit upon the idea of applying impressions in the celadon and jasper seen in old Wedgwood ware to pilasters, panels of doors, mantelpieces, and so forth. The woodwork and moulded ornaments, copied from Adam's designs, are painted white; the effect of the celadon is singularly cool and harmonious. It is doubtful policy to graft the art of one age upon the stock of another, especially when the difference is so strongly marked as that between the ideals of now and a century ago. In the present instance, however, it is so far a success.

THE new Town Hall at Westminster is to a great extent hidden away in a back street. It is not likely to arrest the attention by grandeur or dimensions, but on the other hand it does not pretend to be more than it is by

attitudinising as a grand edifice when it is only commonplace and ordinary and not in the least degree imposing. The architecture is described as Renaissance, but there is an Elizabethan air about it which is an agreeable relief from the fashionable pseudo-Italian. We shall have to wait until London has one central government before we have a municipal building worthy of being placed in the same category as the Manchester Town Hall—a building that shall be worthy of architect, people, and city.

THE Manchester Autumn Exhibition will open on the 4th of September and close on the 11th of December. A sum of £2,000 a year, plus the net profits of the exhibition, will be appropriated to the purchase of pictures and sculpture for the permanent collection. If more money is needed more will be forthcoming, by private subscription or otherwise. The unsold in London may hope much of Manchester. But it is greatly to be hoped, for the sake of the next generation, that the permanent collection will not be exclusively supplied from the annual exhibitions.

At the Munich International Exhibition the bulk of the collection is contributed by Munich and Düsseldorf, Berlin and Vienna—by one or other of the German art-centres, in fact. Italy and Spain are fairly represented, however, and so is America. Among the English exhibitors are Messrs. Leader, Holl, Henry Moore, Linton, Herkomer, Herdman, Norman Macbeth, and Alma Tadema: the last by a couple of pictures of which, as he has declared, he knows nothing, and by which he declines to consider himself represented.

A CONSTABLE Exhibition has been opened in Edinburgh. On its close the collection might with advantage be transferred for exhibition to London. At Reading, with the Church Congress in October, there will be the usual Exhibition of Ecclesiastical Art. In Paris, next year, it is proposed to hold an exhibition of drawings by Modern Masters; it will be instructive and suggestive, if only because it will show how very few know how to draw. In New York a loan exhibition will be opened next January, under the presidency of Mr. Allan Thorndike, in aid of the Pedestal Fund for Bartholdi's enormous "Liberty."

THE English engravers have formed a committee to look after their interests in the Vienna Exhibition; the President is Sir Frederick Leighton, the Vice-President Dr. Haden, to whom, by the way, the Society of Arts have awarded their silver medal, for a paper "On the Relative Claims of Etching and Engraving to Rank as Fine Arts."

A "CRUCIFIXION," by Andrea del Castagno, and a Sodoma, a "Virgin and Saints, with the Donor," have been added to the National Gallery. At South Kensington a fine collection of casts has been formed and arranged; some admirable (and costly) Limoges enamels have been purchased; some drawings by Rossetti and a couple of Turners have been acquired; the New West Court has been opened, with the Indian Collection formed by Mr. Purdon Clarke. At Vienna an Albert Dürer, an "Entombment," has been discovered on a canvas overlaid with gross colour and common design, and attributed to a pupil of

the younger Cranach. By the bequests of M. His de Butenval and Baron Charles Davilliers, the Louvre will be enriched with a selection from the antique bronzes of the late M. His de la Salle and a quantity of precious work besides; and by that of M. Edouard Fleury, the Bibliothèque Nationale comes in for upwards of 17,000 drawings and engravings of the history and antiquities of the Aisne.

At Versailles the Musée du Jeu de Paume—a museum of the Revolution—has been opened by M. Jules Ferry, and given in charge to M. Vatel. The Jeu de Paume has been completely restored by the architect M. Guillaume. Over the door, on a plaque of black marble, is the inscription, in honour of the men who gathered about Mirabeau, when he turned to defy the monarchy and the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé, commanded by Bonaparte of the Institute. The "Bailly" of St-Marceaux is surrounded by busts of Grégoire, Mirabeau, Dom Gerle, Pétion de Villeneuve, Merlin de Douai, Barnave, Volney, Sièyès, and a dozen others. A frieze sets forth the seven hundred signatures of the famous declaration; and on one of the walls is a reproduction, by Ollivier Merson, some thirty by twenty feet, of David's immortal sketch, "Le Serment du Jeu de Paume." Opposite are the decrees of the Convention and the Republic of 1848, by which the Jeu de Paume is constituted a national monument, flanked by cartouches inscribed with the epigram of André Chénier:—

"Que ce voyage souhaité
Recompense nos fils, que ce toit leur rappelle
Ce tiers-état, à la honte rebelle,
Fondateur de la liberté."

In glass cases ranged about the hall are portraits, engravings, books, autographs, and so forth—a world of objects dating from the revolutionary epoch and in one sort or other connected with the Revolution. Among them is the king's speech to the States-General printed on satin.

CONSTABLE'S "White Horse," which was recently engraved in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, is being very carefully cleaned. The result is even now remarkable. When finished, the state of the picture will show a vast improvement upon last year. New charms of light and colour are already visible; its qualities of atmosphere increase in variety and beauty; and the cloud-masses which before seemed flat and rather wanting in significance are now seen to be modelled in Constable's best manner, and full of mystery and airy motion. Why, we ask again, is this masterpiece not purchased for the nation?

THE death is announced of Edouard Fleury, brother of Champfleury the novelist and archaeologist—historian, art-critic, archaeologist, journalist; of Christian Seie, the battle-painter, at Düsseldorf; of Ludwig Benedex, the Berlinesse historical painter; of Handwerk of Cassel, the painter of portraits and animals; of the Berlinesse landscape-painter, Alexis Geyer; of the Italian architect, De Fabris, restorer of the façade of Santa Maria dei Fiori; of the Viennese architect, Heinrich von Ferstel; of the French architect and decorator, J.-F. Nollau; and of the English water-colour painter, Charles Vacher.

MR. F. S. GROWSE'S "Mathurá," a revised and abridged edition of which has lately issued from the Government Press of the North-Western Provinces, is one of the local histories or "district memoirs" compiled by order of the Indian Government. It is primarily a book of reference for district officers; but it is full of interest for the general reader, and of great value to the scholar and the student. Indeed, it is in the front rank of its kind. Dealing exhaustively with a city which is to this day the Jerusalem of the largest division of the Hindu sects, and whose history embraces over two thousand years, it is a veritable mine of information of every sort—antiquarian and philological, literary and artistic, biographical and legendary, topographical and historical—all set forth with exemplary concision and completeness. Mathurá (better known as Muttra) is the seat of an exquisite art of stone-carving; and Mr. Growse, who seems gifted with a universality of accomplishment, has turned this to good account, in his restorations of ancient buildings, and in the construction of new. His view that the buildings erected in India by western missionaries should be eastern in architecture is a sound one, and he has embodied it to some purpose in his Roman Catholic chapel. The principle, however, is tentative, and from various causes incomplete. The museum, however, which Mr. Growse has done so much to establish, is a very beautiful example of modern native work. Nothing is more likely to prevent official vandalism, of which Mr. Growse quotes some extraordinary instances, than the existence of an institution to which antiquities and lovers of Indian art must be always grateful to him for his untiring efforts to rescue priceless "finds" from destruction; just as Hindi scholars must appreciate his researches in local literature. A feature of the present edition is the very luminous and valuable chapter on the etymology of local names. The book, which is excellently illustrated in autotype, is the outcome of a wide sympathy, a trained intelligence, and a judicious taste; it merits a far larger circulation than it is likely to obtain.

THE "Philosophy of Landscape Painting," by William M. Bryant (St. Louis News Company, 1882), is a bad Americanism. The author seems crushed by the Immensities, much contemplation of which has led him to feel that Nature is "but one phase of the grand Total of the Universe which is knit together into an inseparable Whole by the subtle all-pervading bond of infinite Reason." This is a fair sample of three-fourths of the book. What it has to do with landscape is not clear. Mr. Bryant has read more than was good for him. He has faith in Woltmann, the title of whose "History" he always quotes in the original German; he makes copious extracts from Luebke, which he doesn't seem to understand; he has sentimentalised through Victor Cousin on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, and has come to grief over some essays on "Speculative Philosophy;" and he quotes a new poet—one Snider, of St. Louis—who begs not to be left out of the Delphian symphony because his body is changed into a many-stringed harp, which is "struck by the throbs that are sent from the soul" of Nature. This, Mr. Bryant tells us, is the "exclusively modern mode of viewing and interpreting nature;" and in a sense he is right. His knowledge is second-hand and superficial; and his purpose—to supply what is missing in landscape from works on the philosophy of art—has yet to be fulfilled.

IN "John Leech; a Biographical Sketch" (Redway: London) Mr. F. G. Kitton gives an affectionate and readable account of the life and work of the kindest and pleasantest of modern satirists. He is hardly so sound as could be wished on the subject of Leech's draughtsmanship; he has said nothing of Leech's great regard for the upper classes, nothing of his idiotic women, nothing of his inability to picture a gentleman or a gentlewoman, nothing of the sameness of his types; and he makes too much of the opinion of personal friends of Leech—as Thackeray and Canon Holl. But his little book is one that may be studied with pleasure and interest. It is incomplete and a little partial; but so was the man it recalls so pleasantly, so was the satirist it describes so gracefully and well.

MR. TRISTRAM J. ELLIS calls his "Sketching from Nature" (Macmillan) a handbook for students and amateurs; we are sorry to say it can be of little use to either. Mr. Ellis seems to have no true idea of what sketching really is. Instead of telling us how to train the eye and the hand—how to see and how to do—he tells us how to look at a landscape by holding a mirror "close to one eye . . . with the corner against the nose," and even by "placing the head horizontally or upside down." With such directions he gives general "rules," some of which are old and exploded, and others new and doubtful. All these oddities are set forth in a style which is loose, inexpressive, ungrammatical; and though a careful following of these dicta might end in astonishing results, it would never teach us to sketch from nature—at least, as that difficult art has been practised and understood until the present.

MR. COMYNS CARR, in his "Art in Provincial France" (Remington and Co.), has produced a readable and intelligent account of some dozen or fourteen of the art galleries in the French provinces. In a series of letters to the *Manchester Guardian* he describes and estimates the works of art on view at Orleans, Blois, Angers, Tours, Nantes, Limoges, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier, Marseilles, Lyons, Dijon, Nancy, and Lille; and in a preface written *ad hoc* he sets down the conclusions resulting from his experience, and gives the nation and its rulers good advice. Occasionally he is a little dry; occasionally he is a little remote and inhuman; occasionally he is a little partial and uncritical (at Marseilles, for instance, he is lengthily explicit on the subject of M. Puvis de Chavannes, who is a kind of French Burne Jones, while at Dijon he cannot find time for so much as a word about Legros). But his book is in the main useful and practical, and its suggestions are worth consideration; even as the comparison he makes between the provincial galleries of France and England is fruitful of mortification and surprise.

A REPRINT of "Le Diable Amoureux," however executed, is sure to be most welcome. The story, one of the classics of magic, is as famous a piece of work as its epoch produced. To praise it would be much the same as to talk admiringly of "Clarissa Harlowe," or "Hamlet," or "David Copperfield." We shall, therefore, say no more of the present edition (Paris: Jonaust) than that it contains the delightful preface contributed by Gérard de Nerval to the Galignani reprint of 1845, together with seven skilful and ingenious etchings (one of them a portrait of the author) from the graver of Lalauze. They who only know Cazotte in the grim, dyspeptic pages of Carlyle can hardly do better than seek

out his acquaintance, and in the present edition. It lacks the interest and humour of the original illustrations; but it is probably the prettiest and neatest ever produced.

IN "Les Curiositez de Paris" (Paris: A. Quantin) we have a book for archaeologists only. It is a reprint—from the original edition of 1716; "Par les Soins de la Société d'Encouragement pour la Publication des Livres d'Art"—of a description of the Paris of Louis Quatorze, redacted and compiled after 1703 and before 1715, and published at last under Louis XV. It may be described as a kind of "Murray's Handbook" of the period. Its popularity is attested by the fact that seven editions were called for in a space of sixty years or so, besides a pirated reprint sent out from Amsterdam. Its authorship is doubtful: Quérard ascribes it to Le Rouge, the geographer and engineer; others have seen in it an anonymous production of Piganiol de la Force, author of "La Description de France;" while the present editors attribute it, with some show of reason, to Saugrain, the original publisher, for half a century a bookseller of Paris. However this be, it is curious and entertaining in no mean degree, and the little woodcuts, after Marot and Sylvestre, by the Rouennese engraver Vincent Le Sueur, with which it abounds, are as interesting, and in their dry way as graphic, as need be.

M. GAFFAREL'S "L'Algérie" (Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie.) is the most important work on the great French colony that has yet appeared. The subject is most exhaustively treated. The historical survey of the conquest and colonisation of Algeria is remarkable for thoroughness and accuracy. Excepting in a few instances, where he deals with English policy, M. Gaffarel is singularly impartial. His criticisms on the Pellissier and Canrobert campaigns are commendable in this respect. The most interesting portions of the work are the descriptions of the aboriginal communities, the Kabyles, the Khroumirs, and so forth. It is illustrated by engravings after Horace Vernet, Gudin, and others: not very satisfactory, owing to excessive reduction in scale. The other woodcuts are, however, admirably elucidative. The art-work of the Kabyles is ably treated, while a chromolithograph of the characteristic costumes of the Barbary States, in which the figures are taken from one of the celebrated cartoons of Vermeyen, shows how little these have varied since the unhappy invasion of Charles V.

THE wood-engraving after Sir F. Leighton's fresco, "The Arts of War," recently published by the *Graphic*, is in some ways notable. The work of Mr. Charles Roberts, it presents a series of triumphs over difficulties. As far as we know it is the largest block ever executed in pure tint; and in wood-engraving the larger the block the more masterly must be the skill. Here the chief triumph is the admirable balance of tone maintained throughout, in spite of infinite varieties of texture, value, and colour. This quality of tone, indeed, alone raises the engraving to the level of art. The line-work is sound, vigorous, and expressive, and, in some of the faces, beautiful. The flesh generally is admirably executed; and though the smallness of the figures has prevented Mr. Roberts from exercising all his exquisite skill in this department of his art, still some of the hands are little masterpieces.

ART IN SEPTEMBER.

By the munificence of Sir John Savile Lumley, a most important addition has been made to our small collection of works by Spanish masters in the National Gallery. This is a large canvas attributed to Velasquez: one of the remarkable variations on the "Flagellation." On the left of the picture is the figure of Christ fallen, bleeding and exhausted, on the ground, and hanging from the pillar by the cord which binds His wrists. Behind, a child kneels in adoration; and an angel bends over the praying child, and points to the figure of the Redeemer. The authorship seems doubtful as regards direct external evidence; and it is always rash to lay the law down on internal evidence alone, even after the most careful examination. Nevertheless, this much may safely be asserted: if this picture is not by Diego de Velasquez, then there must have been some other painter of his day who had nearly as much power of drawing, colouring, and conveying the sense of air and space, and whose religious work was equally destitute of tenderness and pathos. Certain crudities of colour in the picture may be the result of rash cleaning and retouching.

At the National Gallery also, two portraits by Raeburn—the bust of a man and a full-length of a lady—have been added. The Peel Collection has been arranged in Room VII.; the Spanish pictures are to be in Room XVI.; and the attendants have appeared in a new and gorgeous uniform, with enormous brass buttons.

THE enlargement of Sir F. Leighton's design for the South Kensington fresco, "The Arts of Peace," progresses rapidly. Mr. Richmond has modelled, life-size, a bust of Dr. Pusey in silk cap and Doctor's gown; and Signor Fontana has finished his marble statues of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and an allegorical presentment of New South Wales for the new Government buildings at Sydney.

THE statue of the Iron Duke is to be broken up after all. As the worst heroic statue ever executed, it should be kept for aye as a curiosity and a warning.

A REPRESENTATIVE selection of the works of the famous engraver Pye, presented to the nation some time since by his daughter, have been arranged for public exhibition in the British Museum. They are hung in the first room of the Northern Gallery, and consist of proofs of plates in the "Royal Repository," the "Polite Repository," and the "Souvenir." They are "masterpieces in little."

FIRST-CLASS medals at the International Fine-Art Exhibition at Munich have been awarded for painting to MM. A. Achenbach, H. Baisch, W. Diez, L. Knaus, L. Loeftz, C. Meyer, and G. Richter (Germany); J. Bertrand, Bastien-

Lepage, and E. Renouf (France); H. Herkomer (England); L. Nono (Italy); K. L. Müller (Austria); F. de Pradilla and P. Casado (Spain). For sculpture, to M. J. A. M. Idzac (France). For architecture, to M. P. Wallot (Germany) and the Commission des Monuments Historiques de la France. For etching and engraving, to M. C. F. Gaillard (France). Sixty-six second-class medals have been given, including one to Mr. E. A. Abbey, the American water-colourist. At the Amsterdam Exhibition, also, we note that Mr. Herkomer gains a diploma of honour, that Signor Segantini for Italy, and Herr Wertheimer for Austria, carry off gold medals, and M. Aiwatowski, for Russia, takes a silver medal.

It appears that we did the Messrs. Callowhill an injustice in supposing that their beautiful modelling of gold on porcelain, which obtained prizes and honourable mention at the recent Exhibition of Paintings on China at Messrs. Howell and James's, was derived from the similar work of Mr. Albert Hill. On the contrary, it appears that Mr. James Callowhill originated this style of decoration, but that he and his brother, Mr. Scott Callowhill, being engaged at the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester, were debarred (while Mr. Hill was not) from exhibiting their works till this year.

CONNOISSEURS may like to know that there is in England a veritable example of Bonifazio Veneziano, an artist of the school of Titian, famous for his rich colouring, but whose work is little known out of Italy. The picture belongs to Mrs. Bainbrigge, of the Heriots, Droitwich. It is in oil, measures eleven feet by five, and is in excellent condition. A "Cena," or Last Supper, it is believed to be the same mentioned by Zanetti in 1771 as hanging over the high altar in the church of the Archangel Raphael at Venice. He describes it as "dipinta di maniera grande e vero molto." It was found in Venice and brought to England by the father of the present owner just after the scare of Napoleon's threatened invasion. From his all-too-aesthetic hands it was hidden in an attic; consequently the dealers know it not, though we understand it is likely to be disposed of.

THE delightful old-world character of the Temple will soon cease to exist. There, as everywhere, almost, rebuilding is the order of the day; and changes are as rapid as they are ugly. The latest innovation seems indefensible: the Benchers of the Middle Temple have been chipping off the face of the old red brick of their hall buttresses and smearing the bare surface with black cement. Then, owing to the sinking of foundations, the houses in Garden Court are to be rebuilt: which means that one of the most picturesque bits in London is doomed.

THE "Manufacturers' High Art and Ecclesiastical Furniture and Decorative Exhibition," at Humphreys Hall, is a very promising first of an annual series. Organisations of

this kind are undoubtedly good for trade, and they are interesting to large sections of the public. Whether, however, they are entirely beneficial to artistic progress is not so certain. The display of furniture and decorative art generally was very creditable, but the mass of visitors have no standard to guide them; and it is worth remembering that in these matters England is far behind her continental competitors. The ability to reproduce mediæval forms is well enough in its way; but we lack power of design, and though this and similar shows may do various and necessary good, they can never give us that. And the emphasis with which this is indicated is not the least valuable of the results of the exhibition.

ATTENTION has been called to the necessity of relieving the bare walls of schools—and particularly board schools—with art in the shape of autotypes and other reproductions of first-class masterpieces. No better means of improving national taste could be conceived, perhaps; and we are glad to hear that, thanks to the initiation of Miss Christie, the novelist, an Art for Schools Association has been started, with Mr. Ruskin as president, and a committee including, amongst others, Messrs. Browning, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, G. F. Watts, Forster, Mundella, Sidney Colvin, and Lord Aberdare.

THE authorities contemplate an alteration in the old brewery at Winchester College. They will use it no more for brewing, but as a library and a bursar's office. The small openings in the walls will have to be enlarged into windows, and other structural alterations must be made. The brewery stands almost as it was left by William of Wykeham. Cannot an effort be made to save it?

THE Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of Modern Pictures in the Liverpool Corporation Art Galleries was opened on Monday, 3rd September. There are over sixteen hundred exhibits, constituting a collection which is at least equal to the average excellence of previous years, although there is a smaller proportion than usual of especially striking pictures. As usual a number of the leading canvases are from this year's Royal Academy, and there is also a strong list of contributions by the Scottish school of painters, who have been gradually finding out recently the importance of the Liverpool exhibitions. Among the most prominently excellent pictures are W. L. Wyllie's fine scene on the Thames, purchased for the Chantrey Bequest, and John Collier's "Pharaoh's Handmaidens" and "Three Sisters." "Relics of the Brave," by A. Hacker, a powerful scene of domestic interest, was purchased at the private view for the "Ulfairst Acadia" of arts and sciences, Savannah, U.S. Sir Frederick Leighton is only represented by a small and indifferent portrait of a child, above which hangs an "Impromptu Toilet," one of the best works James Sant has recently produced. "Haytime," by George Clausen, is not surpassed for exquisite colour, tone, and atmosphere, and the same artist's "Woman of the Fields" is a fine realistic study. Another and a powerful piece of realistic work is W. Logsdail's "Eve of the Regatta." In one of the smaller rooms there is a good collection of "impressionist" pictures—prominent among them being W. Stott's "Kissing in the Ring." Messrs. Millais, Burne Jones, Alma Tadema, Watts, Long, and other leading men are wholly unrepresented.

AMONG the Scotch contributors W. E. Lockhart takes a foremost place with "Alnaschar's Fortune," and Keeley Halswelle, G. Aikman, R. Gavin, and others are well represented. "Whittenham Clumps," by the first-named, is one of his best efforts in landscape. Among local artists W. B. Boadle has two striking portraits which flank Professor Richmond's "Miss Davies;" John Finnie has several quiet rural scenes in his best manner; Peter Ghent has nothing quite equal to his "Nature's Mirror" of last year, but well maintains his reputation; T. Hampson Jones in "A Sussex Landscape" (in water-colour) shows a successful effect of broad sunshine; T. Huson, A. Hartland, P. Bigland, and others merit favourable mention. In water-colour, especially noteworthy is the "Old Story" by Walter Langley, who has another powerful drawing illustrative of Hullah's ballad "The Three Fishers." "Llyn Idwal," by J. J. Curnock; "A Fir Wood in Winter," by J. T. Watts (a very promising young local painter); and "Above Lake Idwal," by J. Knight, are other striking exhibits. In sculpture there is nothing which requires special mention.

THE Permanent Collection of the Corporation of Liverpool has been enlarged by a view of "Scheveningen, Holland: Arrival of the Fishing Fleet," by W. J. J. C. Bond, presented by the Mayor; by a statuette of Mr. Gladstone, by A. Bruce Joy, presented by Mr. G. H. Croxden Powell; by W. Dendy Sadler's Academy picture, "Friday," presented by Mr. James Pegram; and by a portrait by John Bishop of the late Michael James Whitty, the founder of the penny daily newspaper, presented by Mr. T. R. Russell.

A MEMORIAL brass has been erected on the north wall of old Windsor Church to Thos. Sandby, R.A. Sandby was Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park after having been secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, and died at the Deputy Ranger's lodge in 1798. No stone marks his grave; the memorial has been put up by a descendant.

DERBY has been unable to collect the £400 for "The Orrery" of Joseph Wright, which is thus lost to his native town. It is to be hoped that "The Alchemist" may yet be secured for Derby. All this shows that Wright is better appreciated outside than in his birthplace.

THE hundred *chefs-d'œuvre* recently exhibited in the Rue de Sèze are to be engraved in twelve *livraisons*; the first two will be devoted to Corot and Millet, the remainder dealing with Jules Dupré, Troyon, Diaz, Theodore Rousseau, Eugène Delacroix, Meissonier, and others. An edition on parchment, at a thousand francs, is almost entirely subscribed. Amongst the statues decorating the façade of the new Hotel de Ville (the exterior of which, by the way, is finished) is one of the painter Regnault in the uniform of the National Guard, in whose ranks he was killed. The drawings and pictures of the Coutan Collection are arranged in the Salle Henri IV. at the Louvre. A new design for the *médaille du Salon* has been under consideration, and a new gallery at Cluny has been inaugurated. It contains, amongst other highly important objects, some famous Cinque Cento tapestries, the collection of boots and shoes formed by Jules Jacquemard, and the magnificently sculptured chimney-piece found at Rouen.

In the Chapelle du Saint Esprit of Tournay Cathedral are now hung some splendid tapestries, date 1402. They were manufactured at Arras by Pierre Feré, and were presented by Canon Toussaint Priez. Belgian amateurs believe them to be the only extant examples of the famous Flemish high warp of the early Fifteenth Century. There were originally seventeen scenes in the legend of SS. Piat and Eleutherius, but three have been lost. Their history is curious. Originally they dressed the cathedral stalls. They escaped the iconoclasts in 1566, but in the last century they were removed as rubbish, torn up, and made into rugs. Then they were used to stop holes in the roof. They have been restored so far as practicable; and, though sadly mutilated, the scenes are still vivid, while, as works of art, they are exceedingly fine. The rescued portions cover a space of twenty-two by two mètres.

SOME fine polychromatic mural decoration of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries have been discovered in the parish church of Heythuizen, in Belgium. The paintings are of sprigs, branches, and flowers, the latter brilliantly coloured. One of the painted stones bears the arms of the Counts of Horn, who were Lords of Heythuizen.

M. H. HYMANS, of the Brussels Royal Commission on Art, identifies a small picture in the Royal Gallery at Turin, representing "St. Francis and a Brother of his Order," as the work of Jean Van Eyck. Apart from internal evidence, there is the will of a certain Anselme Adornes, of Bruges, who died in Scotland in 1483, and who bequeathed to each of his daughters "a small picture of St. Francis by Jan Van Eyck." It is suggested that the "St. Francis" in the collection of Lord Heytesbury may be the second of them.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE have sold of late George Barret's picture, "A Classical Lake Scene," for £420; B. W. Leader's "An Autumn Day," for £425; Corot's "Morning by the River," for £430; Linnell's "The Weald of Kent" and "The Flight into Egypt," for £467 and £945 respectively; Goodall's "The River of the Nile," for £1,197; Briton Riviere's "The King's Gateway," for £1,270; and Alma Tadema's "Between Hope and Fear," for £1,312. M. Vibert's "L'Andante" has sold in Paris for 13,700 and his "Toréador Vainqueur" for 8,000 francs. At the same time and place, Leloir's "Troupe en Marche" brought 6,300 francs, Meissonier's "Dragon en Vedette," 9,700 francs; and large sums were realised by several works of Heilbuth and Jacquemart.

THE statues of Étienne Marcel and Ledru Rollin, for the municipality of Paris, will be confided to MM. Idrac and Steiner respectively. It is proposed to put up statues of Claude Lorrain at Nancy, and of Hugo Grotius at the Hague, both by public subscription. Subscriptions, it may be added, are wanted for the pedestal of Mr. Armistead's "G. E. Street" for our own Courts of Justice, and for the "Hector Berlioz" proposed for the city of Paris.

ABROAD two painters of mark have died, Heinrich Riedel and Pierre Auguste Cot. The former has been called the Nestor of German painters, having, by the adoption of the tradition of the Italian school, taught German painters the

paramount importance of light and colour. He was born in 1799, but was domiciled at Rome since 1828, where he was long professor at the Academy of St. Luke. He was a member of the 'Academies of Munich, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Cot was a pupil of Cogniet and Cabanel, and was a painter of many theological subjects and portraits. He had a considerable reputation—more, however, amongst *les belles mondaines* than the amateurs. The deaths are also announced of the well-known painter Dubufe; of the French portrait-painter Champmartin; whilst in England the death is recorded of Edward Calvert, one of the few remaining disciples of Blake.

CALVERT was an intimate of Blake, whose designs so influenced him that much of their spirit and certain characteristic modes of drawing and engraving occur in the works of both. The woodcuts published by Calvert, especially "The Christian Ploughing the Last Furrow of Life" and "The Cider Press," are very like Blake's. Calvert's designs for book illustrations are somewhat scarce; all of them are beautiful, thoughtful, and poetic; they associate the artist on the one hand with Blake, on the other with the earlier inventions of Palmer. "Nymphs," his first exhibited picture, was at the Academy in 1825, and "A Shepherdess" in 1827. In that year Calvert was one of the few friends, including Mr. Richmond and Tatham, the architect, who attended Blake's interment at Bunhill Fields. In 1835 he sent to the Academy "Morning," a poetic landscape suggested by the third Georgic of Virgil; and "Milton's 'Eve'" was the subject of 1836. Among his intimate companions was F. O. Finch, the poetic landscape-painter, in whose honour he wrote an *éloge*, printed with the "Memorials" of that artist, 1865. He was an intimate friend of the late Samuel Palmer and Mr. Richmond, who has written in the *Athenæum* some interesting reminiscences.

THE Autotype Company have published a reproduction in their excellent manner of Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "Voices," exhibited in the Academy last year. The girl is pretty, the sentiment is sorrowful, the intention rather vague; the picture is sure to be popular.

THE new *livraisons* of the Hermitage Autotypes (Autotype Company) are even more striking in their contents than their predecessors. Rembrandt the mighty still is king. It is not only that his light and shade tells best in a monochromatic reproduction; his majestic imagination and noble humanity, his vivacity of gesture and depth of meaning, the masterfulness of his method and the grandeur of his manner, reign pre-eminent. Exceedingly remarkable are the portraits of a young warrior, of the Rabbi Manasseh Ben Israel, and of a Turk, and the "Toilette de la Jeune Femme Juive"—full of a curious sentiment, and inexpressibly dramatic; and the wonderful "Reconciliation of Isaac and Jacob." Then there are a curious "Portrait d'une Dame," by Da Vinci; several Rubens's, chief of which is the splendid "Jésus chez Simon le Pharisien;" the charming Madonna del Latte of Correggio; a superb "Virgin and Saints" by Francesco Francia; the beautiful "Adoration of the Shepherds" of "Vecchio;" Velasquez's "Laughing Peasant-Boy;" and many another masterpiece besides. The landscapes include a delicate and lovely Ostade, and a fine Ruysdael; and there are some portraits and a fine

"St. Sebastian" in Van Dyck's best manner. A delightful "Lady and Child," by Paris Bordone, is spoilt by an undue insistence upon the whites of the draperies; but otherwise this section of the series seems pretty free from photographic faults.

THE two hundred unpublished drawings by Jean Cousin, entitled "The Book of Fortune," have been issued in English dress but French fashion by the Librairie de l'Art (Remington and Co.). M. Ludovic Lalanne's notes and rather wordy introduction have been fairly translated by Mr. H. Mainwaring Dunstan, who recently did into English the letters of Hector Berlioz. Somebody dubbed Cousin the French Michelangelo, because of the principal of his easel pictures—"The Last Judgment," in the Louvre; but though he does not deserve the title, he is a notable figure in art-history. He painted more church-windows than canvases; he was an engraver and sculptor; he even dabbled in literature. His "Last Judgment" has many fine qualities, and these designs, considered as sketches, are not unworthy of him. They were intended for a volume of "Emblemata Fortunæ," projected by Imbert d'Aulezy in 1568; but the book was never published. Its curious history and its odd discovery by M. Lalanne are told elaborately in the introduction. The sketches themselves are unequal. They are nearly all drawn with a pen, and abound in the classic conventionality of the time; but many are graceful, some are humorous, and all possess more or less invention. If Mr. Dunstan translated the Latin mottoes as well as the French text, he has much to answer for.

A NEW and handy edition of the "Maclise Portrait Gallery" (Chatto and Windus) is sure to be popular. These brilliant sketches, indeed, contributed as much as anything to *Fraser's* fame; they constitute one of the most remarkable and interesting series ever executed; and they are most vivacious and suggestive notes on the literary and social history of the first half of the century, in which light they are of inestimable value. The memoirs have been compiled by Mr. William Bates. Doubtless the task was not an easy one; but it should have been done well. In doing it ill, Mr. Bates has not only missed his opportunity, but spoiled the ground for all successors. He is one to whom quotations and superlatives and bibliography are daily bread; he has no style nor sense of literary art; and he is an incorrigible gossip. These qualities may not detract from the popularity of the book; nevertheless it is so ruined by errors of fact, and yet more by errors of taste, that it is scarcely possible to regard it with patience. Of the reproductions of Maclise's drawings, all that may be said is that they are slightly reduced, and lack the crispness of the original. Otherwise they are all that is desirable.

Two publications of special interest to artists are before us. The first is new: "The Artists' Table of Pigments" (Wells Gardner; and *The Artist* office). It is compiled by Mr. H. C. Standage, and gives the composition, conditions of permanence and non-permanence, adulterations, effects in combination with other colours and vehicles, and tests of purity, of a long list of colours. The work has been done with great care, and its usefulness is incontestable. The second is a reproduction by Mr. John Sutcliffe of the well-known "Polycletus" of Dr. Gottfried Schadow. It is issued as "The Sculptor and Students' Guide to the Proportions

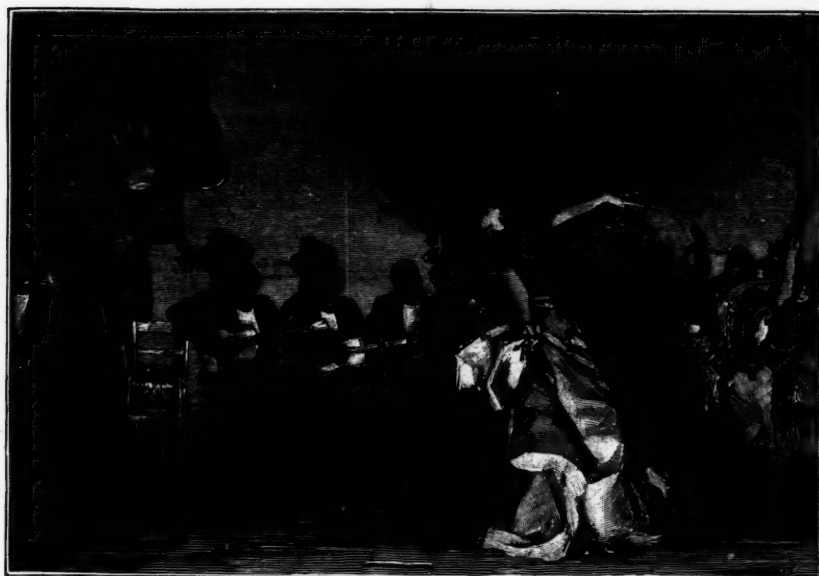
of the Human Form" (Chapman and Hall), under the authority of the Committee of Council on Education. The text has been ably translated by Mr. James J. Wright. A good reference book.

MR. ALFRED GOTCH's account of "The Buildings of Sir Thomas Tresham" (Taylor and Sons, Northampton; B. T. Batsford, London) is a curious and special work. It sets forth literally and artistically all that is known of the Northamptonshire buildings erected by the knight, the market house at Rothwell, the "three square" lodge at Rushton, and the "new" and "old" buildings at Lyveden, besides many particulars of the Tresham family and their home. The drawings are excellent, and of special interest to architects. They show what manner of men lived in Elizabeth's age, and what a beautiful architecture it produced.

THE seventh volume of *The Antiquarian* (Elliot Stock) is interesting and valuable in matter and attractive in appearance. We note, amongst its varied contents, an admirable series of papers on monumental brasses, by Mr. Sparvel Bayley; some curious "Ulster Superstitions," by Mrs. Damant; "Some Words on the Mace," by Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt; several papers on Coins and Coinage; and a pleasant note on "Ballad Lore." The illustrations are, as usual, good; and the records of current events, and the index—both very valuable features—maintain the high reputation of the periodical.

MR. ALFRED HARRIS has published as a pamphlet (W. H. Allen and Co.) his lecture on "Industry and Art," delivered last March at the Bradford Technical College. Mr. Harris has mastered his subject; and his facts, gathered on the one side in Paris, Zurich, Chemnitz, Stuttgart, Gmund, in fact in the manufacturing centres of Europe, and on the other from masters and men in England, are of immense and startling significance. It is not possible at present for us to deal with them at length; but they anticipate the report of the Royal Commission on Technical Education, and present the strongest and most urgent reasons for immediate Government action. The chief points of Mr. Harris's utterances are these: that in consequence of the rapid acquisition of the best machinery by foreigners already highly advanced in design, they have robbed us of our manufacturing supremacy, consequently the struggle must now be fought on other grounds than hitherto; that if we are to regain our supremacy we must cultivate our workmen in technics and art, in at least the same proportion as the foreigner has amassed mechanical aids; and that the South Kensington scheme has entirely failed so far as industrial requirements are concerned. A large share of blame is due to the manufacturers themselves; they have rather discouraged than helped the spread of industrial art knowledge; but the South Kensington system produces neither true designers nor real artists. The results, in fact, have been well put by a Frenchman, who said, "Your artists are not teachers, and your teachers are not artists." That is really the gist of the matter; and it is impossible to exaggerate its importance, for it is the chief cause of the long stagnation of English trade. This, of course, is the slightest possible sketch of Mr. Harris's pamphlet, which is full of fact, experience, and sound argument.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.



EL JALÉO.

(From the Picture by J. S. Sargent. Salon, 1882.)

AMERICA IN EUROPE.



FEW things are more interesting or more difficult to speak of than the development of a new school, either in art or in literature. That America is rapidly producing a new school of painting, with distinct and peculiar tendencies, and in some instances

with new and peculiar aims, we shall, with the help of such examples as we can refer to in this article, be able to prove. All who have studied the art exhibitions of the present year in London must have been struck by the work contributed by Americans; but before touching upon American pictures in London, it is advisable to consider the school at its head-quarters, which are to be found, not on the other side of the Atlantic, in Boston or New York, but on the other side of the Channel, in Paris. Thoughtless critics have often asserted that America cannot produce great artists, owing to the absence of anything like an æsthetic tradition;

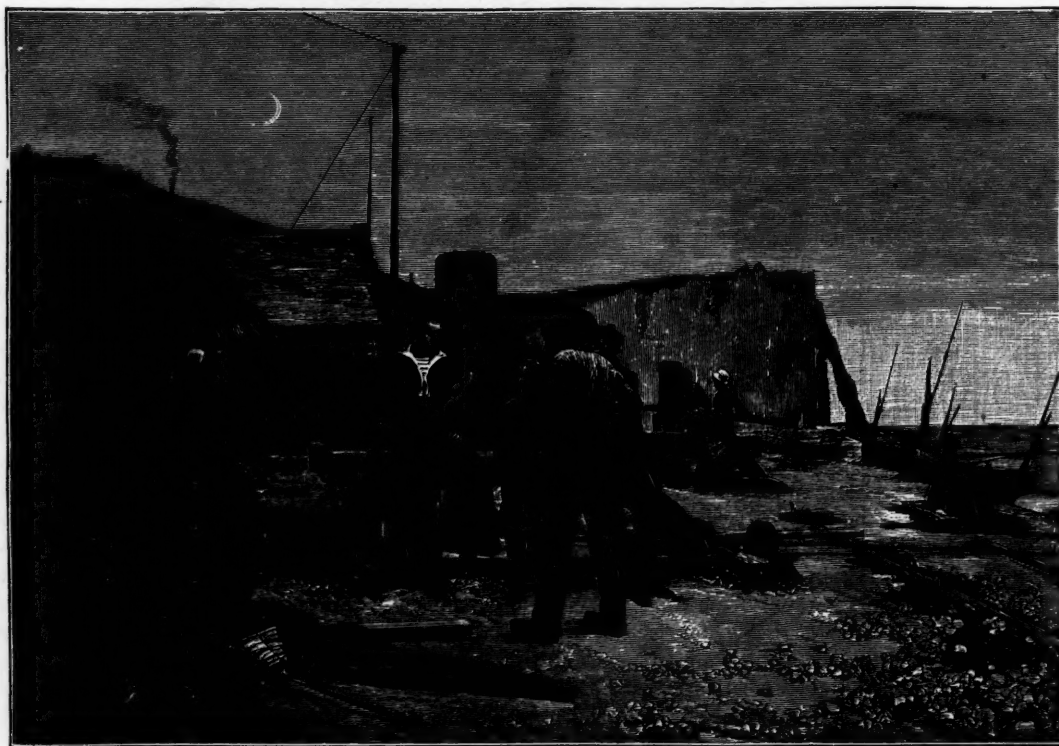
and at first sight the fact that so many artists from the younger country prefer studying in the Paris schools to remaining at home would seem to show that some such want has been felt. But, on the other hand, the Paris studios contain quite as many Englishmen as Americans; and in the matter of art, since time began, there never was any country so hampered and harassed by crippling conventionalities and senseless traditions as our own. In truth, this beggary of tradition is so far from having been a stumbling-block to the Americans, that it has proved their greatest blessing. To it they owe the inestimable advantage of being able to bring fresh and unprejudiced minds to bear upon the study of nature and of the Old Masters; and wherever they have decent opportunities of learning, their progress is astonishingly rapid. It is an old saying that one learns far more of an artist by a careful examination of his studies and sketches than from his finished work; and nothing, did space permit, would be more profitable than to consider in detail the studies of certain

Franco-Americans. As this, however, we cannot do, we must content ourselves with an examination, more or less cursory, of the general characteristics of their method and achievement.

The most prominent of these is the immense attention which they give to the study of what is called "value," in dealing with which they have undoubtedly attained to a very remarkable degree of mastery. As this term will recur in the course of the present notice, and as it has been hitherto very little employed in England, we shall try, before going further, to give it some sort of definition. It may be briefly stated that value bears the same relation to the illumination of a picture or drawing that tone bears to its scheme of colour. In the study of values the artist has to deal with objects placed at varying distances from the eye, and with their relative intensity of light and shade, quite independently of any fortuitous similarity or difference of tone or colour. For instance, an object some yards distant from the spectator may be of precisely the same colour and of the same tone, in relation to its immediate surroundings, as another one within easy reach of his foot or his fingers. It will, however, be wholly different in value: that is to say, its image will be impressed with far less vigour on the eye.

So that proficiency in the art of values—and it is almost an independent art—may be said to consist in the power of adequately rendering the impression of relative strength and weakness conveyed by the objects selected for representation. It is through the study of value alone that any true rendering of atmosphere can be compassed. This capacity is evidently a necessary of life in art—so plainly a necessary that it appears incredible that any artist should refrain from its acquisition. But, unfortunately, there are great groups of painters—notably in England—who ignore it altogether, and who seem to consider that the flatter their pictures can be made, and the more like wall-paper designs of the baser and more highly-coloured sort, the greater is their claim to consideration as artists. On the other hand, it is certainly true that a too exclusive study of values is fraught with peculiar perils. Wherever the values are true, a striking impression of nature will be given; and an artist who is not overburdened with conscience will sometimes rest content with the cheap success that may thus be won, to the entire neglect of accurate drawing and that beauty of line without which no work of art can be complete—or, perhaps, can even be said to exist at all.

From this failing the American school is any-

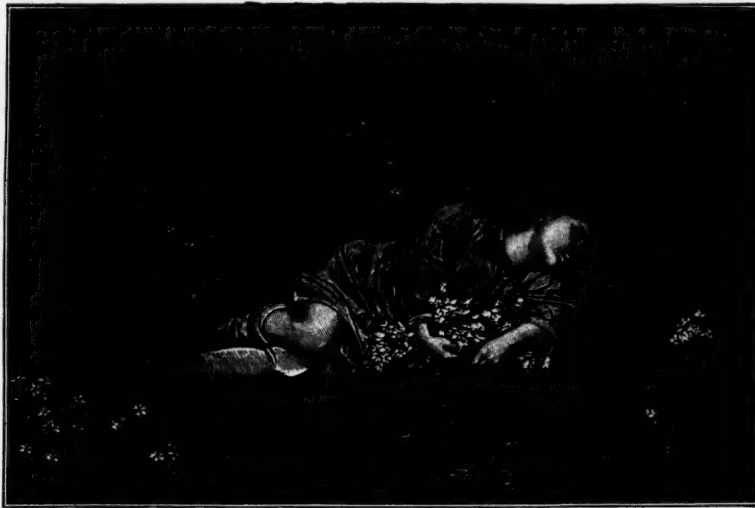


LE RÉCIT D'UN MARIN.

(From the Picture by H. Bacon. Salon, 1882.)

thing but free; and with a very flagrant instance of it we shall presently have to deal. In the meantime it is pleasant to be able to heighten the praise that we believe to be its due by drawing attention to a very beautiful example of the work of one of its most eminent masters. The original of our full-page illustration, Mr. Bridgman's "La Plantation du Colza," exhibited in this year's Salon, and afterwards on view in Bond Street, is a sterling work

suffered a little from a certain hardness of manner, acquired, perhaps, from his master, Gérôme. A very different, and by no means so satisfactory an example of American art, is the "Fleurs des Champs" of Mr. Daniel Strain, which we have pictured below. It shows a girl asleep on a grassy slope, still grasping the handful of blossoms she has been gathering in the fields. There is good work in the treatment of the grass and flowers, which are well



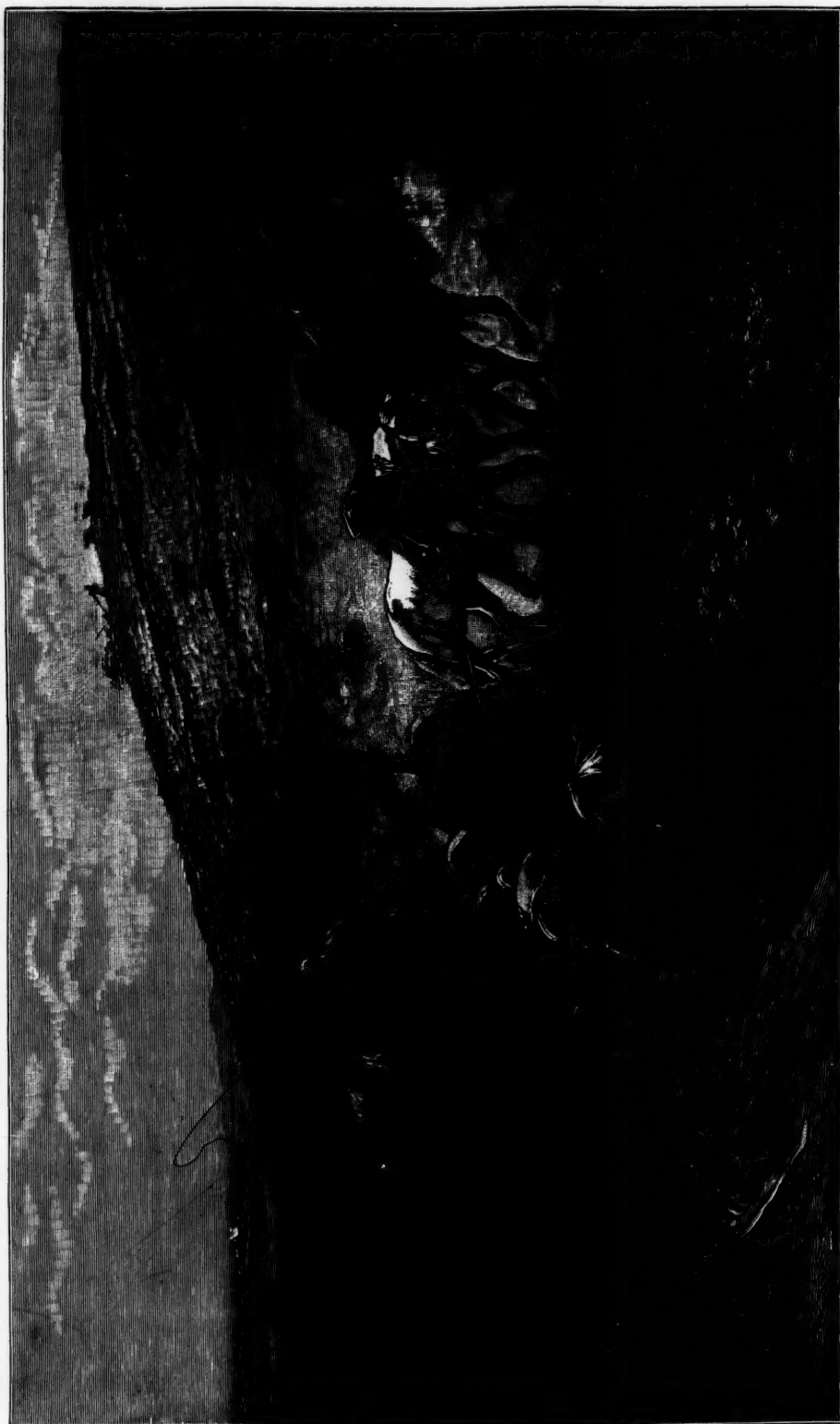
FLEURS DES CHAMPS.

(From the Picture by Daniel Strain. Salon, 1882.)

in all respects—uncompromising in treatment and delicate in sentiment. Mr. Bridgman pictures a misty morning, full of silvery light. In the background is a sweeping line of barren hillside, topped with a narrow slip of sky. In the immediate foreground two women stoop over a freshly-cut furrow, planting the grain. In rear of these—a noble mass, in which, however, there is no neglect of detail—is a plough with three horses; the ploughman turns to speak to a man behind, and his gesture, as he turns, is admirably presented. There is a delightful impression of life and movement in all the figures; the scheme of colour is full of freshness and charm; and the values and relations are excellently apprehended and portrayed. Moreover, the picture is distinctly original; both in conception and execution it is unlike the work of any living man, while at the same time it is free from anything approaching eccentricity. It is a new departure for the painter, and, as we think, a great advance upon his older work. Always an accomplished draughtsman, Mr. Bridgman has been hitherto a little timid and impersonal—has suggested, so to speak, an artist in search of his individuality. Many of his pictures, too, have

understood and broadly treated; but the figure, if rather graceful in arrangement, is very feebly drawn, especially about the knees. The subject is pretty, but with a prettiness not altogether acceptable. Before such pictures as the "Fleurs des Champs" it is difficult to avoid a suspicion that they have been painted for the Philistines. Of course there are Philistines and Philistines. Their name is legion, their home is everywhere, their preferences are varied and amazing. But their ideal artist is probably the eminent M. Bougereau, one of whose works has just been purchased for a New York drinking-bar: to be a kind of in-door signboard, an unfailing excuse for "cocktails" and "juleps."

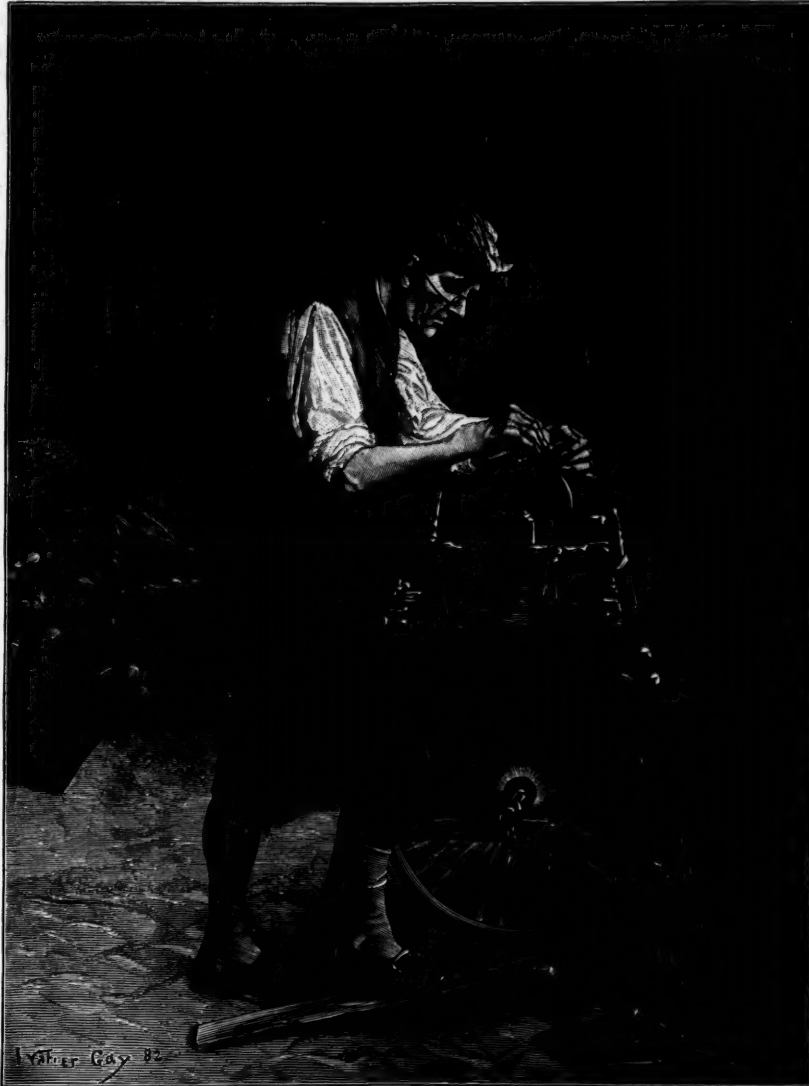
Far preferable to "Fleurs des Champs" is Mr. Julian Story's "Entombment"—the original of our last engraving—exhibited in this year's gathering at the Grosvenor Gallery. It unites some admirable qualities: good and harmonious composition, vigorous drawing, and a sober scheme of colour effectively carried out. Mr. Story—who is a son of the American sculptor, by the way—is not guilty of straining after sentimentality; he rather inclines to realism and drama, and



LA PLANTATION DU COLZA.
(From the Picture by F. A. Bridgman. Salon, 1882.)

leaves his picture to speak for itself in the language of modern art. The poise of the dead Christ is excellently rendered, and there is much to commend in the leaning figure of the Virgin. Exception may be taken to Mr. Story's negro (he is too ob-

defects of the school to which their author belongs. Up to the present Mr. Sargent has been brilliantly and deservedly successful. Such of our readers as have visited the Fine Art Society's Gallery in Bond Street have had the opportunity of seeing more than



LE REMOULEUR.

(From the Picture by Walter Gay. Salon, 1882.)

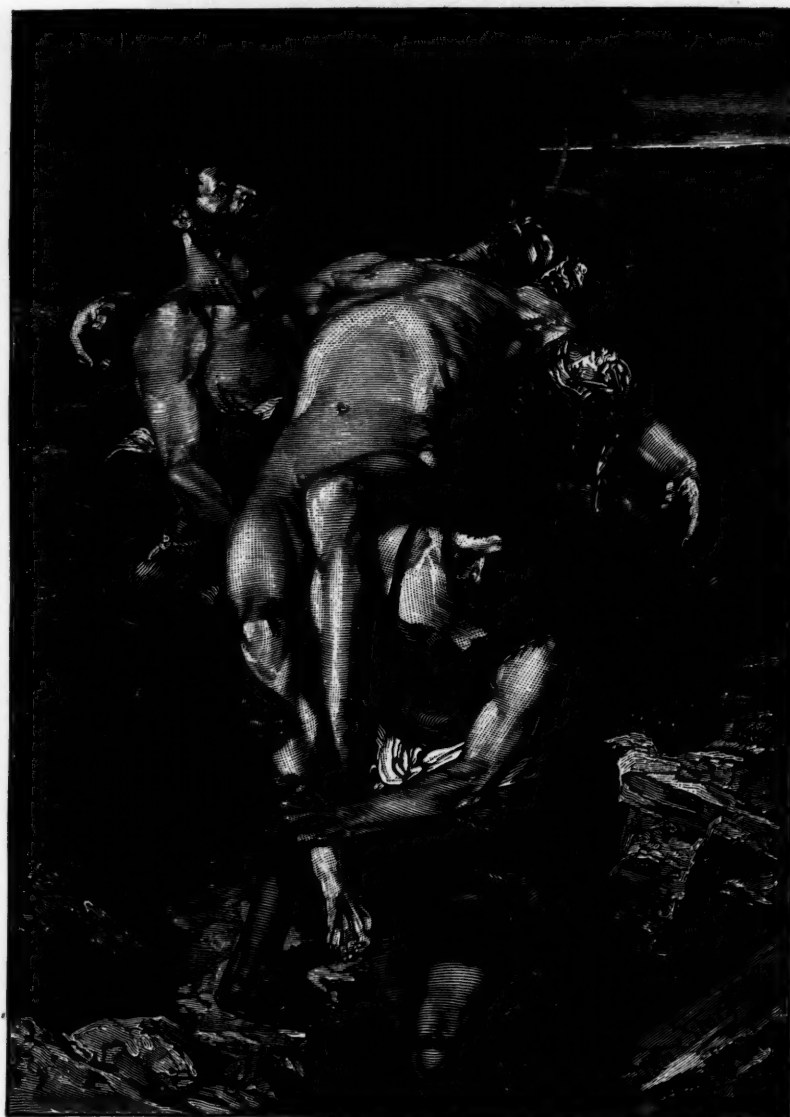
viously introduced for merely mechanical purposes of contrast), and to a certain immaturity of execution which is apparent in one or two places; but the aim and conduct of the work are so healthy and sincere that its faults may be passed over in silence. In striking contrast with the "Entombment" are the pictures of Mr. John S. Sargent. They illustrate some of the best qualities and some of the most glaring

one of his works—among others, a remarkable portrait of M. Carolus Duran, vigorous in execution, and showing much power of analysing and rendering character. Mr. Sargent's "Portrait of a Lady," another of this year's exhibits, is admirable likewise, and bears witness to the painter's innate faculty of arrangement—a faculty which seems common to most of the leading men of the school. Infinitely

less praiseworthy than either of these works is the picture reproduced at the head of this article—the notorious “El Jaléo,” which took a certain portion of the public by storm at the last Salon. It is preposterously clever—far too clever, in fact, for a decent work of art. It is of great size, and not an inch of it but is touched with trickiness and *chic*. At the first glance, no doubt, a general impression of the subject is conveyed. The spectator is dazzled by a general glare of light, and bewildered by a whirl of tumbled drapery, so that he has no time to consider what may be the function of those uncouth blacknesses behind. Only after some moments of

anxious examination does it dawn upon him that these strange excrescences purport to be human beings playing the guitar. It is, of course, true that something of this kind would happen in nature; but still, when our eyes have become accustomed to the flare and glare of a gas-lit room, and we are finally enabled to distinguish the figures at some distance from us, we generally find that their outlines and relative proportions are such as we should have expected. But Mr. Sargent's black dummies are a perfect revelation; they are unlike anything hitherto discovered on the habitable globe. Nor is the figure of his dancing Gipsy easy to make

out. Her arms are attached to her by strings, and she appears to have only one leg. An impression of rapid movement which is obtained at such a sacrifice as this may fairly be said to be hardly worth the price. There would be nothing to bestow but praise upon the effect of light which Mr. Sargent has produced in “El Jaléo,” but for the fact that he has heightened it by having resource to the commonplace trick of placing a strip of burnished gold on the lower part of the frame immediately against the picture. Throughout the work drawing is immolated to value; but, on the other hand, Mr. Sargent's values are thoroughly studied, and his atmospheric effect is well-nigh irreproachable. He has chosen a most difficult subject to deal with, and he has brought to bear upon it such a dexterity of handling and such a knowledge of coarse effect as few painters have at their command; but this is all. “El Jaléo” is an astonishing piece of clever, slap-dash, reckless clap-trap, and is no more like a work of art than



THE ENTOMBMENT.

(From the Picture by Julian Story. Grosvenor Gallery, 1882.)

a second-rate "bravura" song is like music. It has been compared to the work of Goya; but in Goya's slightest sketches there is an energy and a mental power which may be sought in vain in "El Jaléo."

And here, in considering Mr. Sargent's peculiar talent and accomplishments, and judging him by his best pictures and his worst, we come upon the master vice of the Franco-American school—the want of a firm and abiding foundation to build upon. There is no real depth to be found in the art which it produces. Its ambition is too often cheap, its achievement too often merely popular. It exhibits no trace of that patient waiting for Nature to reveal herself, that passionate desire to stand face to face with her deeply-hidden secrets, which has characterised the great art of every age, from the earliest times down to the glorious epoch of Millet, Rousseau, and Corot. These names will suffice to make the Nineteenth Century great in the annals of art, when all the manifestations of technical skill on which the men of our time are wasting their souls and their energies alike are swept away and forgotten.

A great artist once said that execution was the chariot of genius. In the American chariot we have not as yet seen any genius; still, the presiding spirit that directs its motions has a peculiar charm. This charm is not, perhaps, abiding; but for a while submission to its influence is by no means unpleasant. It is that of a delicately sensitive spirit, tinctured with melancholy, and easily contenting itself with the outward show of things, as long as they are not too definite and striking, and admit of a certain dreamy vagueness of treatment. There are many landscape painters in America who excel in conveying some such feeling as that we have indicated. Mr. Whistler at his best is one of its most admirable exponents. Of course, this is only one side of American art. There are plenty of American artists who deal in realism more or less pure and simple. Of these, a good example is Mr. Walter Gay, whose picture of "Le Remouleur" is well worth talking about—as a reference to our fifth engraving will show. It is an excellent representation of an old knife-grinder plying his trade in a French street. The gesture of the body is admirable, the action of the hands is specially well studied, and the intent expression of the old man's head as he bends over the blade on his wheel could not be better. Owing to the just and well-considered balance of the figure, and the thorough truthfulness

of the light and shade—a consequence of that attention to "value" of which we have been talking—the picture is full of life and movement, and an impression of sunlight and the open air.

It may be interesting to note that some of the other American pictures exhibited this year in Paris display considerable power. Foremost among these was a portrait of an old man (Mr. Peter Cooper) by Mr. W. M. Chase, very thorough in execution and uncompromising in treatment. Mr. Mowbray, one of the most promising artists in the American colony, sent "Le Récit" and "Les Aquafortistes," two little gems of *genre* painting—minute in detail, and yet broad in touch. "Plein de saveur également" (as a French contemporary has observed) "le talent de M. Frank Myers Boggs." Mr. Birge Harrison's "Novembre" was one of the best landscapes exhibited; it represents the interior of a wood in winter, under a cold grey light, and displays a true feeling for nature. Of peculiar merit likewise were Mr. W. J. Harrison's "Châteaux en Espagne;" Mr. Ridgway Knight's "Un Deuil;" and Mr. Bacon's vigorous and successful study of character and scenery on the French coast—"Le Récit d'un Marin"—which we have engraved. The list is by no means exhausted, but our space is limited. We shall content ourselves with remarking that although we have hitherto had no great art from the American school, the capacity for producing it assuredly exists, and that the results already achieved are but an earnest of still greater success in the future. In America there is a highly-cultured and keenly appreciative public, interested only in good art, and in nowise to be confounded with the picture-buying, money-spending ignoramusés with whom we are mostly familiar in Europe. It was—to the shame of Europe be it spoken—among this public that the great masters of French landscape first won recognition. It is at this moment true that the glories of Jean-François Millet's art are more highly appreciated, and more intelligently and reverently studied, on the other side of the Atlantic than they are among us at home. These facts are significant. Mere dexterity will presently have had its day; the mimics of Bastien Lepage, and Bonnat, and Carolus Duran will subside to their proper level. With a good technical tradition and an intelligent public, American artists should be capable of much. We need only wish them a little more sincerity and a little less artifice.



BYWAYS OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

TWO JAPANESE ROMANCES.*



THE SAMURAI'S FAMILY.

HERE are two illustrated Japanese romances, one, "Chiushingura, or the Loyal League," translated into English by Mr. Dickens; the other, "Les Fidèles Rôlins," rendered into French by M. Gausseron from the American edition of Messrs. Greey and Schiouichiro Saito. Each is an imaginative version of the story of the "Forty-seven Rôlins," the gem of Mr. Mitford's collection. No one who has read it once will be likely to forget that drama of clan fidelity; but it may be as well, in the interest of those who have not, to recapitulate the leading features. In 1701 the chief of a clan, insulted by his superior, fell upon him with his sword in the precincts of the palace, and was condemned in consequence to self-destruction. By the same edict the lands and castle were forfeited to Government, and the clan dispersed. Now Kuranosuke, the Karô, or chief vassal of the clan, was a man of excellent conduct and courage

—a man "worth millions." He gathered the clansmen together, as if to defend the castle; for that, it seems dimly to appear, would have been one way of doing honour to the *manes* of their chief. But this was not his genuine purpose. Explaining to the clan the vanity of any such defence, he laid before them a document binding the signatories to self-destruction, and to this sixty-three were prevailed upon to set their hands. Kuranosuke had now separated the wheat from the chaff; to the sixty-three he explained his true intention. The document was a blind; they were not to slay themselves, but to execute vengeance on their dead chieftain's enemy. To this desperate engagement forty-seven proved faithful. For something more than a year they watched the movements of their adversary, themselves hunted by spies, apart from their homes and families, feigning recklessness and degradation, and contemned by all for the apparent tameness with which they had accepted the ruin and dishonour of their clan. At length, when all suspicion had been lulled to sleep, they carried the mansion of their powerful

* (1) "Chiushingura, or the Loyal League." Translated by Frederick V. Dickens. (London: W. H. Allen and Co.) 1881.

(2) "Les Fidèles Rôlins." Traduit par M. J. Gausseron. (Paris: A. Quantin.) 1882.

enemy by night, put him to the sword in the midst of his guards, and quietly resigned themselves into the hands of justice. Then they could say, in the words of one of the romances now before us, "we deserted our wives, we abandoned our children, we left our aged folk uncared for, all to obtain this head." The authorities condemned them as criminals to the pain of self-destruction; but the people of Japan, both high and low, greeted their achievement with an outburst of applause; their memories are cherished to this day, their story is become a theme for the novelist, and the grave of Kuranosuke was honoured, only thirteen years ago, with the most distinguished mark of Imperial approval.

There is no form of conceit more common or more silly than to look down on barbarous codes of morals. Barbarous virtues, the chivalrous point of honour, the fidelity of the wild highlander or the two-sworded Japanese, are of a generous example. We may question the utility of what is done; the whole-hearted sincerity of the actors shuts our mouth. Nor can that idea be merely dishonourable for which men relinquish the comforts and consideration of society, the love of wife and child and parent, the light of the sun, and the protection of the laws. The seductions of life are strong in every age and station; we make idols of our affections, idols of our customary virtues; we are content to avoid the

inconvenient wrong and to forego the inconvenient right with almost equal self-approval, until at last we make a home for our conscience among the negative virtues and the cowardly vices. A story like this of the Rônins shakes about our ears the ramparts of our crockery Jericho. We cry out for a while on the insufficiency of the men's motive or the barbarity of their act. But our hearts soon begin to misgive us, and we recognise at last that for no purpose under heaven, however excellently just, could we collect forty-seven of our relatives or neighbours to be thus contemptuous of the terrors of death and of public opinion.

The historical incident, it will be seen, involves important moral issues. Nothing can be more instructive than to observe the play of native imagination about a theme of such a character; and in both of the volumes under review we find the same quality of moral vigour. It is from the moral rather than the romantic side—it is not as a feat of arms, not as a story of the sword, but of pathetic duty—that the action has been strengthened. It is as a case of competition of duties, and the continued triumph of the superior duty, the duty to the clan, that the tale has been throughout considered by the writers. Our duties here in England weaken as they get further from the hearth, until patriotism is but a fitful and tepid consideration, and honesty to



THE CLAN MUSTERING AT THE CASTLE.

the State a stretch of Quixotry. To these Japanese, on the other hand, the clan came far before the family; and both of our authors have fixed upon that doctrine with singular zest, and lavished a considerable wealth of fancy in varying the conditions in which it is displayed. To one character after another clan virtues are made to clash with filial duty, with married love, with the becoming prudences of social life; and one after another makes the nobler choice and goes forth to die. From the point of view of literary art this is an error of design. The main outline of the story already strikes the note with epic brevity and force. A true artist might have been content, in addition, to elaborate the figure of Kuranosuke—a loyal Lorenzaccio—lulling his enemy's suspicions by a life of heartless dissipation, divorcing his beloved wife, pointed at with fingers as he went reeling homeward from the tea-house, and conscious through all his loathed carousals of the sad purity of his heart and the tragic death that followed at his heels. But our two authors go on to show us, in the history of one Rônin after another, the same wrenching of the family affections, the same incredible nobility of mind in man and woman, Samurai and commoner. The mother of Communal kills herself that her son may pursue his duty with the lighter heart. The servants of Kuranosuke are with difficulty restrained from suicide. Honzo manoeuvres to be killed. Gihei is eager to sacrifice his infant son. The Karô of the villain dies as gladly for his master as the Karô of the beloved chieftain. Something in this iteration sets the teeth on edge. We grow weary of the triumph of clan duty as we grow weary of the triumph of the point of honour in Corneille's "Cid." There is even something in this continual return of the motive, this moral "air and variations," which faintly reminds us of the elaborate method of such a book as "*Quatre-Vingt-Treize*;" and the manner of Dumas had been more suitable in such a case than the manner of Hugo. Indeed, I have a thought of regret that this excellent fable never fell into the hands of the author of the "*Mousquetaires*." He could have given it the fire and action which it somewhat lacks; he would have put some devilry into the fighting; and his spirited, boyish, but really adequate presentation of character was excellently suited to so chivalrous a tale.

And yet these innumerable episodes are, in themselves, touching and pleasant. The good women, the simple homes illuminated by respectful love, the honest pieties which tempt the Rônins from the dark path of duty, are dwelt upon and made amiable in our eyes. The whole web of the men's lives is kind, courteous, and elegant. They make verses with their wives; they make verses as they sight the

sunny peak of Fuji on their way to death. The flowers of the wild cherry are dear to them. When Kuranosuke allows one of the vassals to visit his family on the way to the catastrophe at Yeddo—an indulgence which he rigidly refuses to himself—"The perfume of the flowering plum-tree passes swiftly," says he. "Profit as best you may by these delightful moments." The vassal goes; after a day and a half he reaches the miserable house to which his family has been reduced by the ruin of the clan and his own adherence to duty; at the door his wife is washing clothes, their baby on her back; and even as she washes she prattles to the child about her absent husband and his desired return. Truly a moment to wring the heart of a man who was looking at these things for the last time. And yet when he discloses his presence it seems she scarcely interrupts her task. "Oh, honourable husband!" she says, "how glad I am to see you! Mother has been very anxious on your account. Honourable mother, where are you? my husband has come home." The simplicity, the absence of exaggeration, the thought of her mother-in-law leaping out among the first—how amiable a family picture!

The first of our illustrations represents another of these family scenes. The husband has been long ill, threatened with blindness; the wife, the servant, and two children have made a long and painful journey to attend upon his wants; they find him in a crazy house, full of tatters and patches; and there you behold the family united. The servant nurses the baby, the wife sits respectfully before her lord, the elder child is speaking: "Dear papa, do your eyes hurt you? I am so glad I came; now you will have somebody to rub your back! You know that's good for invalids." Perhaps the last idea is a reminiscence of his own; for both the children have been down with small-pox on the journey, and are but just recovered. Here again, and in all these scenes, there is the same absence of caresses, so strange to the Western mind, the same affection understood and passed over in silence or with but a word. This wife, for instance, has undertaken a long journey to comfort her husband; she knows besides the certain death that awaits him ere long; yet on her arrival she first inquires after his health, and then, having elaborately saluted him on her knees, "My honourable husband," she says, "it is now many, many months since I have seen you. All the while I have sighed after the time when I should see your face again." This distance, this subjection of all relations to etiquette, is still more drolly illustrated when Rikiya comes with a message and is received by Konami, his betrothed. The one blushes like the plum-tree, the other like the wild cherry; and the

girl, forgetful of her manners, draws near to her beloved. "Rikiya drew back with an offended air" it seems. "Hold!" he cried, "this is scarcely civil. All the world knows that when a message is to be received the forms of politeness ought to be rigidly observed." Well, every country has its custom. There were plenty of true marriages conducted from the altar to the grave according to these nice conventions. Our Rônins were accustomed to see their wives kneel before them and stoop their foreheads to the mat; but their hearts bled when they had to part with them. It was pity and love for his young wife that kept back one of the number on the night of the attack, until he had actually to be sent after and led away. And there could be no prettier marriage relation than that of the old Samurai who was a poet and had a poetess to wife. His last letter, written on the eve of battle, is a gem. "Although our separation is the result of a resolution of so old a standing, we both of us feel cruelly its sadness. During the day, you write, your affairs prevent you from dwelling on the thought of our misfortune, but when the night comes you think of me and cannot sleep. My poor dear wife, I feel even as you feel. . . . You tell me that you were pleased with my verses on the defile of Osaka.

I have a great admiration for those you sent me in your letters; and I hope, whenever you have a moment, you will write and send me more." And so he goes on advising her about her health, talking of old bereavements, and touching once on business; and ends by sending her a salted goose to make a soup of.

In the same letter, among other matters, there is a sketch of how the conspirators lived when they were all gathered together, waiting for their spring. The younger ones kept house, and served at table; they had sometimes leave of absence for the theatre. All were full of courage and even mirth; they had all nicknames; and the old poet, among others, was familiarly called "the doctor." Happy and simple ways: mirth, innocent pleasures, and innocent freedoms, prolonged up to the very margin of their voluntary grave.

Both in matter and in illustrations the French version is the more interesting; unfortunately, it is a translation of a translation, and is disfigured by the fatuous error of translating proper names. Messieurs Lebleu and Duval are not at all happily introduced to English readers under the style of Mr. The-Blue and Mr. Of-the-Vale; nor can a book be anything but arduous reading where the characters masquerade with such titles as Fortuné-Six, Ré-



PREMIER-COMPAGNON TELLING THE NEWS.

colte-Précoce, or Lac-Wisteria. Even the translator seems to have lost his head, for the Chevalier Petit-Bosquet loses his own name at an early page, and meets his death under the alias of Bosquet-Droit.

and behind and around all these, the well-known features of the scenery of Japan: the square sails of vessels putting out to sea, the black pines, the mountain summits, the congregated roofs of towns.



HAIE-BOUGE GIVING THE PENNON OF HIS LANCE.

Mr. Dickens's version of the other romance has a more outlandish smack, more of the trick, colour, and imagery of an alien language, society, and literature. His original, besides, is more fiery—fuller of fighting and brave words; but it is at the same time decidedly inferior; and "Chiushingura" is perhaps more curious than interesting. But it is interesting too: both are interesting—first for their intrinsic merit, and secondly as a piece of foreign travel among strange scenes, manners, and virtues. Both in the text and the illustrations a hundred little touches transport us into the houses, beside the busy shores, and on the mountain passes of Japan:—messengers shaken all day and night in flying litters; the hunter, caught by rain, begging a light for his matchlock from the traveller who passes with a paper lantern; the rowdy coolies at the river ferry; the young man, on his way to die, hopefully saluting the hill Fuji on the day of his majority; the Samurai at home, with the pipe, the kettle, the glasses, and the two swords laid by upon the bamboo sword-rack;

For both volumes all the illustrations have been designed and cut by natives, but in neither do they represent the highest order of Japanese work. The consummate generalisation, the singular clarity and elegance of design, are not here so conspicuous as in many of those enchanting picture-books that find their way to us from over seas, and are a joy for ever. The effect is sometimes a little scattered, the details too much insisted on. But the cuts in M. Quantin's book, four of which we reproduce, are still of striking excellence: vigorously drawn, and composed with that happy knack peculiar to the nation; in which every incident of the subject and the very title of the picture are put together like the elements of a pattern; and both in the use of the line and the opposition of the flat black and the full white, some of the charm of arabesque is added to the significance of representative art. One of our examples has been already described. The second, which represents the clan mustering at the castle,

tells its own story with too much spirit to require a commentary. But the third and fourth are in a different case. One of the Rônins of Ako was a certain Haie-Rouge (I am now quoting the French book with its distracting nomenclature), a very drunken dog, a disgrace to his family, and a sore concern to his brother, the Chevalier Tourbière, who was a severe, respectable Samurai. Haie-Rouge has been seen at his brother's house, drunk as usual, the day before, and has been refused admittance. Early in the morning a great clamour in the city wakens the Chevalier Tourbière, who comes to his door, as in our third picture, and learns from his eager servant, Premier-Compagnon, that the deed has been done, that the clan of Ako has wiped out their chieftain's shame, and that they are now retreating from the ruined mansion of their enemy amid the acclamations of the mob. Instantly the question arises: Has poor Haie-Rouge wiped out the errors of his life by a share in this heroic deed, or has he been lying somewhere drunk while his companions trod the path of duty? Premier-Compagnon is despatched to spy out the fact; he must not ask; to ask, and to be answered in the negative, were an intolerable shame. Everywhere the mob is up, pushing for a glimpse of the heroes, and Premier-Compagnon has much ado, tramping in the snow, to get a sight of them. At length he gets into the front rank of the crowd, and beholds them, in three companies, leaving the mansion of the Prince of Sendai, where they have been entertained. The first company passes; no Haie-Rouge. The second company passes; it is led by Kuranosuke, and almost all the men are wounded,

some even carried in litters; and still no Haie-Rouge. Poor Premier-Compagnon, who is a loyal servant, and holds his master's glory for his own, begins to grow sick at heart; when lo! here comes the third company, and, marching at the head, acknowledged leader, Haie-Rouge in his battle-armour. The servant falls on his knees in the snow; the transformed drunkard pauses, speaks to him, sends messages to his family, and gives the pennon of his lance by way of relic. And then, as his companions are already some distance before him, he overtakes them by running, and disappears for ever from men's eyesight. "Look at him! look at him!" cries the servant to his neighbours in the crowd. "Honourable gentlemen, that is the Chevalier Haie-Rouge, the brother of my honourable master. He only belongs by adoption to the clan of Ako, and behold him to-day among the avengers!" And so he wanders on, until his hero is long out of sight, and the bystanders tell him he has gone "mad with joy;" thence he speeds home, where the drunkard's hat and half-emptied saki-bottle are religiously laid aside in honour of his memory. Happy drunkard, who has thus realised the last and dearest of human illusions, and at one blow gloriously wiped out the stains and



KURANOSUKE ORDERING KUDAIU TO DEATH.

dishonours of a life! The two pictures seem to me both excellent: Premier-Compagnon quite a creation in a rough way, and his grinning excitement in the first scene admirably distinguished from his half-hysterical glee in the second. I need not call the attention of the reader to the composition of the fourth plate, it speaks for itself sufficiently; but I hope he will not fail to observe the droll white dog in number three.

From Mr. Dickens's translation we reproduce, by the publishers' permission, no complete picture, but two groups, the fifth and sixth of our illustrations. They are much worse designed and executed than those we have already studied, but they have a certain interest of their own. In the fifth, Kuranosuke, after having long deceived a treacherous clansman, Kudain, has at last broken forth on him with blows and curses. "This very night," he has said, "the very eve of our lord's death-day—ah! what evil things have I been forced to say about him with my lips; but at least in my heart I heaped reverence

upon reverence for his memory—this very night was it thou chosest to offer me flesh. I said nor yea nor nay, as I took it; but, oh! with what shame, with what anguish did I, whose family for three generations have served the house of Hanguwan, find myself forced to let food pass my lips on the eve of my lord's death-day! I was beside myself with rage and grief, every limb in my body trembled, and my forty-four bones quaked as though they would shiver in pieces." And then, having unpacked his heart with words, he orders the traitor out to die. The cut does not agree in details with the text; it has little merit, and that little seems to have evaporated from our reproduction; but even there an effort after the heroic may be

observed in Kuranosuke's attitude as he stands, leaning on his sword, above the rest. In our sixth picture the final onslaught is shown with a certain grim intensity which can scarcely be paralleled in either of the volumes under study. Justice is rarely done either to passion or action. The assault, in the French book, is a piece of jumbled folly, and the conflict with the coolies almost undistinguishable. As for the midnight murder, in the English book, it is melodramatic if you please, but sadly laughable.

That violent action should be thus inefficiently treated is, of course, exceptional in the vigorous and fantastic art of Japan; but that emotion, so much dwelt upon by the writer, should be thus slurred by the draughtsman, seems not only a characteristic, but probably a commendable feature. The eye of the Japanese is as quick to single out, as his hand is dexterous to reproduce, the truly pictorial features of a landscape or an incident. But with these features he appears to rest content. The mass of incidental informa-



THE VENGEANCE.

tion which goes to the making of a modern European landscape—the difference of planes, the intricacy of outline, the patient effort after a combination of local and general colour—contrasts strikingly indeed with the few, learned touches by which a Japanese will represent a mountain or a city. The Oriental addresses himself singly to the eye, seeking at the same time the maximum of effect and the minimum of detail. It may be an open question whether we should attribute the purely pictorial and unemotional character of the bulk of these illustrations to the same artistic singleness of purpose or to a mere defect of skill. Whatever is the cause, I should say the lesson to be learnt is the same, and it is

one which the art of Japan is particularly fitted to enforce. Pictorial art in the west is still following false gods, literary gods; it strains after passion, which is beyond its purpose and beyond its capacity to communicate; it too often addresses itself to

other faculties besides the eye, or, if to the eye, then without simplicity of means; and, in common with all our arts, it labours under the desire of the artist to represent, before all things, his own ability and knowledge.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SCULPTURE IN PICTLAND.

THE early sculptured stones which exist in large numbers in various parts of these islands deserve much more general attention than they have ever received. They possess an interest of a high order for the archæologist and the historical antiquarian, affording illustrations and comparisons and suggestions of great importance, and raising questions by no means easy of solution. The decoration is often so beautiful that the artistic sense is charmed no less than the antiquarian. The resemblances in ornamentation oblige the observer to wonder whether races develop like ornaments at like stages of existence, though separated by half a world and by ages of years. The geographical distribution is one among many points of interest. No Scottish stone north of the Tay and Clyde can long be mistaken for a Northumbrian. A cultivated sense will tell whether an English stone belongs to Mercia—that is, the Midlands—or not, and will generally be able to distinguish a Yorkshire stone from a Bernician. No stone of any of these families can be mistaken for an Irish or Welsh or Manx stone. But—and the fact is most startling—it would not be easy to tell, of whole groups of decoration, whether they belong to the Pictish monuments or to the golden plates discovered by Schliemann at Mycenæ.

The sculptured stones of the east of Scotland north of the Tay are a class to themselves, and differ from any stones found in any other part of the world. Many of them are easily visited from Perth. As a stranger walks down the village street of Meigle, and past the kirkyard, his steps are arrested by a very remarkable sight. Standing boldly up on the high ground of the kirkyard is a great flat stone 8 feet high and nearly 4 feet broad (Fig. 1), covered with figures in relief. The main feature of this side of the stone is a blurred human figure in a tunic, the pleats of which are still clearly marked, apparently torn at by four lions, whose outlines are singularly bold and free. At the top are five figures on horseback, two of the horses in the attitude of trotting being represented with extraordinary vividness. With these are hounds of the greyhound type; and at the foot is a contest between a monster and an animal, in which

an armed man is about to intervene. There is a Centaur bearing branches, which—with stones, and other unwrought weapons—were assigned in classic art to his race, to distinguish them from human beings. The branches here are unusually realistic; and it may be remarked that on a stone at Glamis a female Centaur carries weapons very like human hatchets. On the reverse of the stone (Fig. 2) is a beautiful "wheel" cross, the only one known of this shape, studded with bosses which recall the description of the "wondrous tree" in Cædmon's "Dream of the Cross." On the broad shaft of the cross are intertwining animals of the lacertine and cameleopard types, telling almost certainly of a connection with the early Celtic art of Hibernia. On either side the shaft are nondescripts. Tenons project from the sides of the stone—an arrangement not found elsewhere. I shall add in this place that the Meigle and other monuments are admirably pictured in Dr. Stuart's "Sculptured Stones of Scotland"—published for the Spalding Club—from which our illustrations have been adapted.

From early times this stone has been called

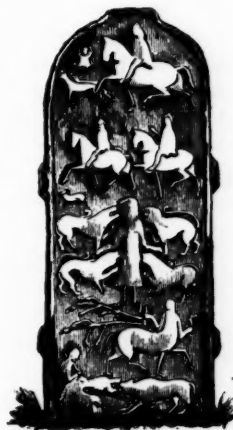


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

VANNORA'S STONE AT MEIGLE.

Vannora's stone, from the tradition that after Arthur's death Guinevere was imprisoned at Meigle, and eventually torn in pieces by wild beasts.

Arthur's cousin Modred succeeded to the kingdom of the Picts, and Meigle was no doubt the royal residence of one division of Pictland. The centre



Fig. 2.

Fig. 4.

STONE FOUND NEAR MEIGLE KIRK.

of gravity of Arthur's struggles should be placed much further north than antiquaries in the south-west are inclined to allow; the Welsh bards even gave him a castle at Dumbarton. Taliesin was the court poet of Reged, and lived in Cumberland and Annandale. Thus the connection between Guinevere and Meigle is not so absurd as at first sight it seems, and British bards are not so poor an authority for matters in "Scotland" as the designation "Welsh" might imply. If we reject the local tradition that this is Guinevere being "riven to dethe for nae gude that she did," we must take our choice between Artemis with her lions (the usual two being reduplicated), and Daniel in the lions' den. Mr. Anderson, in his charming "Rhind Lectures in Archaeology for 1880," chooses the latter, showing similar representations in the catacombs (two lions), at Amiens (four), and at Lincoln (five). The classical Centaur rather points to Artemis; and it may at least be suggested that the early Daniels are adapted Dians.



Fig. 1.

FROM A STONE AT
LLANDEVAELOG-
PACH, BRECON.

On the other side of the kirk-yard path is another beautiful stone, which we do not figure. It is about 5 feet by 3, and bears on one side a very good example of the Celtic cross, like that which we shall see at Aberlemno. On the reverse it has several men on horseback, a mirror and comb, a huge eel or serpent on a Z-shaped rod, a camel admirably sculptured in the act of kneeling, and several other devices. Among them is a salmon 28½ inches long, designed

by some one who knew what a female fish of that size in good condition looked like, but who in his desire to show the pectoral fin in outline has brought it too low down. There is also—and this is not found elsewhere in a similar position and alone—a complete triquetra, or triangular knot, differing from the ordinary type in having the angles rounded.

The very beautiful stone shown in Figs. 3 and 4 was dug out of the foundations of an old kiln which stood near Meigle kirk. It is 5 feet high and nearly 3 broad. The cross is remarkably graceful, and the ornamentation of the central circle—which the engraver has given up in despair—is very well designed and executed. The interlacing work on the arms and head (see also Fig. 13) is the one feature which is common to the sculptured stones of all the families we have mentioned, but no trace of it is found at Mycenæ. It is well known to students of Irish and Anglo-Saxon manuscripts.



Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

STONE AT ABERLEMNO.

To follow the endless intertwinings is puzzling enough even when a pointer is used; to do so with the unaided eye is impossible. The patience and skill shown in a single page of the "Book of Kells" or the "Lindisfarne Gospels" are simply beyond conception; and it is almost as difficult to conceive how the stone-cutter can have wrought in bold relief all his elaborate patterns, with the never failing alternation of under and over. Any one interested in the matter may follow the interlacing through many hundreds of crossings and never find the alternation fail. Towards the bottom of Fig. 3 the interlacing band is a triple one, and this was much easier to cut, as a broad interlacing belt was first produced, and then two grooves along each section divided it into three ribands. We are indebted for a knowledge of this to the blunder of

an early Celtic cross-cutter at Llandevaelog-fach, near Brecon. The early workmen in Wales did very rough work as compared with the great Pictish masters. This particular workman was cutting a

come from Scythia by the south of the Caspian, they may have had an earlier tradition still of the shapeless elephant—so early that the figure had already in their time become purely a symbol.

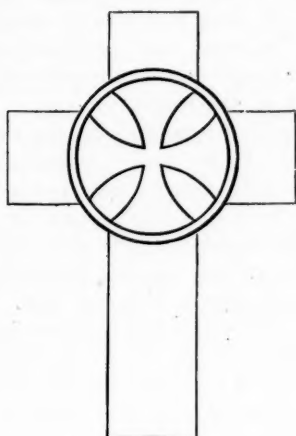


Fig. 8.

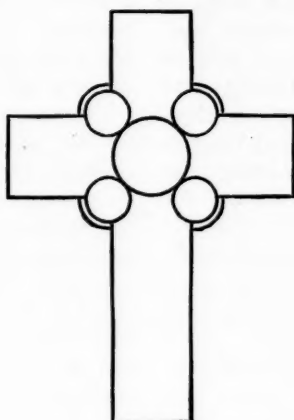


Fig. 9.

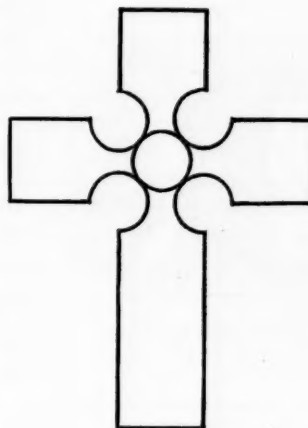


Fig. 10.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CELTIC CROSS.

figure of eight with a circle round the intersection, and having cut off the broad band prematurely near the point where it ought to have turned to pass under the circle, he left the band undivided—a unique piece of naturalness (Fig. 5).

The large figure on horseback on the reverse of the stone—somewhat spoiled in effect by the saddle-cloth—is a valuable example of the dress and weapons of the early period to which certain symbols assign this stone. These symbols are the “elephant” and the “crescent.” With many varieties of detail a strange figure like this so-called elephant recurs constantly on the Pictish stones, the features of a trunk, shapeless fore-feet, and long tusk-like jaws being always present: excepting the last of these features in Fig. 20. The Picts got their name, not from staining their whole bodies with colour, but from being tattooed with various forms. The Pictish chronicle opens with the statement that they derive their name from the pictures on their bodies, produced by inks rubbed into punctures made with iron needles. Nothing is more likely than that some vague tradition of Cæsar’s elephants survived among them, kept alive by many generations of rude tattooing, and that this and other symbols are nothing but tattoo marks transferred to memorial stones. Or, since the Picts are said to have

At Meigle there are sculptured stones enough to form a museum of considerable size; and the old school-room has been fitted up to receive the collection. Three or four miles from Meigle is Eassie station, close to which is a very fine stone with a beautifully designed cross occupying its whole length, of a character resembling that at Aberlemno (Fig. 6), and with men on foot in tunics and long capes (Fig. 14), a tall man in a short cape (Fig. 15), a stag, some well-drawn cattle, winged human figures, and two of the best known “symbols.” The next station is Glamis, and here are two famous stones. A mile further along the railway is another, St. Orland’s Stone at Cossens, scarcely equalled anywhere in the beauty of the interlaced knot-work which covers the shaft of the cross, and quite unique among stones of this early date in bearing the representation

of a boat, with a high prow and stern, and with five persons in it. We are on the edge of a district which was in early times a great sheet of water, represented now by the loch of Forfar, and it is natural to suppose that St. Orland’s Stone was the memorial of some boating catastrophe. In panels above the boat are four men on horseback, engaged in hunting, two with saddle-cloths and two without; and imagination suggests that this hunting party, consisting of two chieftains and two attendants, took



Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.

STONE AT ST. VIGEAN'S (FACE AND EDGES).

to the boat and were drowned with the ferryman. The ground close to the stone has been carefully dug, with the result that about 15 inches below the surface five stone cists have been found, each containing human bones in the last stage of decay.

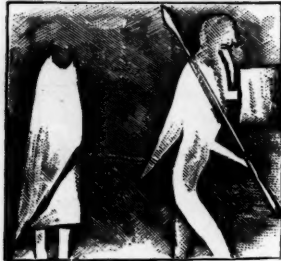


Fig. 14. Fig. 15.
FIGURES FROM THE STONE
AT RASSIE.

No doubt many of these stones were sepulchral, and, as they usually bear some signs of sylvan sport, it is interesting that a stag-hunt should be the one thing we can clearly make out on a tombstone at Mycenæ.

Our next stage is Aberlemno. Here, in the time of Gordon's *Iter Septentrionale*, there were four or five obelisks. Figs. 6 and 7 show the smaller of the two grand stones still standing; it is 7 feet 6 inches high, the other 9 feet. The great cross on the stone is of the form called Celtic. The designers of the Pictish stones exercised their ingenuity in inventing endless adaptations of one main idea. There seems to be a probability that the "Celtic" cross was developed from the Greek or Maltese cross in a circle, by the addition of the Latin arms and head and shaft. This development is shown in Fig. 8. How much of the early ecclesiastical history of these islands may lurk under this growth of the Latin on the Greek it would here be out of place to suggest; but it is difficult to look upon the long series of such crosses without thinking of Gregory and Augustine adapting the liturgy they found in Britain by inserting portions of the Latin use. At first sight the beauty of this cross is somewhat marred by the shape of the "wheel," which is far from being a perfect circle. But on investigation

it is seen that the wheel is formed of portions of four circles. Fig. 9 shows the development of this cross. Fig. 10 shows how beautiful a cross would be developed from five equal circles within a sixth—a device found on a stone at Llandyssilio, in Pembrokeshire; at Meikle there is a cross of these proportions. It may be noted that groups of circles like these represent the paten, with the wafer of the celebrant and those of the people.

The scene below the "symbols" on the reverse of the stone (Fig. 7) is vividly presented. A chieftain (see the saddle-cloth), closely pursued by the enemy, flings away his shield. In the next line another of the enemy (see the short tail) is confronted by men on foot—one of them with a remarkable hat—sheltering a disarmed man. The attack of the bird records some fact lost to tradition. The horses here and at Meikle are all of one type, and are remarkably well executed; the breed shows characteristics which would have done credit to any age. It may well be asked where the Picts got horses of such high breeding and courage, and how their artists learned to sculpture them with such skill in attitudes unlike any examples they could have seen of Greek or Roman art. The sculptors represented the fetlock as few draughtsmen can. Evidently their horses were numerous; and it is an interesting fact that many hundredweight of horseshoes were dug up last century in Lancashire, on the probable site of one of Arthur's battles with the Picts. The sharp hock and the high action of the hind-leg point in the direction of the Arab, while the peculiarly lofty action of the fore-feet may recall the methods by which the Parthians trained their horses to step high. When Scottish history emerges from obscurity in the early Middle Ages, we find horse-breeding still carefully attended to; the last monarch of the old line had several establishments for this purpose.

St. Vigean (originally St. Fechin's) is a parish close to Arbroath; before the foundation of the great abbey by William the Lion, it was the more important place of the two. Its fine red sandstone church stands on a curious conical mound washed by the winding Brothock, the Romanesque tower with saddle-back roof standing out well from the trees. On this mound is a collection of early sculptured stones second only to that at Meikle. The church stands on the site of previous edifices, and some stones of the collection were found in taking down a wall which was an old wall in 1242. In like manner



Fig. 12.
FROM THE STONE AT
ROSSIE.



Fig. 14. Fig. 15.
STONE AT ROSSIE PRIORY.

St. Vigean (originally St. Fechin's) is a parish close to Arbroath; before the foundation of the great abbey by William the Lion, it was the more important place of the two. Its fine red sandstone church stands on a curious conical mound washed by the winding Brothock, the Romanesque tower with saddle-back roof standing out well from the trees. On this mound is a collection of early sculptured stones second only to that at Meikle. The church stands on the site of previous edifices, and some stones of the collection were found in taking down a wall which was an old wall in 1242. In like manner

many of the most interesting of the English stones have been preserved to us through the trying process of being smashed up by early Norman builders and used for filling in walls and foundations. Figs. 11, 12, and 13 show one face and the edges of the chief glory of the collection, entirely unique in bearing an inscription supposed to be Pictish. No other stone in Pictland has an inscription, while the Argyllshire crosses of the Iona type, and the stones in Wales and Ireland, abound in them. There is no inscription at Mycenæ. The words here are supposed to be *drosten ipe uoret elt forcus*, and this is supposed to mean *Drosten, son of Voret, of the race of Fergus*. Inasmuch as Columba required an interpreter in Pictland, and we have probably no other scrap of Pictish, it is not surprising that we cannot go beyond supposition. These names are all of them connected with the Pictish royal race; and one of the many Drostos or Drostanos, whose father is not named, though in another list the father of the then Pictish king is called Voret, was slain in this neighbourhood in the year 729. It is presumably a portion of his memorial that is now before us. The remaining portion has been found, and when it is pieced on to the top the whole is about 6 feet high.

The scroll on the edge of this stone, like the inscription, is quite unique in Pictland, while it occurs with all manner of beautiful variations in the north of England at a date quite as early as that named. It is evidently connected with classical art. The bear is very true to nature, and is very unusual. The sea-eagle and the fish do not occur elsewhere; they remind us of an episode in St. Cuthbert's life. The unconcerned manner of the boar and of the huntsman may indicate that the latter is meant to be in ambush; or perhaps his riding-hood may show that he has been unhorsed and so brought to close quarters. The use of the cross-bow is very interesting; so is the hooded cape, of which we shall see three good examples shortly. The mirror and comb are not unfrequently found on these stones; it was precisely this present that Pope Gregory sent to the queen of Edwin on the conversion of Northumbria in 627—the museum at Whitby claims to possess the very comb. The "spectacle" ornament is

seldom more clear than here, but it usually has a broader band to connect the two circles. In all probability it represents the golden buttons or clasps with which the royal mantle was fastened at the neck, the "broken sceptre" being a bar which kept the clasp from flying open, an arrangement shown more clearly in cases where the connecting band is broader. How necessary some strong fastening was may be seen from the shape of the long mantle and short cape in Figs. 14 and 15, taken from the stone at Eassie. Some of the examples of the "spectacle" ornament might be pairs of gold buttons from Mycenæ. The "crescent" probably represents a personal ornament which had become symbolic. It rarely appears, as here, without an L-shaped bar (see Fig. 4). It is tempting to surmise that it represents a diadem which stood upright on the head, held in that position by two highly ornamented pins; some such arrangement as this would account for the supposed "glory" round the upper part of the head of figures which can scarcely be meant for saints—as at Leeds. Without the bar, and with the spiral ornament shown in Fig. 11, Dr. Schliemann himself might be taken in by it.

Hurrying on from Arbroath, we find a harvest of stones in the Carse of Gowrie. Figs. 16 and 17 take us to the memorial chapel in the grounds of Rossie Priory, near the old castle of Moncur. There was a dreadful slaughter in this neighbourhood in the year 729, according to the annals of Ulster, and it is conceivable that this stone is a sign of the slaughter. It is unique in having a beautiful cross on both sides. The figures at the top of Fig. 17 are worthy of remark. Those on the sinister side resemble the figures which are called Pride and Avarice when they are found on each side of a man, in which case the cock as well as the fox has a human body. At Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, on a most remarkable stone of Roman character, and at Kirriemuir, they appear one on each side of the Cross of Calvary. The figure with the human body has hewn off a wolf's head, while the cock or peacock seems to be pecking at the axe. It is an evidence of the care and meaning with which the sculptors wrought, that this head and neck exactly fit on to the animal on

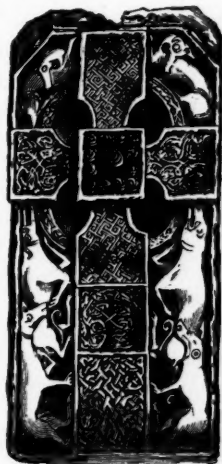


Fig. 19.



Fig. 20.

STONE AT ST. MADDOES.

the dexter side when its human head and neck are removed, and when so fitted produce the very respectable creature shown in Fig. 18; it would not be difficult to write an allegory on these materials. The rectangular fret in the central circle of Fig. 16

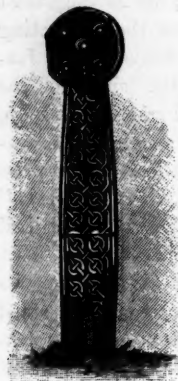


Fig. 21.
CROSS OF THE NIDUARI
PICTS.

and on the arm in Fig. 17 is beautifully executed. The elephant and the crescent will be seen in Fig. 16. It is impossible to avoid suggesting that in the figures at the top of this stone we have a very early sculptured edition of "popular tales" from the Teutonic and Norse. There are evidently transformations, and the reference to the werewolf is unmistakable. The thief on the dexter side of Fig. 16, carrying off two swans, refers us to the belief that any one who secured a "swan-form" had power over the damsel who had been accustomed to take that form. Perhaps the semi-winged figure on the sinister side is a half-transformed swan-maiden. It is noticeable that the intertwined animals at the sinister base of Fig. 17 have the heads of men.

Five minutes' walk from the Glencarse Station is the very fine stone shown in Figs. 19 and 20, about 6 feet high and 3 feet broad. It stands in the kirkyard of St. Madoes, and was found many years ago when the kirk was moved from a site nearer Pitfour. The panels containing the three men on horseback are too low for their length, especially the bottom one; and a squeezed appearance is the



Fig. 22.
CROSS NEAR DUPPLIN.

result. The cross, too, is sculptured somewhat awry. But the details are wonderfully good, and there is something very weird in the sight of these three Pictish chieftains in hooded capes, riding grimly on as they have done for many a hundred years. We may take it that they are portraits, from the difference in the horses' tails. If we are prepared to accept so late a date as 980 for this stone, the locality fixes its meaning very clearly. Kenneth III. came down, as we know, from the battle of Luncarty to reward the peasant Hay and his two sons for having

held a defile against the Danes. He halted at the plain, probably at the "Stannin' Stanés of Semmidoes," now enclosed in the park of Pitfour. At the Falcon Stone, named in the earliest charters, and still *in situ* though much sunk, he flung up his hawk; it marked out by its flight the rich estate of Errol, and returned to the stone. The Hays were there and then put in possession and ennobled. This sculptured stone, found within bowshot of the Stannin' Stanés with their cup-marking, and in sight of the Falcon Stone, represents the heroes mounted on war-horses in the garb of nobles, and bears the old Pictish symbols of nobility, which here—at this late date and after fusion with the Scots—depart further from the type than in any other case. If this theory be correct, the present owner of Pitfour might well erect a pent-house, to preserve the fast disappearing portraits of two at least of his maternal ancestors.

Fig. 21 shows a type of cross which is found in the small district held by the Niduari Picts, in the south-west corner of "Scotland." It will be seen that nothing could well be more unlike the Pictish cross slabs. The same type is found in Wales, and in the island of Bute, and we may take it that though it is found in Galloway it has nothing to do with the colony of Picts once settled there. Fig. 22 represents a remarkable cross, nearly 9 feet high, unique in Pictland. It stands near Dupplin, in the immediate neighbourhood of Forteviot, a principal residence of the Pictish kings. A mere glance shows how much the form of this cross, with its curiously elongated head, has in common with the noble example from Iona in Fig. 23, though it has no "wheel," and how unlike it is to the crosses hitherto described. The "wheel" is usually supposed to be a characteristic of Iona crosses; but as a matter of fact this magnificent cross of St. Martin and a smaller cross at Kildalton in Islay are the only Scottish crosses with the disengaged circle connecting

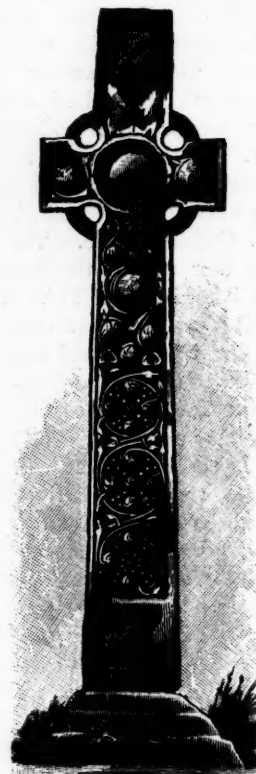


Fig. 23.
ST. MARTIN'S CROSS, IONA.



SHEER HULKS.

(From the Picture by Elchanon Vorwer.)

the arms. Almost all the crosses on the central west coast of Scotland are cruciform stones, while this of Dupplin is the only cruciform stone in Pictland, excepting an evident foreigner near Panmure which is an exception to all rules. The horse, too, on the Dupplin cross, and the soldiers, are very different from the horses and men we have seen so far. This cross presents, then, an interesting problem: why should there be near Forteviot something so entirely unlike all other crosses in Pictland, and so like some of the crosses in Iona and the adjacent district of the

mainland? That part of the mainland was occupied by the Dalriad Scots, and in the year 850 the royal line of that kingdom and the royal line of the Picts became united in the person of Kenneth MacAlpin, King of Dalriada, whom all the chronicles call a Scot, not a Pict. He died, according to the Irish annals, in 858, and the Pictish chronicle places his death at Fothuirtabaicht, that is, Forteviot, which soon after ceased to be the royal residence. Thus we may have here a memorial of the first Scottish King of Pictland. G. F. BROWNE.

"SHEER HULKS."

(FROM THE PICTURE BY ELCHANON VORVEER.)

SEAFARING men are always picturesque. They are human, and they have the vices of humanity; but their semblance is never commonplace—they bear their mortality gallantly and with a braver air than their brethren ashore. They may be the greatest ruffians unchanged; but their appearance is more or less in their favour, and the ideas they awaken are more or less stirring and suggestive. Execution Dock has a better sound than Newgate; and the abstract Pirate will always be a more romantic entity than the bold Burglar or the gay and gentlemanly Highwayman. He is infinitely more atrocious than either, it is true; for his business is to scuttle ships, and cut throats, and make his captives walk the plank. But he is inseparably associated with ships and the sea; he has a dash of El Dorado and the Spanish Main; he pursues his calling in a glory of gunpowder and rum; and at last he is either sunk with all hands or hanged at the harbour mouth, so that his desperate spirit haunts the ocean in death as in life, and he is a seaman even on the gallows-tree.

What is true of pirates and piracy is doubly true of honest shipmen and straightforward seafaring. There is nothing in art so beautiful and mysterious as a ship; there is nothing in nature so solemn and

tremendous as the sea; and to have to do with them is to be touched with the heroic quality of both. Adventure is the sailor's trade; his ways are uncertain and full of peril. His life in his hand, he goes out into the deep:—to stand the innumerable hazards of wind and wave, the chances of wreck, the danger of fire, the disastrous issues of hurricane and storm. To us ashore he is both curious and enviable; for he is as it were a dim, inarticulate message from the unknown. He has been to foreign parts, and their mystery and remoteness are faintly imaged in him. We can imagine as we look how Hanno and his mariners appeared to Carthage when they returned from their voyage to southward; and how Columbus, when his caravel put in again at Palos with the secret of the western seas. For, little as is left him to do, he has a part in their inheritance, and is adventurous and daring still.

When he is old—as in Herr Vorveer's picture—he is, they say, a bit of a bore, being addicted to rum and long stories, and to the discussion of storms and wrecks beyond the memory of man. But a savour of blue water clings about him always. He has dealt with the sea and ships; and he retains a something generous and romantic until the end.

A NEW PROCESS.

MR. BICKNELL is an American landscape-painter and etcher. One day, when taking an impression of an etching, he observed that after wiping his plate one part of it retained more ink than he desired. Moreover, the superfluous ink did not readily come off. This circumstance suggested a little experiment. Adding more ink to the surface,

he rubbed it into a moonlight scene quite unlike the picture etched on the plate; and having taken an impression, he found that the ink thus laid on gave tones quite distinct from those of the etched lines. To all appearances here was a discovery; and Mr. Bicknell, one may suppose, reasoned with himself somewhat in this wise:—"If I can get effects so

charming in tone and quality by a mere accident, cannot I intentionally produce a picture which shall contain at least as good if not better?" Accordingly he set to work, and in about two years had reduced his idea into a system.

His plan of action, so far as I have been able to gather, seems to be this:—He paints his picture, not on a canvas or board, but on a zinc plate, with prepared ink or oil-colour—generally sepia. The richer and deeper the tone required, the greater the quantity of ink or colour laid on; high lights are left blank or wiped clean with a piece of rag; sharp contrasts of light and shade are obtained by removing the colour with a point; broad masses of tone, as in skies, are laid in with a few swift sweeps of a large brush; delicate distances, quiet mists, atmospheres of storm and sundown are wrought with thin colour applied with thumb or finger and the ever-useful rag. The picture being finished, the zinc plate is placed in an ordinary press, and an impression taken on the finest India paper, only a slight pressure being necessary. The painting is thus transferred to the paper, and the plate is left clean for another subject.

Several writers have described the new process as an "imitation of etching." Now this is a complete error. The two methods have nothing in common save the colour of the ink and the quality of suggestiveness. The primary characteristic of an etching is that its effects are produced by lines drawn with a sharp point; Mr. Bicknell's effects are produced by brushes, by pieces of rag, or by the fingers—all which are blunt. The only lines to be seen in his work are those inseparable from the use of a thinly charged hog-hair tool working on the unyielding surface of a zinc plate; and though, as already noted, a point is sometimes used, its effect is not, as in etching, to produce black lines, but white ones. In fact, the two methods are entirely different. And as with manipulation so with effects. Mr. Bicknell's pictures have qualities which are entirely distinct and novel.

With a peculiar individuality his method combines the best characteristics of several: the spontaneous suggestiveness of etching, the breadth and delicacy of water-colour, the strength of oils, the mystery and softness of mezzotint, and the power of black and white proper to wood-engraving. And in these respects the old processes can be said only to approach the new one. Certain of its tones, though apparently produced with great simplicity and ease, convey an atmospheric delicacy more beautiful, and perhaps more faithful, than can be obtained in washed or stippled water-colour; it has great breadth, and—since alteration and correction can be effected swiftly—great freedom; it permits of vigour of handling and distinction of effect; and its darks, though in some sort to be matched in mezzotint, are remarkably rich and deep.

Of the possibilities of the medium I shall say little. Mr. Bicknell has only used it for landscape; but there is no reason why it should not be used for the figure also. Again, it appears useful as a medium of design for wood-engraving, and for this reason: very few modern wood-engravers can invent an intelligent system of lines for themselves. The traditions of Bewick and Linton seem in a fair way of being lost in the imitation of American styles, which are death to wood-engraving as a fine art. In this case the use of a hog's-hair tool produces a series of lines or suggestions of lines whose usefulness is considerable. Every hair, so to speak, makes a distinct mark; so that if the brush is handled with intention and decision the engraver, when the picture is photographed on to the block, will have most of his lines already planned. Another consideration is that Mr. Bicknell's method embodies the essential characteristic of tint engraving—the power of placing white on black. These considerations should, I think, commend themselves to artists and engravers on wood; and as the method is, or might be made, a rapid one, it seems particularly suitable for the illustrated journals.

HARRY V. BARNETT.

"MAIDEN DREAMS."



LOOK at you in the passionless pride,
The stainless trust of your maiden years,
And I wonder how much the dog at your side
Knows of your delicate hopes and fears.

As wise as he is he scarce can guess
All that I'd give to take his place,
To hear you those pretty thoughts confess,
To sit at your side and look in your face.

My little lady, this thing is sure
That, till upwards flow the sacred streams,
No folly of mine your heart shall lure,
No word of mine shall disturb your dreams.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

GIOVANNI COSTA, PATRIOT AND PAINTER.

THE exhibition of Professor Costa's works at the Fine Art Society's rooms was in some respects the most memorable event of the season. Before, the Roman painter had been comparatively unknown in England. His private friends were many, and among his admirers were artists so illustrious as the President of the Academy — whose masterly portrait we reproduce — and amateurs so accomplished as Mr. George Howard. There were others too who, without having the privilege of his acquaintance, had long watched his progress with attentive sympathy; who year after year scanned the walls of Burlington House and the Grosvenor Gallery in the hope of discovering one of those views of blue mountains, or reedy banks and olive-grown shores, which had for them so rare and indefinable a charm. But to most of us the exhibition was the revelation of a new power in contemporary art. While collectors and dealers were thronging to the Hamilton Sales, and vying with each other in offering fabulous prices for dubious Old Masters and buhl tables and cabinets less precious for their ornamentation than as the property of illustrious personages dead and gone, many turned with relief from the crowded rooms at Christie's to the quiet gallery where they could study at leisure so many

examples of a thoughtful and original painter, or, forgetting to be critical, dream themselves back into the pleasant South once more.

There is much in Professor Costa's art which is of the deepest interest to the student of landscape. It has the rare quality of distinction, without a trace of formalism or artificiality. It reveals profound learning, and an exquisite obedience to the leading principles of composition. It is always marked by the truest refinement, and often by a touch of irresistible poetry. Then it is utterly unlike the art of his compatriots and contemporaries. The great majority of the modern Italians seldom paint landscape unless as a background for the actors in some romantic or mythological scene. They revel in theatrical effects, in sensational colouring, and violent contrasts; or they seek to attain popularity by mimicking the cheapest mannerisms of the worst French school. Professor Costa, on the contrary, loves Nature for her own sake, and studies her every aspect with unwearying affection. He refrains from all that is startling and discordant, and while he knows how to blend the brightest hues in a perfect harmony, he habitually inclines to the use of subdued tints and a sober richness of colour. Again, his work bears but little relation to the art of the later Renaissance, and still less to the classical landscapes of the succeeding age. He has not gone for inspiration to Claude or Poussin, but has sought it in the beautiful world about him. In the restraint and tranquillity of his



ON THE SEASHORE NEAR ROME: A SIROCCO DAY.

(From the Picture by Giovanni Costa. By Permission of the Rev. Stopford Brooke.)

art, in the choice of his subjects, and the style of his colouring, he reminds one of the old Florentines and Umbrians. Often, as you look at his pictures, you think of Perugino's backgrounds, sometimes of painters earlier yet; and now and then you feel the same before his portrait studies. And with him, as

The fancy is in curious contrast with the facts. Few living painters have lived a more stirring life than the man whose creations breathe this air of serene repose; none assuredly has spent so much of time and thought and energy upon politics and the game of war. For Giovanni Costa has both fought and



GIOVANNI COSTA.

(From the Portrait by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.)

with these old painters, there is no trace of hurry or unrest. *Ohne Hast, Ohne Rast* has been his device. His achievement bears many signs of diligence and thoughtfulness, but not one of weariness or impatience. So irresistible is this impression that many of the visitors to his exhibition were heard to exclaim that surely all this must be the work of a fortunate man—of an artist whose career had been tranquil and favoured beyond the common.

suffered in his country's cause, and much of his work was produced in the stress of that long and desperate struggle which brought about the independence of Italy. He was born at Rome in 1826. The Italy of his youth and early manhood was the Italy of Carbonarism and the Austrian Domination. It was quick with conspiracy and discontent; it was a hot-bed of patriotic excitement and resolve; it bred conspirators and political fanatics as naturally and thickly

as, three centuries before, it had bred painters and humanists and sculptors. Costa was one of its children; and he was not two-and-twenty ere he had drawn the sword for himself and his fellows. He has himself recorded the honourable part he took in the great and moving political events of his earlier years. His record is addressed to the readers of this magazine; and I shall quote it in its integrity, as it deserves.

"During my whole political life," he says, "without thought of party spirit, I have supported whichever side appeared at the moment to be working most honourably for the freedom and welfare of my country. I have placed myself and my fortune, therefore, at the service of one party after another, seeking neither honour nor place in return, and receiving none. In 1848 I fought under the Papal flag against the Austrians; and in 1849 I went out with the Republicans against the Pope. Thenceforward, until 1853, I remained a follower of Mazzini. In that year the Liberals met in my studio to organise their union with the Piedmontese, and I joined the Piedmontese regiment of lancers known as the Aosta Cavalleggeri. In 1859 I returned to Rome to suppress the committee of the National party, which was compromising the Italian Government abroad, and to awaken a revolutionary spirit in the people against the Papal Government. I became a member of the Revolutionary centre which I had organised, and was a leader of the popular movement which, after much heroism, was checked at Mentana, where I served on Garibaldi's staff. From that time until 1870 I took no public part in politics, but from my retreat at Florence I endeavoured to organise a party in Rome who, when the time came, would open the gates to the Italian troops. Our attempt was frustrated by the Government, and nothing was left me but the honour of entering the city in the foremost ranks of the Italian army. On that occasion I fought my way through the streets of Rome at their head, and was the first to enter the Capitol."

With 1870 Professor Costa's political career was ended, but his exertions for the good of Italy were active as ever. He laboured strenuously to relieve the sufferings caused by the inundation of the Tiber in the following autumn, and, as a member of the municipal council, has always been foremost in every charitable work. That he has deserved well of his country, there can be no manner of doubt; and if he has not reaped the rewards due to his courage and devotion, it is because his patriotism has been of a more disinterested nature than that of most people—Italian or other.

"The fact that I worked with all parties in turn," he continues, "has left me the goodwill of

none. I am now living in retirement and repose, and am free to devote myself to the study of art, which, besides supplying me with the means of existence, has brought me good friends and a contented mind." Turning to that aspect of his life which calls for our more special attention, Signor Costa proceeds to give a short account of his artistic development, and of the steps by which he has mastered his admirable method. "I loved art from my childhood," he writes, "but my wish to become an artist was opposed by my parents. I learnt Latin, and I was educated by priests, first of all at Montefiascone, and afterwards at the Collegio Bandinelli. It was not until 1852 that I was able to devote myself to art. Then I began to study landscape-painting from nature, in order to free myself from the cramping traditions of the schools. At this time I painted the picture, 'Women Carrying Wood to the Boats near Castel Fusano,' which was first exhibited in Rome by the 'Promotrice' Society, and which was specially mentioned by the *Débats*. The interest manifested by French critics encouraged me to exhibit the picture in Paris, where I was welcomed as a brother artist by the first painters of the day—Corot, Gleyre, Meissonier, Troyon, Ricard, and the rest of them. It was during these years, while I was still studying nature, that I formed friendships with Colman, Mason, Leighton, Böcklin, Emile David, Cornelius, and Overbeck. I may say that, from 1852 to 1859, I lived in the Roman Campagna, between the Alban hills, the Sabine range, and the sea, without once neglecting a sunrise or a sunset. 'The Brugnoletta,' 'Fishermen Resting before the Work of the Night,' and the design of 'Women at the Fountain at Ariccia,' were all closely studied from nature at this time.

"When after 1859 my share in the last insurrections prevented my return to Rome, I took up my residence in Florence. Here I met with a few young men who realised those principles of art which should be studied by a nation called to a new life. They abandoned the old studio and romantic tradition to follow me in my out-door studies, and pursued the quest after truth in nature with real enthusiasm and love. At this period I idealised the picture, 'A Sirocco Day on the Seashore near Rome,' and some others for which I took sketches in the forest of Gombo, near Pisa. In 1864 I returned to Rome to take part once more in politics. I lived on there in retirement, painting portraits and working at the pictures which I had begun in Florence. In 1867, after Mentana, I returned to Florence and began the picture, 'Earth's Last Kiss to the Dying Day,' originally inspired by the scenery of the Tuscan Maremma. I went on painting portraits, too, as well as landscapes, and in

1870 was elected Professor at the Florentine Academy of Fine Arts. While in Rome, after 1870, I loudly condemned the art of the following of Fortuny and Vertumni, who were then uppermost; and setting my face against all foreign imitations, which were only practised as likely to sell well, I tried to unite the young artists in a noble endeavour to raise the tone and character of art, and to form a conception of landscape-painting based upon the simple study of nature. But my efforts were fruitless. I only succeeded in becoming the most unpopular artist in Italy, and was doomed to total obscurity by the neglect and apathy of my fellow-countrymen. For this reason I made friends with the foreign painters who visit Rome; and I have now exhibited my pictures in London, where I have found my best friends in the first artists of this noble country. And, I may say," he adds, with pardonable pride, "that the exhibition, in which I collected the greater part of my life's work, has won me the sympathy and interest of the most cultivated and refined part of the nation, including the royal family and many most distinguished statesmen and artists."

It is scarcely to be wondered that a nation which, under the pretence of restoration, has wantonly defaced and destroyed its noblest monuments, should be incapable of appreciating the best of its artists; but while we regret the ignorance of Professor Costa's countrymen, we can only rejoice in the good fortune which has brought his work to England. The exhibition of last summer consisted chiefly of a selection of landscapes lent by his English friends, and including subjects from all parts of Italy. Professor Costa has painted the Pontine marshes and the desolate plains of the Campagna with as true an insight, as delicate a feeling, and as complete a technical mastery, as the lemon-groves of Capri or the jagged peaks of the Carrara hills. No one familiar with Italian scenery can fail to be struck by the essential truthfulness of all his work. I am speaking not so much of the petty literal accuracy which is so dear to the inferior artist and so important an attribute of inferior art, as of the unerring sympathy with which he catches the innate and peculiar spirit of the scene before him. It is a fact that his work suggests such epical descriptive phrases as Shelley's "inviolable quietness," and the "sleep that is among the lonely hills" of Wordsworth. Memories of travel, visions that long ago sank deep into the heart, awake again as we look at these pictures of Italy. We, too, have seen that sunset dying behind the tombs of the Appian Way, over these plains crimson with decaying verdure, and "spiritualised with endless recollections." We, too, remember that autumn walk among the Alban

hills, when the brown leaves were still on the trees, and there was not a breath of air to stir their boughs, not a sound to interrupt

"The intense tranquillity
Of silent hills and more than silent sky."

One secret of the painter's success resides in the exquisite variety and subtlety with which he renders the Italian atmosphere. The bright clearness of tramontana time so utterly unparalleled in English weather; the flying dust you breathe and taste and feel when the sirocco is blowing; the hot breathless look of rocks and sky, the parched appearance of the sandy shores, and the motionless sleep of the waves in sultry weather; the wet, grey clouds and chilly mists muffling the hills after a night of rain: he knows and renders them all, and that so vividly and well that they seem to breathe upon you from his canvases, and his work appears to you like very Italy.

Another point worthy of notice in Professor Costa's art is that he seldom chooses what other artists would seize upon as picturesque or striking forms. True it is that the fine outline of the Carrara peaks has furnished him with more than one motive. But, as a rule, he seems to prefer scenes which are comparatively tame, and lines that are comparatively vague. What he loves best is a flat expanse of sea-shore, with peasants at the plough, and a procession of lateen sails hovering like white sea-birds in the distance; or a sloping field of corn, lit up by a cluster of scarlet poppies, or a red cart half hidden in the brushwood. It is in the representation of such scenes, and the sentiment peculiar to them, that his power is greatest, and his art at its strongest and most original. Let us take, for instance, his little picture, "A Winter Day in the Woods of Fajola," belonging to Sir Frederick Leighton. It shows a group of seven trees: a peasant reposing beneath them, while his sheep nibble the short grass hard by. Between the bare stems is a view of low wooded hills under a grey sky, with a break of yellow light towards the west. The subject is simple enough, and yet it would be hard to find a picture which is more expressive in itself, or which summarises more exactly the peculiar scenery of the Alban hills. Or again, consider a still smaller sketch, the "Study of Reeds." It is literally this, and nothing more. But the reeds bend to and fro on the breeze with graceful motion; the sun shines in the clear pools below; a yellow water-lily peeps from among the broad green leaves. A breath of country freshness steals over you as you look; and instinctively your thought reverts to green fields and cool waters, far away from these "mazes of heat and sound," and alone with nature.

The Latin shores near Rome have supplied Pro-



DAYBREAK: BOCCA D'ARNO.

(From the Picture by Giovanni Costa. By Permission of Mr. Stewart Hodgson.)

fessor Costa with many subjects; more especially the immediate vicinity of Porto d'Anzio, the An-tium of Horace, where the wealthy Romans had their villas, and where, among the blackened ruins of Nero's palace, they found the Belvedere Apollo. This coast is evidently the original scene of our first engraving, "On the Seashore near Rome: a Sirocco Day," the landscape which—as he tells us—he painted and then "idealised." This picture, which belongs to Mr. Stopford Brooke, is certainly one of the best of Professor Costa's larger works. Here, without losing his habitual delicacy and refinement, he has put forth unwonted vigour, and has been entirely successful. The broken ground, with its stunted brushwood, stands out against a background of foam-crested waves, while a gleam of sunlight breaking through the dark clouds upon the weary woodman below gives the whole a certain nobleness. The figure is finely painted, and goes far to redeem Professor Costa from the reproach—if that be a reproach which was equally a characteristic of such mighty *paysagistes* as Corot and Constable, and Théodore Rousseau—of being better able to deal with nature than with man. I must add that I greatly prefer this picture to that other "largest landscape" of the Roman painter's which has previously been engraved in this magazine. In this one, however—"Evening on the Sands at Ardera," as it is called—the action of the wind on the trees by the beach is realised extremely well; and the quiet distance, with a stone-pine and ruined tower afar to the right of the troubled scene, is one of those touches of poetry in which the artist excels.

The value of Professor Costa's long studies during the years spent in the Campagna is shown in the great variety of moods under which he has represented nature. He has shown us how well he can paint brilliant sunshine and blue seas in

his study of the famous Faraglioni rocks from Capri, where every ripple of the dancing waves seems to sparkle with light. But as a rule his favourite moments are the early morning when the hills are still in shadow, and a golden sunrise is breaking over the sky, or the "quiet evenfall" when the sun has set, but the glory of its parting beams still lingers on the plains, or touches the western clouds with red. It is hard to imagine anything more full of breezy freshness and radiant light than his "Venice," rising out of green waves on a summer morning; while the sense of gladness in a world waking to new life is finely expressed in the little picture called "Daybreak: Bocca d'Arno," which forms the subject of our third engraving. Dawn is breaking over the purple hills towards which the flight of birds are winging their way; and in the foreground a peasant is stirring among the feathery grasses of the marshy bank.

The picture from which our last illustration is taken was painted after sunset, as we learn from its title—"Earth's Last Kiss to the Dying Day." The sun has dropped below the horizon, and the sky is dark and stormy. The sea-gulls circling overhead, and the waves rolling upon the beach, help to give an impression of dreariness and regret for the day that is done, and a past that can return no more:—

"Che paia il giorno pianger che si muore."

But the painter's thoughts of evening are not always cold and sad, as we might suppose from this picture, inspired by the lonely wastes of the Tuscan Maremma, and painted when the hope of a new Italy had passed away in blood and darkness on the field of Mentana. To assure ourselves of this we need only turn to the sunlit slopes, and palm and orange gardens of his superb "Capri;" or to that dream-like sketch—of the banks of Arno—in the

Cascine of Florence: of trees and boat and river—all flooded with the solemn rapture of sunset.

Several of Professor Costa's earlier studies were exhibited in the collection. They are interesting examples of the different steps by which he reached his present mastery of form and colour. More than one is remarkable for grace of composition and richness of tone. For instance, the "Women of Ariccia Waiting to Fill their Jars" seems worthy of treatment on a larger scale; while for depth of colour the painter has never surpassed the splendid tone of the red sunset glow—which spreads over a sea and beach where tired fishermen are sleeping—in the wonderful little picture belonging to Sir Frederick Leighton. Professor Costa's later works are generally more subdued in colour, and are all marked by a high degree of finish. His delicately drawn foliage; his silver-grey olive-groves, where happy children gather flowers, or a young mother rocks her child to sleep; his hills of palest blue, and woods lightly touched by the mellow tints of autumn, are the work of powers matured, and a talent refined and elevated by long years of study, with no loss of vigour of prime. If the dates given in the catalogue are accurate, the present year has witnessed the completion of some of his finest work. His "On the Road to Gubbio" displays all the rich luxuriance of the Umbrian plain, with its gardens of fig and vine, its olive and cypress groves spread out against the arid slopes of the Apennines. In his picture of the Carrara hills, seen across a broad expanse of plain through the misty atmosphere of an early autumn morning, he has invested forms undeniably grand in themselves with a more solemn splendour and a deepened poetry.

Professor Costa has not confined himself exclusively to the scenery of his own country. Although Italian landscape naturally formed the chief part of his exhibition, English lanes and English pastures have supplied the Roman artist with several subjects; and he has painted our cloudy skies and moist verdure with his accustomed skill, and the profound sentiment of nature peculiar to him. Conspicuous among these English sketches is his delightful "Study of the Old Garden at Naworth Castle," where he has successfully introduced a lady in a green dress against a background of trees and grass—just as in the vine and fig and palm trees of his Italian landscapes, every shade of green is mingled together in perfect harmony. He has even made poetry out of the Black Country, and found a motive to his mind—the motive of an "Idyll"—in a hollow where pools of water sleep at the foot of mossy trunks, and far hills appear through the trees beyond.

Professor Costa has spoken warmly of the recognition which he has met with in England. It must not be forgotten, on our part, that he has still a claim on our gratitude for his recognition of Mason, and the important share he had in the culture and development of Mason's talent. The "Idyll in the Black Country," already referred to, was painted by him when he was staying with Mason in Staffordshire; and there can be no doubt that the artist of the "Evening Hymn" owed much to his example and influence. It is easy to see the links which drew the two together in a friendship which may have produced larger results than we imagine. The same refined sense of beauty, the same poetic feeling, are present in the work of both. They both looked with deep sympathy on the lives of the workers and toilers



EARTH'S LAST KISS TO THE DYING DAY.

(From the Picture by Giovanni Costa. By Permission of the Painter.)

around them, and have shown in their pictures how fully they realise the intimate connection that exists between the daily tasks and simple joys of the poor and the beauty of earth and sky which embraces them. In those long days when the Roman painter lived on the Campagna, watching each sunrise and sunset with ever-new delight, he did not shut his eyes to the labour of the peasants in the field. The titles of several smaller studies—"Winnowing in the Campagna," "Threshing," "The Charcoal-Burners"—bear record to the interest with which he took note of the different industries in which they were engaged. This union of the highest appreciation of

natural loveliness with the truest sympathy for the lives of the poor meets us frequently in the nobler forms of modern art. It is a subject on which Wordsworth loves to dwell, and which inspired many of Millet's masterpieces. In Costa's work there is something of the sentiment that inspired the "Semeur" and the "Angelus;" and this alone is enough to raise him high over his fellow-countrymen. Above all, by his happy method of combining real with ideal beauty, he has found out for himself the true lines on which the modern landscape-painter—if he would be, in the true sense of the word, an artist—must work.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

VALLAURIS AND ITS ALLIES.



CLASSICAL pottery has not had so much influence on that of the modern world as might have been expected from its singular beauty. One of many reasons for this is perhaps sufficient: that the vases of Greece and Etruria for the most part remained undiscovered in the bowels

of the earth at the period of the Renaissance. It is true that we find references to fictile vases as belonging to a few great collections; that of the Medici, for instance, contained more than one. But the great finds of antique pottery belong to comparatively recent times. Buried for centuries in the tombs of old-world Greece and Italy, they were not recovered until inferior styles had taken too strong a root to be easily disturbed. Some of the old shapes, indeed, never died—that of the amphora being, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of survival. But the majority—and these the most distinguished by their elegant proportions and pure lines—may be said to have perished with antique civilisation. Now we all know these beautiful forms, and scarcely less beautiful names—*amphora*, *aryballos*, *lekythos*, and the rest. As in sculpture, so in pottery, it was for the Greeks to reach the perfection of form. Perfect also, in its way, was their style of decoration: chaste, severe; not regardless of colour, but relegating it to a place subsidiary. Modern pottery has, on the other hand, always given the first place to colour. The classical motives of Italian majolica came, not direct from ancient art, but filtered through the designs of modern painters. Its conventional ornaments were largely arabesque; and where vases

were made on ancient patterns, the models were Roman rather than Greek, and, moreover, were taken from stone and marble, and not from pottery. Even in later periods—that for instance of the semi-classical revival under the First Empire in France—the inspiration was at best impure; and our own Wedgwood may be said to have been the first modern potter who achieved anything like a restoration of the old art in its severe beauty of form. He succeeded not only in reproduction, but to a certain extent in reconciling the ancient spirit to modern uses. This his treatment of that most unclassical vessel the teapot is enough to prove. For cups and saucers, sugar-basins and slop-bowls, some easily adaptable classic forms may be found; you may empty dregs into a small *crater*, and drink from a *cyathus*. But the teapot, with its cover, handle, and spout, has no kinship with classical art. Nevertheless, Wedgwood's teapots, especially those in black "basalt" and "jasper," were severely beautiful in shape. It may be said that if the Greeks had drunk tea they would have brewed it in vessels not unlike to these. Though the style which Wedgwood introduced so successfully died out like an exotic—never taking strong root in popular taste—the shapes he designed for his tea-equipages are even now used as models for the silversmith; and if you may seek them in vain in Messrs. Phillips', in Oxford Street, you may find a good many of them at Messrs. Watherston's, in Pall Mall.

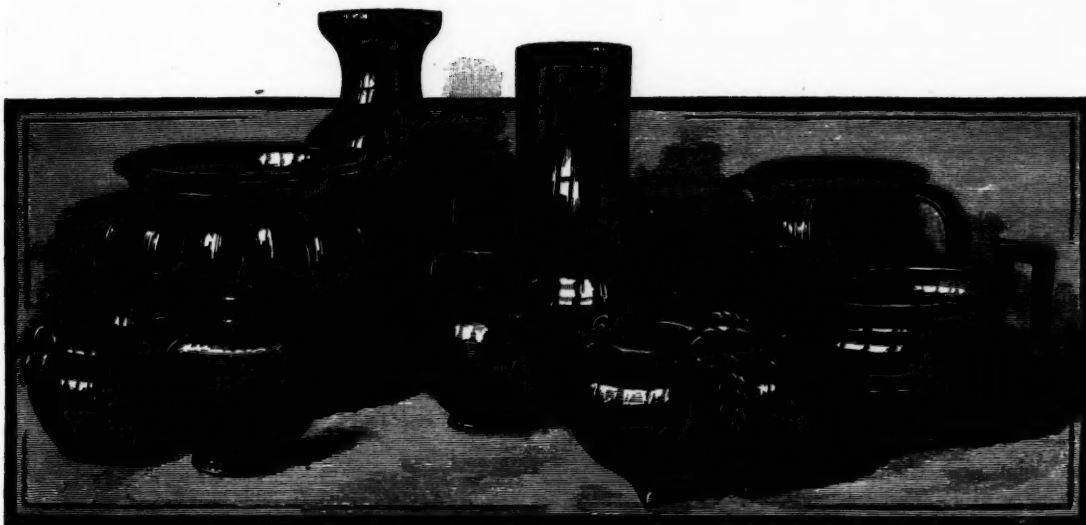
If reasons be asked for this apparent blindness of the people to the beauty of classical form in pottery, again it may be said that one will be enough. The influence of Oriental pottery, especially porcelain, was supreme. That its power should be incontestable at the tea-board is not to be wondered at; but in other places it won and held its position by the marvellous

beauty of its colour. If colour and form had had a fair start, it is probable that colour would have won; but in the revival of ceramic art in the last century, colour had, comparatively speaking, all its own way. China and Japan furnished the models of transparent paste and brilliant hues, which all Europe set to work to imitate. Dead Greece, with its exquisite shapes, was ignored. Not that the forms of the extreme East are to be despised; they have a quaintness and dignity—and sometimes a beauty—of their own. But (speaking broadly) of the two special delights which baked clay is capable of embodying—the delights of form and colour—the palm for form must be given to Greece, and the palm for colour to China.

Broadly speaking, too, the combination of these two qualities in a high degree has been left to our own days. We have not yet succeeded, it is true, in covering the pure shapes of the Greek potter with hues as brilliant and beautiful as those which once issued from the kilns of China. One of the most enterprising and successful of modern keramists has, however, approached as near to it as perhaps is possible in faïence. This is M. Clément Massier, of Vallauris. If he cannot attain the splendour of the Imperial Yellow, or the pellucid loveliness of Agate Blue, he can coat his elegant vases with a fine Peacock tint, a rich dark original red, and many other striking and peculiar colours; he has a true artistic feeling for purity of form. He does not, as will be seen from our illustrations, confine himself to classical models; but he is always fastidious in the beauty of his lines and the harmony of his proportions. Whether he derive his inspiration from the "biberon" of Southern Europe, or an owl-headed vase

from Troy, or the jars and bottles of the East, he turns out nothing which is coarse or ungainly; so that even when he is most modern or most Oriental, his work is regulated by that fine sense of measure which is the basis of classical art.

M. Massier may be said to have founded not only a new industry for his own workmen, but that school of modern pottery which relies for attraction on simple shapes covered with simple colours. In England several manufactures, aiming at similar effects, have started up of recent years; and to the existing list additions may be expected. Two of these, Dunmore and Linthorpe, have achieved no little fame by working mainly in this direction; while at Gateshead, Leeds, and other places, potteries have added such ware to their staple manufactures. At a recent exhibition in the room of the Society of Arts there was a striking display of the more recent productions of the Linthorpe factory, mainly Oriental in character. Though not so crude and gaudy as the startling pots of Messrs. Maw, the Linthorpe colouring did not err on the side of sobriety or amenity. The ware, however, presented many novel effects and rich combinations, and the Linthorpe glaze is not exceeded in brilliancy even by that of Vallauris. Vases large and curious in shape, and some of great beauty, come from these works, and the experiments being made there—in splashing vases with glazes of different colours—seem likely to produce enduring results. There is, however, nothing which needs more art than the employment of accident in the service of beauty; and the running of one glaze over another has to be very dexterously managed to be pleasant to the eye. In many of the Linthorpe vessels the contrasts of colours are too strong, and the drip of the



VALLAURIS.—I. : PURE SHAPES AND SIMPLE COLOURS.

liquid is too apparent. The more modest Dunmore ware is generally good in shape and quiet in colour, and is not easily distinguished from early Vallauris. Nevertheless, without wishing to disparage any of the efforts of English keramists, it seems certain that in this particular branch of pottery M. Clément Massier is supreme both in taste and skill.

He is also its originator. Though beautiful shapes and colours existed in pottery before his day,

Elementary as they may be, the lessons of Vallauris are good ones. Eyes that have once learnt them will not easily be satisfied with base shapes, however lavishly bedaubed with colour and gold. Not only by means of his own productions, which penetrate into almost every house, but through those of other manufacturers whom his success has moved to rivalry, M. Massier will exert a potent and wholesome influence on the culture of his generation.



VALLAURIS.—II. : LANDSCAPE DECORATIONS.

he was the first in Europe to bring them within the reach of the poor. Now no cottager who has a sixpence to "bless himself with" need be without the benediction of a vase for his flowers which is not only pretty in colour but comely in shape; and if those who are richer load their mantelpieces with ugly "chimney ornaments," the fault is wholly theirs. It is not always true that pretty things are as cheap as ugly ones; for some beautiful materials are costly, and the production of some kinds of beauty demands expensive labour. But the saying really holds good in regard to simple pottery; for clay is cheap and production easy. M. Massier may well be proud of his share in bringing this result about. It is something to have given everybody an opportunity of possessing objects of pure and simple beauty. Ridiculous as he seemed, the young man in *Punch* who despaired of living up to his teapot was not altogether to be laughed at. If there is no moral property in beautiful colour, the admiration of perfection of any kind is not unworthy. Of course there are degrees of nobleness in æsthetic admiration, and the young man in *Punch* would have found it still harder to live up to the perfect shape of a Greek vase. Putting morality aside, however, and thinking only of art, if there is one faculty that requires to be cultivated (especially in England) it is the sense of form.

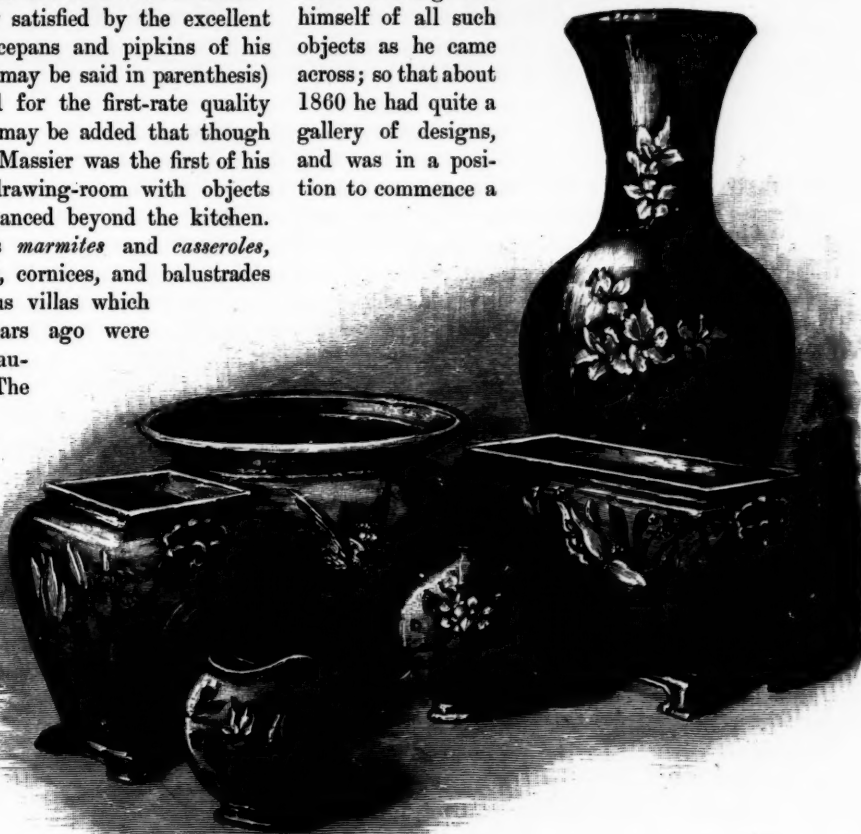
Now that the way is open, it seems easy enough. The ordinary soft pottery produced by every nation has only to be thrown or moulded into beautiful shapes, and covered with some pleasant colour and a fine glaze, and the thing is done. Usefulness and beauty are mated. Unfortunately, it is not so easy as it looks. There is no keramic college in which the secrets of the potter's art—the mixture of the clays, the composition of the glazes, the certain production of required colours—can be learnt. Will M. Deck tell you how to produce his Sang-de-Bœuf? will even M. Massier yield the secret of his Peacock-Blue? How does M. Mallet contrive his wonderful pictures of tropical scenery, with their glowing hues and brilliant golden lights? Even in such comparatively simple work as that which at present concerns us, it is scarcely at once that any potter gets satisfactory results. His craft is one in which everybody must to a certain extent be his own master. Much modern faïence, pretty enough to look at, will not hold water; the clay is porous, the glaze cracks into a thousand minute fissures. This was once the case with Vallauris. Only the other day I saw a little vase made by another famous French potter, and cleverly painted with two chickens. I congratulated the purchaser; it was not cheap, but it was pretty. A rose and some water

seemed harmless things enough, but next morning the little vase was a wreck. Though glazed inside and out, the water had permeated to the chickens, and they had "sealed off." Even in ordinary lead-glazed soft pottery—the class to which the wares of Vallauris, Dunmore, and Linthorpe belong—it is necessary to find (1) a clay or mixture of clays that will become hard and unporous at a heat low in comparison with that needed for stoneware or porcelain; and (2) a glaze that will form a perfect union with the body. As to the colours, whether they be paint or enamel, applied under the glaze or mixed with the glaze itself, the difficulties of manipulation are legion; and no potter can arrive at any certainty without prolonged experiments and many failures. Great as has been the advance in the science of ceramics during the last quarter of a century, there is still no royal road to success in it.

The career of the Vallauris potter has—for one of his calling—been singularly free from reverses and disappointment. His father and grandfather—he writes me—were potters both; so that he was familiar with the mechanical part of the business in his early years. But he was born with an artistic taste, which was scarcely satisfied by the excellent and famous fire-clay saucepans and pipkins of his ancestors. Even now (it may be said in parenthesis) Vallauris is distinguished for the first-rate quality of its culinary ware. It may be added that though the existing M. Clément Massier was the first of his family to decorate the drawing-room with objects of beauty, his father advanced beyond the kitchen. Without abandoning his *marmites* and *casseroles*, he began to make vases, cornices, and balustrades to ornament the numerous villas which some five-and-thirty years ago were being built round the beautiful bay of Cannes. The new manufacture demanded new clay; and the native earth which had supplied the Romans centuries before with material for their lamps and amphoræ was now moulded and baked into decorations for the residence of an ex-Chancellor of England. The genesis of the producer and the consumer seems to have been

contemporaneous. M. Massier was ready for Lord Brougham, and Lord Brougham for M. Massier. The famous Scotchman not only built the first villa at Cannes, but was also the first patron of M. Massier's new industry. It thrived prodigiously, and no doubt the taste and enterprise of the father stimulated the artistic talent of the son.

When about fifteen Clément grew weary of balustrades and cornices. He had become acquainted with classical art, and was eager to imitate the forms of old Roman pottery. Whether or no there were kilns in Roman Vallauris it is impossible to say; for though it existed in the Eleventh Century, nearly every vestige of it was destroyed about the Fourteenth. At all events, the young potter had seen specimens of the ancient ware, which had been dug up in the fields; and a friend of his, the old Abbé Alliez, furnished him with models for his first essays. The Abbé had written a book—a history of the ancient monastery of Lérins—which young Massier helped to transcribe for the press. In return the priest taught him something of history, and lent him drawings of antique vases. He also made drawings for himself of all such objects as he came across; so that about 1860 he had quite a gallery of designs, and was in a position to commence a



VALLAURIS.—III.: FLORAL DECORATIONS.

little private Renaissance. Chance—in the person of an Italian workman, who stayed some years with the Massiers—assisted him greatly. From him he learnt carving and modelling, as well as the composition of some enamels, the history of Italian ceramics, and the Italian language. Perhaps, however, his greatest

the earliest to encourage his talent and assist in its development. One of these was the painter Henri Bonnefoy. From him Clément Massier received lessons in design, and learnt to understand what is meant by purity of line. The other was the late Alexander Munro, the sculptor, whose drawings, casts,



VALLAURIS.—IV.: FLORAL DECORATIONS.

fortune was the father who encouraged his efforts, and gave them absolute liberty. The little vases which the boy made soon attracted attention, and he was wisely left to find customers for his own wares. In this way he built up a connection of his own, and found an opportunity of entering into personal communication with men of learning and taste. At sixteen he numbered many such men amongst his friends and encouragers, nor did he fail to learn something from them all. That he profited much by his varied and persistent studies is evident, for in 1861 he succeeded in producing a Sea-Blue enamel, with which he covered his vases. Purity of shape he had already achieved, and in those days its combination with a beautiful new colour was a triumph of originality. The success which might not have attended the production of mere beauty was assured by its conjunction with novelty. The circle of young Massier's customers widened to a public. He woke up one morning to find himself not only an intelligent pioneer, but the founder of a new industry.

He had many clients among the English residents, but the artists who frequented Cannes were not the last to discover and appreciate the beauty of his work. Among them two deserve special mention as

and pottery were placed at his disposal for study and imitation. M. Massier did not send any of his wares to the Paris International Exhibition of 1867; he did what was perhaps better—he went and saw how little he knew. On his return he set to work with renewed energy to discover certain colours he had seen and admired there. After some trouble he succeeded in adding a yellow, a dark blue, and an olive green to his enamels. His next impulse was received from a visit he paid to Italy in 1872, where he collected ancient vases and cups, which he reproduced. Hitherto, he had confined his efforts to small pieces; now he began to make large ones for the decoration of halls and vestibules. Success again attended him, and in two years the number of his workmen had increased to twenty.

He is now sole proprietor and director of the most important of the potteries at Vallauris, and employs from a hundred and fifty to two hundred hands. Such a progress made in eight years is astonishing, and could not have been attained without a complete revolution in his system of manufacture. He had gone on steadily; but his advance seemed likely to come to a sudden stop. His small vases were pretty, but they would not hold water, while the large ones were fragile exceedingly. The novelty had

partly worn out, and the public had begun to find that they could not put flowers in their classical jars, and that their grand urns would not stand a knock. M. Massier stood face to face with a great difficulty; the very existence of the industry he had founded and reared was seriously threatened. It was not a little change that was needed; everything was wrong—bad paste, soft glaze, impotent firing. To commence *de novo*, to spend time and money in fresh experiments while his old business was decaying, to keep the ship afloat with a leak forward and aft—this was what he had to do. Of course he did it, or this article would never have been written.

But it was not done in a day, nor without a severe crisis. To use his own words, "J'allai à deux doigts de ma perte." That he was earnest and industrious goes without saying; but for a potter he was not unfortunate, for the clay he wanted he found not far away. Nevertheless, the discovery took time and money, and when it was made he was not at the end of his troubles, for the new earth would not marry with the old glaze. Fresh experiments resulting in fresh discoveries produced the required *émail-couverte*; and in 1877 M. Massier was able to produce work satisfactory from a commercial as well as an artistic point of view. In other words, his ware was useful and durable, as well as

fine in shape and beautiful in hue. To his colours a very notable addition was made before 1878, after some years of experiment. This was a Peacock-Blue, deep and soft, almost identical with that found on Persian faience. It was no doubt partly to this discovery that M. Massier owed his great success at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. It produced a small sensation amongst artists. Not only M. Gérôme, who had suggested the effort, but many others, including MM. Bonnat, Cabanel, Cot, and Jules Lefebvre, wrote their congratulations. Even amongst his fellow-labourers one at least was found to add his voice to the chorus of praise. This was none other than M. Deck, one of the most famous of modern keramists; not less noted for the success of his researches than the perfection and taste of his manufactures, the discoverer of Sang-de-Bœuf and Underglaze-Gold, he did not fail to greet the appearance of the new colour with a generous cheer. Such artistic and professional appreciation was, however, by no means confined to the potter's colouring, but extended to his shapes and taste and theory of art. The silver medal at Paris in 1878, and diplomas of honour at Marseilles in 1879, and Tours in 1881, were scarcely so much prized as the warm recognition he had already received from his peers. Commercial success has not tended to relax his scientific and artistic efforts. Quite recently they



VALLAURIS.—V.: MISCELLANEOUS.

have yielded another colour to his choice palette, scarcely inferior in beauty and importance to his Peacock-Blue. This is a red, something between beetroot and crimson, a colour at once rich and transparent, admirably suited for large vases for the garden and the hall, to light up dark corners and warm cold spaces. I may add here that M. Massier still continues the manufacture of architectural ornaments in terra-cotta, but the culinary utensils were given up in 1860.

Our illustrations, which are taken from specimens lent by Messrs. Howell and James, show throughout careful attention to beauty of form. The first is of vases covered with a single colour, in which not only

beauty but simplicity of shape is achieved. In the second the vases have been specially designed for the exhibition of pictures to be painted on the sides. The shape of the vases, as such, is sacrificed to a certain extent to the decoration, but the compromise is effected with some feeling for grace and real purity of line. In the other three are figured vases of various shapes, Oriental, classical, and European, mostly decorated in that modern impasto style which, known by the name of Barbotine, is perhaps the most important contribution which Europe has made to the resources of ceramics. Hitherto the extravagances of this school have been avoided by M. Massier—as, we trust, they always will be.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

"THE GRAPHIC ARTS."*

IN the literature of the fine arts there are few more readable or more instructive volumes than that which Mr. Hamerton has lately published under

at least as concerns English criticism is just—into two schools: a school of censure, and a school of inquiry. The judgments of the former school, the



DESIGN FROM THE "HYPNEROTOMACHIA POLIPHILI" (VENICE, 1499).

the above title. Critics of art may be divided, according to Mr. Hamerton—and the division so far

* "The Graphic Arts." By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. (London: Seeley and Co.) 1882.

school of censure, are founded on authority and personal taste, and delivered with the tone and temper of irrefragable dogmatic conviction. Mr. Hamerton mentions no names, but it seems impossible

not to recognise in his account of this school an allusion to the methods and the influence of the most powerful of English critics, Mr. Ruskin; whose fervid genius, requiring that to its utterances should be accorded not examination, but assent, claims, and sometimes exercises, upon his followers an authority all but prophetic. The school of inquiry, in Mr. Hamerton's words, "follows another method. It repudiates the notion of authority, and is doubtful of individual judgments, including those of the critic himself; it examines, compares, and offers the results of its examination and comparison, but always as results that may be considered subject to continual revision. In this school, the pride of the critic, his pre-eminence and success, are not

to lead the fashion and influence the market, but simply to throw a little more light on the true nature of the work that is done." "It is my desire," adds Mr. Hamerton, "to be a faithful servant and scholar in this school." If, in the sentences above quoted, Mr. Hamerton intends to imply that criticism of the authoritative, the morally convinced and impassioned kind, knows no worthier pride than the pride of leading the fashion, and aims at no higher success than success in influencing the market, then he is certainly quite unjust to it. But to the claim which he puts forward on his own account, as a loyal servant and scholar in a school of a different temper, there is no exception to be taken. Nothing, indeed, can be further removed than is



DEATH AND THE WAGGONER.
(From Holbein's "Dance of Death.")

Mr. Hamerton's writing from any pretension to inspiration or sacred fervour. His tone is simply that of a sensible man imparting information on subjects which he has carefully studied, yet whereon he acknowledges himself open to correction. If his style has little either of brilliancy or concentration, it is on

the other hand singularly flowing and free from effort. Mr. Hamerton allows himself no crudities either of thought or statement, and even in the discussion of technicalities he is never tedious. Indeed, the great point of his work lies in its lucid and agreeable treatment of a number of technical and material considerations, which are essential to the understanding of the manual arts, but which, either from want of knowledge or dread of dullness, writers on those arts are very generally prone to overlook.

The field of criticism traversed by Mr. Hamerton in his easy, unpretending manner is an extremely wide one. He attempts nothing less than to describe in succession all the chief processes and applications of graphic art—that is to say, of drawing, painting, and engraving—that are or ever have been in use. He prefaces his undertaking with an account of the laws and conditions of graphic art in general; and in treating of each process severally, he endeavours to define its characteristic qualities and virtues, and the relation of its results to nature. As often as the case admits, the process under discussion in any given chapter is illustrated by Mr. Hamerton with an example, whether executed originally for his especial purpose, or reproduced in fac-simile from some work already existing. Some of these illustrations are very beautiful and appropriate; others, I think, might have been better chosen. Thus it can only be regretted that the chapter on pencil-drawing is not illustrated with some one



DEATH AND THE KNIGHT.
(From Holbein's "Dance of Death.")

of the exemplary studies from life or from the antique made by Professor Legros, unquestionably the finest master of that material now living. From some chapters, especially those on oil-painting and fresco, illustrations are inevitably absent, since not even the perfection of modern reproductive methods could



DEATH AND THE ABBOT.
(From Holbein's "Dance of Death.")

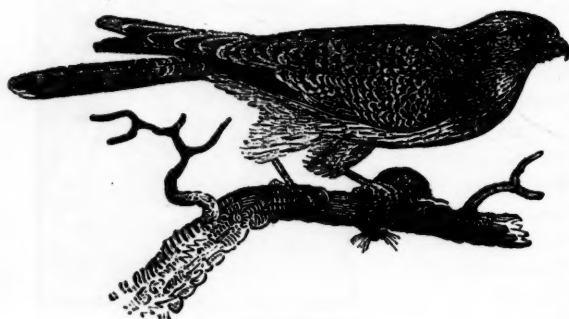
enable those dignified and complete colour-processes to be illustrated adequately. But on the whole, the plates in Mr. Hamerton's book are of a character to make it, leaving its literary contents out of the question, one of the handsomest and most valuable of modern illustrated volumes. Particularly to be admired are the beautiful fac-similes by Messrs. Goupil of heads in monochrome by Lionardo da Vinci and by Mr. Burne Jones; and of others in colour by Watteau, Zuccherro, and an early Flemish master; with the etching by Mr. Sherborn after one of the portraits attributed to Piero della Francesca in the National Gallery, and the two woodcuts, by Pannemacker and Mr. Linton respectively, which are reproduced for the illustration of our article.

Mr. Hamerton's double accomplishments, as a judicious man of letters and as a working artist accustomed to live face to face with nature, and to make experiments in many varieties of technical practice, qualify him in a peculiar degree for the task which he has undertaken. In a work of such comprehensive scope, it is inevitable that much should find place of a nature to suggest doubt or to challenge criticism. There are very many, indeed, of the practical and technical matters discussed in Mr. Hamerton's volume whereon the present writer is not in a position to offer criticism, but only to receive and be grateful for instruction, as every reader must be grateful for instruction so pleasantly conveyed. But if I had to point out what seem to me the characteristic shortcomings of Mr. Hamerton's most valuable work, I should say, first, that his choice of examples seems not unfrequently capricious. He is apt to leave out, in the consideration of this or that branch of art, the name of its central representative, and inclined, I think, to give too much prominence to names of little interest, or of an interest purely temporary, English, and provincial. He is careful, indeed, to disclaim for his work all character of historical completeness; and he reminds us, as to his references to the history of art, that they

are not systematic but casual, and made for the sake of illustration merely. Yet it is at least singular, in a book containing chapters, and chapters on the whole very much to the point, on "Outline," on "the Classic and the Picturesque Lines," on "Pen-and-Ink," and on "Auxiliary Washes," to find no mention whatever made of such an artist as Flaxman; whose drawings, whether in pure pen-and-ink outline or having the modellings indicated in washes, are among the best and most characteristic ever produced: Flaxman, assuredly the most Greek-spirited draughtsman since the Greeks themselves, and in the history of art at least as typical a master of the classic, as Rembrandt is a typical master of the picturesque, line. Again, in the discussion and illustration of the arts of pen-drawing or wood-engraving, it is surprising to find entirely overlooked so central a name as that of Ad. Menzel, the famous modern German designer of historical and character subjects for wood-engraving, the masterly exponent of the spirit and aspects of the age of Frederick the Great. It would be easy to multiply similar instances of omission.

Moreover, it is to be remarked throughout Mr. Hamerton's work that he shows little sympathy for the more abstract forms of pictorial art, for those monumental or decorative orders of work which stand at a considerable distance from Nature, and reproduce her appearance in subordination to strict controlling principles of design. Thus, of the noble decorative art of mosaic he speaks briefly and slightly (on page 187), and of the scarcely less important, and perhaps more popularly interesting, art of glass-painting scarcely at all. Neither has Mr. Hamerton anything to say of tapestry, that is to say, of real or woven tapestry; though he devotes a chapter to the cheap substitute for it, which is provided by painting on canvas of a peculiar grain in colours so prepared as to imitate the dyes employed in woven work: a substitute which (though Mr. Hamerton does not allude to the fact) was largely employed in the Middle Ages, and which, as he points out, has lately been revived with improved methods by certain decorators in France.

Possibly Mr. Hamerton may be inclined to regard these decorative arts of mosaic, glass-painting, and woven tapestry, as foreign to the purpose of his work, inasmuch as the resulting product in each case is not the handiwork of the original designer himself, but of workmen who, by means of various mechanical contrivances, interpret his design in a new material. But, then, neither is the product of the engraver's art in most cases the work of the original designer, it is an interpretation involving the use of a series of mechanical contrivances; and on engraving Mr. Hamerton bestows a due measure



FEMALE KESTREL.
(Engraved by Bewick.)

of attention. It would rather seem as if our author's comparative neglect of the monumental and decorative forms of art sprang from a real lack of interest in them, and further, as if this lack of interest were due to the same general attitude of mind which makes him, as it appears to me, unjust to much of the greatest art of the past. He does not seem to be really in sympathy with any but the most distinctively modern developments of those arts of which he treats. Everybody knows that the progress of mechanical and chemical invention has put into the hands of the most insignificant craftsman of our day means which the greatest artists of other days did not possess. The art of oil-painting, as a means for representing natural appearances in something almost approaching the subtlety of their real relations, their real variety and mystery, is essentially a modern art. Still more modern are the complicated devices and refinements of tone and texture to which we have become accustomed in the work of the engraver on metal or wood. Now Mr. Hamerton, as it seems to me, attaches far too much importance to art's recently attained perfection of technical resources. He constantly writes in too complacent a strain of the value of the work done by the modern workman with his elaborate means, and in too disparaging a strain of the value of that done, with their more primitive and simple means, by the workmen of the older schools. The truth surely is that the value of a work of art by no means depends upon the mere nearness to nature which, by dint of elaborate resources, the artist has been able to attain: it by no means depends upon the multitude and complexity of the natural truths which he has represented. What it depends on is the importance of those natural truths which the artist has singled out from among the multitude, and on the effectiveness of the relations into which he has brought them. With the simplest means a far more true and telling artistic effect is often produced than with the most complex. Mr. Hamerton would never, I think, directly or in general terms contradict this. Indeed, some of the most judicious and carefully thought passages of his book are contained in that early chapter "Of Useful and *Æsthetic* Drawing," in which he combats and disposes of the doctrine that mere truth is the test of excellence in the fine arts. Nothing could be better said than what Mr. Hamerton says in the course of his contention that truth, in the sense of a literal correspondence with natural facts, is in these arts altogether subordinate to the aim of producing *æsthetic* pleasure. Yet in his subsequent chapters he seems to judge as though the test of excellence were after all, if not truth in this sense of a literal correspondence with natural facts, nevertheless truth in the sense of a representation comprehending as many and complicated natural

facts as possible. The unconscious adoption of this standard leads him, I think, to write sometimes of the great old masters with a condescension which is



OWL.

(Engraved by Bewick.)

quite out of place. Certainly no painters since the complete development of the technical art of oil-painting have spoken more powerfully to the human spirit than Raphael or Lionardo da Vinci. But Raphael and Lionardo are put down, according to Mr. Hamerton's standard, as primitives. Certainly the frescoes wrought from the days of Giotto to the days of Michelangelo, on the walls of Italian churches and convents and civic halls, convey most effectively the greatest messages that have yet been conveyed by the painter's craft to the minds of men. Yet the art which was competent to do this is put down, on account of the number of comparatively unimportant things which it cannot do, as a primitive and ineffectual art: nay, the preposterous terms in which its achievements are spoken of by a modern English experimenter in mural painting, Mr. Herbert, are quoted apparently with approval. It matters very little how many things this or that art, at a particular stage of its development, cannot do, provided it can do effectively those things which are most worth doing. A similar tone of disparagement towards ancient results, judged according to the standard of modern processes, runs through Mr. Hamerton's chapters on line-engraving and wood-engraving, which in other respects are among the most interesting and instructive in this volume.

Our illustrations are taken entirely from the section of the work before us which deals with the art of engraving on wood. First comes a cut from that famous and fantastic classical romance of the Venetian Renaissance, the "*Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*,"



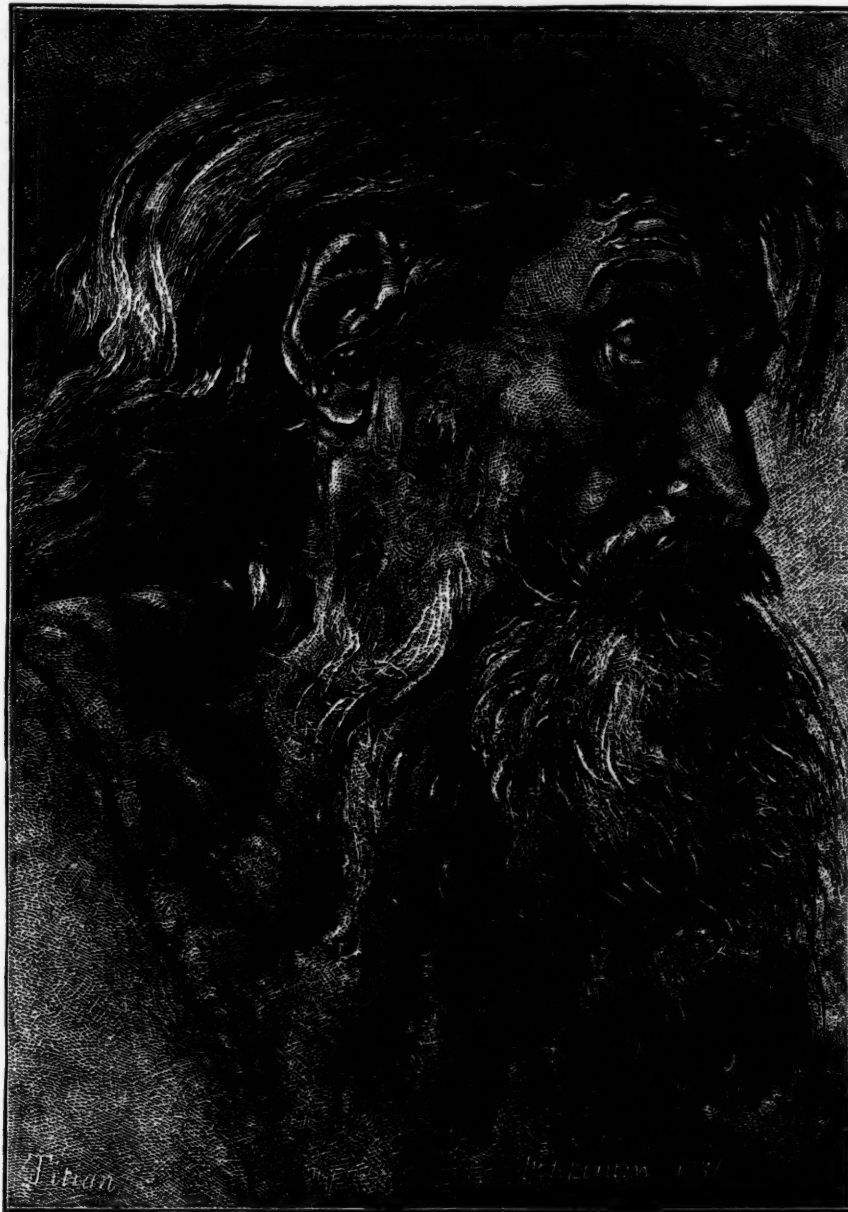
REBECCA.

(Engraved by S. Pannemaker, after a Picture by Landelle.)

illustrating the primitive manner of the art as it was originally employed for multiplying the simplest kind of linear drawings in black on white. All wood-engravings, simple or complex, which merely exist for

the sake of multiplying pen-drawings, are justly included by Mr. Hamerton in one class, as fac-simile work. In them the engraver does not work accord-

the wood-cutter who engraves a drawing in fac-simile cuts away the main mass of his material so that it shall print white, and leaves standing, so



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(Engraved by W. J. Linton, after a Drawing by Titian.)

ing to the principle which in a certain sense is most legitimate and natural to his material, the principle, namely, of cutting out of his main mass, which where it is left intact prints black, the spaces or the lines which he desires should print white. Instead of this,

as to print black, only certain ridges where the draughtsman has traced the lines of his drawing. In the case of the early Venetian cut, "observe," says Mr. Hamerton, "how carefully, as a general rule, the lines are kept well clear of each other, and what a very

considerable thickness is given to all of them. See how strong are all the markings on the trunks of the palm-trees, and with what clear, bold simplicity all the lines of the Roman armour in the left-hand corner are marked out. Notice the extremely laconic manner in which the form of the lizard is expressed, and think how very differently Bewick would have engraved it. The primitive wood-engraving expresses a great deal with its simple line: here we have animal and vegetable forms carefully observed, architecture and armour clearly explained to us, and distant land drawn with much truth and a good understanding of its use in composition, but there is no delicacy of shade, and hardly any linear accent or contrast." Mr. Hamerton here does entire justice to this pleasing piece of early work; but to the far richer and more impressive examples which come next, of work belonging to the same general class, he is, I think, much less than just. I allude to his examples from the famous "Dance of Death," or more properly, "Images Historiées"—Storied Images, or let us say Picture Stories—of Death, engraved by Hans Lützelberger in fac-simile from the drawings of Holbein. Mr. Hamerton is careful to warn us against supposing that these represent the last word of wood-engraving; and indeed, as to the complexity and multiplicity of the natural facts imitated in them, they will obviously stand no comparison with the work done every day for any modern English, still less for any modern American, illustrated periodical. But on the other hand, these little prints do represent the very highest expression that the art of wood-engraving has yet reached in two far more vital points: in dramatic and ethical significance, and in power combined with simplicity of decorative effect. Neither is it reasonable, I think, to say with Mr. Hamerton of such work as the woodcuts done after Holbein and Dürer, that "they are nothing as woodcuts, their merits are simply the merits of the artistic design; the engraving is less than nothing, for if we could have the original drawing before the knife of the cutter touched it, we should gain by the exchange." Surely the truth rather is that the fidelity and the spirit with which the old engravers cut the lines which the great painters drew for them, are among the very highest virtues of which the art of wood-engraving is capable; and moreover, the invention of this new and effective art of multiplication by printing reacted to the improvement of the draughtsman himself, by causing him to produce, in order to be so multiplied, drawings of such completeness, such dramatic and decorative richness and excellence, as he would not have produced for any other purpose.

Our next illustrations are drawn from a more familiar field. They represent the art of the gifted English reviver of wood-engraving in the last cen-

tury, Bewick. This self-taught and great rustic master was one of those whom Mr. Hamerton justly puts into a separate class, as practising their art "for its own qualities as an independent kind of engraving." Bewick's business was not to cut the lines of another man's drawing, but freely to interpret the natural scenes and objects which he loved in accordance with the conditions of the material wherein he worked. Neither has any man, as our readers know, ever turned those conditions to account in a more straightforward or more workmanlike manner. Avoiding all showy dexterities and *tours de force*, Bewick in the legitimate and natural resources of the woodcut, the black space or spot, the white space or spot, and the white line cut out of black, found the means of suggesting with extraordinary fidelity and spirit the vital appearances both of birds and animals taken singly, and of rustic landscape and figures. What Mr. Hamerton has to say of his work is in the main just, but with his tendency to disparage simple processes, he again, I think, greatly underrates Bewick's power in some points; especially will his remarks on the master's poverty of resource in grey tones seem exaggerated to readers acquainted, for instance, with the famous little tailpiece to the "Missel-Thrush."

Lastly, we reproduce from Mr. Hamerton's work two striking, and strikingly contrasted, examples of the elaborated modern art of wood-engraving as practised by two of its chief masters, M. Pannemaker and Mr. Linton. M. Pannemaker has chosen for interpretation a painting of an Egyptian woman by M. Landelle; Mr. Linton, a drawing of an old man's head by Titian. M. Pannemaker, as is apparent, has worked with severe academical skill, and almost exclusively by means of long flowing lines of varying width, running nearly parallel across the several surfaces represented; Mr. Linton's work, on the other hand, is full of short free lines curving and crossing each other in many directions. That the system in Mr. Linton's singularly spirited and original woodcut is one of white lines ploughed out of the black will be at once apparent. But an engraving like M. Pannemaker's, though the artist's principle of work may be really the same, does not at first sight produce the same effect upon the eye. The fact is, that when any representation in alternate black and white lines is set before us, we at first sight naturally think of it as having been drawn and shaded in black on white paper. This is the method of drawing with which from childhood we are all of us familiar; most woodcuts exist for the purpose of multiplying in fac-simile originals thus drawn; and it is in this sense that the eye is naturally predisposed to interpret every woodcut. It is only when a wood-engraver insists severely on turning to account

the especial conditions and resources of his material, as Bewick in his simple cuts from nature used to insist, and as Mr. Linton has insisted in his elaborate rendering of an old master's drawing—it is only in such extreme cases that we are practically driven to put ourselves at his own point of view, and to think of him as having worked, not, like the engraver in metal, by tracing black lines on a white field, but by cutting white lines and spaces out of a black field.

There is one question on which space fails us to speak, though it is of the utmost importance in regard to the future development of the art of wood-engraving, and that is the question of the legitimacy or illegitimacy of those methods of work which have lately been carried to such extraordinary perfection in America, and by which the wood-engravers of our country are beginning to be strongly influenced.

Is this elaborate and wonderfully skilful imitation by wood-cutting of the effects of other kinds of engraving and drawing, and of the mystery and complexity of natural appearances—is this hitherto unimagined subtlety and variety in the treatment of the material a thing to be admired and encouraged or not? Mr. Hamerton expresses himself on the point with hesitation, and admits that his views have changed, or are changing. Some high authorities, and among them Mr. Herkomer, are known to be opposed to the adoption in wood-engraving of these preternatural refinements and dexterities from beyond the Atlantic. Neither are there wanting signs of a reaction in America itself: but the phenomenon is one altogether too interesting to be discussed in the postscript to a review such as the present.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

"AN EXOTIC."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRIEDRICH PRÖLSZ.

IT is recognised that the painter of to-day is unfortunate in his surroundings. The theory of the age has been described as "Darwinism tempered with *Le Follet*." Imagination is finding its best and loftiest expression in science; and for all our talk of art, the instinct of luxury is a great deal more curiously considered than the instinct of beauty. No doubt the spiritual life of the times is picturesque enough; for culture has taught us to be passionate, and self-conscious, and peculiar. Materially, however, the times are commonly the reverse. They talk Ruskin; but they dress ridiculously, they furnish inelegantly, they build abominably, they are nothing if not fashionable and prosaic. And as matter for art, they are little better than non-existent.

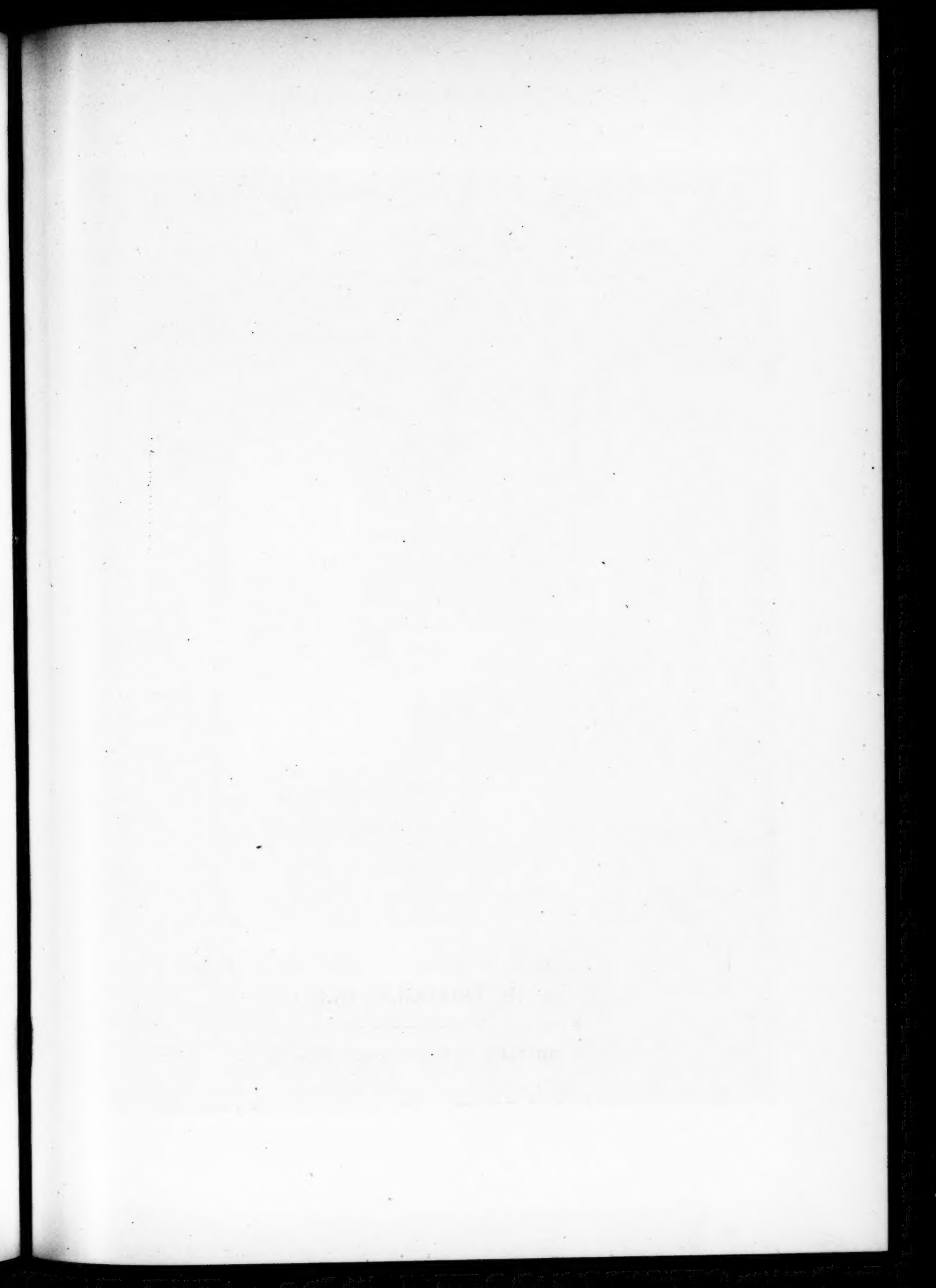
It is not easy to look heroic in a Windsor uniform or a Princess robe. It is possible to do so, no doubt; for human genius and greatness of mind have a knack of asserting themselves in spite of their environment. But it is difficult; and when all is said and done the hero who is appropriately attired will always have the advantage of the hero who has left the question of his appearance to a common tailor. Chinese Gordon is assuredly as heroic as Achilles; but it would be pushing the democratic idea too far to assert that he would either look as well or paint as well. Descending in the scale, it is obvious that Titian was luckier in his Venetians than Mr. Millais is in his Englishmen; and that the modern painter who should fill in an heroic picture with contemporary types and accessories, as (for instance) Veronese filled in his "Marriage at Cana," would get well laughed

at for his pains. Of course the genius of the master counts for something. It is easy to believe that if Rembrandt were alive and at work, he might invest a dress coat with mystery and romance, and achieve the transfiguration of a pair of sixteen-button gloves. The moderns who have tried to prove the theory are neither few nor insignificant; but in practice it has not yet been justified. The apotheosis of the Dolly Varden is still to achieve; Mr. Thornycroft's "Lord Beaconsfield" suffers dreadfully by contrast with Caffieri's "Rotrou," and we turn from M. Tissot's frills and furbelows and the bonnets of M. Degas as though Van Dyck and Titian were still among us to paint us better things.

There is therefore all imaginable excuse for the painters who are dissatisfied with modern elegance:—whether, like Mr. Alma-Tadema and the President, they see nothing but portraits in the present, and turn to the past for subjects for imaginative work; or whether, like MM. Lhermitte and Lepage in France, and Messrs. Reid, Clausen, and Legros in England, they concern themselves only with that section of contemporary society in which the picturesque quality has been preserved by poverty and the absence of complex and trivial emotion. All the same, praise is certainly due to those who have faced the difficulty boldly, like the artists mentioned above, and to those who—like Herr Prölsz in "An Exotic"—have sought to master it by making their work a presentment of character and manners, and by flavouring its interest with a touch of so-called comedy.



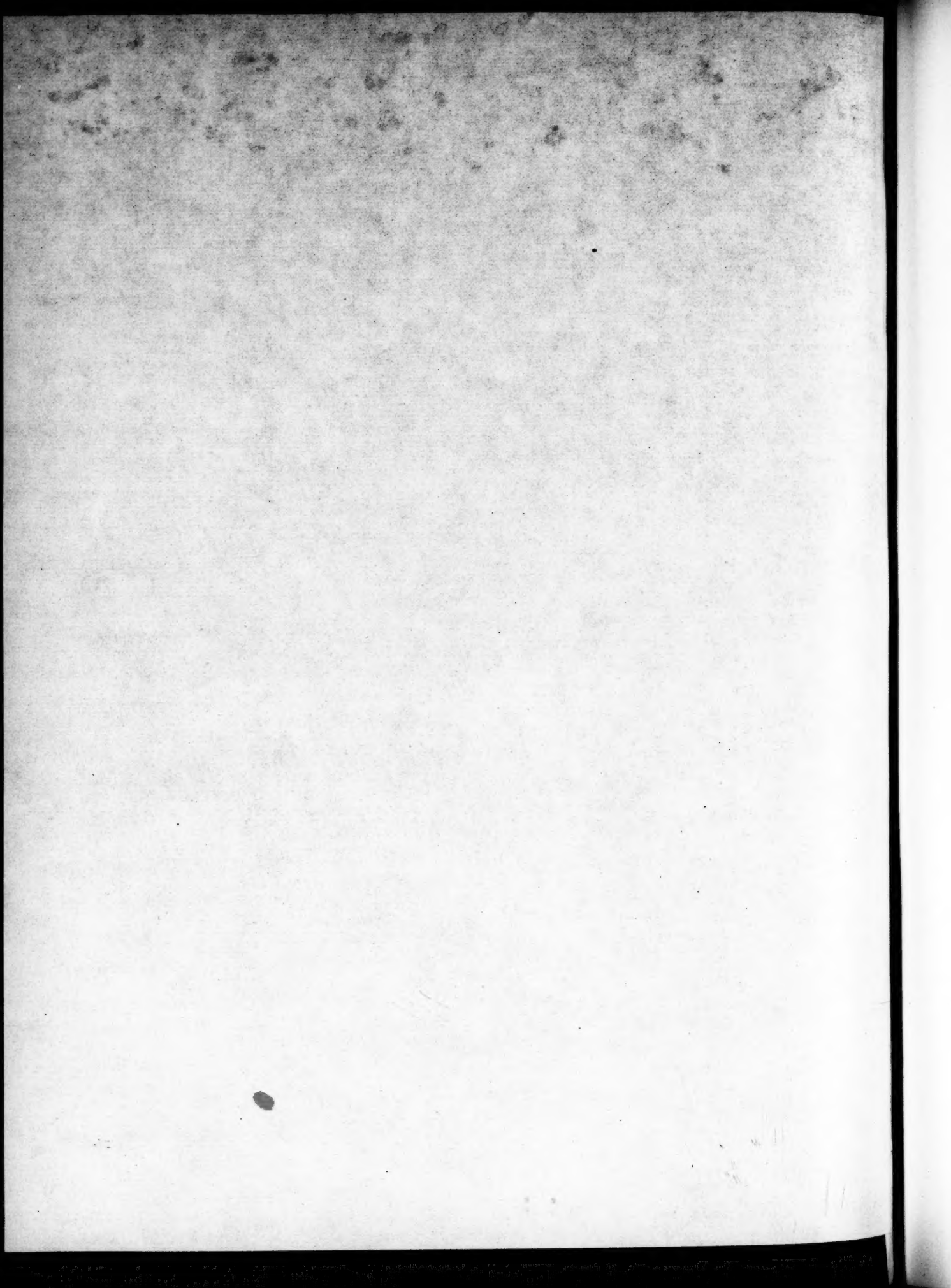
AN EXOTIC.
(From the Picture by Friedrich Preller.)



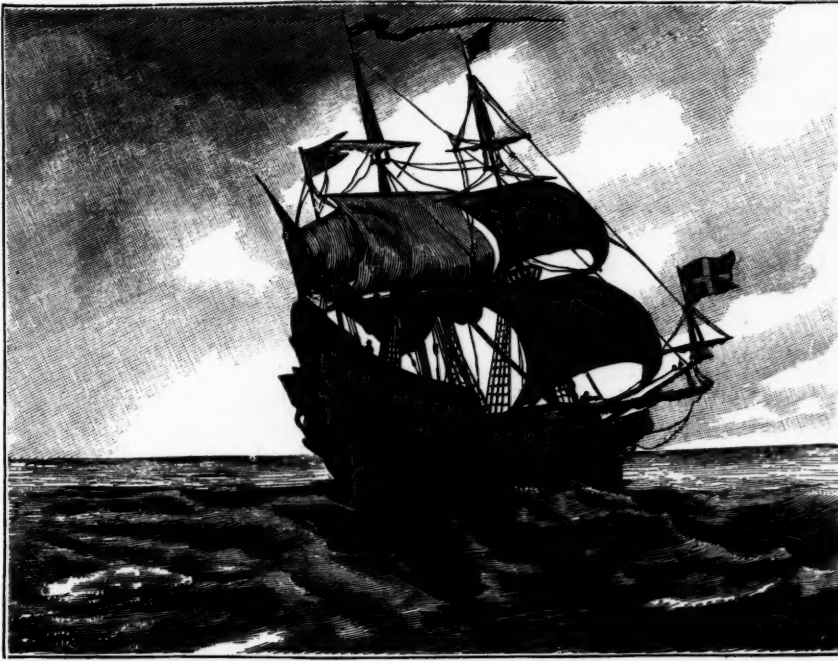


THE CRUISE OF THE ROVER: "HE SPOKE OUT LIKE A SOLDIER."

(Drawn by Seymour Lucas.)



THE CRUISE OF THE ROVER.



THE CRUISE OF THE ROVER: "ACROSS THE WESTERN SEAS."

(Drawn by Seymour Lucas.)

I.

THEY sailed away one morning when sowing-time was over,
 In long red fields above the sea they left the sleeping wheat;
 Twice twenty men of Devonshire who manned their ship the *Rover*,
 Below the little busy town where all the schooners meet.

II.

Their sweethearts came and waved to them, and filled with noise of laughter
 The echoing port below the cliff where thirty craft can ride;
 Each lad cried out, "Farewell to thee!" the captain shouted after,
 "By God's help we'll be back again before the harvest-tide."

III.

They turned the Start and slipped along with speedy wind and weather;
 Passed white Terceira's battlements, and, close upon the line,
 Ran down a little carrack full of cloth and silk and leather,
 And golden Popish images and good Madeira wine.

IV.

The crew with tears and curses went tacking back to Florés;
 The English forty cut the seas where none before had been,
 And spent the sultry purple nights in English songs, and stories
 Of England, and her soldiers, and her Spaniard-hating queen.

V.

At last the trade-wind caught them, the pale sharks reeled before them,
The little *Rover* shot ahead across the western seas;
All night the larger compass of a tropic sky passed o'er them,
Till they won the Mexique waters through a strait of banyan-trees.

VI.

And there good luck befell them, for divers times they sighted
The sails of Spanish merchantmen bound homeward with their wares;
And twice they failed to follow them, and once they stopped benighted;
But thrice the flag of truce flew out, and the scented prize was theirs.

VII.

But midsummer was on them, with close-reef gales and thunder,
Their heavy vessel wallowed beneath her weight of gold;
A long highway of ocean kept them and home asunder,
So back they turned towards England with a richly-laden hold.

VIII.

But just outside Tampico a man-of-war was riding,
And all the mad young English blood in forty brains awoke,
The *Rover* chased the monster, and swiftly shorewards gliding,
Dipped down beneath the cannonade that o'er her bulwarks broke.

IX.

Three several days they fought her, and pressed her till she grounded
On the sandy isle of Carmen, where milky palm-trees grow;
Whereat she waved an ensign, a peaceful trumpet sounded,
And all the Spaniards cried for truce, surrendering in a row.



THE CRUISE OF THE ROVER: "JUST OUTSIDE TAMPICO."

(Drawn by Seymour Lucas.)

X.

Alas! the wiles and jesuitries of scoundrel-hearted Spaniards,
The Scarlet Woman dyes their hands in deeper red than hers,
For every scrap of white that decked their tackling and their lanyards
Just proved them sly like devils and cowardly like curs.

XI.

For out from countless coverts, from low palm-shaded islands,
That fledged in seeming innocence the smooth and shining main,
The pinnaces came gliding and hemmed them round in silence,
All manned with Indian bravos and whiskered dogs of Spain.

XII.

The captain darted forwards, his fair hair streamed behind him,
He shouted in his cheery voice, "For home and for the Queen!"
Three times he waved his gallant sword, but the flashes seemed to blind him,
And a hard look came across his mouth where late a smile had been.

XIII.

We levelled with our muskets, and the foremost boat went under,
The ship's boy seized a trumpet and blew a merry blast;
The Spanish rats held off a while, and gazed at us in wonder,
But the hindmost pushed the foremost on, and boarded us at last.

XIV.

They climbed the larboard quarter with their hatchets and their sabres;
The Devon lads shot fast and hard, and sank their second boat,
But the Popish hordes were legion, and Hercules his labours
Are light beside the task to keep a riddled barque afloat.

XV.

And twenty men had fallen, and the *Rover's* deck was reeling,
And the brave young captain died in shouting loud "Elizabeth!"
The Spaniards dragged the rest away just while the ship was heeling,
Lest she should sink and rob them of her sailors' tortured breath.

XVI.

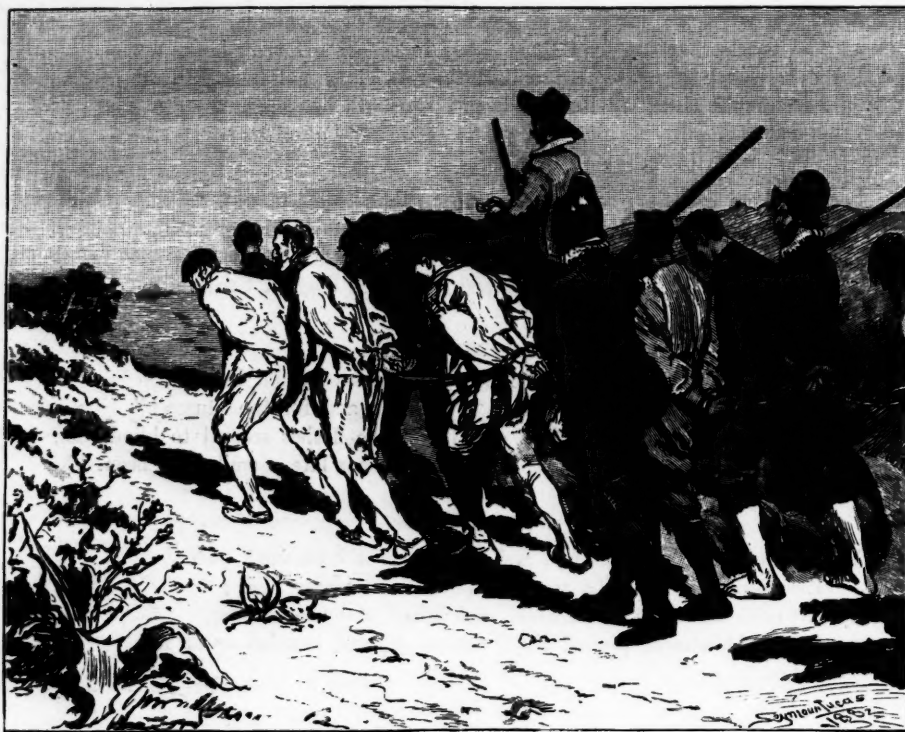
For they destined them to perish in a slow and cruel slaughter,
A feast for monks and Jesuits too exquisite to lose;
So they caught the English sailors as they leaped into the water,
And a troop of horse as convoy brought them north to Vera Cruz.

XVII.

They led them up a sparkling beach of burning sand and coral,
They dragged the brave young Englishmen like hounds within a leash;
They passed beneath an open wood of leaves that smelt of laurel,
Bound close together, each to each, with cords that cut the flesh.

XVIII.

And miles and miles along the coast they tramped beneath no cover,
Till in their mouths each rattling tongue was like a hard dry seed,
And e'er they came to Vera Cruz when that long day was over,
The coral cut their shoes to rags, and made them wince and bleed.



THE CRUISE OF THE ROVER: "MILES AND MILES ALONG THE COAST."

(Drawn by Seymour Lucas.)

XIX.

Then as they clambered up the town, the jeering crowd grew thicker,
 And laughed to see their swollen feet and figures marred and bent,
 And women with their hair unloosed stood underneath the flicker
 Of torch and swinging lantern, and cursed them as they went.

XX.

And three men died of weariness before they reached the prison,
 And one fell shrieking with the pain of a poniard in the back,
 And when dawn broke in the morning three other souls had risen
 To bear the dear Lord witness of the hellish Spaniard pack.

XXI.

But the monks girt up their garments, the friars bound their sandals,
 They hurried to the market-place with faggots of dry wood,
 And the acolytes came singing, with their incense and their candles,
 To offer to their images a sacrifice of blood.

XXII.

But they sent the leech to tend them, with his pouch and his long phial,
 And the Jesuits came smiling, with honied words at first,
 For they dared not burn the heretics without some show of trial,
 And the English lads were dying of poisoned air and thirst.

XXIII.

So they gave them draughts of water from a great cold earthen firkin,
And brought them to the courtyard where the tall hidalgo sat,
And he looked a gallant fellow in his boots and his rough jerkin,
With the jewels on his fingers, and the feather in his hat.

XXIV.

And he spoke out like a soldier, for he
said, "Ye caught them fighting,
They met you with the musket, by
the musket they shall fall;
They are Christians in some fashion, and
the pile you're bent on lighting
Shall blaze with none but Indians, or
it shall not blaze at all."

XXV.

So they led them to a clearing in the
wood outside the city,
Struck off the gyves that bound them,
and freed each crippled hand,
And dark-eyed women clustered round
and murmured in their pity,
But won no glance nor answer from
the steadfast English band.

XXVI.

For their lives rose up before them in
crystalline completeness,
And they lost the flashing soldiery,
the sable horde of Rome,
And the great magnolias round them, with wave on wave of sweetness,
Seemed just the fresh profusion and hawthorn lanes of home.

XXVII.

They thought about the harvests, and wondered who would reap them;
They thought about the little port where thirty craft can ride;
They thought about their sweethearts, and prayed the Lord to keep them;
They kissed each other silently, and hand in hand they died.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.



THE CRUISE OF THE ROVER: "WITH FAGGOTS OF DRY WOOD."

(Drawn by Seymour Lucas.)

ART ON WHEELS.

(MUSÉE DE CLUNY.)

A CARDINAL reclining gracefully in his coach met a monk mounted on a sorry nag. "How long," said his eminence, "have monks been in the habit of going a-horseback?" "Ever since St. Peter took to riding in his own carriage," replied the cenobite. If France was the scene of this encounter, the repartee had a sting of its own; for nowhere did the habit of coaching convey such an imputation of luxury.

Even ladies were afraid to incur the reproach. As late as 1640—almost a century after coaches had come into existence—the wife of Christopher de Thou, president of the Parliament of France and father of the historian, dared not enter the carriage her husband used on account of his gout, but rode behind her lackey on horseback. When we read that, as early as 1457, Ladislaus, King of Hungary, sent

Charles VII. of France a present of a carriage, the body of which "trembled," *i.e.*, was hung on leathern straps, it seems strange that eighty or ninety years later, in the reign of François I. (1515—1547), there should have been only three coaches in Paris—one belonging to the queen, another to Diane de Poitiers, and the third to a nobleman who was too fat to mount a horse or go afoot. Even as late as the reign of Henri III. (1574—1589), ladies and gentlemen went to court and to dinner-parties in spurs. And more than half a century after, when Louis XIV. entered Paris, the ladies of the court, instead of being in carriages, rode on white nags splendidly caparisoned. This dislike to coaches was perhaps in some degree due to the rudeness of the builder's art; and without doubt it was deepened by the antipathy Henri IV. entertained to their use, and the tragedy of his last ride. From the form of the vehicle in which he was seated when assassinated by Ravaillac, it is clear that, at the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, a French coach was little better than a box with a canopy on four poles. It appears, moreover, to have been very ponderous; for on this occasion there were seven noblemen inside with the king, two persons sitting on each seat, and two in each boot. Henri's coach experiences were unhappy from the first; for once as he was driving with four horses to St. Germain, he was dragged into the river at the Bridge of Neuilly, the ostlers having forgotten to water the horses. After this he never went to St. Germain without six horses, and a postillion on the leader.

England appears to have been behind even France in the use of coaches, for whereas there were three in Paris in 1550, it was not until five years later that the first coach was made in England. It was built by William Rippon for the Earl of Rutland. Queen Elizabeth preferred a coach which she obtained in Holland. It seems certain, indeed, that in the Low Countries generally the coachbuilder's art was in a high state of development at this time; for in 1560 Antwerp could boast of no less than five hundred coaches. It was the same in Italy; for while in Paris a coach was so unpopular that, as I have noted, the wife of a president of the Parliament dared never venture to ride in one, the French ambassador at the Vatican was followed by a train of a hundred and fifty whenever he went to have an audience of the Pope. He did at Rome as Rome did.

Before coaches became general in Paris, sedan-chairs were the favourite means of locomotion. Their first use in France is attributed to Marguerite de Valois, wife of Henri IV. The covered sedan was not, however, introduced until the reign of Louis XIII. (1610—1643). It came into fashion

in England in 1634, and its vogue was general by the middle of the century. Molière refers to it in his "*Précieuses Ridicules*." Very soon every man and woman of quality had their own sedan-chair and chairmen; and in place of the line of carriages now to be seen drawn up outside the theatres, was an endless file of sedan-chairs, which were shouted for in turn. Some of the nobility became so fond of sedans that they travelled about the country in them. The Duchesse de Nemours, for instance, went a journey of a hundred and thirty leagues in this fashion every year. She took with her forty chairmen, who carried her by turns; and she was ten days on the road.

Among the many improvements in coachbuilding which began to be introduced in the middle of the Seventeenth Century was one that deserves notice in this connection: the body of the coach took the form of a double sedan. About this time, too, paneling, glass windows, and complete doors with sliding glasses began to be used, and soon became fashionable. Springs appear to have been applied to carriages in England in 1665. Mr. Pepys writes in his diary for May 1st of that year:—"After dinner I went to the tryall of some experiments about making of coaches go easy. And several we tried, but one did prove mighty easy (not for me to describe here, further than that the whole of the body lies upon one long spring), and we all, one after another, rid in it, and it is very fine and likely to take." And again, on September 5th:—"After dinner comes Colonel Blunt in his new chariot made with springs, as that which was made of wicker, and wherein a while ago we rode at his house. And he hath rode, he says now, this journey many miles in it with one horse, and outdrives any coach, and so easy, he says. So, for curiosity, I went in it to try it, and up the hill to the heath and over the cart-ruts, and found it pretty well, but not so easy as he pretends."

In 1594 the Marquess of Brandenburg, father of the first Duke of Prussia, possessed thirty-six coaches, each with six horses. This taste seems to have passed with the rest of the inheritance; for, in 1660, Philip de Chiesa, a Piedmontese in the service of the great Elector Frederick William, invented the berlin. Instead of one perch it had two; between them, from the front transom to the hind axle-tree bed, were two strong leather braces, which could be tightened if they stretched by means of jacks or windlasses. As the coach was placed upon these braces instead of being suspended from high posts, it no longer swayed to and fro, but played gently up and down with the movement of the carriage—a difference in motion which those who suffer from sea-sickness can appreciate. These improvements very soon produced a remarkable change in the

popularity of coaches both in England and France. The Company of Coach and Harness Makers was founded in London in 1677 by royal charter. In 1650, in Paris, the Duc de Roannez obtained from Colbert the privilege to establish public carriages; and the king, Louis XIV., gave an extraordinary impetus to their use by himself turning jarvey one day in a freak, and driving M^{de}. de Montespan from the public stand in St. Germain to the palace of the queen-mother. This set the fashion in Paris, and hackney carriages became the rage. The fashion was in no way damped when the town heard that the Duc d'Enghien, in trying to imitate his sovereign, had run his vehicle against a waggon full of stones, and had been hurled into the gutter with as little ceremony as any common jehu. In 1662 a very remarkable attempt was made to introduce a kind of omnibus. The author of this useful institution was no other than Blaise Pascal. Several noblemen supported the enterprise, and vehicles to hold six each began to ply for hire in different quarters of the capital. The drivers wore a blue uniform, embroidered with the king's arms and those of the City of Paris. At first these carriages were a great success; but a rise in the fare from five to six sous, and the increased competition of the hackney coaches, brought the venture to a premature close. Such, however, was the spirit of progress abroad that, while in 1660 there were but 300 coaches in Paris, a century later, in the reign of Louis XV., there were as many as 15,000.

When public coaches were first established in Paris no page, soldier, lackey, nor tradesman was privileged to enter them. To be seen in one's carriage was a proof of nobility, and notwithstanding

all the pains taken to mark the difference between a hackney and a private vehicle by the use of liveries and armorial bearings on the one hand, and on the other by the application of a number in enormous yellow characters—a custom introduced in 1698—a thoughtless world might after all mistake a linen-draper for a lord. That such a distinction did really attach to the use of carriages appears from the fact that in Rome and Naples many noblemen lived in the garrets of their palaces, and starved themselves to be able to coach it daily in the Corso. That great master of ceremonies, Louis le Grand, made the right of entering the royal carriages a brevet of nobility. The privilege was most charily granted, and by the monarch in person. Flawless titles of nobility were required, and even these were not always sufficient, as in a book which Louis kept himself he has often written against the applications "refused," "deferred," and so forth. During the minority of Louis XV., the honour was only granted to those who could trace their nobility as far back as the Fourteenth Century. Thus a carriage was such an appanage of rank that the habit in any but a person of quality seemed pretentious and illegitimate: like false arms and spurious family portraits. This explains why prudent Mistress Gilpin sent her hackney a little way down the street:—

"But three doors off the chaise was stayed,
And there they all got in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin."

Hungary has the right to claim the invention of the modern coach. Kotze, the name of the town in which the vehicle was first built, has been phonetically preserved in the word by which it is



ITALIAN GRAND GALA CARRIAGE: MUSÉE DE CLUNY.

known in almost every language in Europe. Mr. Thrupp, whose "History of Coachbuilding" all interested in the art should read, considers that the German waggon is the parent of the coach. As that ancient conveyance is not unlike our timber-cart, it probably represents the carriage that has existed among the peoples of Northern and Eastern Europe from the most remote times. If this conjecture be right, it may be said that the magnificent state coach

notorious for this kind of folly. A state coach built in 1629, for the marriage of Duke Eduardo Farnese with Margarita of Tuscany, kept five-and-twenty silversmiths at work for two years, and shone with some five-and-twenty thousand ounces of silver. This almost equals the carriage which, in 1860, the Sultan had built for one of his wives, and which, being made as far as possible of silver, cost £15,000. In Italy, too, the greatest artists were employed to



FRENCH STATE CARRIAGE: MUSÉE DE CLUNY.

in which Louis XV. rode to his coronation was the collateral offspring of Eginhard's *carpentum*:—the waggon drawn by four oxen and led by a tall ox-driver, in which on solemn occasions the long-haired Merovingians exhibited themselves to the people. To examine the under part of any of the old state coaches is to find that it bears a close resemblance to the timber-waggon. A striking feature in the more ancient ones is the set of standards used for suspending the straps on which the coach was hung. Another point is the wedge-like shape of the body, which answers again to that of the waggon. Deprive a state coach of its carving and gilding, its mythological fantasies, and its magnificent upholstery, and it would look almost as rude and clumsy as its ancestor. *Incessu patet dea*; it betrays its bumpkin origin in its very gait:—

"Here comes the coach, so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight."

On the decoration of these carriages the most extravagant sums were spent. Italy was especially

paint the panels of coaches. Vasari has given several examples. Thus in 1513, when, on the election of Leo X., two triumphant cars were built, Pontormo painted them all over with mythological scenes in grey camaieu. One of the carriages built for a civic procession which took place at Florence on St. John's Day, in 1516, was decorated by no less a person than Andrea del Sarto. The same custom existed in France, for, as some months ago I had occasion to remark in the pages of this Magazine, François Clouet, as the king's limner, painted whatever was needed on the royal carriages, and on the occasion of a royal funeral gave both coffin and hearse a coat of black.

Nothing, therefore, was spared in order to render magnificent the shell of the human mollusk. It was not, however, until the mechanician became equally inspired with the painter that anything like a beautiful result was obtained. This became the case towards the latter end of the Seventeenth Century, and we see the firstfruits in the fine collection of Eighteenth Century carriages at Cluny. The principal treasure—the original of our first engraving—is an Italian

gala carriage, traditionally reported to have belonged to Pope Paul V., who reigned from 1605 to 1621.

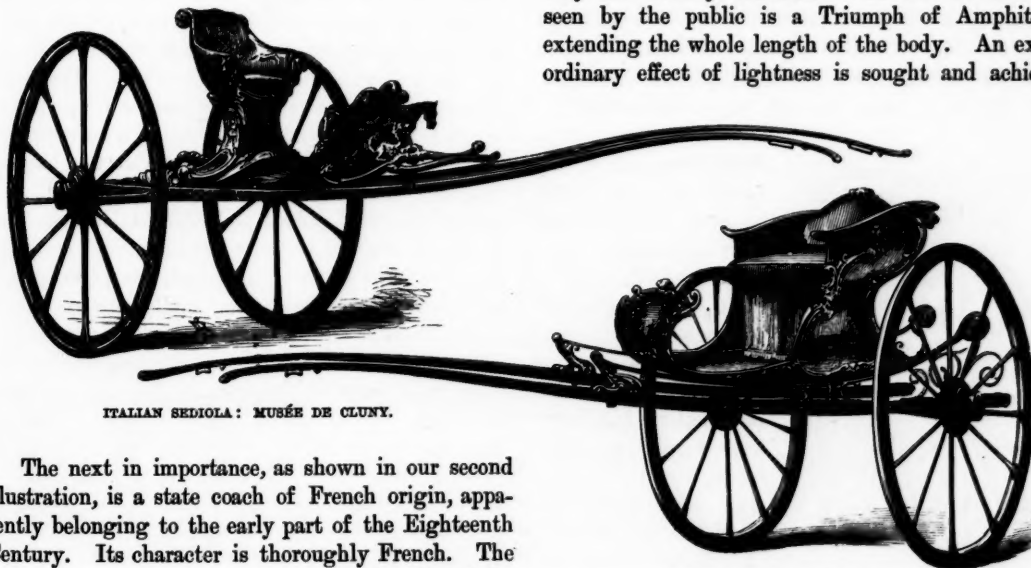
an ornamentation as pretty and graceful as that of the Italian carriage is rich and elegant. It is



ITALIAN STATE CARRIAGE: MUSÉE DE CLUNY.

This tradition must be rejected. It begins more than a hundred years too soon. The carriage, by its ornaments and general character, belongs to the Eighteenth Century. It is in a state of perfect preservation; and, as it is equipped with all its gear, it might, if occasion offered, take its place with its six horses in a public festival. It has done duty of recent years; for the last time Pius IX. visited Bologna it was used for his solemn entry into the city.

almost wholly of wood, the least possible quantity of metal being used in its construction. The body rests in berlin-fashion on a double perch, between which are long leathern straps curling over wheels with great circular plates all notched and gilded, by which means the aforesaid straps were tightened or loosened at pleasure. The panels are painted with mythological subjects on an aventurine ground. Though not equal to those of the Italian carriage, they are cleverly executed. The one on the side seen by the public is a Triumph of Amphitrite, extending the whole length of the body. An extraordinary effect of lightness is sought and achieved



ITALIAN SEDIOLA: MUSÉE DE CLUNY.

The next in importance, as shown in our second illustration, is a state coach of French origin, apparently belonging to the early part of the Eighteenth Century. Its character is thoroughly French. The natural heaviness of the framework is relieved by

DUTCH TILBURY: MUSÉE DE CLUNY.

by the brilliant colouring of the paintings and of the ribbons which adorn every unoccupied space, as well as by the complete framing of the body of the coach, with its windows and doors, in gilded foliage. It is heightened, too, by the fact that, with the exception of the back, the upper part is almost entirely of glass. The springs are different from those of the Italian carriage. All the forms seem to prove it the oldest carriage in the room.

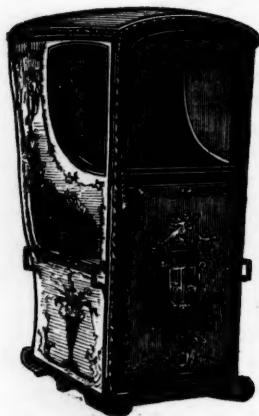
There are two other Italian carriages, both extremely elegant; one is styled a gala carriage, the other—figured in our third engraving—a state carriage in the form of a gala chariot. The latter is the same kind of vehicle as that which M. Roubo has called a *voiture à l'Anglaise*. This was a very elegant form of carriage, notwithstanding M. Roubo's refusal to admit that it possessed any beauty or grace, that patriotic Frenchman considering it a duty to denounce the servile adulation of English coachbuilding. The springs of the former are English, for they have stamped on them a crown, with the name, Holden Constable, London. A feather, sculptured in high relief, on the splashboard, has given rise to the idea that it once belonged to a Prince of Wales; but this is clearly a mistake. Both have painted panels, the chariot's being adorned with symbolical figures of Science, Literature, and Art.

Under glass cases are some very pretty little models of carriages towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV. Another model represents the coronation coach of Louis XV. It was got up by the royal jeweller, and remained in the possession of his family until it came to Cluny. In the same case is a singular vehicle, a hand cabriolet. The body is that of the ordinary cabriolet, the hood opening and shutting by means of a double compass. It has two poles, one in front and the other behind, and when it rested it stood on four feet. Among the most interesting objects in this part of the museum are two

specimens of the sedan chair. One, dating from Louis XV., is richly adorned on either side with landscapes on a gold ground, and in front with armorial bearings. Its fashion is shown in the picture opposite. The other is simpler, but must have been very pretty when its pale green tints were fresh, and some lady of the court of Marie Antoinette, her tall peruke covered

with a towering bonnet heavily laden with ribbons, bobbing and curtsying to a line of bowing periwigs, deftly ducked into her place and seated herself without disarranging a single ribbon, or crushing a furbelow of her marvellous *tournure*. Children also enjoyed the luxury of being carried about in sedans, instead of being condemned, as in the present day, to the slow and sleepy motion of the perambulator. A very handsome specimen belonging to the reign of Louis XV. is preserved at Cluny, an engraving of which is introduced below. It is open, with seats placed *vis à vis*. The panels are painted with babies and bouquets of flowers, and the varnish is said to be very old.

Two very singular vehicles in use during the last century are represented at Cluny: the Italian *sediola*, and a very handsome Dutch gig in the form of the *tilbury*. The *sediola*, a kind of sulky, is said to be still running about Bergamo; it was in common use in various parts of Italy in the last century. It is only for one person, and its peculiarity is found in the disproportion to the body of the enormous wheels and shafts. Fixed without any kind of suspension to the shafts, it obtains a spring from their enormous length. It is allied to the Norwegian *carriole*, the Neapolitan *calesso*, and the Cuban *volante*, all of which are said to owe their origin to the *cabriolet* or hooded gig, which dashed about Paris during the last quarter of the Seventeenth Century. The *sediola* figured in our fourth woodcut bears an inscription which appears to indicate that it was made at Verona. The body is decorated with carvings of mythological subjects in bold relief. The wheels are elaborately painted, twelve animals being represented outside the tire, and as many birds on the inside. On the interior of the footboard the game of goose is portrayed, the owner no doubt finding this an agreeable means of diverting the tedium of his solitary journeys. The Dutch *tilbury*—which companions the *sediola* in our picture—is a far more civilised vehicle. It is suspended on straps, which go over small wheels at the back, so that they can be loosened or tightened at will. The seat, a very well-padded and comfortable arm-chair, is covered with red velvet. The outer sides and back, with the front of the splashboard, are pictured with agricultural subjects—horses, cattle, and so forth—in the style of the Dutch school. There are holders for lamps, and there is a large low step for a footman suspended behind on straps; altogether it is a handsome vehicle, strong and light.



SEDAN: MUSÉE DE CLUNY.



CHILD'S SEDAN: MUSÉE DE CLUNY.

Choice, but far from being complete, the gathering of carriages at Cluny should form the nucleus of a collection that would be as good a means as exists of studying the out-door life of the last two centuries—a means whose interest is absolutely fresh and new. Even as that worn-out *désobligeant* which the author of "The Sentimental Journey" discovered in the innyard, and for whose misery he professed so much graceful pity, the wreck of many an interesting old vehicle might be unearthed in odd corners and out-of-the-way nooks. It should at least be possible to bring together all the carriages Roubo has described as existing in 1770:—The berlin; the diligence à l'Anglaise (answering to the English post-chaise), with its progenitor, the chaise de poste, in which the

coachman seems to be nearly on his horse's haunches; the calèche, open at the sides, with a roof and two seats; the diable, a similar vehicle with only one seat; and the grand cabriolet, shaped like a hansom without the driver's lofty perch. To these ought surely to be added a good specimen of that lumbering old caravan, the diligence; for although there are people still living who made the grand tour when there was one on every high road in France, it will soon become as curious as the megatherium—as impossible as the postillion's boots that are figured opposite the present writer's signature. RICHARD HEATH.

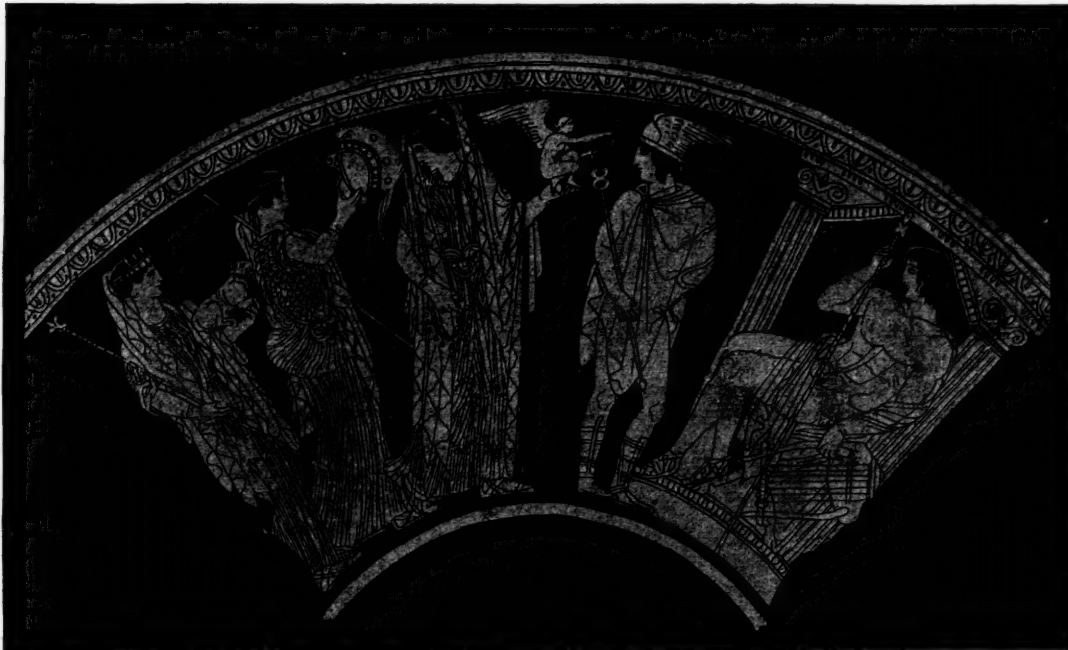


GREEK MYTHS IN GREEK ART.—II.

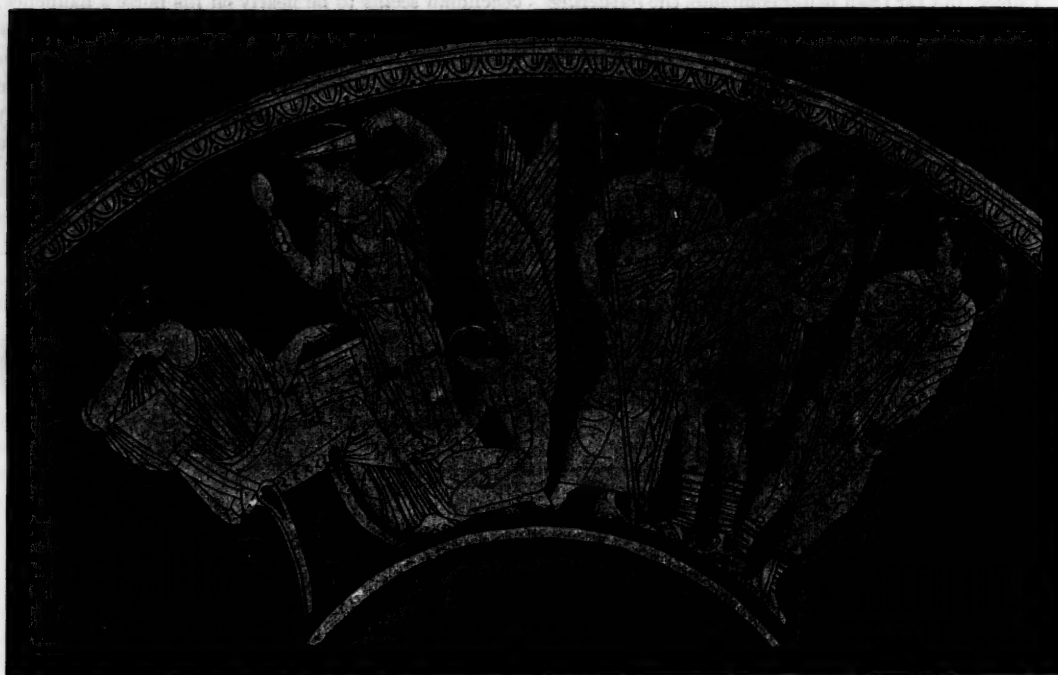
HELEN OF TROY.

ABOUT the figure of Helen of Troy there plays a halo whose brightness no time may dim. In her image the beauty-worship of the Greeks culminates; she is peerless among women as Achilles among men; she is the mortal whom for her perfect loveliness none may criticise save to his own hurt. The poet Stesichorus dared in his "Destruction of Troy" to sing of her evil deeds and the sorrow she

wrought to Trojan and Greek; and for his impiety the gods smote him blind, nor restored him his eyes till he chanted his palinode "Not true is that word which I spake." Even Homer (so they fabled) was blind because he uttered blame of Queen Helen. In these modern days it is impossible—nay, perhaps it may not be wholly desirable—that we should so passionately worship this vision of beauty. Our



HELEN OF TROY.—I.: FROM A GREEK KYLIX. OBVERSE. (Circa 400–300 B.C.)



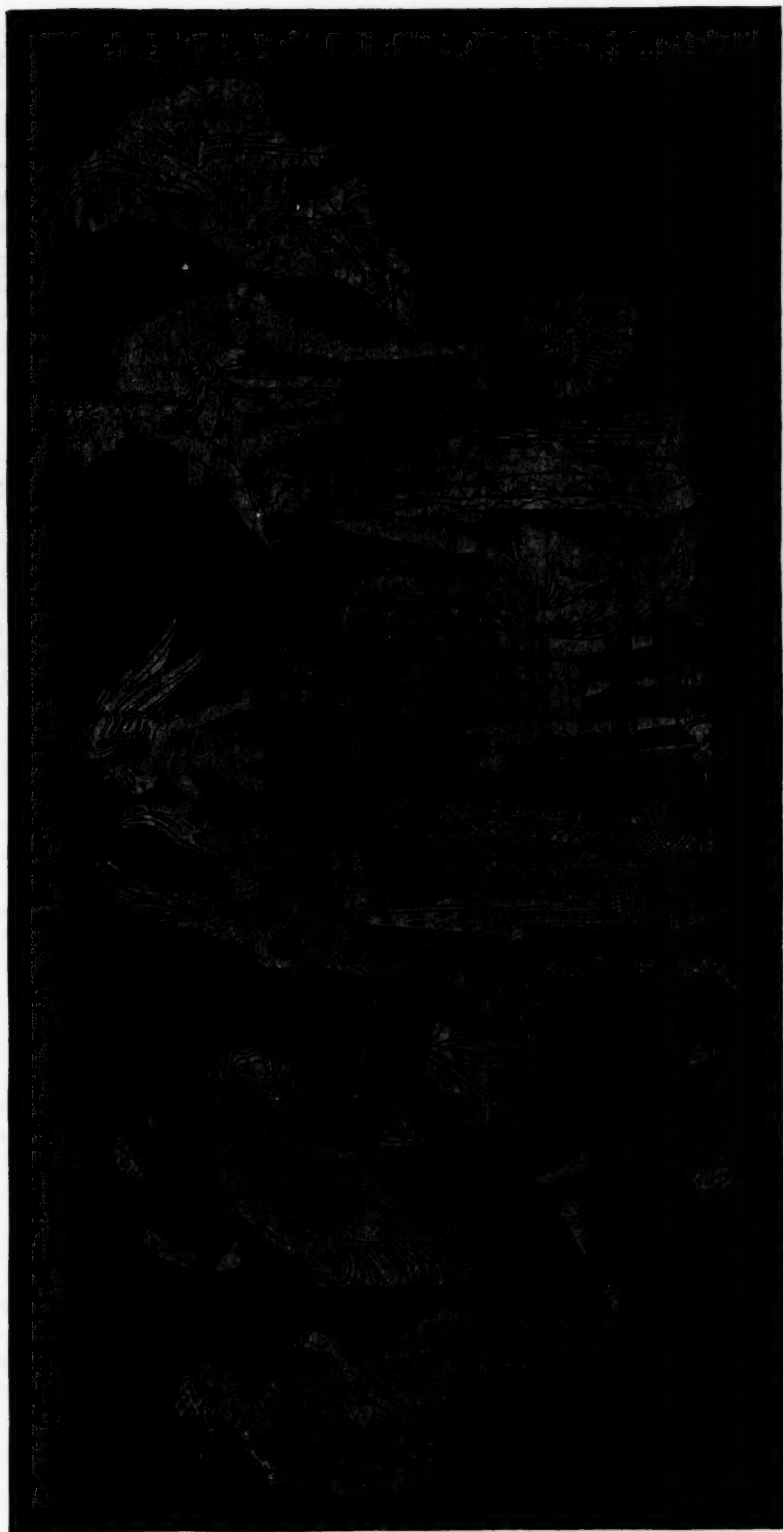
HELEN OF TROY.—II.: FROM A GREEK KYLIX. REVERSE. (Circa. 400–300 B.C.)

standard of morality is no longer æsthetic; we do not say, nor feel, with the Greeks that the beautiful is the good, though we still hope that the good is the beautiful. Our task—and it should be a pleasant one—is but to follow the fairest woman of the ancient world through a few scenes of her chequered life as it appears in art and literature, and to note how the Greeks felt towards her themselves, and how they expressed her charm in different epochs of artistic thought and feeling.

Helen, though a mortal, was yet descended from the gods. She was the daughter of the beautiful Leda and the divine Swan—even Zeus himself. From her earliest days she was under the special care and guidance of the goddess Aphroditè, whom, even when she would fain resist, she is obliged to serve. When she was still a girl—one legend says—the hero Theseus forced her away to his home in Athens. It is her love for Paris, however, that we have to consider. He was by no means her first lover—he is only one among a succession of suitors. In a previous number I remarked how frequently the story of the Judgment of Paris occurs on the vase-paintings of the Greeks. In this Judgment we remember Aphroditè triumphed, and her guerdon to Paris was the promise of the “fairest and most loving wife in Greece.” Straightway (as we learn from the ancient poem of the “Kypria”) she bade the shepherd-prince build a ship and sail for Hellas,

taking with him Æneas as his comrade. These two stories, then, the Judgment of Paris and the Rape of Helen, are in close and immediate connection, and as such we find them decorating the beautiful *kylix* (now in the museum at Berlin) whose obverse and reverse are figured in our first and second pictures. The design is in red on a black ground, a fashion which became fashionable about the end of the Fifth Century B.C., almost to the exclusion of the earlier mode—of black on red. The style is very delicate, with traces of archaism in the formal rendering of the very beautiful drapery; but there is a general freedom about the whole composition which prevents me from dating it earlier than 400 B.C.

To the right of our first illustration—of the under side of one half of the *kylix*—is Paris, the shepherd-judge. This time, however, he is not seated among his flocks, but in his own regal home. It is the custom in vase-painting to indicate a temple or a house by one or more columns. This indication is purely conventional. To a Greek vase-painter it would have seemed quite unnecessary and inappropriate to set the famous shepherd against the realistic background of a rural hut. Moreover, Paris, though a shepherd, is a king's son. As such perhaps—more probably in his capacity of judge—he holds a regal staff in his right hand; from his left, as the three goddesses approach, he lets fall



HELEN OF TROY.—III: FROM A GREEK VASE FOUND AT KERTSCH. OBVERSE. (Circ. 300 B.C.)

his lyre. I shall not tarry to discuss the work in detail, as to-day our business is with Helen; but I must note in passing that Hera brings up the rear of the procession, holding in her hand a tiny lion, a symbol possibly of sovereignty and might, and that victorious Aphrodite leads the van with a love-god perching on her fingers. For Aphrodite is victorious; and on the other side of the *kylix*, reproduced in our second illustration, you may see the issue of her triumph.

The picture there tells its own tale. Fair Helen is seated on a goodly carven chair, a toilet casket on her knee, a love-god at her feet, a maiden with a mirror by her side. But she who loved to deck herself with every gaud, she whose toilet is figured with every profusion of luxury on a hundred vases—she turns aside from her jewels, her head rests on her hand. Is it only a dire foreboding? or has the arrow already gone home? Before her stand three goodly men. Foremost is her faithful husband Menelaos, with the Spartan sceptre in his hand; and with him—as his honoured guest—is the Trojan Paris, the man who is to darken and dishonour his home. Paris, too, turns away. They meant no harm, thought the vase-painter, with easy and submissive morality; they could not help it, these things are the work of fate. By the side of Paris stands Æneas, his comrade by the special ordinance of Aphrodite. They both wear, hanging behind their necks, the *petasos*—a broad, shallow hat, in vase-painting usually an emblem of travel, or the attribute of the great wanderer, the ever-journeying Hermes. On their way-worn feet sandals are bound. Menelaos wears none; he is at home. Helen's averted head and downcast gaze is a piece of pathos somewhat too exquisite for vase-painting. Her expression, indeed, inclines me to date the vase a good deal later than the drawing on the other side would warrant. The style of the two sides of the cup is markedly unequal. That of the Judgment is careful, finished, and severe, with great delicacy of detail. The second design, on the contrary, is rough and careless, and, though full of meaning and intention, extremely faulty in execution. Often, to our great disappointment, we find one side of a vase decorated with the utmost skill, and turning to the other, are confronted with work which seems to have been deliberately "scamped."

Menelaos has brought home the messenger of fate; but worse is behind. Could he not at least remain in Sparta and ward off the evil issue of his unwitting act? Will not a prophetic instinct warn him to tarry with the wife who still loves him, and guard her in her hour of peril? In our next vase-picture is the answer. He has left her; he has started on his journey for Crete, bidding her,

with unconscious irony, see well to the comfort of his guests. The drawing reproduced in our third illustration is from the obverse of a vase discovered at Kertsch, and now in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. It is late in date, but extremely fine in execution. In the centre of the design is Helen; on her head are a gorgeous wreath and veil. She sits luxuriously on a delicately-carven chair; her feet rest on a footstool. She no longer looks away from Paris. The struggle is over; it is already too late for Menelaos to return. There is nothing of the faint moral protest to be discerned in the earlier work. The intention of the design is wholly voluptuous. Paris, in splendid Phrygian attire, is surrounded by love-gods; his misgiving is ended for ever. To the left of Helen stands a lovely handmaid, bearing a fan of specially charming shape. The female figures grouped on either side are attendants likewise. The two youths who lean in graceful attitudes to the right and left are probably the brothers of Helen, Castor and Polydeukes. They, we learn from the Kyprian poem, had first hospitably received Paris on his landing, and might have come on with him to the house of Menelaos. We shall meet them again on the reverse of this vase: figured later on—in our fifth engraving.

Our fourth picture is taken from a wholly different class of monuments—i.e., marble reliefs. The example from which it is engraved—now in the National Museum at Naples—has been long familiar to archaeologists, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, the place of its discovery is not known. It is probably a piece of original Greek work, dating about the third century B.C., or possibly the end of the fourth. The expressiveness of Aphrodite's face would prevent an earlier ascription. It is of special importance, not only for its charm and grace as a piece of art, but because it embodies in the fullest and most vivid manner a peculiar phase of Greek feeling. Most of the faces are mutilated; but wherever the work is undamaged the execution is very careful and good. The motive is clear, as over the head of each of the principal figures the name is written. To the left sits Helen, with drooping head; by her side, with one arm cast tenderly about her, is Aphrodite, whispering to her we know not what of love and bliss. The tiny figure perched on the pillar behind her is Peitho, or Persuasion, the personified speech of Aphrodite. To the right is the graceful figure of Alexandros, as Paris was called by the Asiatics, and as his name usually appears on Greek monuments. He is simply clad as a Greek youth. His gorgeous Phrygian attire, however suitable for the decoration of a vase, would have been quite out of place on a relief, and the Greek artists had too fine a sense of the fitness of

things to sacrifice good taste to realism. By his side a love-god with high tapering wings pleads, and not in vain. The only unpleasing point in this charming work is the way the composition falls asunder into two distinct parts. This vexes the eye, which looks to see the square space more compactly filled. Turning from the style to the subject, it is obvious that the artist has expressed an idea very frequent in Greek art:—that love comes to mortals *from the gods*. Helen loves at the prompting of Aphroditè, Paris at the whisper of Eros. This to our minds perilous doctrine the Greeks held unflinchingly. By its help they excused much that to us seems unpardonable, and were able to admire much that we find unworthy. Homer, when he shows us Helen restored to her husband's home, makes her lay all the blame on Aphroditè, whom—as later poets said—none might withstand. We have to bear this in mind when we wonder to see Helen escape uncensured. In most early civilisations we find some favourite failing, be it revenge or love, condoned because committed at the bidding of the gods.

One act of the drama is over; Paris and Helen have met and loved. The second act is the flight to Troy. It is depicted by artists of different epochs with every variety of invention. Sometimes Helen flies by stealth, but willingly; sometimes she is dragged off by force; sometimes a chariot waits for her; sometimes it is a ship laden with stolen treasure. On the whole, the designs divide themselves into two classes: those in which she goes by her own will, and those in which she yields to force. We have selected a typical instance of each.

First—in our fifth illustration—is a design from the reverse of the vase whose obverse is figured in our third engraving. There Helen listened to the beguiling speech of Paris; here she has mounted the quadriga by his side, and is taking her way to Troy. Above her a love-god carries what seem to be the wedding torches, for the flight is by night; and at the horse's head stands Hermes, the messenger of the gods, with his sacred caduceus in his hand, as if to give the enterprise at once countenance and safe-conduct. Behind are Castor and Polydeukes, the two youths pictured on the obverse of the vase; they look on, concerned indeed, but with no attempt to arrest their sister's flight. This acquiescence of the brothers is possibly an echo of a less known version of the

story. In the writings of Dio Chrysostom, who took his version from the "Kypria," an Egyptian priest is made to give what we may fairly call the Trojan side of the question. We are accustomed, from reading the "Iliad" only, to hear only the tradition of the Greeks. According to Dio Chrysostom, then (and probably this form of the story was widely current in Asia Minor as opposed to Greece proper), Paris presented himself, together with Menelaos and the other wooers, as a suitor for the hand of Helen. He came, not as a simple shepherd, but with all splendour and magnificence, and offered many costly gifts. By his great beauty, his eloquence, and the influence of his father Priam, he won over Helen's brothers, and made them look down on Menelaos as a mere nobody in comparison with such a splendid youngster as himself. It would seem that this is the version adopted in our picture. The presence of Hermes and the brothers, and the altogether formal and seemingly aspect of the departure, lend at least possibility to the conjecture. The "Kypria," from which Dio Chrysostom appears to have derived his materials, had Paris for its hero. It would therefore naturally be popular among Asiatics: and doubly so if it placed the Asiatic hero in a more favourable light than the "Iliad."

We have seen Helen a willing captive. Let us turn to what is to us a more pleasant sight—her capture by force, as figured upon a vase of unique beauty



HELEN OF TROY.—IV.: FROM A MARBLE RELIEF. (Circa 300–200 B.C.)

and interest. Our sixth and seventh illustrations are taken from the obverse and reverse of a *cotyllos*, or deep two-handled cup of Hieron, discovered a few

age, as Homer says, "when youth is most gracious." He advances to the left with the long formal stride by which early art suggested swift motion. With



HELEN OF TROY.—V.: FROM A GREEK VASE FOUND AT KERTSCH. REVERSE. (Ovr. 300 B.C.)

years ago by Baron Spinelli in his excavations on his estate at Acerra, not far from Capua. The vase is now in his private museum, which his kindness and courtesy makes accessible to visitors. In a previous number, when treating of vases representing the Judgment of Paris, I called attention to the remarkable beauty of a *kylix* designed by the artist Hieron. This second example of his work is perhaps the finest in conception, though not in execution, that is known to us. Beneath one of the two handles is inscribed, "Hieron made;" but in another part of the vase occurs a second qualifying inscription, "Makron painted." We must suppose that Makron was a painter working in the studio of the distinguished craftsman Hieron. If so, he had so completely caught the manner of his master that their styles are indistinguishable. This *cotyllos* is the only vase we possess that bears his signature.

The obverse is reproduced first. In the centre is the graceful charmer Paris, dressed not as a Phrygian dandy, but as a Greek warrior, with a crested helmet on his head and a long spear in his hand. It would be hard to find anything more perfect in the way of drapery than the beautiful, symmetrical, close-lying folds of his under *chiton*, in contrast with the ampler treatment of his over-mantle. He is a very young hero, with soft, close, full hair, and the first down mantling on his cheek: the

his left hand he firmly, nay almost fiercely, grasps his bride, beautiful Helen, who follows with down-cast head, reluctant, but not reluctant long. In vase-painting this grasp—of "hand upon wrist," as the Greeks said—is the common sign of marital power, a survival of days when the lover fought for and captured his lady. Behind Helen, and pressing close and hard upon her, is the cause of all her undoing, her mistress Aphrodite, wearing on her head a graceful cap, the *cecryphalos*. Behind, as though the queen of love were not enough, there follows her handmaid Peitho, goddess of persuasion. She holds in her left hand a flower, with a delicate up-lifted gesture, very characteristic of the art of the Fifth Century B.C., and particularly of Hieron's vases. Still further behind is a boy page, in front of whom is the inscription, "Makron painted." Leading the procession is Æneas, the Phrygian's comrade. He carries a splendid shield, with a lion as its *episeme*. All the figures are inscribed with their names, and the inscription of Æneas confirms the opinion already stated, that the youth who accompanies Paris is usually intended for this hero, in accordance with the tradition of the "Kypria." The design is in red on black, as are all the vases of Hieron's make we have. He is, in fact, one of the best representatives of the early fine or transitional style of drawing. The execution is very unequal—more so than is usual

in his work; and this may be due to the deficiencies of his supposed pupil Makron. The hands of Peitho, and indeed of Helen, are of the roughest; but in sentiment and manner the design is unsurpassed.

Between obverse and reverse there is an interval of many years. In the first Helen goes forth with Paris from the home of Menelaos. In the next she comes face to face, after long years of sorrow, with this husband she so lightly betrayed. Of these years art tells us little, poetry much. No vase-painting shows us the queen as she sat weaving into her purple *peplos* the woes of Troy, nor when, at the bidding of Iris, she went forth, still comely and delicate, to watch from the city walls the duel of lover and husband. Beautiful she was always, for we know how Priam and his elders watched her as she went, and marvelled, and could utter no word of blame. Nor can we see her as she laments with Andromache over the body of dead Hector—Hector, whose gracious lips had never given her one sharp, accusing word. We wonder, perhaps, that the vase-painter left us no picture of all this. The fact remains, though the explanation is yet to seek, that the stories of the "Iliad," the only poem of all the cyclic series extant, are not so popular with ancient artists as those which told their prelude and sequel—the "Kypria" and the "Iliou-persis," or "Destruction of Troy." It is from this latter that is derived the motive of the reverse design—figured in our seventh picture—of the Spinelli *cotyls*. Beneath one handle

of the vase, where there is space for a seated figure only, sits King Priam, the aged monarch who, Helen says, was always kind to her, whatever rough words the women-folk might speak. In his hand he holds a crutch-like sceptre, symbol at once of old age and royalty. The sight he gazes at is moving enough. Menelaos, a bearded warrior, with spear and helmet and huge shield, draws his sword in all the fury of revenge to slay his faithless wife. Her reckoning is surely come at last; in a moment, it seems, she must lie dead at his feet. But no! his head sinks, his hand fails, for from the face of Helen Aphrodite draws away the marriage veil, and the old demonic beauty shines forth and strikes him powerless and dumb. No artist could have chosen a moment more intensely dramatic; it is the final triumph of irresistible Aphrodite. Helen is simply passive. The gestures, it is to be noted, are extraordinarily expressive, but there is no play of emotion in the faces; angry Menelaos, frightened Helen, victorious Aphrodite, all curl their lips with the same proud scorn. A similar absence of emotion, of individuality, is observable in most of the art of the time before Pheidias, and during the period of his activity. It was not until another generation and a new representative artist—Praxiteles—had arisen, that the face, as in the "Hermes" of Olympia, became a medium for the expression of varied and complex spiritual emotion. With this new ambition art seems to lose almost at once its majestic ideality. In the images both

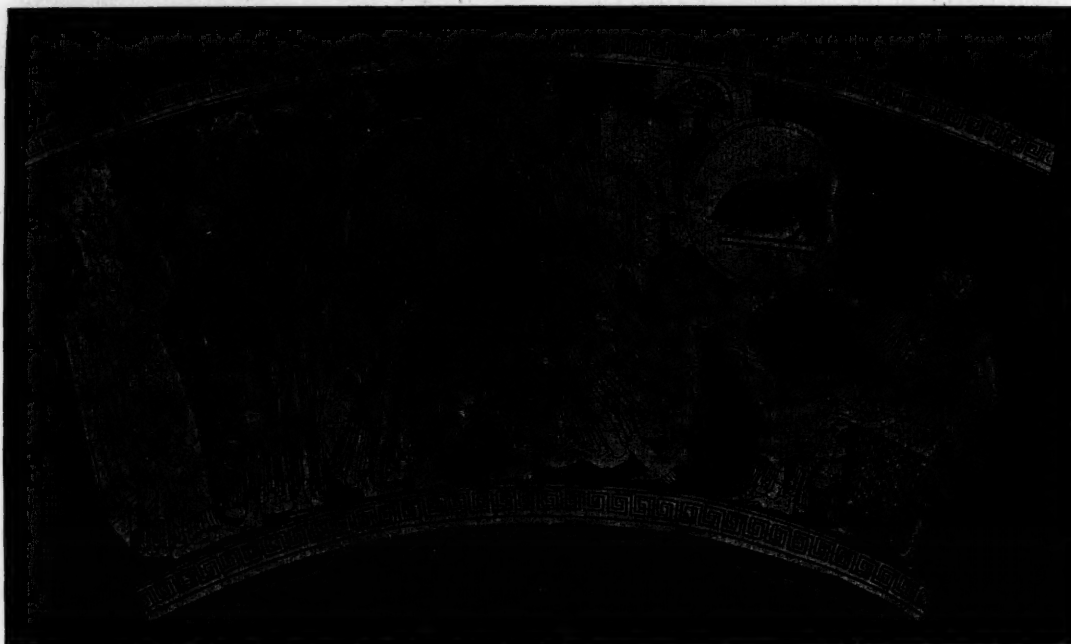


HELEN OF TROY.—VI.: FROM THE SPINELLI COTYLOS BY HIERON. OBVERSE. (Circ. 400 B.C.)

of gods and men it seeks to express what is momentary, accidental, even trivial. We lose the vision all too soon of what is permanent, what is real, what is in the highest sense ideal. As for Helen, her

housewifely cares. It is as if Paris had never been, and the topless towers of Ilium were yet unfallen.

Somehow Homer could never speak harshly of Helen; she was too near to him, and her influence



HELEN OF TROY.—VII.: FROM THE SPINELLI OOTYLOS. REVERSE. (Circa 400 B.C.)

anguish is over, and the curtain falls upon a scene of amity and peace. Faithful Andromachè is carried off, to waste her life in cruel slavery. Faithless Helen takes her husband's hand, and is led by him to the ship that is to bear them back to the home she had ruined; and as they go down to the ship hand in hand, men wonder at her beauty, and forget to wonder at her forgiveness. In literature we meet her yet again. In the "Odyssey," Telemachos, when he goes to Sparta to seek tidings of his father, finds Helen seated in all honour among her maidens and "grave damsels," busy with the distaff and all

was too potent and too gracious. But the moral sense awoke in his successors, and they do not shrink from heaping curses on her beautiful head. To Æschylus she is the ruin of ships and men and cities; she goes lightly forth from her husband's doors, bearing for her dowry destruction to Troy; she dares intolerable things, while in the desolate home her husband seeks her with empty eyes through a weariness of wandering dreams. Such sorrow it was not for early art to attempt. Tragedy is rarely pictured on Greek vases; still more rarely is the pre-sentment satisfactory.

J. E. HARRISON.

A PRE-RAPHAELITE COLLECTION.

I SHALL best describe the collection got together by Mr. Trist at his house in Brighton by saying that it has been formed to live with. He has no gallery, unless the bright recess on the landing hung with his Masons and other pleasant works may so be called. His is not a large collection, but it includes few things which are not interesting and choice.

It shows an individual but by no means a narrow taste, engaged for a quarter of a century in careful selection from the work of contemporary artists. Albert Moore and Madox Brown, Arthur Hughes and Legros, Rossetti and Mason have all of them attractions for the collector, whose bias is towards fine colour and refined sentiment rather than towards any

particular province of art or any special sect of artists. The gathering is therefore of general interest, but it has its specialties. One of these is the number of pictures by men who, notwithstanding their remarkable gifts, for some reason or other have been left behind in the race for fame. Of John Carrick, for instance, whose artistic aim seems to be to hold the mirror up to nature literally and unsentimentally, Mr. Trist possesses some fine examples. Worthy of John Brett are his pictures of Nice and the Alhambra and the Land's End, so minute and thorough are they in execution, so rich in their sunlight and so clear of air. As substitutes for reality such transcripts are incomparable. By the late John Raven, an artist almost equally gifted in fineness of vision and accuracy of hand, but with a larger measure of poetry, Mr. Trist has two beautiful landscapes, one of which received the honours of engraving. A magnificent view of Estella by Mark Anthony, two or three small specimens of the same true and original artist, and a fine gloomy mountain scene by Müller's friend and fellow-worker, Dighton, are further examples of the collector's recognition of merit unaccompanied by public applause. Such pictures as the Legros in his possession—a beautiful and solemn "Communion" and a most masterly *gouache* of the head of a priest—as Albert Moore's exquisite "Pomegranates," and Richmond's rather Masonish "Calves," belong to a category of production that is better known and more generally appreciated. And in a measure the same may be said of those examples of what is popularly termed the "Pre-Raphaelite School," in which the chief interest of his collection is centred.

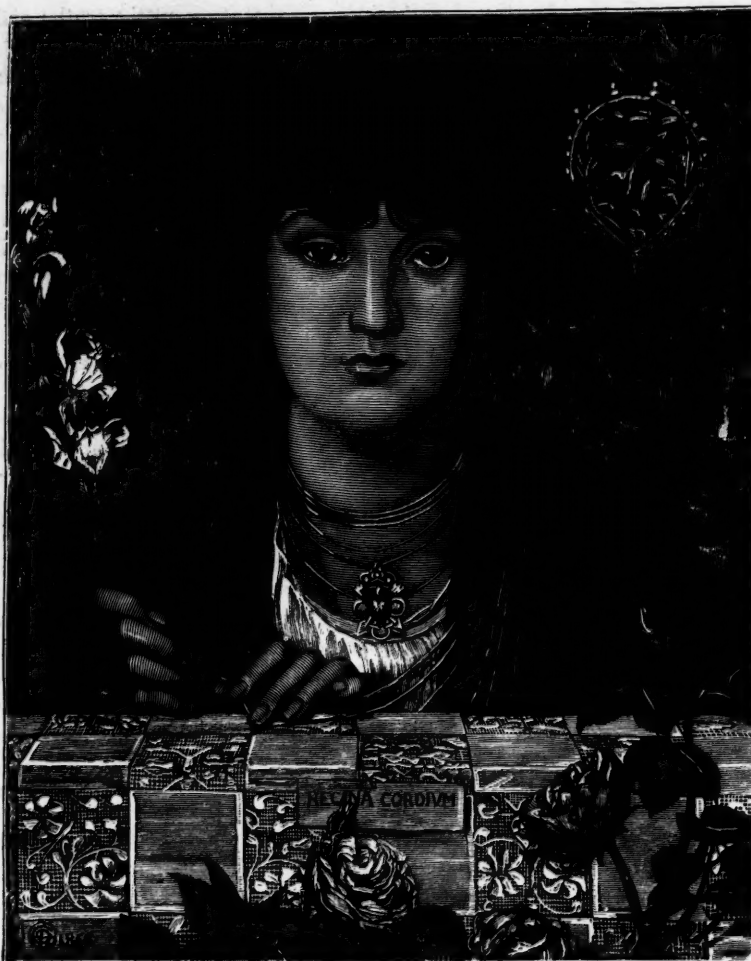
To those who cared for art thirty years ago, especially those who then were young, the advent of the Pre-Raphaelites was a very "rose of dawn," full of fair promise, the like of which cannot be expected twice in the same existence. The lights in the art-firmament were few in those days. We had seen the last wild flash of Turner's genius, and the Academy grew duller year by year. Its certain pleasures could be counted on the fingers. We were sure of some agreeable work by Stanfield, Creswick, and Cooke; we were tolerant but tired of Cooper's cows; we had little else in which to trust. A Landseer perhaps—perhaps not; a Maclise possibly, or one of the sweet-coloured over-refined heads of Sir Charles Eastlake; now and then a Mulready or a Webster—these were the strongest excitements to be looked for in Trafalgar Square. Suddenly—at least it seems suddenly in retrospect—the spaces of infinite dullness and commonplace, of feeble colour and still feebler sentiment, began to be lit up here and there with pictures like windows into an unknown world. The acres of vulgar portraits, the roods of chilly

landscape, the poles of "high art" of the Gandish school, began serving but as foils to the earnest, strange, and brilliant work of a few young men. Something more than strange—extravagant indeed—seemed these highly-coloured men and women with blazing costumes and uncouth attitudes, set in landscapes of vivid green with purple skies. What did it all mean? That Mr. Ruskin told us. He said that it meant the truth; and, odd as it may seem, he was right. Never before had we realised how dependent we were upon art for our knowledge of nature. Grass was green and skies were blue, and the sun was the source of colour. These and many more such physical truths were in those days like a revelation. But this was not all: the young men had a "purpose" in their work. Behind the reverent copyism of nature were ideas, and they were the ideas of the thinkers and poets of the time. It was not only an artistic but a moral and intellectual movement. Art for the first time in our memory was promising to catch up and keep pace with literature. We had mastered—at least some of us had—our abstruse Tennyson, and grappled with our cryptic Browning; Carlyle and Kingsley were moving us to worship heroes and labour; but our art lingered with Young and Crabbe, with Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Hemans. Study of nature in holy humility, the gospel of hard work preached with the paintbrush, revolt against falsehood and convention—these were but parts of a movement which seemed not only an innovation but a creed. Of course it did but seem; for we know now—or if we do not, it is not for want of telling—that work is an unmitigated evil, that "purpose" destroys art, that Carlyle was dyspeptic and Kingsley no match for Cardinal Newman. But the dreams were not only pleasant but noble, and to those who once indulged in them Mr. Trist's Pre-Raphaelite pictures are a treat of no common order. It is not easy to forget the days when we first saw Tennyson not only in print but in paint.

The last sentence contains, I think, about the shortest expression possible of the effect of the early pictures of the Pre-Raphaelites on the cultured public of the time. This is how they looked from the outside. Of the movement from within, and the different intellectual forces which were engaged in its generation, this is no place to speak at length. Of one who is admitted on all sides to have been its fountain-head, and by whose recent death the very brain of it may be said to have been stricken cold, the *MAGAZINE OF ART* will soon contain a far more authoritative account than any I could write. Yet, of this remarkable genius—Dante Gabriel Rossetti, famous not only as a painter but as a poet—it is necessary for me to say a few words to illustrate those specimens of his art

which Mr. Trist possesses. To understand them ever so little one must know that his works were scarcely so Pre-Raphaelite as the artist himself. A modern Englishman by birth, his blood was Italian and his spirit of the Fifteenth Century. Living in the midst of us, "on London stones," he looked on life through windows stained with the

extraordinary power, some of its constituents most palpable in his pictures may be named. There is, first of all, his strangeness; he was unique and brilliant—if not a new star, at least a new comet in the intellectual heavens. Then, there is his individuality; everything that came from him, whether in words or colours, was not only tinged but saturated

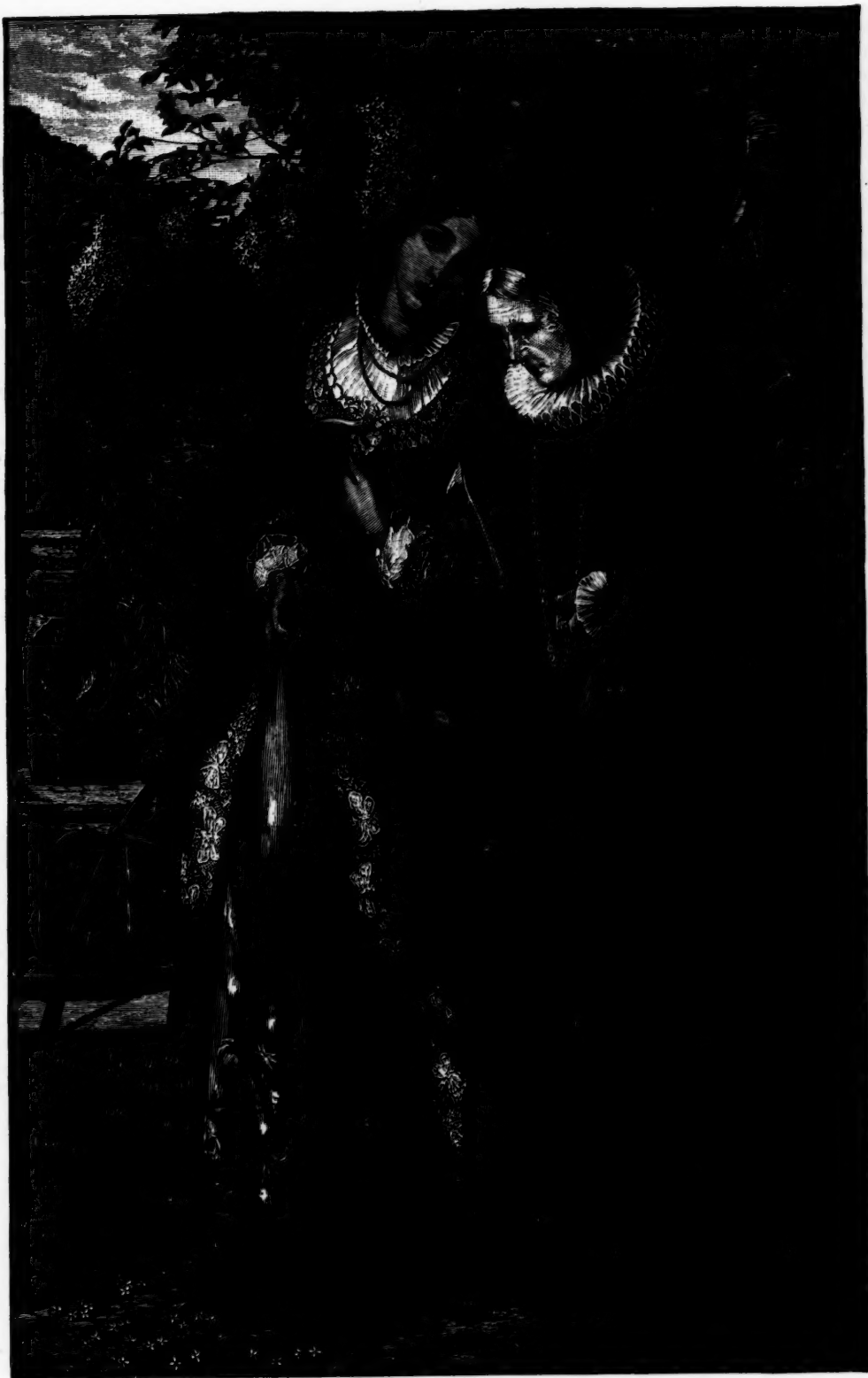


REGINA CORDIUM.

(Painted by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. By Permission of T. H. Trist, Esq.)

symbolism, the romance, and the legends of the dark ages. He was, too, a living paradox in several other ways. Without any defined religious opinions, he was singularly sensitive to supernatural impressions; greatly influencing all imaginations with which his own came into contact, and gifted with rare insight into and sympathy with other minds, the compass of his own intellectual horizon was not so great as that of many men who were in a sense his pupils; and his emotions, though intense, were of no great variety. Without attempting to analyse the source of his

with his idiosyncrasy. Next, there is what for want of a better word I will call his supernaturalism; he saw what we saw, and he painted facts as faithfully as he could, but they were all transfigured by the glamour of his fancy into visions which did not correspond with the impressions they made upon others. He was no idealist; if he wanted a Magdalene or an Achilles he painted frank images of his models or his friends; if he wished to paint the Rose of Roses he would paint a rose in all its freshness and individuality; however mystical in feeling or



SILVER AND GOLD.

(Painted by Arthur Hughes. By Permission of T. H. Trist, Esq.)

conventional in arrangement, he gave vivid and real presentations of existing objects. Yet he threw always over all a spell as of an enchanter. This, with the exception perhaps of his singular gift of colour, is the greatest charm of his pictures. Few artists have so completely woven the actualities of life into the fabric of their fancy as Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Mr. Trist's "Regina Cordium," painted in 1866, and engraved for this article, is a singular instance of this. Rossetti's Hearts' Queen is a woman with a face which before all things is strange. Its type is not noble nor its expression (or no-expression) attractive; but it is almost impossible to pass it by. Its physical details—the strangely arching eyebrows which narrow where eyebrows generally grow broader; the large transparent eyes which look through and beyond you; the pronounced red lips; the oddly-arranged hair of ruddy gold—forcibly claim attention not only from their peculiarity, but by the force of their presentation. It is a face that neither Rossetti nor any other artist could have invented, and one which perhaps no other artist would have painted—at least as Regina Cordium. A high degree of beauty and a large measure of refinement would be necessary to most men's conception of the subject, but this creature has neither; yet Rossetti saw her face and chose to crown it before others more lovely and more loveable. She is a mediæval Venus, ample and strong, a queen of tourney, with an evil

empire over weak hearts. This is what Rossetti's fancy has made out of a modern Englishwoman who would probably have struck an ordinary observer only as having a curious expression and a rather voluptuous set of features. In the decking and bedizening of her he has shown much ingenuity. The slide of her many-stringed golden necklace is a clever combination of heart and arrow; her shoulders are covered with red raiment, through which the gold ground shines; behind her is a flat gold background, on which as on a wall a morella cherry with unripe fruit is trained espalier-wise. One of her exquisitely painted hands holds a purple gladiolus for a sceptre, and the other rests upon a gold balcony covered with a white chequered napkin having squares alternately open-worked and plain. On one side a beautiful rose rises as out of the garden below. Such a mixture of the conventional and the real is seldom to be seen out of an ancient missal. The whole of this picture of the Nineteenth Century strikes us like a large illumination from a mediæval litany.

Besides this very characteristic and powerful picture, gorgeous in colour, fine in finish, and strong in physico-magnetic intention, Mr. Trist possesses six other examples of Rossetti. These are a scene from the life of King René; a study of Miss Herbert; a fine cruel head of a Bacchante (or perhaps the daughter of Herodias), all three in oil; a finished drawing of Mr. Leyland's "Lilith," and another for a



DANTE'S LEAH.

(Painted by G. D. Leslie. By Permission of T. H. Trist, Esq.)

never-painted picture representing "Michael Scott's Wooing," both large, highly finished, and in red chalk; and a water-colour drawing of the design for a stained glass window executed for a college chapel at Oxford. The only one of the oils which is of sufficient importance to require special notice represents a scene in the honeymoon of King René, but as this will, I believe, form an illustration of the article I have mentioned before, I will only say of it that it is rich in the artist's favourite harmonies of red and gold and green, with accidentals as it were of blue; that it is crowded with heraldic and symbolic suggestion in the decorative devices that cover the many draperies; and that the young king and queen are kissing one another with pretty intensity over the pipes of a small organ on which she is playing. There is not a touch in it which does not remove the scene a pace backward from modern life into a fantastic world of romance.

"Michael Scott's Wooing" is a very elaborate composition in pure *diablerie*. The principal group is formed of the wizard and a beautiful girl seated side by side. Her hair is falling loose from her drooping forehead. Spell-bound, half fainting, she appears to be suffering her awful wooer to withdraw a ring from her finger, while a cowed Woman at her side is cutting a cross from her girdle—her only safeguard against infernal art. Behind there stands, or floats, a beautiful spirit with a musical instrument, dominating the group like a priest at a wedding. The light is dim, and the background teems with innumerable spiritual figures. That the dread Knight of Balwearie was ever reported in legend to have been the villain of a piece like this I can find no rumour. But whether the scene is a pure creation of Rossetti's fancy or proceeds from some old ballad, it is magical in its effect, and shows him in graphic art, as in poetry, a master of supernatural illusion.

In these, as indeed in most of Rossetti's designs, the spirit is romantic and mystical—neo-mediaeval rather than Pre-Raphaelite in the modern use of the latter word. But at first his work was inspired with the religious sentiment of early Italian art; and Mr. Trist is fortunate in possessing an exquisite though small example of the style which will always be associated with his early picture of the "Education of the Virgin." This is the design for the stained glass window already mentioned. It is rich and lovely in colour, sweet and almost noble in sentiment, and in design as nearly masterly as anything Rossetti ever did.

In two pictures by Ford Madox Brown we find similar artistic principles acting on a very different nature. Even when his imagination is employed in realising the past this artist's sympathy is all with ordinary humanity and common-sense. He gives you

"modern touches" to make the old more real, for ever bringing the past into the present instead of



A STAFFORDSHIRE LANDSCAPE.
(Painted by George Mason. By Permission of T. H. Trist, Esq.)

thrusting back the present into the past. In the picture which we engrave he has painted a scene from

the life of King René, painted in the same year (1864) as Rossetti's, but very different in feeling. A middle-aged king and a plain comfortable queen are sitting together hand in hand, thoroughly enjoying the task of settling the plans of their new palace. The same desire for choice and fine colour and for veracity in costume, the same search for the uncommon and the picturesque, are observable here as in the Rossetti; but there is no glamour nor romance. The hero and heroine are plain man and woman, and but for their costume and surroundings might be Mr. and Mrs. Jones sociably engaged in planning a new house. It is not a picture to please at first sight, but one eminently calculated to "grow on you:" till Mr. and Mrs. René become dear old friends from whom it would be painful to part. In Mr. Trist's other Madox Brown a

Scripture subject is treated with similar "realism." Elijah is restoring the widow's son to her, bearing him in his arms from the upper chamber down a steep stone staircase. She stands with extended arms and face of rapture at the foot. The prophet is bearded and portly; you feel the weight of the boy on his shoulder, the weight of his foot on the stair, the support he is fain to get from the hand-rope. But the physical difficulties of the situation do not detract from his dignity. The string of onions hanging from the roof of a room beyond, and the hen with its one chick on its back, add to the homely reality of the scene, something the like of which is probably happening to-day in some Eastern cottage. There is a spiritual effluence from the most ordinary things, says Rossetti; miracles do not alter usual appearances, says Madox Brown.



A LAMENT.

(Painted by Edward Burne Jones. By Permission of T. H. Trist, Esq.)

Perhaps no painter has been so much influenced by Rossetti as Burne Jones. So potent has been the charm that it is difficult to imagine what Burne Jones's genius would have produced without its stimulus. Nevertheless the pupil excels his master in several respects. Though not so splendid a colourist, he is a sweeter and a subtler one, and, in spite of some perverse mannerisms, a much greater and better draughtsman. He is also more of an idealist, with a finer sense of proportion, and a truer feeling for rhythm; and the field of his imagination is ever so much larger and more populous, if his vision be hardly so intense. Though Mr. Trist's "Lament" — the original of our fifth illustration — is awkward in composition, and one of its figures is uncouth in feature and figure, these two sad girls mourning

amidst the ruins of the past strike a chord of that melancholy pathos which echoes through ages. It needs no words — indeed no words were adequate — to explain the sad sweet sentiment, rising almost to tragedy, in the rigid face and limbs of the dumb singer with her silent lute. Nor can I do more than suggest the effect of the picture's pure trans-

parent tones, with the admirable masses of red and blue in the dresses, the amber-coloured instrument, and the clear cool grey of the shattered walls. There is probably no house in which the tender and

loveable art of Mr. Arthur Hughes can be better studied than in Mr. Trist's. His "Silver and Gold" and Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Leah" (from Dante's "Purgatorio") come nearer to what the public reckons as Pre-Raphaelite than any other of the works we print; for they are "purist" in feeling and filled with almost infinite detail of grass and leaf and flower. Much as we admire Mr. Leslie's later work, which has kept before us constant visions of the innocent beauty and unsophisticated elegance of English girls, there is enough intellectual effort and manual labour in his "Leah" (exhibited in 1860) to make half



KING RENE'S HONEYMOON.

(Painted by Ford Madox Brown. By Permission of T. H. Trist, Esq.)

a dozen of his Celias and Pollies. If the Pre-Raphaelite movement did nothing else, it at least strung up the energies of our young painters to put into their pictures not only all they knew, but whatever they could think and feel. The charming contrast of youth and age to which the title of "Silver and Gold" has been given, tells its tale

too plainly to need description in the text. Except that he is a timid and imperfect draughtsman, and somewhat too sweet and over-gentle, it is difficult to understand why Arthur Hughes should have failed of those academic honours which have fallen to the lot of men of far more ordinary endowments. I know of no modern picture more poetical in feeling or more exquisite in colour than his "Morte d'Arthur," nor has any one drawn Ophelia more lovely or more pathetic. In the Trist collection you see him always exquisitely tender and true in colour, always sweet and wholesome in sentiment: whether he appears in some lovely English landscape with flowery foreground; or in that sketch for "The King's Orchard" (made famous by Mr. Ruskin's praise in 1859—the well-remembered apple-blossom year at the Royal Academy); or in the charming group of children in church dabbling their fingers in live sunbeams. In the matter of execution, the patience and dexterity of such pictures as that of the sailor-boy at his mother's grave, with its dewdrops and cobweb and Chingford Church covered with innumerable ivy leaves, are notable indeed; while in "Enid and Geraint," and another picture of a female head, he has given us the quintessence of English womanhood, with its loveliness, its purity, and its sweetness of disposition.

The old Pre-Raphaelites were unclassical of necessity, the modern were anticlassical by choice. The grand harmonies of line, the proportion and balance, the divine ease, which characterise true classical style, were scorned by the men who were seized with the desire of beginning everything all over again. But their deliberate refusal to profit by the experience of ages was not shared by

young Frederick Leighton. The President's first exhibited picture, though it represented the triumph of the Aboriginal Pre-Raphaelite—Cimabue—showed a sympathy with Italian art, not before, but after it had profited by the study of the antique. By him Mr. Trist has a beautiful view of Capri, showing his affinity with his friends Giovanni Costa and the late George Mason. Of Professor Costa, Mr. Trist has three good examples; and our fourth engraving is from one of the most charming works of Mason, who was certainly no Pre-Raphaelite in the sense of taking for his model the immature art of Italy. His "Staffordshire Landscape," though studied from nature and inspired by modern sentiment, has a breadth, a dignity, a repose which can scarcely be attained without a study of classic art. For Rossetti, though he drew Helen of Troy, Pheidias lived in vain; but it was not so with Mason, though he only drew trees and geese and country girls. In compositions where the human figure plays a more important part—as in Mr. Trist's exquisite study of a milk-girl—this is naturally more obvious; but the "Staffordshire Landscape" yet belongs to the classic side of art, for the charm of its design rests in the exact disposition of carefully chosen forms. The qualities of its sentiment and colour are modern and personal to the artist, one of the few true pastoral poets who have painted. So original is this painted poetry that I do not know any one of his literary brothers, except perhaps Collins, with whom he can be justly compared. In the work of both of these thorough artists—in the "Staffordshire Landscape" and in the "Ode to Evening"—the union of classic style and modern sentiment is perfect.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

HOGARTH'S HOUSE AND TOMB.



HOGARTH'S PUNCH-BOWL.

O the lover of the Eighteenth Century few spots in the vicinity of London are more fertile in reminiscence and suggestion than the straggling village of Chiswick. It is true that the purity of its red-brick Augustanism has now been largely adulterated by modern stucco; but there are yet a good many buildings

along this bank of the "smooth-sliding" Thames that have a genuine old-world air, to which the modern imitations of Bedford Park can make little or no pretence. Some of them, too, possess historic interest. We cannot perhaps distinguish the "small grocer's shop" in Chiswick Lane where Rousseau boarded when in England; but down a turning out of the Mall, not far from the "Red Lion"—at whose door still hangs the old whetstone which, as its inscription affirms, has "Sharpened Tools on this spot above 1,000 (?) years"—once lived Alexander Pope. His residence was No. 5 in a block now known as Mawson's Row; and among the MS. sheets of the "Iliad" presented by Mallet's widow to the British Museum,

there are still many envelopes addressed "To Mr. Pope, at his house in y^e New Buildings, Chiswick." Hard by, comparatively speaking, is the once famous mansion of the poet's friend and patron, Richard, Earl of Burlington, where John Gay ate and drank and frisked about the kind protector to whom he addressed the "Journey to Exeter." "I live almost altogether with Lord Burlington," he writes to Francis Colman; and, in the above-mentioned rhymed epistle, he speaks of Pope's unloading

"The boughs *within his reach*,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach,"

in the same hospitable "Chiswick bowers." Joseph Warton would probably have decided that "within his reach" was a "poor expletive;" but I prefer to think that the "fat bard" (as Gay called himself) was poking his own good-natured fun at the diminutive figure of his friend.

It is, however, round the quiet old-fashioned church with the raised graveyard that the thickest memories cluster. Somewhere here, beneath the vestry stones, a vague tradition (into which one must not pry too closely) fixes the final resting-place of Oliver Cromwell; and here, without a doubt, is deposited all that was mortal of Barbara Palmer, Countess of Castlemaine. Here, too—to confine ourselves more strictly to the Eighteenth Century—sleeps the beautiful Lady Ranelagh, to whom the author of "Tom Jones" likened Sophia Western; and in the churchyard is Fielding's friend Ralph—the Ralph that "made night hideous" in the "Dunciad," from which stately and unpleasant pillory he yet looks out on us. Here, again, is Goldsmith's taskmaster, the bookseller Griffiths, and the awful Dr. Busby, and Zoffany, and Sharp the engraver, whose "happy touch," to use a French simile, "turned copper into gold," and who believed in Brothers the Prophet. Not far from Sharp's gravestone is the tomb of another disciple of Brothers, the landscape-painter Philip de Loutherbourg, whose inordinate epitaph is rounded off by a quatrain which Professor Colvin would not endorse:—

"Here, LOUTHERBOURG, repose thy laurel'd head!
While Art is cherish'd thou can'st ne'er be dead:
SALVATOR, POUSSIN, CLAUDE, thy skill combines,
And beauteous Nature lives in thy designs."

In Lord Burlington's vault lies Kent, the artist Jack-of-all-trades so mercilessly quizzed by Hogarth. And this brings us to the chief glory of the Chiswick burying-ground, the tomb of Hogarth himself.

It stands a little to the left on entering the churchyard from the street, and its general aspect is so accurately given in the accompanying sketch, taken from the vestry window, that any detailed verbal description is rendered unnecessary. Upon

the north side, which, in the picture, fronts the spectator, is Garrick's famous but not faultless epitaph, here copied *verbatim et literatim*:—

"Farewel, great Painter of Mankind!
Who reach'd the noblest point of Art,
Whose *pictur'd Morals* charm the Mind,
And through the Eye correct the Heart.

"If *Genius* fire thee, Reader, stay:
If *Nature* touch thee, drop a Tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For HOGARTH'S honour'd dust lies here."

From a passage in Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes," it has been supposed that the well-known but generally misquoted quatrain by Johnson—

"The Hand of Art here torpid lies
That traced the essential form of Grace;
Here Death has closed the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face"—

was also an attempt at an epitaph by the "Great Cham of Literature" which was rejected in favour of Garrick's. But it is clear, from a letter printed in the "Garrick Correspondence," that Johnson's lines were only a suggested emendation of Garrick's verses, submitted to him for criticism.

Above the epitaph is a tablet in low relief, representing a mask, laurel-wreath, maul-stick, palette, pencils, and a book inscribed "Analysis of Beauty," a monumental issue of the famous work published by Hogarth in December, 1753. On the east side of the monument, under the Hogarth arms (azure, a sun in splendour, for *Hogarth*; impaling, argent, a chevron gules, between three blackbirds, for *Thornhill*), is an inscription to the painter and his wife Jane, Sir James Thornhill's daughter, who long survived her husband. On the west side is another inscription to the memory of Lady Thornhill, the painter's mother-in-law; and on the south side one to his sister Anne. The tomb was first erected by his friends in 1771, seven years after his death. When fresh from the mason's yard, it is said to have been handsomely "coloured and gilded;" but with lapse of time and neglect it grew sadly dilapidated. In 1856, however, it was carefully and substantially repaired at the cost of William Hogarth, of Aberdeen. When, in the process of restoration, the grave was opened, the little coffin of the painter was seen among the others, but the coffin-plate was missing. It is supposed to have been "conveyed" some twenty years before.

From Hogarth's tomb to Hogarth's house is but a stone's throw. Re-entering Church Street, a few paces to the left bring you into Burlington Lane. Out of this a turning to the right leads to the "Feathers Inn," where three roads meet. That to the extreme left is Hogarth Lane, which extends from the little ale-house above mentioned to the

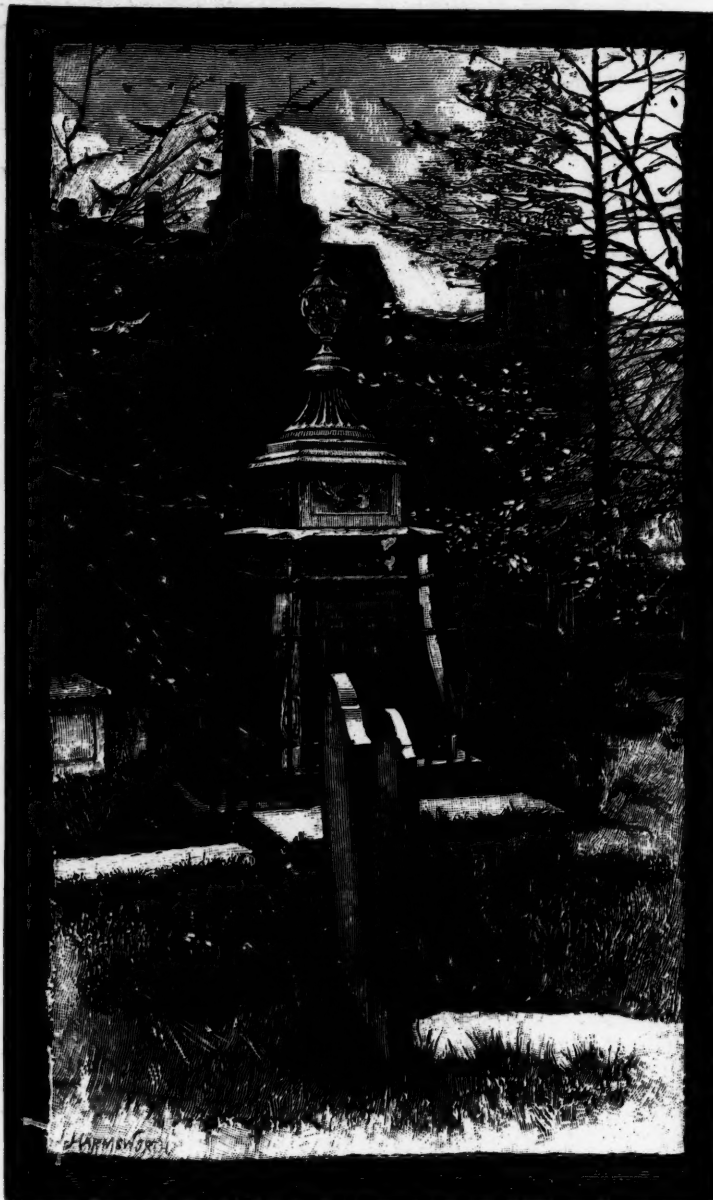
Duke's Avenue. A short distance down this lane, and still to the left, is "Hogarth House," the entrance to which is a gate flanked by two leaden urns, fondly supposed to have been the gift of Garrick to the painter, but in reality erected some thirty years ago by a Major Russell. These may be seen in our picture. The house, the garden wall of which goes a long way further up, is a narrow, old-fashioned, red-brick building, with a projecting wooden bay - window to the upper storey. It stands in about a quarter of an acre of ground. This is at present encumbered with glass houses and pig-styes; but in Hogarth's day that part of it which faced the house was laid out "into long, narrow, formal flower-beds," after the Eighteenth Century fashion. It contained five large trees—a mulberry, walnut, apricot, double - blos-

somed cherry, and hawthorn, the last of which was a favourite haunt of the nightingale, while there were still nightingales in Chiswick. At the present date the mulberry alone survives. One huge limb has been removed, but the old tree (it must have seen at least some hundred and fifty summers) still looks

hale and hearty, and at the beginning of May last was putting forth its first fresh leaves. It was Hogarth's pleasant custom (writes Leslie in his "Life of Reynolds") to invite the village children every year

to eat the mulberries, which it still bears in good seasons; and the little festival thus established was religiously observed by his widow. Once, says tradition, the tree was struck by lightning, and Hogarth had it carefully braced and girded. There are irons yet to be seen among the branches; but whether they are those adjusted by the painter it is now impossible to decide.

At the extreme end of the garden was the stable, with doors that opened into Hogarth Lane. Judging from the area it occupied, it could not have been very spacious; but it probably sufficed for that historic equipage for which Catton, the coach-painter, de-



HOGARTH'S TOMB IN CHISWICK CHURCHYARD.

signed the crest, and in which Hogarth made his last journey to Leicester Fields. Above it was a small room popularly known as the studio, with a window looking also upon the road. Both stable and room, which seem to have been of wood, and covered with magnificent ivy, were pulled down some years ago

by the husband of the present tenant, who replaced them with structures more to his taste.

Along one of the walls was a nut-walk, prettily arched over by a row of filbert-trees. At one end of this stretched a stone slab where Hogarth was accustomed to play at nine-pins; at the other, in what was known as "the churchyard," stood a couple of rude headstones to the memory of a favourite bird and dog. This, apparently, was in that part of the garden facing the entrance gate, and now occupied by a row of pig-styes. The two little monuments, the marks of which were to be seen not long since, have disappeared mysteriously. In Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," there is a woodcut of them by the late Mr. Fairholt, which must be accepted as correct. They are frequently spoken of as if both dated from the painter's day; but this is a mistake. The smaller one, which, according to Ireland, was scratched by Hogarth himself with a nail, commemorated the loss of a favourite bullfinch as follows:—

"Alas, poor Dick. 1760. Aged 11."

Below was the outline of a bird's skull and cross-bones. The other and larger stone was of later date, and must have been erected by Mrs. Hogarth's

cousin Mary Lewis. This was to a dog, and bore the words:—

"LIFE to the last enjoyed, here POMPEY lies. 1791"—

an obvious adaptation of the line from Churchill's "Candidate," which forms his epitaph at Dover. It shows how persistently the memory of Hogarth's old enemy lingered in the Hogarth household. About the house itself there is little worthy of remark. In the parlour, a panelled room, the two windows of which are seen in our illustration to the left, the chief decorations in Hogarth's lifetime were a few engravings from Sir James Thornhill's frescoes in St. Paul's, and a head or two by Houbraken. Of his own prints there were none. The best of the upper rooms is the one with the bay-window, which I am personally disposed to think was the real studio. There is a certain recollection of it in that somewhat disappointing picture the "Lady's Last Stake," exhibited by Mr. Huth at the Old Masters in 1881. Over the front door was a mask of George II., which, like the urns of the gate, was of lead.

When the painter acquired Hogarth House is not clear. There seems, however, to be little doubt that it originally belonged to Sir James Thornhill,



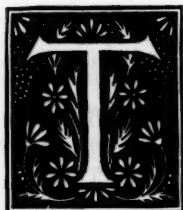
HOGARTH'S HOUSE, AT CHISWICK.

who died in 1734. His wife died in 1757. Dr. Morell said that Hogarth came to Chiswick "not long after his marriage" (1729); Clerk that he bought the house about 1743, and Nichols, soon after 1748. It is possible that all these accounts are incorrect, and that Mrs. Hogarth inherited it under her father's will. In any case, after her husband's death in 1764, she continued to reside in it. When, in 1789, she too passed away—a stately lady whom old inhabitants remembered to have seen sailing up the aisle of Chiswick Church on Sundays in a silk sacque, raised head-dress, and black calash—she left it to her cousin Mary Lewis, in whose arms

Hogarth had died. At Mary Lewis's death in 1808 it became the property of other persons, and has since had several tenants. One of these—and a worthy—was the Rev. H. F. Cary, the translator of Dante, who inhabited it from 1814 to 1826, and whose son's letter to Mrs. S. C. Hall contains some particulars of which I have availed myself in the foregoing account. Another resident was Mr. N. T. Hicks, the well-known "Brayvo" Hicks, of melodramatic fame, and, as I am informed by judges, capable on occasion of higher things. The last lessee was a Mr. Thomas Clack, whose widow at present occupies the house.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE NATIVITY IN ART.



HE Nativity of our Lord has been a favourite motive in well-nigh every age of art. Under its twofold aspect—as the opening scene of the life of Christ, and as a symbol of the great Christian doctrine of the Incarnation—it was the theme of every mediæval painter in turn. In later years its dramatic quality, the varied treatment of which it is capable, and the idyllic beauty and significance of the group gathered round the cradle of Bethlehem, made it attractive to artists more secular in inspiration and ambition. From the unknown painters of the Byzantine period to the Overbecks and Müllers of our own day, each master has handled the subject in a different and peculiar manner, with some new element of incident or imagery, some fresh expression of sentiment, some original touch of invention and imagination. To give the history of their Nativities here would be impossible; I can do no more than glance at a few principal features in one or two of the more important examples.

The Nativity is not one of the motives in use during the earlier epochs of Christian art. The Adoration of the Magi—as typical of the calling of the Gentiles—is found upon sarcophagi throughout the Third and Fourth Centuries; but the Nativity nowhere appears until the Sixth. In the commonest form of the oldest Greek and

Italian representations, the Virgin Mother reclines beneath the roof-tree of a rude hut or the rough arch of a cavern, with the new-born child in swaddling clothes laid in her arms or by her side. From the first the ox and ass are present as emblems of the Jewish and Gentile world. Sometimes a ministering angel figures in the scene, and sometimes St. Joseph; and in the Ninth Century, attendants are introduced washing the Child—an episode common in the mediæval art of both Germany and Italy. This arrangement was adopted by the painters of the Revival, and retained, with slight modifications, until the middle of the Fourteenth Century.

Giotto, as was his wont, inspired the withered old forms with new life, and breathed a new soul into the time-worn and halting old types. In his hands the Virgin, St. Joseph, and the little Christ be-

came the typical father, mother, and child; and amid the exultant and joyful wonder of all Italy, the Holy Family in its true sense was revealed to man. At Assisi the great Florentine employs the common Byzantine convention; but in his work in the Arena Chapel he adds to it a touch of his own profound and passionate humanity, and paints the Mother reaching out loving arms towards the Child, as a maiden holds Him up to her embrace. Niccola Pisano's Nativity on the famous Baptistery pulpit is a curious medley of classic forms and conventional types. His Virgin is diademed and veiled, and



THE NATIVITY.

(Painted by Perugino. By Permission of Messrs. Longmans & Co.)

might be a Roman matron; and the trough which represents the manger has exactly the shape and ornamentation of an antique sarcophagus. Niccola's son



THE NATIVITY.

(Painted by Lorenzo di Credi. By Permission of Messrs. Longmans & Co.)

Giovanni is far less antique and far more naturalistic. His figures abound in gesture and expression; his hand-maids trying the temperature of the bath in which they are about to plunge the Divine Child are touched with Giotto's own spirit, and are fashioned with something of Giotto's own style. Giovanni, too, it is who first introduces—in the upper space of his bas-relief—the Angel appearing to the Shepherds: a motive repeated by Orcagna in the tabernacle of Orsanmichele and by Ghiberti in the "Gates of Paradise." The Adoration of the Shepherds is generally combined with the Nativity in the work of these sculptors, and of the painters their contemporaries; and now and again they bring in a herd of calves, and very often a flock of goats or sheep. In the Fourteenth Century the sarcophagus-like trough gives place to a bundle of hay or other fodder; sometimes to a sheaf of wheat, symbolical of the Bread of Life. Later on, the Child is laid upon a cushion, or couched upon a bank of glad and pleasant grass, starred over with springing blossoms: with tufts of daisies and purple columbine, with strawberry bloom and forget-me-not, and ruddy clove carnation, the last especially appropriate as the divine *dianthus*. Sometimes the Infant appears with finger on lip, signifying that He is the Word of the Father. At others He stretches hands to His Mother or looks up gravely at the angels quiring in the skies above Him. With the Fifteenth Century the Nativity enters on a

new phase in the hands of the mystical painters of Florence and Umbria. In the latter part of the Fourteenth Century an impression got abroad that to show the Mother couched and recumbent was to be somewhat irreverent and common. At Prato, Agnolo Gaddi painted her in a sitting posture; and in the crypt of the Spagnuoli Chapel Giotto showed her in adoration before the Child. Adopted by Angelico and Masolino in the beginning of the next century, this convention soon became general. Both in the cells of San Marco, and in the panels which he painted for the plate chests of the Annunziata, the monk of Fiesole represented the Virgin and St. Joseph kneeling, with hands devoutly folded before the Holy Child. The picture breathes the pure and saintly spirit of the sweet old mystic—the soul whose life was one long gentle ecstasy—known, and rightly known, as Beato Angelico. And ass bend down their heads to greet the Infant King, and on the thatch above six angels kneel and sing the "Gloria in excelsis." The same simple devotion marks the engraving after Martin Schöngauer, which is the subject of our fourth illustration. There is greater realism in the dresses. The faces are of homely German type, and the whole bears the stamp of northern imagination. Instead of the stable we have a Gothic portal overgrown with ivy and creeper. Through the open arches the shepherds and a woman—probably Mary Salome—are approaching. Above, three angels sing from an open scroll. Joseph stands behind the Virgin with a lantern in



THE NATIVITY.

(Painted by Lorenzo di Credi. By Permission of Messrs. Longmans & Co.)

his hand to signify that the time is night; and in the distance another angel comes shining forth to the Shepherds on the hillside.

Following in Angelico's train, the painters of the

Fifteenth Century went a step further than he, and ceasing to regard the Nativity as an historical event, treated it always as a Christian mystery. They represented not only the Virgin, but all the legions of the Blessed, in worship of the advent of Divinity on earth: in the language of Botticelli's Sibyl, "il Venimento del Re di Pace." One of

the first to paint these mystic Nativities was a contemporary of Fra Angelico, the Carmelite monk Filippo Lippi, the roystering hero of one of Robert Browning's most notable monologues. Although his life and character were very unlike those of the beatific friar of San Marco (for he loved gaiety and wine and adventure like the veriest pagan, and had been captive to the Turk, and in love and in drink all Italy over), not even Angelico has excelled the gentle loveliness of his Madonnas who gaze in ecstasy on the Child, or the charm of the rosy-pinioned angels who worship on the daisied meadows at her side. On one delightful panel now at Berlin, the young St. John and St. Bernard kneel on either side the Virgin in a grove of tall trees illumined only by the radiance of the heavenly Babe.

Usually there are neither shepherds nor dumb animals in these mystic Nativities, which, as a rule, have few accessories. St. Joseph is seen sometimes, other saints more often. In some the donor of the picture is portrayed among the worshippers; in others

the painter himself. Both Lippi and Francia have painted themselves in this manner. The angels are very rarely absent. Commonly they are quiring above; often they kneel to the Child, presenting Him to the Virgin, or offering Him a flower or a bird. Sometimes, as in our first illustration from Lorenzo di

Credi, an angel proffers Him a cross. In a picture by Holbein, an angel caresses Him. In the National Gallery are two remarkable examples of the mystical Nativity, and in both the angels bear a principal part. One is by Sandro Botticelli, the other by Piero della Francesca. Sandro's angels appear in every corner of his picture. They fall embracing on the Shepherds' necks, and lead them in to hail the return of the Golden Age in the advent of the Prince of Peace. They sing their Glorias on the roof of the lowly shed; they dance in round upon the clouds; they wave olive branches and dangle crowns in air in an ecstasy of solemn joy. The Umbrian painter's seraphs

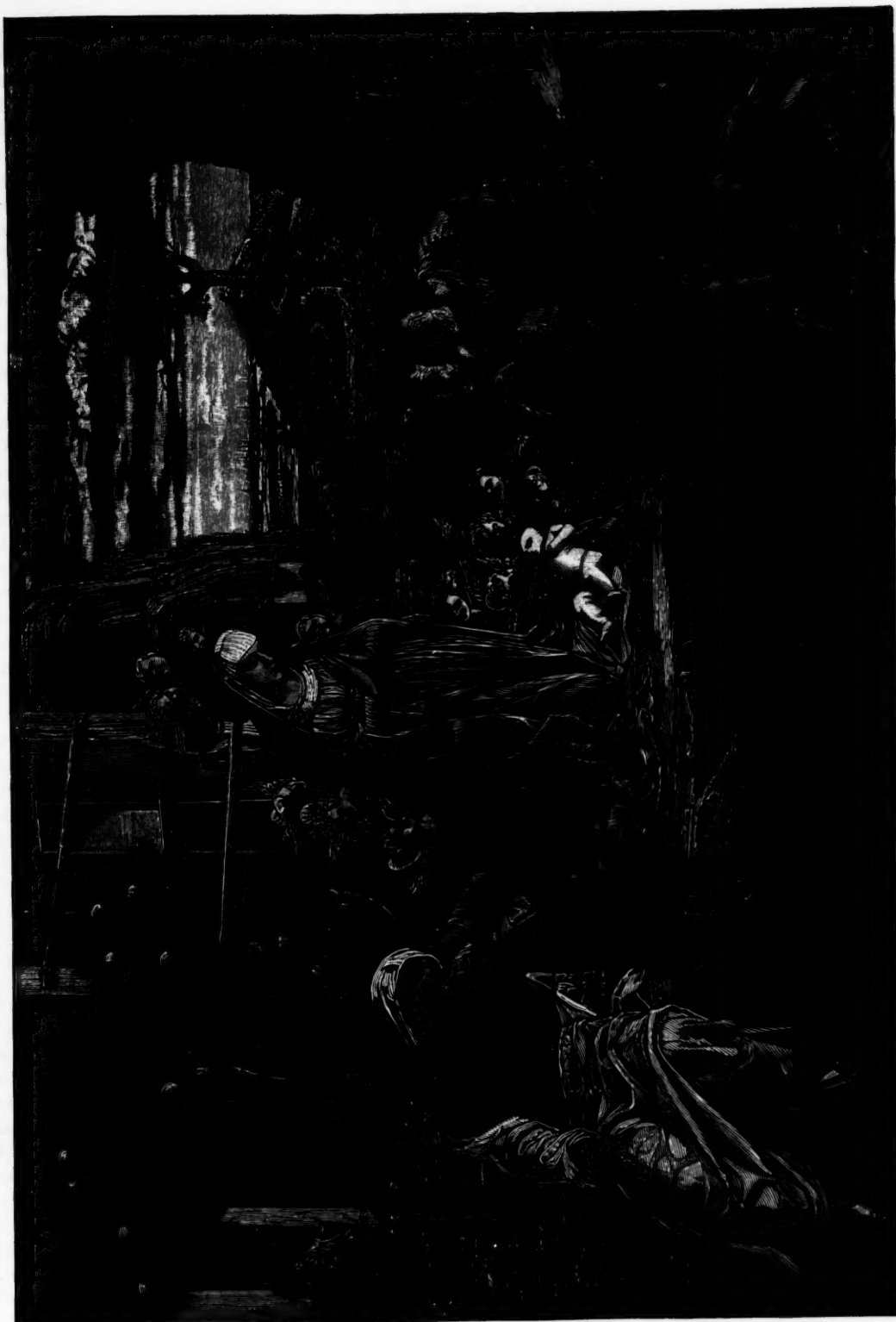
rejoice after a more stately and measured fashion. Five angels, strong and graceful in their youthful beauty, with rose garlands on their brows, stand round the Holy Family, making music on viol and lute, and with wide-opened mouths outpouring their celestial pæans:—

"Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made
But when of old the sons of morning sung."—Milton.



THE NATIVITY.

(From an Engraving by Martin Schöngauer.)



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.
(Painted by Andrea Mantegna. By Permission of J. Boughton Knight, Esq.)

Another painter, renowned for his mystical Nativities, and who, like Botticelli, belonged to the following of Savonarola, is Lorenzo di Credi. He excels in them, and he produced them in large numbers. All are fair in aspect and tender in sentiment, if somewhat monotonous in character, as may be seen by the two examples reproduced—by permission of the publishers—from Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Madonna." The sculptors of the Medicean age must not be forgotten either. Many are the reliefs in which Donatello and Mino Da Fiesole and Rosellino have pictured the birth of their Lord, with kneeling Madonnas and bands of young-eyed cherubim. Many—through "Robbia's craft so apt and strange"—many are the Virgins who clasp hands and kneel to the little Saviour in the delicate blue and white of Robbia ware; while fruits and flowers are wreathed and festooned and garlanded in infinite variety about them. Prominent among the larger altar-pieces of his school is a Nativity at Siena, in which the Shepherds' eager heads are quick with life and emotion, while the sweet humility of the Virgin comes near to Raphael's early creations. It was reserved for Perugino—a specimen of whose style, from the "Legends of the Madonna," is reproduced in our first woodcut—and Francia to set the seal of technical perfection on these mystical conceptions. To the first one's hand we owe that most beautiful of all ideal Nativities—the altar-piece of the Certosa, now in the National Gallery. Almost equal in merit with this famous picture is the small panel in the Villa Albani, in Rome, which belongs to Perugino's early period, and was painted before frequent repetition had made his hand mechanical, and dulled and conventionalised his imagination. The poor stable has become a stately porch, through whose arcades there comes a pleasant glimpse of clear pools and far blue hills. A noble St. Michael, with burnished cuirass, the warrior St. George, and two others from the hierarchy of heaven stand between the pillars, and ox and ass look solemnly forth over a palisade in the rear.

We give an illustration of an interesting Nativity—or, to speak with strict accuracy, an Adoration of the Shepherds—by a painter who, like Piero della Francesca, combined the highest imaginative faculty with a passion for the scientific in art. This picture, which is the property of Mr. Boughton Knight, of Downton Castle—by whose permission it has been engraved for this Magazine—dates from the early years of Andrea Mantegna, and was probably painted soon after the Eremitani frescoes, to which, in certain respects, it bears a marked resemblance. The tone of Mantegna's work is finely and distinctly religious, but

his achievement has little in common with that of the mystic painters whom we have been considering. His Virgin might be some peasant looking maternal love upon her new-born boy, but for the angel-heads—a living glory of vermillion and gold—that swarm round her and about, and speak of an awful and a superhuman Presence. The original sketch for this figure and that of the Child, who lies on a corner of the Virgin's mantle, may be seen among the drawings of the Uffizzi Gallery; in this every fold of the drapery is precisely similar, and the only point of difference is the absence of the cherub-heads that in the Downton Mantegna make the air heavenly round both Mother and Child. Joseph sits beside her, fast asleep, leaning his elbow on the trunk of a tree. On the opposite side two Shepherds, all tattered and ragged and poor—as true to life and nature as Courbet's own—bend, cap in hand, more in wonder than in awe at the strange sight. Two others are crossing a wooden bridge on the same errand; and behind them, on the rocky hillside, angels tell the good tidings to other Shepherds, one by one. In the many planes of distant landscape beyond, Mantegna has endeavoured to express, within the narrow limits of one small panel, all the busy stir of that work-a-day world which he so loved, and which held so many and great attractions for him. A ferry-boat is traversing the river; men and women are plying their callings on its banks; flocks and herds are pasturing; a road winds up the hill between fruitful meadows; and the horizon is broken by the towers of a distant city. The picture, which was exhibited among last year's Old Masters, is as fresh and brilliant as a Limoges enamel. In four centuries it has not cracked nor faded, but is as it left Mantegna's hand: a tiny masterpiece of colour and invention and drawing—a little window opened for us upon a remote and beautiful world.

Already the beauty and the interest of secular objects were diverting the attention of the painter from the mystical interpretation of life in which earlier masters had been absorbed, and on every side new visions of joy and wonder were dawning upon their eyes. The next age witnessed a still greater change in the conception of the Nativity. The old devotional feeling was dying out, and the great masters of the Renaissance made use of the sacred subject to show their special strength. In the Loggie Raphael paints a pastoral group which might have stepped out of Arcady. His Shepherds shoulder a slaughtered lamb, and angels pelt the Child with roses as He gambols in the Mother's arms. The Venetians seized upon the romantic elements of the theme; and, with their native love of worldly splendour, they crowded the Stable with worshippers in shining raiment. Bonifazio and Bassano dignified

the Shepherds with trains of bondwomen and long processions of flocks and herds. Titian flooded the scene with the glow and glory of sunset, and again with the exquisite presence of moonlight and the sheen of stars. Palma, rising higher than them all, achieved a masterpiece of the union of passionate devoutness with the splendid fashions of the world in the "Nativity" of the Louvre, where the scene is framed in a lovely setting of his own blue hills. Correggio, borrowing a familiar motive from the old Florentines, produced his "Notte," famous as an example of his mastery in *chiaroscuro*, and filled the air with a rout and revel of joyous boy-angels. Almost at the same time a painter of a very different order, the Lombard Luini, set the same scene graciously before men in his picture in Como Cathedral—ill-composed, indeed, but full of exquisite detail and tender sentiment. The kneeling Virgin is one of Lionardo's loveliest types; and in the youthful shepherd, pointing upwards as he tells of the blessed vision, classic grace of form is blent with the purest Christian feeling.

Another century, and we come to Rubens and the

Bolognese. The Nativity was a favourite subject with the noble Fleming. It was an opportunity for magnificence of every sort—in colour, in arrangement, in character and gesture and drama; and he availed himself of it to the full. The original of our sixth illustration is strikingly dignified and vigorous. The action of each individual member of the group is admirable; and the head of the kneeling matron is especially fine. But the painter has failed in his Virgin, and his cherubs are almost coarse. We are conscious of a want of refinement, and miss the spiritual feeling to which we are accustomed in the work of the Italians. The old order of things was changing fast, and the altered conditions of life and of religious thought required art of another kind.

In the hands of the Carracci and their following, who now took possession of Italy, the Nativity, it must be owned, fared far worse than with Rubens and Van Dyck. With them it was degraded into a stage-play, and became an occasion for the display of startling effects and exaggerated action. Picturesque grouping and variety of attitude were the artists' chief aim. Thus the head of the Virgin in Guido's



THE NATIVITY.

(Painted by Peter Paul Rubens.)

"Nativity" was a bad imitation of the antique Niobe, and her form was enveloped in heavy folds of drapery, studiously arranged and displayed: as by an actress who has neither the sentiment of dress nor the ability to manage it spontaneously and directly. The Shepherds were turned into Roman *pifferari* in broad hats and sheepskins, and made to blow into their bagpipes as for a country revel. It was so to speak the Gloria on a brass band; and the peasant girls who followed, staggering under their baskets of fruit and eggs and fowl, were bound for a kind of holy fair. The worshippers prostrated themselves extravagantly, and Joseph gesticulated with equal vehemency and indecorum. Ox and ass were assigned chief parts in the scene, or were stretched obtrusively at full length in the foreground. All repose, all dignity and reverence were sacrificed to passion for effect. The idyllic charm and simple grace which had belonged to the *Presepio* of the Old Masters disappeared completely in these colossal romps, where no amount of technical perfection could compensate for the absence of nobler qualities.

Our last illustration is engraved from a picture by Nicolas Poussin, the most renowned of the old French masters, "the prophet and the sage," as Millet calls him, of the old French school. He was in some sort a follower of Domenichino; but he had

few of the Italian painter's faults, and his merits, which were many and great, were altogether his own. A contemporary of Corneille, he had in him even more of the antique Roman than that great and famous dramatist himself; and the place of his

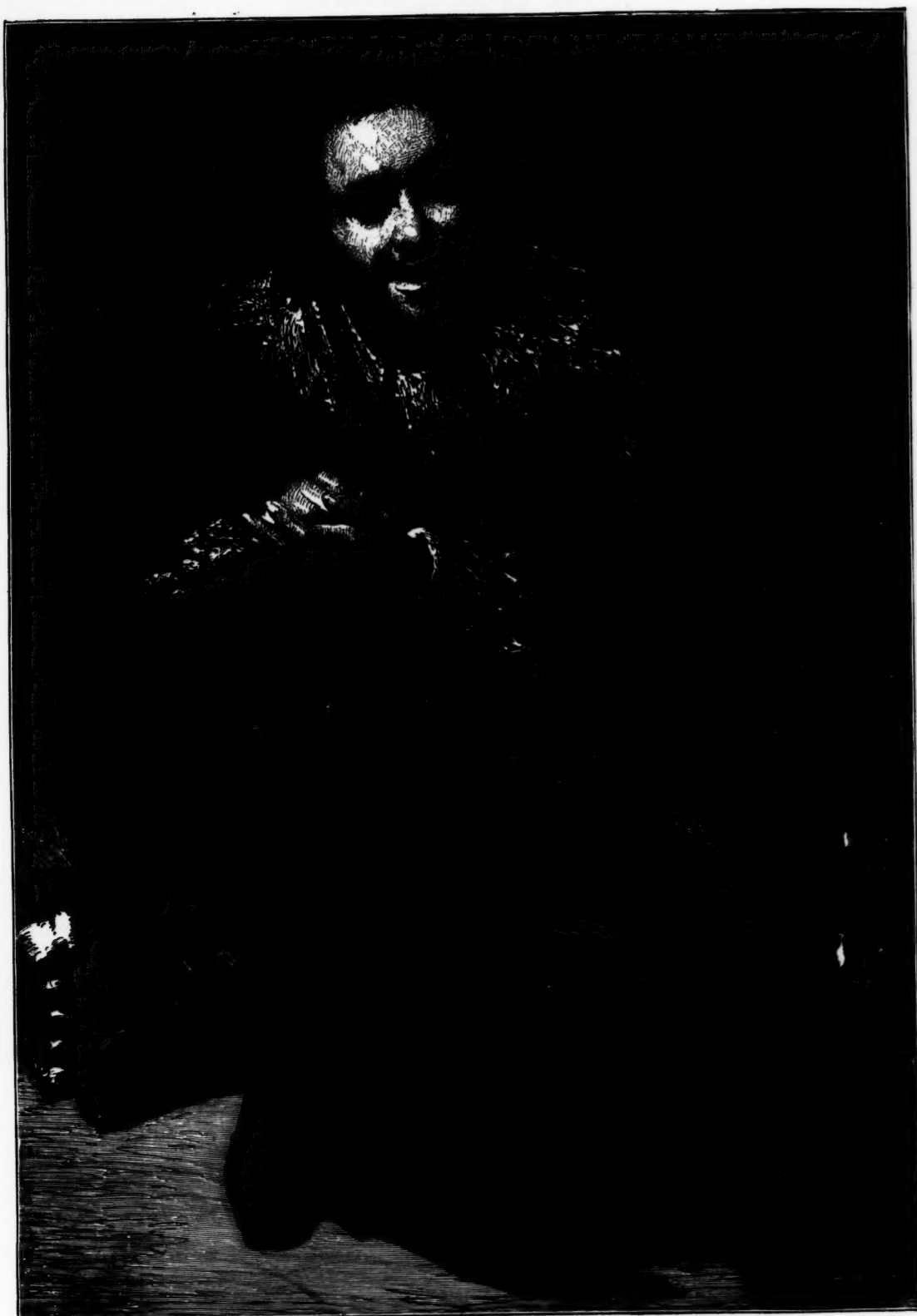
pictures in art is much the same as that of "Cinna" and "Les Horaces" in drama. Certain of his qualities, in fact, are the qualities of Corneille. He has the Norman poet's dignity and daring, his large dramatic instinct, his noble temper, his commanding vigour of expression, his fine heroic imagination; and the prophets and demigods who people his canvases are gifted with the lofty stature, the imperious gesture, the stately presence, the superb ambition of the superhuman figures—the great types cast as in bronze—who people the great playwright's theatre. And he has, what his analogue has not—or has not always at least—an unerring instinct of proportion, a remarkable sense of propriety and of



THE NATIVITY.

(Painted by Nicolas Poussin.)

measure, a notable power of balanced and harmonious composition. He is never incoherent nor incomplete, he is seldom guilty of tediousness and hardly ever of bombast. He is pre-eminently the painter of order, of lucid conceptions and symmetrical effect; he has the tact, the discretion, the faculty of adaptation and arrangement, the intellectual independence, that are characteristic of his race; he is, in fact, a type of the heroic Frenchman, and his achievement may be



THE IDIOT: "EL BOBO DE CORIA.

(Painted by Velasquez)

described as the most complete expression in art of the higher and more serious qualities of the French genius. The "Nativity" at present under consideration is not one of his best works; but it may be unhesitatingly accepted as characteristic of his capacities and limitations, and as exemplifying his method and ambition with singular directness and success. It is vigorously conceived and finely grouped and composed; full of movement and the portraiture of gesture, yet symmetrical in arrangement and severely direct and simple in effect; abounding in character and emotion, yet touched with something of the dignity and composure of classic art. It is a trifle pompous and histrionic, it is true. But Poussin lived in an age of histrionics and of pomp. He is theatrical, but it is in the best and the most honour-

able sense of the word. His picture can be likened to nothing worse than a scene of Corneille's "Polyeucte," or the "Saint-Genest" of Rotrou; and these are among the masterpieces of what is—artistically speaking, at least—the most perfect drama of the modern world.

Among modern representations of the Nativity, Sir Joshua Reynolds's well-known picture, familiar to most of us by engravings, is not to be despised. Here, at least, the faces are pleasant and the action natural. The whole is conceived in a reverent spirit, although the playful movement of the Child, and the gestures of the angels sporting with Him, may be considered misplaced as reducing the subject to the level of an ordinary study of character and manners.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

VELASQUEZ.—I.



HE master-quality of Velasquez is distinction. He is the least romantic of great artists, and with that the most exemplary and commanding. His is the very genius of prose; his work, at once refined and vigorous and sincere, is a perfect expression of good sense, good taste, good temper, and good breeding; his life is prosperity in action; his practice and tradition are arguments enduring and irresistible against extravagance and cant. He is perhaps the artist who has best deserved success, and in whom the attributes of self-knowledge, self-confidence, and self-control are most conspicuous in fact and most eminent in result. He left behind him scarce a page to blot, scarce a blunder to correct; his story is undisfigured by the record of a single dubious action; his morality and conduct were those of a gallant and worthy gentleman. He is the Perfect Courtier in art: as Ribera is the Bravo, as Michelangelo is the Prophet and the Seer.

His life and work are in curious contrast with the temper of his epoch and the ambition and achievement of his race. In 1599, the year of his birth, the romantic spirit had in some sort ceased from being active, and had become mainly literary and æsthetic. The memories of Columbus, the greatest sailor before Nelson, and of Cortés, the boldest adventurer since Hannibal, were still green and fragrant; Cervantes, half Homer and half Amadis, the last of the knights-errant, was seventeen years from his grave, and had not published the first part of his "Quijote;" Alonso de Ercilla, the poet of the "Araucania," had

only just produced that epic he had lived ere writing; the Peninsula was yet anxious and amazed before the fatal raid of Sebastian of Portugal. But for all these things and others like them the time of heroes and of high adventure was over. Spain was no longer the Spain of Isabella the Catholic or of the Emperor Charles; it was the Spain of Philip II. and the Inquisition. Outwardly the empire was still prosperous and still mighty; but at the core it was already corrupt, and its innumerable members were touched with the first symptoms of dissolution. The end had dawned; the full noon of destruction was but a matter of time. In swiftness and completeness the ruin of the Invincible Armada—broken to pieces twelve years before by English ships and English seas—was a type of that impending upon the state which had sent it forth. Trade was dwindling; poverty was deepening. The sovereign was pinched in his palace; the peasant hungered and idled in his hut. Year by year expenses grew greater, and revenues grew less; year by year the difficulty increased of keeping armies in the field, of bribing statesmen and captains, of paying spies—and of buying daily bread. In the universal struggle for existence the habit of peculation had become not only a necessity but a fine art. In Mexico and Naples, in Flanders and Sicily and Peru, the word was extortion, and the fact was worse than the word. Manufactures there were none; such commerce as existed was mostly in the hands of the Jews; between the devil and the deep sea—with feudal rights on the one hand and church privileges on the other—the peasant left his plough to rot in the furrow, and went out to keep sheep, or to beg, or to plunder

nobly on the highway. The corn was eaten in blade; the plate fleets were pawned ere they could set sail. They sold the ingots in the mine, the oil ere the olives had formed on the tree. There was penury everywhere; and everywhere there was indifference, the disdain of labour, the despair of personal success. Under the Inquisition and the King the empire struggled and suffocated as under an enormous double nightmare—a nightmare with the implacable immobility of a granite Pharaoh. Free thought was the unpardonable sin, and free speech was death or utter disgrace. Every Spaniard was a spy upon his neighbour; the jails were gorged with prisoners; the ghastly burnt offerings of the Act of Faith had become a popular amusement, like the bull ring or the play of canes. Over the civilisation of two worlds there brooded the awful shadow of the Grand Inquisitor; and within its limits civilisation starved, and enterprise was stayed, and humanity itself declined and went visibly to decay.

With the death of the second Philip, the arch-bigot, the crowned Familiar, there was a change for the better. Philip III. was milder of mind and weaker of will, and with the latter years of his life and reign a kind of Renaissance—or as much of one as was still possible under such circumstances and after such a preparation—began for Spain. The work of destruction, however, had been too thoroughly conceived and too steadily done to be arrested even for a time; and Spain reviving is after all but Spain before death. Continued through a good half-century, the morose and bloody practice of Philip II., that "Spider of the Escorial," was not to be got over. Its effects were general and permanent; its tradition became an influence in art and letters alike. There had been too much of public torture and private despair; the stake and the wheel had played too great a part in common life; the fact of hell-fire had been too often and too hideously presented, its horrors too persistently parodied. The minds of men were affected in one of two ways. Either they accepted the Inquisitorial practice as glorious and normal, and looked unmoved upon its operations and results; or they took to trifling elaborately and exquisitely, to the pursuit of fantastic artificial ideals, and to the exercise of a mystical gallantry, incredibly super-subtle in expression, and in fact a wild and curious mixture of earthly and heavenly love.

From the beginning these conflicting tendencies—a savage austerity and a morbid refinement—are the principal facts in literature and art. The poets are like Gongora, and look upon their art as an inexhaustible opportunity of quibbles and conceits that are almost maniacal in extravagance; or they are like Calderon, and to indulgence in an eloquence not less fatiguing than splendid they add a habit of in-

tellectual and imaginative cruelty that, unconscious as it is, makes their finest work scarce less intolerable to the modern sense than the premeditated bestiality of Zola itself. It is the same with the painters—Velasquez alone excepted. Either they are painting little sacred love songs with Murillo; or they are flaying and racking and crucifying with the Spagnoletto. It follows that Cervantes, who is commonly regarded as a representative of his race, is in truth the least Spanish of men; his soul is a world too gentle, his fancy a world too generous and humane, his humour a world too tender and too sweet. The typical Spaniard is Ribera, is Quevedo, is Zurburan, and has as little in common with Cervantes as with Raphael or with Phidias. He is the true countryman of Torquemada. The fanatic and the tyrant are strong in him. He creates as a justiciar and an inquisitor. His imaginings are of the torture-chamber and the cross; his visions are lurid with the fire of hell. He is a student of the passion of pain—an adept in the agony of mortality. In sepulchres he is at home, and to him the shapes of corruption have a meaning and a beauty of their own. He loves to materialise the terrors of death and judgment, and to wander in thought among the tremendous presences of the Beyond. His achievement, in truth, is an intellectual Act of Faith; is a sermon full of threatenings and of doom, and dreadful with the promise of the Wrath to come. So that a certain famous picture of Valdez Leal—the picture which, Murillo told him, stank like a charnel-house—is representative work. What it portrays is nothing less than the Victory of the Grave; it is the Sting of Death made visible and palpable. The drama is the universal tragedy, the scene the universal sepulchre. Side by side in the infinite darkness are the heroes of the life of the world. Priest and soldier and king, each was mighty of his kind; and upon each the common curse has fallen, and to each the end of things is the same. It profits nothing to have battled, and nothing to have preached and plotted and ruled. The attributes of all are weighed in one only balance, and the virtue of them is found equal. The sword is no lighter than the sceptre, the crozier is no heavier than the crown. Theirs is the equality of corruption; they are citizens of the republic of death. And they lie all impotent and amazed—alone in an immitigable eternity, with the sign of God's anger in their sight, and in their hearts the thought of the life they lived and the deeds they wrought implacable and hideous as the worm whose prey they are.

For work of this sort—work conceived as a threat and done as a revenge—the Spaniard had a boundless admiration and an unalterable respect. It took hold upon him by the heart and the imagination at once,

and it exalted the sterner instincts of his nature into so many variations on the cardinal virtues. It told him that the Holy Office was with him not in life only, but beyond the grave as well; and it pictured immortality as an endless procession of tortures, as a hazard of interminable pain.

It taught him to be indifferent to suffering, to disdain compassion, to think vilely of mercy, to quit the beauty of this world for the horrors

of the next, to prefer the squalors of asceticism to the grace and tenderness and charm of generous and heroic existence. To him the beauty of Hellas was but immorality in thought and deed; and the gods of Hellas were but cold and unattractive ab-

stractions, useful at best to round off a hyperbolical comparison,

or to garnish out an amatory stave. He found

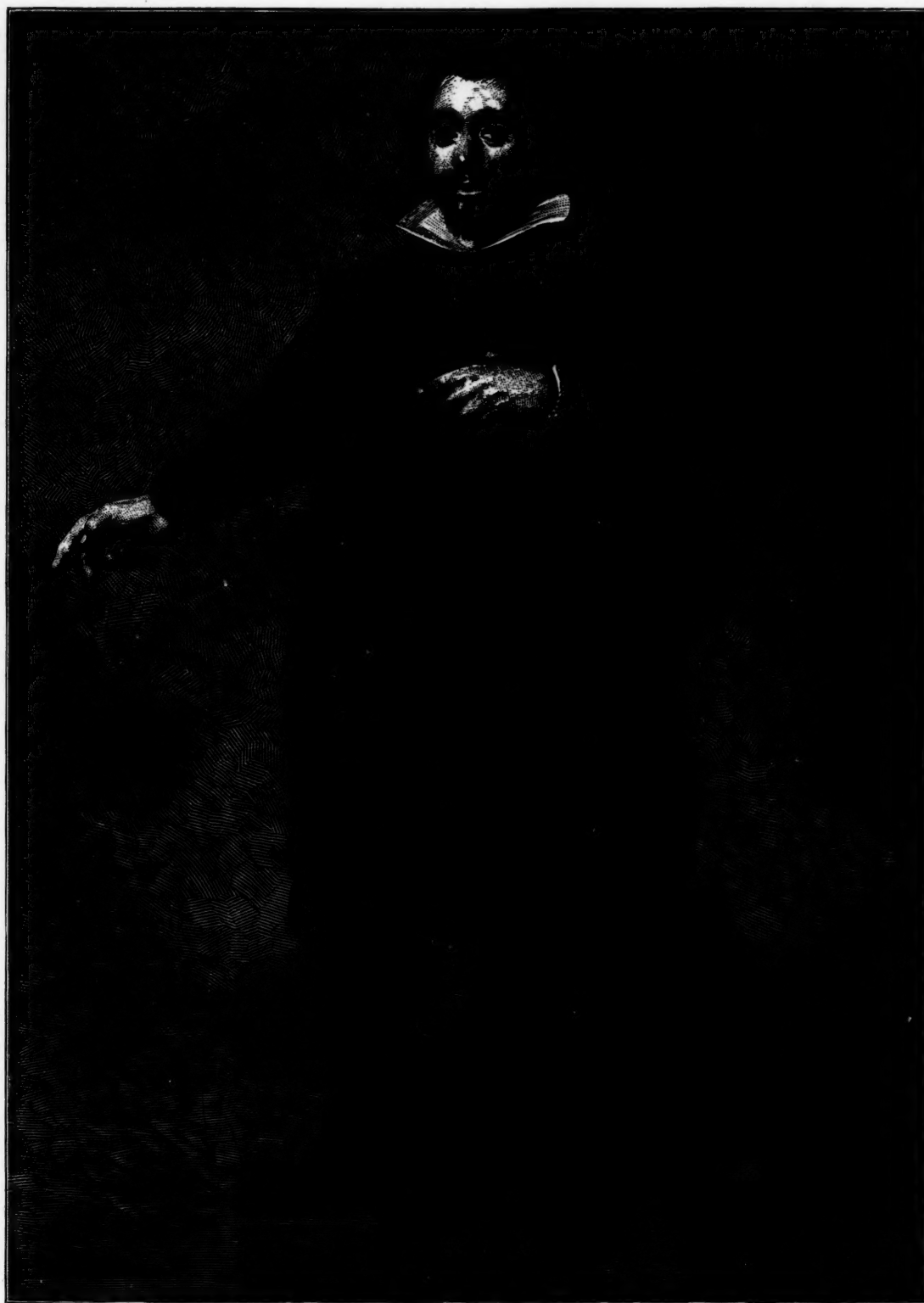
his mythology in the "Acta Sanctorum," his

Olympus in the



THE INFANTE, DON BALTAZAR CARLOS.

(Painted by Velasquez.)



PORTRAIT OF AN ACTOR.

(Painted by Velasquez.)

Thebaid, his ideals of action and appearance in the unclean venerableness of legendary monks and hermits in ecstasy. For this he fed his mind upon the savage moralities of Quevedo and the grim imaginings of Zurburan, on the romantic relentlessness of Calderon's verse and the magisterial cruelty of Ribera's design. Turning from these, he passed to the opposite extreme, and became gallant in piety and mystical in love. He worshipped his lady as the expression of a kind of mortal and peculiar sanctity, and he courted the Virgin and her saints in terms akin to those in which he celebrated his mistress' eyebrow. The two sentiments—of love and devoutness—got inextricably mixed both in theory and in fact. The "Autos Sacramentales" of Calderon and Lope are only to be described as devotional masques, or miraculous operas; the *villancicos* and *canciones* and *romances* of the "Cancioneros Sagrados" and "Romanceros Espirituales" are neither more nor less than spiritual serenades; the rhapsodies of Santa Teresa are amatory in expression and effect, as are the passionate lyrics of Maria Doceo; there is little or nothing to distinguish the ballads of which the Saviour and his Apostles are the heroes from those that tell of Oliver and Calainos and the fair Moor Lindaraja; and, even in Assumption or Ascension, there is only the intention of perfection to distinguish Murillo's Virgins from the girls who knelt before their shrine.

Simply and sincerely expressed, this assimilation of human and divine—of earth with heaven and of mortal with supernatural—is very far indeed from being, I will not say offensive, but amazing or even unsympathetic. Nothing, indeed, can be more charming than much of the verse to which I have referred; and it is certain that if Murillo is great at all—which is doubtful—he is great by reason of his tenderness and sweetness. But in an epoch of revival—at a time of awakening and enterprise and young

endeavour—directness and simplicity are qualities that, in the nature of things, are hardly to be looked for. At such periods there is wont to be a riot of discovery, a debauch of invention, a frenzy of originality—in fact a sort of epidemic of intellectual and imaginative egoism.

Conspicuous among the consequences of imperfect culture are pedantry and affectation and extravagance; and of these qualities the literature of the Spanish Augustan Age—with certain brilliant exceptions—is one interminable parade. Its heroes were *conceptistas* almost to a man. They dealt in conceits, and hyperboles, and rhetorical magnificence with a kind of intellectual passion. They refined upon refinement, they exceeded in excess; until simplicity became a vice, and naturalness a proof of churlishness or of vulgarity. They were the Don Juans of metaphor, the Homers of the quibble; and alike in sentiment and its expression they carried affectation to a point not reached before or since by the ingenuity of man. In their hands the drama became a wilderness of conceits and inappropriate eloquence; the satire, an opportunity of being abnormally indirect and unintelligible; the sonnet, a dark mysterious oracle; the ballad, a literary exercise; the point of honour, a moral ailment; the passion of love, an epilepsy of meta-

physical rhodomontade—a cold insanity of statement and idea. They laughed while they sinned; but they went on sinning. On occasion Lope, the representative Spanish poet, could be as hyperbolic as Calderon; there are pages in Tirso, a kind of Spanish Fletcher, that the poetaster Villamediana might have envied; Quevedo, the Swift of Spain, is now and then more conceited and obscure than Gongora himself—the Gongora of whom it is said that not even Spaniards can understand him. The solemn melody of Jorge de Manrique, the rich and heartfelt eloquence of Luis de Leon, the directness and force of the ballad poets, the clarity and grace and



FROM AN EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF PHILIP IV.

(Painted by Velasquez.)

charm of Castillejos and the older lyrists, the commanding vigour and ease of Hurtado de Mendoza, the perfect elegance and distinction of Garcilaso—all had passed away like a dream. These singers had but cleared the ground for a sentimental and expressional Babel; they had only prepared men's minds for an intellectual Confusion of Tongues.

Of excesses of this sort Velasquez, like Cervantes, was almost wholly guiltless. His theory of art is the reverse of that which obtained among his contemporaries; his practice, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the principles on which they produced, the ambitions they affected, and the ideals they pursued. He left them to sup full of horrors or to be drunken with affectations as they pleased; he refrained as carefully from brutality on the one hand as from eccentricity and sentimentality on the other. From first to last he was a student of nature; and his achievement is but the repetition, in a spirit of cheerful and practical wisdom, and in terms of incomparable directness and distinction, of lessons thus learned and facts thus discovered. Our illustrations—of the prince on his jennet, the actor at his part, the idiot at the kennel side, the royal head of King Philip's brilliant barb—are thoroughly representative of his ideal and

his accomplishment. What he was interested in was the life about him, in all its circumstances and under all its aspects: from the beggar in the gutter to the place-hunter at the palace gate, from the water-seller at his stall to the king upon his throne, from the taverns and factories of Madrid to the fountains and alleys at Arenjuez and the presence-chambers at Buen Retiro. He looked on all these things with the composure of a great and tranquil intelligence; and his expression of their essentials is one of the richest treasures in the world's inheritance. He touched upon little that he did not understand; and whatever he touched upon with understanding he made his own for ever. The first and greatest exponent of the theory of naturalism, he painted no more than he could see; and if romance and heroic emotion lay far without his ken and beyond his reach, he had such an insight into the plain truth of things, such a perfect faculty of selection, such an imperial grasp of subject, such an absolute command of means, as rank him with the kings of art, and make his record of the experiences he had and the observations he gathered, as precious a contribution to our knowledge of the prose in nature and in manners as exists in art. W. E. H.

THE LILLE BUST.

AT THE MUSÉE WICAR. ATTRIBUTED TO RAPHAEL



AMONG the treasures of the Musée Wicar at Lille is the well-known bust in wax, of which an engraving accompanies this article. The main strength of the collection formed by M. Wicar lies in drawings by Raphael; and to Raphael also has been attributed this fascinating work of sculpture. It is modelled with so true and so sensitive a touch, the forms of the girlish face are so pure, and its expression so suave and winning, that it seems indeed worthy of the hand of that unmatched master of feminine innocence and charm. The poise of the throat is full of grace: the ripple and softness of the hair have been indicated by the modeller without detail, but with admirable feeling and skill. When, however, the impression made by these obvious and generic charms of the work has subsided, and we examine it more closely, we fail to find in it any such individual marks of style as will really justify us in associating with it the name of Raphael. At successive periods of his life Raphael was governed by different ideals of virgin beauty; but the ideal of

each period is distinctly marked, and to none of them, nor to any of the phases of transition between them, does the bust of the Wicar Museum in its precise features correspond. Still less are we able confidently to propose any alternative attribution. So that this delightful and unique work of the Italian Renaissance must, in the absence of farther evidence, be suffered to remain unnamed.

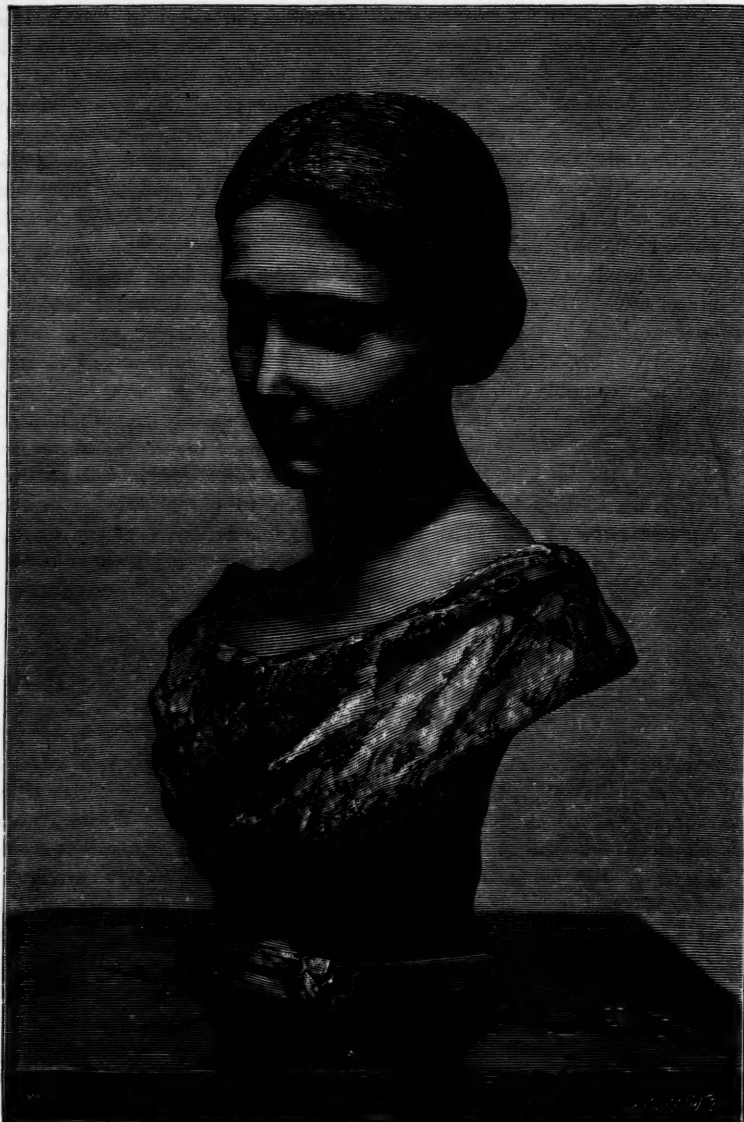
Not that there is any antecedent difficulty in supposing that a work of this nature should have come down to us from the hand of Raphael himself. Among the multifarious and consuming activities of his career at Rome, we know positively that sculpture found a place. Nay, there exists here in London, in the rich collection of Italian sculpture preserved at the South Kensington Museum, a piece of work which in all probability is his. This is the small sketch-model in terra-cotta of the prophet Jonah, numbered 7,561 in Mr. Robinson's official catalogue. We know from Vasari that Raphael designed a sepulchral monument for the Chigi chapel in the church of Sta. Maria del Popolo at Rome, and that the two figures of Jonah and Elijah for this monument were executed, under his superintendence, by

the sculptor Lorenzotto. Another and still earlier writer speaks more explicitly of a model for the figure of Jonah having been prepared by Raphael himself. There can be no doubt that the little terra-cotta figure at the South Kensington Museum is such a model, though Lorenzotto in working out the statue has changed the inclination of the body, and introduced several variations of detail. Whether the model as we have it was indeed actually made by Raphael himself, or only by Lorenzotto from drawings supplied by Raphael, must remain an open question; though from the days of Dyce and Herbert, when they recommended its purchase by the nation, to our own, the majority of connoisseurs have held it for an actual work of the master's hand.

Another and more important work of sculpture by Raphael, the last of which we have any knowledge, is in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. In the blithe world of Greek fable and enchantment, the dolphin was supposed a friend to man; and once upon a time a boy was riding on a dolphin's back through some Grecian sea, when the kind creature unwittingly pierced him with his sharp dorsal fin, so that he died. And the dolphin was grieved at this, and brought the

body sorrowfully to the shore. So ran the story which Raphael has treated in his "marble boy," as the work is called by the contemporary writers who mention it. The dead child's head and left arm hang helplessly over the back of the dolphin, who brings his

own head close to the child's, and has curled his body into a couch for carrying the relaxed limbs in safety. The work, executed no doubt by a subordinate hand, bears abundant evidence of Raphael's design, and is marked by a full measure of his inalienable felicity and charm. Besides the example in marble at St. Petersburg, there is at Dresden an ancient cast or model of this work in plaster, and two other copies in marble are or were lately known to exist—one in Florence, and one the property of Sir Harvey Bruce, who exhibited it at the Art Treasures Exhibition in Manchester.

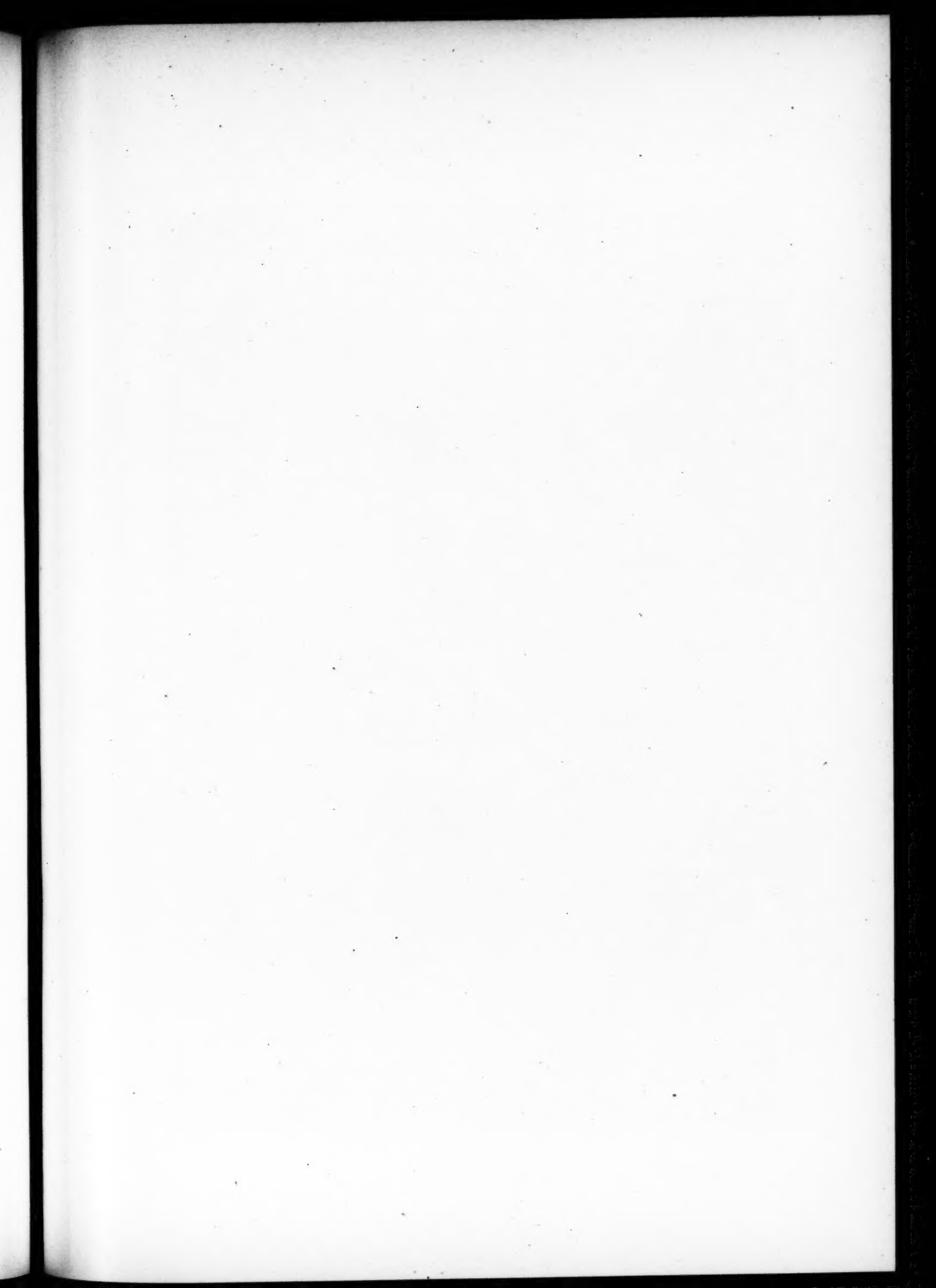


THE LILLE BUST.

(In the Musée Wicar. Attributed to Raphael.)

It would be pleasant if to the model for the Jonah of the Chigi chapel, and to the marble child of the Hermitage, we could add the charming girl's bust of the Wicar Museum as a third authentic work of Raphael in sculpture. This, as has been already said, we are not justified in doing, though as a work of art it is in truth the most beautiful and attractive of the three.

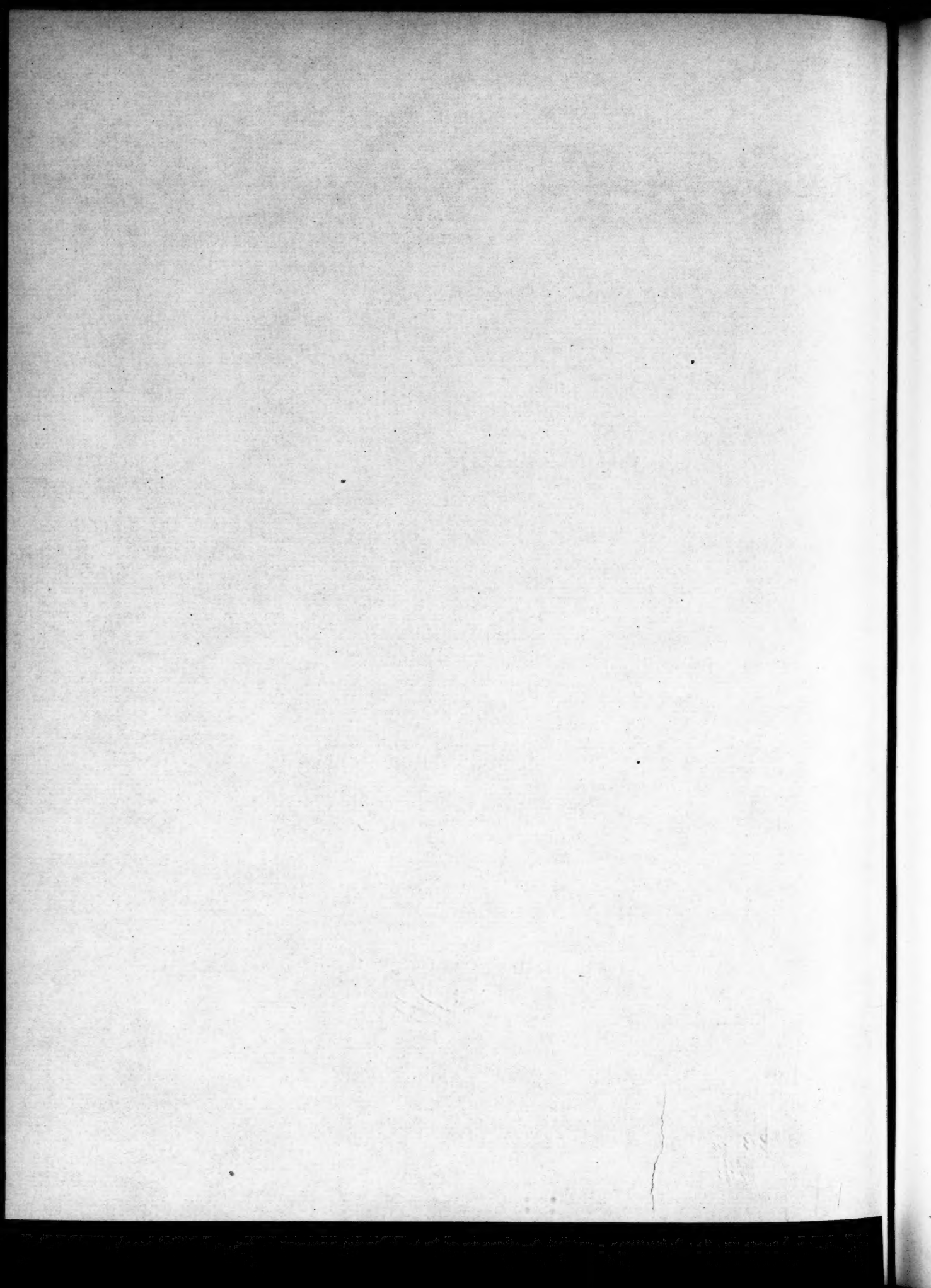
SIDNEY COLVIN.

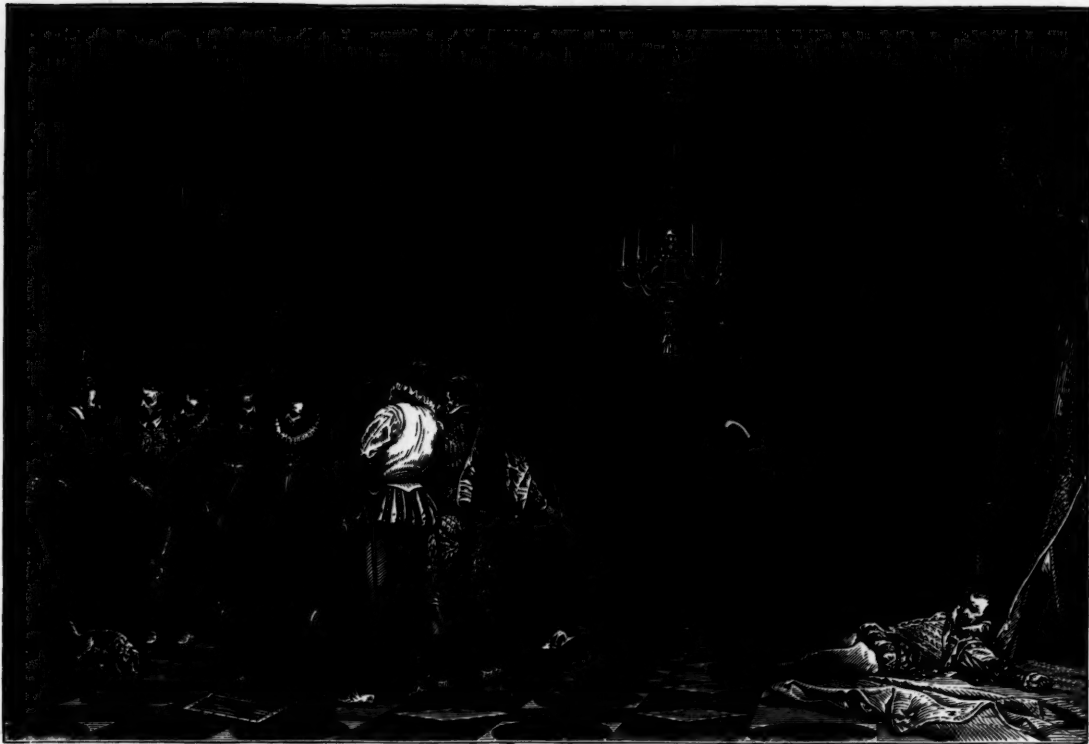




DANTE AND VIRGIL: "LA BARQUE DU DANTE."

(Painted by Eugène Delacroix.)





THE MURDER OF THE GUISE.
(Painted by Paul Delaroche.)

MILLET AS AN ART-CRITIC.

BORN in 1814, Millet was some three-and-twenty years old when, in 1837, the year of such handiwork as Ary Scheffer's "Le Christ," and the tremendous "Messe des Morts" of Hector Berlioz, he set foot for the first time in Paris. Seen from afar—from the quiet gallery at Cherbourg where he copied Jordaens and Van Loo, and from the tiny pastoral hamlet on the cliffs of the Hogue where he had learned to read Virgil, and to plough and sow, and to discern the meanings and essential qualities in nature—the city had appeared to him as a kind of intellectual El Dorado, "the centre of knowledge and a museum of all great things;" and he was urged toward its splendid and fascinating mysteriousness as by the promptings of a familiar spirit. His first impressions—of loneliness, terror, hatred, disappointment—were moving enough. To him, fresh from green Norman uplands and the patriarchal simplicity of Gruchy, the flagrant cynicism of the Paris that was Balzac's seemed hideous and abominable. He

was bewildered by the tumult and the teeming life: he was affronted by the multitudinous immodesty; the dirt, the noise, the flowing kennels, the squalid lodgings, the pictures in the shop windows—naked lithographs by Achille and Eugène Devéria, the elegant brutalities of Gavarni, the melancholy black-guardisms of Traviès—were alike unnatural and repulsive; and it was only after much home-sickness and internal debate that he could bring himself to remain. It was not that he doubted of himself, or that he had any fear of failure as a painter. At no moment in his career did it ever occur to him that self-confidence might possibly be pushed too far, or that what he had to say might, after all, be not worth saying. His aversion was purely moral; his trouble was composed of equal parts of amazement and disgust. He was a solemn and earnest young bumpkin, reared upon the Bible and Virgil and the writers of Port-Royal; and of a sudden he found himself struggling for consciousness and life in the foul ocean of Parisian existence—plunged to the neck in the mud-bath that has "Rolla" for its epic and the

"Comédie Humaine" for its universal history. It is hardly too much to say that he would not have been Millet, and that he would never have painted the "Angelus" and the "Semeur," had his loathing been less, and his terrors lighter, than they were.

Young as he was, he had already thought out a theory of art. "Je suis arrivé à Paris," he says, "avec des idées toutes faites, et je n'ai pas jugé apropos de les modifier depuis." He had a message of his own to deliver, in fact; and I do not doubt that little as he knew, and much as he had to learn—he had never taken brush in hand—he was in some sort resolved upon the manner of his utterance, as he was upon the matter. Had he alighted in Raphael's Rome or Buonarroti's Florence, I suspect that the spirit of his prelections would have remained unchanged, and that he would have appropriated no more of the methods he could see and study about him than would serve to educate and perfectly develop ideas of technical expression that were already years old, and had been keeping abreast in growth with the artist's growing consciousness of capacity and with his increasing knowledge of the function of art and of the nature and terms of the announcement he had come to make. As it was, his bourne was the Paris of Romanticism, and had for its most popular masters, not Ingres and Delacroix—the one the Wellington of line, the other the Napoleon of colour—but Louis Boulanger, the prince of painters according to Hugo, and the two Devérias, and Paul Delaroche, the Shakespeare of Philistinism, the accomplished Robert-Fleury and the sentimental Ary Scheffer, with Schuetz and Léopold Robert, and the improvisatore of forms and aspects, Horace Vernet.

Now Romanticism is of all theories of æsthetics the one that may most aptly and readily be burdened with the reproach of theatricality. The expression of a furious reaction against the stupid pedantry that had been since Malherbe a governing influence in intellectual France, and against the systematic perversion of those eternal rules in obedience to which so much of what is best and noblest in French art had been achieved, it was, to begin with, an effect of imitation, and of imitation concerning itself not with essentials, but only with externals, and with externals imperfectly seen and still more imperfectly understood. Affectation flourished; and veracity, grown equally noisome with the principles of classic art, was abandoned to academicians and curates. The movement was an irresistible opportunity of melodrama; and its heroes—as if inspired by the example of Frédérick and Dorval, and of Rachel and Bocage, who were making the stage of France the most illustrious and commanding in the world—were histrionic almost to a man. They were quite sincere in their impersonations; but it was as actors

are sincere, and as actors who do not quite understand the words of their parts. In these they were but letter-perfect at the best; but they played them till they believed in them and in themselves. Pathos, humour, dignity, terror, sublimity, simplicity—all was artificial. Phœbus and his girls inhabited a Parnassus contrived upon the pattern of Abbotsford. It was an epoch of pose, the Golden Age of the tableau, a splendid and sonorous apotheosis of mimicry. The Virgin Justice did indeed return, and among the blessings she brought in her train were Didier's honour and the renovated maidenhood of Marion Delorme—were the erotic falsehoods of Camille de Maupin and the random cynicisms of Mardoche, the Byronics of the "Symphonie Fantastique" and the cheap terrors of the "Ronde du Sabbat," the lackadaisical prurience of Scheffer and the unnatural ineptitudes of Petrus Borel: with the virtue of Leila, and the passion of Antony, and the humour of Robert Macaire, and the Shakespearean quality of "Cromwell" and "Hernani." Everybody was Gothic, fatal, terrible, contemptuous alike of destiny and the classic in art. They adored the grotesque; they garbed themselves in wild waistcoats of crimson satin and majestic Spanish cloaks and the hat of the free and independent brigand; they partook of ice-cream from skulls, they made their pastime of horrors and mediæval oaths, they took a decent pride in singing choruses unfit for print; they refrained enthusiastically from barbering and the theory of virtue, and went about in a glory of hair and imposing adjectives. In imagination they revelled in crime, and as artists they shrank from nothing. They liked to think of and picture themselves as practical desperadoes of the most relentless type:—as tigers in revenge, as hyænas in craftiness and subtlety, as Lucifers in pride and fearlessness and force of will, as lions in luxury and in love. They wooed their mistresses—in print at least—with threats and truculent imprecations:—"Par la mort, madame"—"Par l'enfer"—"Par le sang"—and so forth; they went armed against husbands, and were amorous of discovery and the duello; in their raptures they were truculent, savage, formidable.

"Quel plaisir de tordre
Nos bras amoureux,
Et puis de nous mordre,
En hurlant tous deux!"

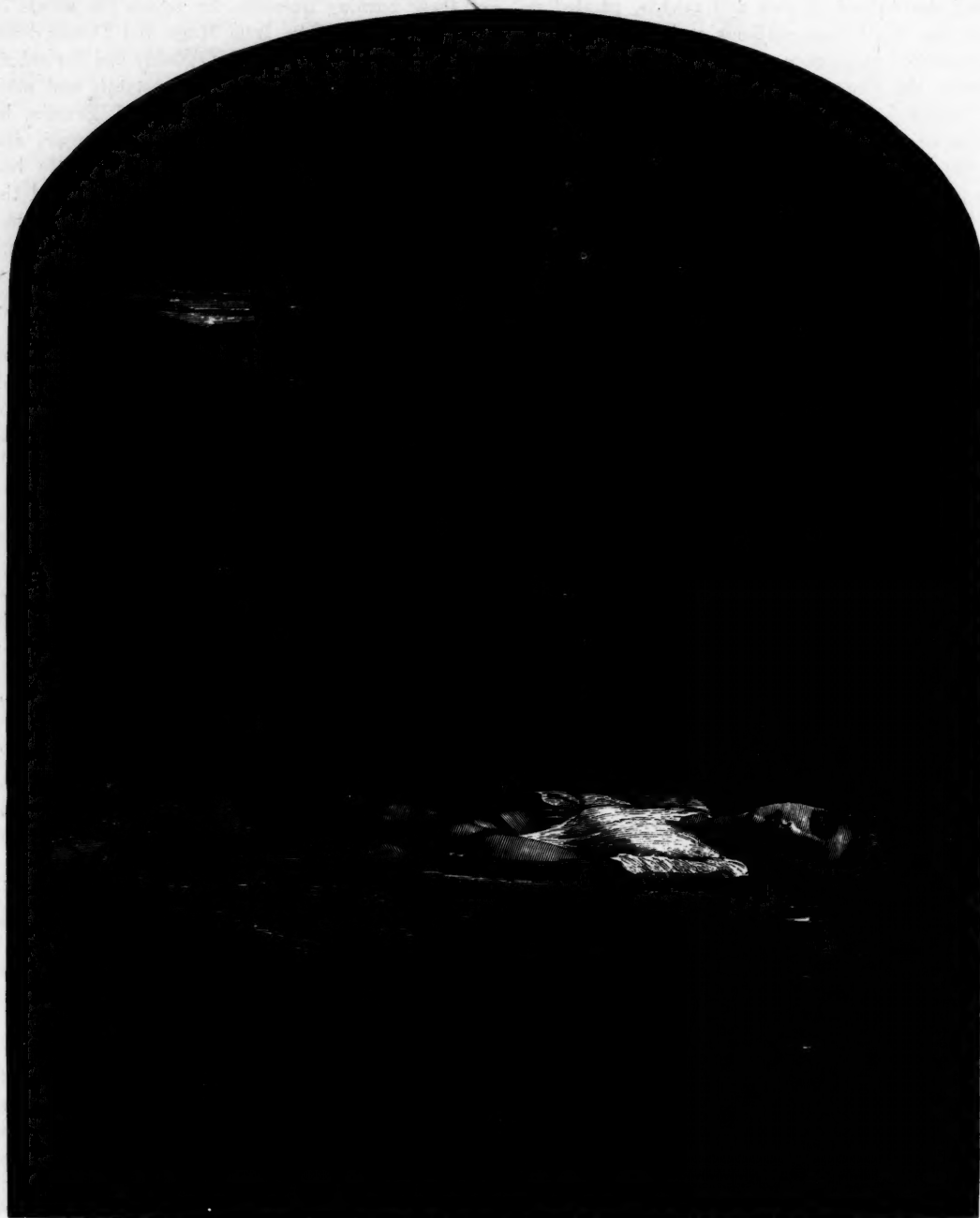
runs the parody; and the parody is by no means extravagant. All was excess, confusion, mediævalism, immorality, revolt, Toledo blades, and universal boyishness. Art became another word for individual caprice; tragedy, a question of subject; extravagance, a substitute for imagination; passion, an excuse for indecency. In all quarters at once "the word it was bilbo;" and Shakespeare, Byron,

Scott, Schiller, Goethe, and Calderon were quoted in defence of all that is abnormal, and brought forward as exemplifying everything horrible. Delacroix, the mildest of men and talents, painted nothing but death-beds, scaffolds, and murders; Delacroix exulted in plagues and massacres and combats; Préault, the Chamfort of the movement, produced a "Tuerie" in bas-relief; Berlioz has become immortal as the musician of orgies and sabbaths and of the presences of Pandemonium and the abyss; the past of Victor Hugo, at over eighty, may be described as five-and-sixty years of violent melodrama; Gautier persistently mistook offensiveness for creation; Dumas, the most boyish of men, has dramatised every crime in the calendar; for a quarter of a century George Sand and impropriety were convertible terms. It was as though every one had resolved to descend, as Baudelaire has it, "*au fond de l'inconnu pour trouver du nouveau*." What is remarkable is that side by side with this preposterous insufficiency of matter there exist incomparable excellences of manner. The Romanticists were boys in years and experience and the capacity of thought; but they were grown men from the first in technical dexterity and the capacity of form. Victor Hugo not only emancipated French verse; he may almost be said to have created it anew. Dumas invented the modern drama, and produced the strongest and best examples yet achieved; while in narrative he approved himself not only a great artist in method and a great inventor of incident, but one of the finest story-tellers the world has ever seen. Berlioz, the very genius of technical accomplishment, took up instrumental music, as he says, "where Beethoven had laid it down," founded the modern orchestra, and used it so brilliantly and well as to have left his successors—the most and least inventive alike—no choice but imitation. Barye made sculpture a living art once more; Gautier's literary accomplishment, in prose and verse, is almost phenomenal; the style of George Sand is one of the high-water marks of prose; the black and white work of Honoré Daumier has never been surpassed; the draughtsmanship and colouring of Eugène Delacroix have been compared with Rubens's own. If, as now is evident, in heart and imagination not less than in tact, dignity, measure, and restraint, Romanticism left much to be desired, and was, indeed, conspicuously imperfect, there is no denying that it had the virtue of form in incomparable fulness, and that, in this respect, its teaching and example have gone far to revolutionise the practice of the world.

Blessings like those I have enumerated—blessings mainly "*de reflet et de réverbère*," as old Mirabeau would have put it—were not at all to Millet's taste. He was out of love with Romanticism almost ere

he knew it; for the loudest and most brilliant of its tendencies were naturally antipathetic to him, and he was deaf and blind to the greater number of those burning questions by which the minds of all Romanticists alike, from Hugo and Dumas down to the impassioned Philothée O'Neddy and the ardent Augustus MacKeat, were most constantly and most vigorously moved. A countryman of Poussin, he had more than Poussin's gravity of temper, and more than Poussin's heroism of mind. He had been nurtured, as I have said, upon Virgil and the Scriptures, upon Bossuet and Augustine and Jerome. upon Fénelon and Pascal and Nicole; his kith and kin had all been given to the practice of an earnest Christianity; he had lived long in a pastoral country, at the sea's edge, in close communion with nature; his mind and imagination were epical and solemn. In a certain sense, too, he was well and widely read, and in all probability he knew a good deal more about the theory and practice of good literature than the hot-blooded young fanatics who fought the battle of "Hernani," and applauded the sparkling tediousness of "Albertus." At Cherbourg he had passed his time between books and pictures, devouring all the literary matter he could lay hands on, and judging it decisively and surely. He knew Homer and he knew Paul de Kock; he was an adept in Hugo (whom he admired deeply—and discreetly), and in American Cooper; he had discovered Byron, and Shakespeare—whom he idolised—and Walter Scott, the sovereign of romance; he had read "Faust" and Schiller, and Uhland's ballads and Montaigne's essays; he had drunk of Béranger's champagne and the sweet wine of Lamartine, and the delicious poisons of Musset. He was enamoured of the heroic, in art and in life; he held sincerity for a cardinal virtue and affectation for one of the deadly sins; he went so far, in his lusty and simple Puritanism, as not only to avoid the theatre itself, but to opine that no actor could possibly be other than false, and that the society of actors and actresses and the study of the stage were bad for serious art and serious artists alike. To beauty of form he was in some sort indifferent, at all events as compared with greatness of soul. The qualities that affected him in art were the reverse of those most vigorously pursued by the more distinguished of his contemporaries. Mere gracefulness of line and vivacity and charm of colouring, mere gallantry of phrase and brilliancy of expression, appear, whatever the medium, to have had no sort of attraction for him; he cared nothing for the commonplace, and nothing for artifice, for trick, for insignificant and unprofitable dexterity; he was a thousandfold more curious of matter than form, of meaning than expression, of essentials than externals. Poussin,

Michelangelo, Dürer, Lionardo—the masters on whom he formed himself, and in the study of whose practice of these incomparable men that he learned to be the Millet we know, and, possessing himself of the



THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

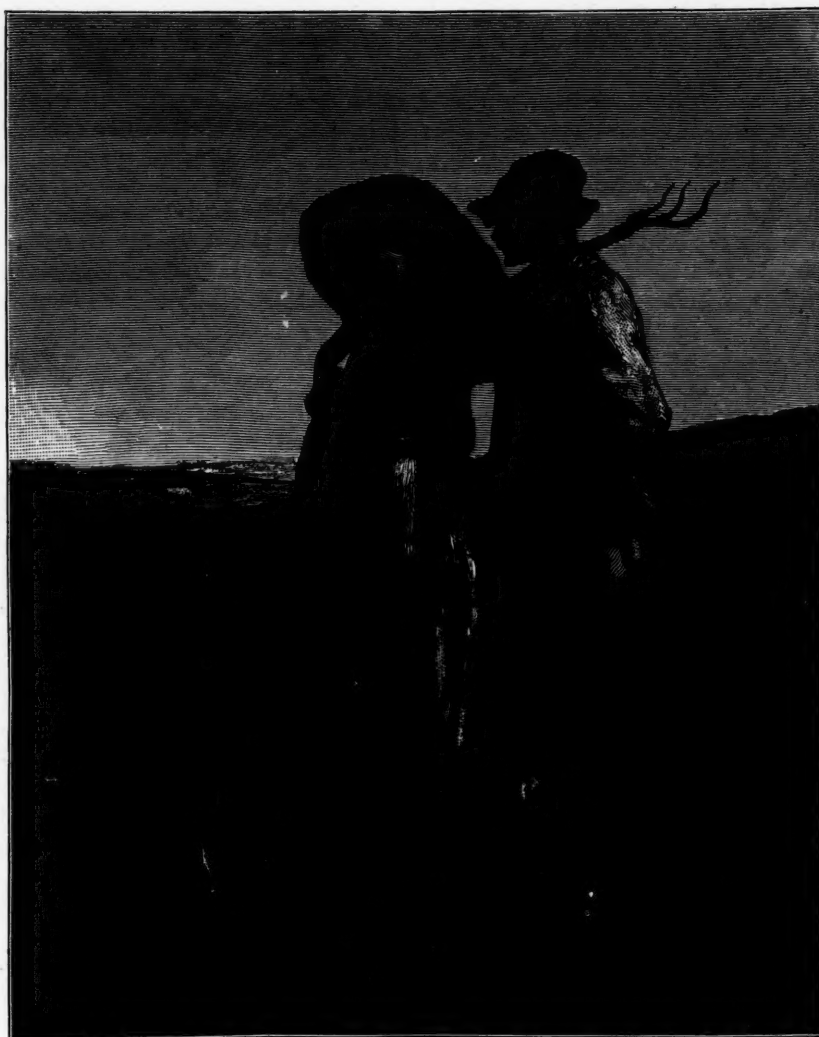
(Painted by Paul Delaroche.)

he developed and completed his own unrivalled method —were precisely those to whom the capacity of perfect expression had been least precious as an end and most useful as a means. It was in the familiarity only secrets he coveted, assured himself of victory in the struggle upon which he had entered. They it was who taught him to represent in visible shapes the hidden soul of things; to clothe his imaginings

with dignity and give heroic import to the work of his hands; to make mystery apparent and real, and translate the unspeakable into terms that should be understood of men. How should one to whom all Beethoven has been revealed surrender himself to the worship of Wagner? How should one who has comprehended Shakespeare and Æschylus be passionately interested in Rousseau and Chateaubriand, and prefer the vague romance of "Atala" to the superhuman tragedy of the "Oresteia," or the enervating eloquence of the "Nouvelle Héloïse" to the tremendous griefs and terrors of "Lear"? Millet, with that in him which passeth show, went on his own way from the outset, and left the braveries and gallantries of Romanticism to whomsoever they might please. He liked them as little as he liked the horse-play at the Chaumière, or the Pierrots and Debardeurs he may have seen at Musard's balls. It must be owned that the Romanticists repaid him in kind. He lived to become the most romantic of modern painters, and to do work in which the quality is felt at once to be legendary and heroic. But the romance was not that of "Ruy Blas" and the "Francesca de Rimini;" it avoided the Injured Husband and took no count of the Toledo blade; the professional Romanticists were unaware of its existence. Perhaps the bitterest and narrowest of the artist's many critics—bitter and narrow as they all inclined to be—were Théophile Gautier, a "vaillant de dix-huit cent trente," and Paul de Saint-Victor, a Romanticist of a later date and a more dubious type. They mistook him for a realist, and they handled him as Jeffrey handled Wordsworth:

as arrogantly as they could, that is to say, and with a want of understanding as complete as prejudice and vanity could make it.

This was long years after. For the moment Millet was new to Paris, and was behaving in a way that goes far to justify the nickname of "the Wild Man of the Woods" that was presently to be bestowed upon him by his comrades in Delaroche's studio. He was suspicious and shy enough to refuse assistance from the first of those to whom he presented the letters of introduction with which he had been equipped at Cherbourg; because, if you please, the chance was saddled with conditions as to his incomings and outgoings, which he did not feel at liberty to accept. In much the same spirit he betook himself to the house of another of his consignees, who



STARTING FOR WORK: "LE DÉPART POUR LE TRAVAIL."

(Painted by J.-F. Millet.)

was an expert at one of the museums. The good man received him kindly, was greatly taken with his work, and promised him introductions to all sorts of painters, and a place in the *École des Beaux-Arts*; but Millet was afraid of schools and rules, and the baffled expert saw him no more. And in a similar humour of distrust did he endeavour to achieve the consummation of one of his dearest wishes. For the moment he thought little of work or cheerful lodgings. What he really lived for was to see the Old Masters in the Louvre; and every morning he went out in search of them, not daring to ask his way to the museum for fear of looking a fool, and hoping always that he might end by coming upon it by chance. This, in fact, he did—from the Pont-Neuf; and he hurried up the great staircase “avec les battements de cœur et la précipitation de quelqu’un qui atteint un grand but.” He found himself in a place “où tout ce que je regardais m’apparaissait comme la réalité de mes rêves.” And thereafter he spent a whole month with the immortals; studying, pondering, analysing; living the life of their creations, suffering in their griefs, joying with their joys, dreaming himself into their dreams. Save for them, he was utterly alone; and there were moments when home-sickness came upon him so mightily that he often half-made up his mind to take the road for Gruchy, and tramp the whole way back again. But the Old Masters had taken possession of him. He went to them, and they consoled him; and at night he forgot his troubles in thinking of their works and ways. His impressions, albeit imaginatively expressed, are singularly precise and luminous. For Boucher and Watteau, whom he was afterwards to imitate for bread, he cared nothing. Boucher, “n’était qu’un entraîneur;” his nymphs and goddesses were “de petites créatures déshabillées;” to admire them was impossible—with their “jambes fluettes, leurs pieds meurtris dans le soulier à talon, leur taille amincie dans le corset, leurs mains inutiles, leurs gorges exsangues.” He forgot them in the contemplation of the burly and glowing beauties of Rubens, or the worship of the antique Diana: “si belle, si noble, et de la plus haute distinction de formes.” As for Watteau, “c’était un petit monde de théâtre, qui me peinait. J’y voyais la charme de la palette, et la finesse de l’expression, et jusqu’à la mélancolie de ces bonshommes de coulisses condamnés à rire. Cependant les marionnettes me revenaient sans cesse à l’esprit, et je me disais que toute cette petite troupe allait rentrer dans une boîte après le spectacle, et y pleurer sa destinée.” As may be seen by this delicate and suggestive criticism, Millet was enamoured of other qualities than grace and fantasy and charm. What he sought was sincerity, was strength, was what is large and liberal and majestic. He could see in Lesueur, “the Jan-

senist of painting,” “une des grandes âmes de notre école;” and the great Italians possessed him with their beauty and their skill. He liked Velasquez only as a craftsman; he admired Murillo in his portraits; he found much to consider in Ribera. Of Rembrandt, whom he did not know till afterwards, he speaks as a higher essence, a being supernatural and august. “Il ne me repoussait pas, mais m’aveuglait,” he says; “je pensais qu’il fallait faire des stations avant d’entrer dans le génie de cet homme.” Scarce less authoritative and exact is his description of the Pre-Raphaelites—of Angelico and Mantegna and Lippo Lippi. They affected him profoundly from the first; he would look at Mantegna’s “Saint Sebastian” till he felt himself bleeding and shot full of arrows; and while he lived he retained his reverence for them and his first impressions of their handiwork, with its passion, its simplicity, its inexhaustible humanity, its poignant and unalterable sincerity. First and last, however, the gods of his idolatry were Poussin and Michelangelo. He studied them incessantly, reading and re-reading all they had written, getting by heart all they had produced, making their precept and example the basis of his accomplishment. To him Poussin, “sans cesser d’être le metteur-en-scène le plus éloquent,” was “le prophète, le sage, et le philosophe” of the French school; and he adds enthusiastically that he could spend his whole life before Poussin’s work without ever having too much of it. For Michelangelo—“celui qui me hanta si fortement toute ma vie,” as he describes him—his reverence was still greater, his admiration still more intelligent and impassioned. The sight of one of that Titanic master’s drawings—of a man in swoon—affected him much as Berlioz was affected by the “Iphigénie en Tauride,” or the immortal “Moonlight” Sonata. “The expression,” he writes of it, “of the unstrung muscles, the planes and modelling of the body oppressed by physical torture, gave me sensation after sensation. I was anguished, I pitied, I suffered with that very frame and in those very limbs. I saw that he who had done thus much might embody in a single figure all the good and evil of humanity.” Read in the light of Millet’s own work, this last sentence is curiously significant. It was his, as I have said elsewhere, to do for a class what he felt the great Florentine might do for the race. His landscapes and his effects of weather are typical and eternal; his figures are legendary and heroic. His Sower strides afield with “the port and gesture of the First Husbandman.” His Shepherd, in “Le Berger au Parc,” lifts his crook in the mysterious moonlight with a gesture that assumes all human authority.

Beside the patriarchs and heroes of the Louvre the moderns in the Luxembourg cut but a poor figure. With Millet, as with Thackeray, Delacroix,



THE SOULIOTE WIVES: "LES FEMMES SOULIOTES."

(Painted by Ary Scheffer.)

the Berlioz of painting as Berlioz is the Delacroix of music, alone found favour among them. A great intelligence, a great draughtsman, a great colourist, a great inventor, inspiring himself from Rubens on the one hand and from Constable on the other, he had been for fifteen years the most renowned and daring captain in all the romantic host. He had stepped at once into the command left vacant by the death of Géricault; he had painted the "Bataille de Nancy," the "Hamlet," the "Révolution de Juillet," the "Massacre de Scio," the "Marino Faliero;" he had produced, in the "Faust" lithographs, a work which had won from Goethe himself the confession that in certain scenes himself had seen less clearly and imagined less vividly than his illustrator. Nourishing himself upon Byron, Scott, Shakespeare, the greater Germans, he had found for the spirit of Romanticism at its highest and clearest an expression so vigorous and commanding as to secure him a place among the princes of modern painting. Chief among his pictures in the Luxembourg was that illustration of Dante—the famous "Barque du Dante"—with which he had broken ground as a painter, and

which we have engraved as our frontispiece. It is of Virgil and the Florentine embarked with Charon, — the "vecchio bianco per antico pelo" — and passing Acheron, the mournful river, among the afflicted and desperate spirits of the damned; and in energy and daring, in vigour of design and imaginativeness of colouring, in abundance of invention and variety and truth of gesture, it remains among the masterpieces of modern art. Millet saw it, and others with it; he found them "grands par les gestes, grands par l'invention et la richesse du coloris;" and he always loved and studied their author as he deserved. Years afterwards, indeed, he is found making special journeys from Barbizon to Paris to attend the Delacroix Sale, and, albeit in the direst poverty, devoting some hundreds of francs to the purchase of certain of the master's drawings. For the master's rivals in the Luxembourg he felt then and always little but indifference or disdain. They were popular all over Europe, but he could discover nothing in their work but "figures de cire, costumes de convention, et une fadeur repoussante dans l'invention et l'expression." The master-works of Delacroix, "Les

Enfants d'Edouard," and the picture of the dying Elizabeth, seemed no more than "de grandes vignettes," or at best "des effets de théâtre," not forgetting "la pose et la mise-en-scène." With the famous "Murder of the Guise," too, reproduced at the head of the present article, Millet may well have been acquainted at this time, inasmuch as it had been painted two years before, had been bought for 10,000 francs by the Duc d'Orléans, and had won the artist a European reputation. The "Christian Martyr," the original of our third illustration, is many years later in date. Both are good theatrical pictures. In the first, the heroic figure in which was painted from Geoffroy the actor, Millet would probably have found suggestions of a tableau from Dumas' "Henri Trois et Sa Cour," less the qualities of movement, energy, invention, with which that admirable writer's work abounds; in the second, which is hardly so impressive, he might have noted something of the religious panorama and something of the magic lantern. I make no doubt that neither of them ever induced him to reconsider his opinion. Of Louis Boulanger, the author of the "Mazeppa" and the "Ronde du Sabbat" of Achille Devéria, who for a day or two was supposed

to have more genius and more art than Delacroix; of Ary Scheffer, the painter of "Faust et Marguerite," and "Francesca de Rimini," and "Les Femmes Souliotes," as shown on the preceding page in the act of "resolving to cast themselves from the rocks after the defeat of their husbands," the austere young critic says nothing positive and conclusive. I imagine these and others to be included in the condemnation I quoted above: of a whole body of painters who had nothing to show for their renown but conventional costumes and wax-work figures, and "une fadeur repoussante" in conception and execution. They were not the men for him. He might have painted his "Starting for Work," the original of our fourth engraving, for no other reason than to show how utterly he disapproved of their theory of art, and how remote from them and their work—in sentiment, in ambition, in ideal—he was. He liked them ill enough at three-and-twenty; for he concludes his profession of faith by declaring that they it was, and not Bocage and Frédérick, not "Antony" and the "Tour de Nesle," who made him condemn the stage and mistrust and disparage the actor.

W. E. H.

ARTISTS' HOMES.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER'S, AT BUSHEY, HERTS.



MR. HERKOMER'S HOUSE:
THE PRINTING-ROOM.

of the theologian, as the two worlds of the real and the ideal. Of these he is bound to make the best in his art, and he is wise to make the best in his life. Happy is the man whose art is very much of a

OWADAYS, in our self-conscious times, artists are apt to speak of the mission of their art with a solemnity which is somewhat dubious. The average painter is a person who knows how to make the best of both worlds—by which I mean not so much the terrestrial and celestial spheres

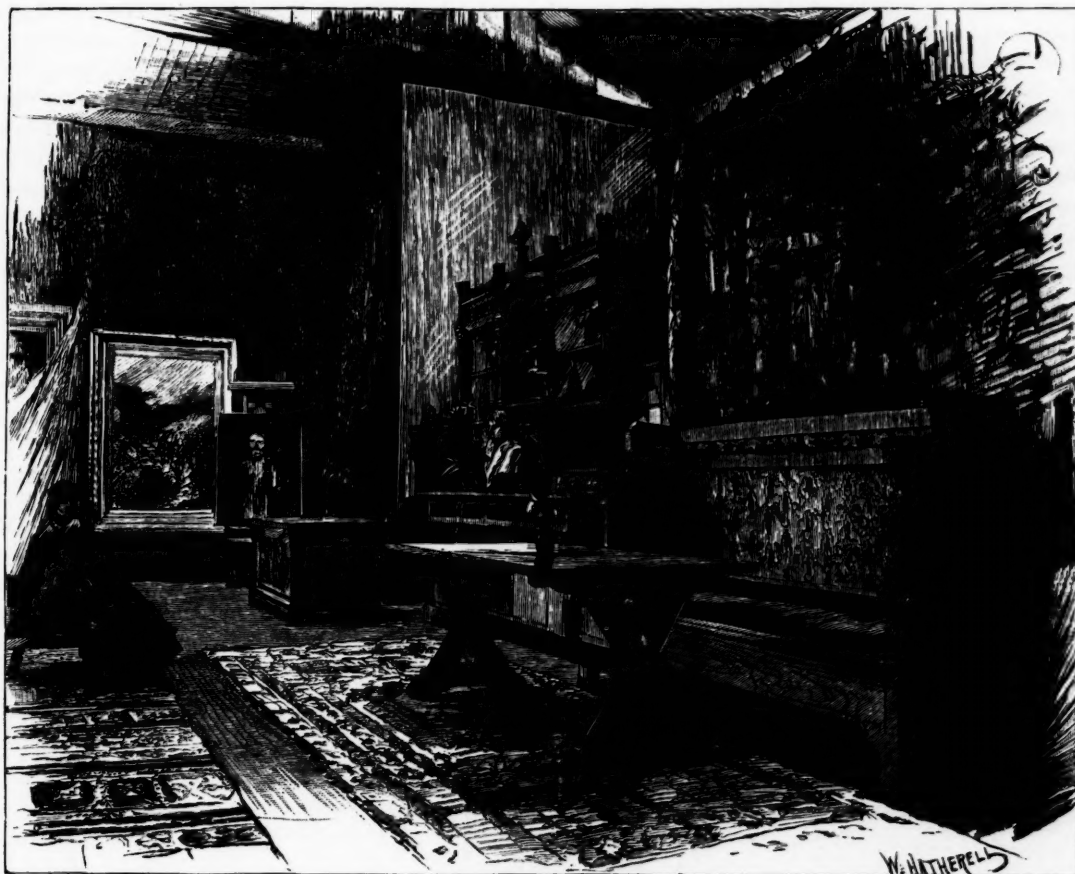
handicraft. Why then is he beguiled into using the language of a kind of apostle of the *Æsthetic*? That the character sits strangely upon him is evident from the fact that he makes no sacrifice for his priesthood. His eye and his heart should be constantly under the training of nature; but he lives in a town, and in a town where even the primitive things of nature—the light, the air, the shadows, the clouds and stars—are spoilt. I confess that I should be pleased to see more artists living away from London—in the clear air: whether they breathe it in the countries of the great art of which they are fond of talking, or among the peasants they are fond of painting, or in some English village where the dust is pure of coal, and the shadows are dark with atmosphere and not with soot, and the sunset is lurid with cloud and not with smoke. At least, if a painter chooses London, he should do so simply, and not in the character of an apostle. He can "live beautifully" in town, but there is undoubtedly a better part; for London life is hardly possible without such social distractions as are inconsistent with singleness of heart and anything like constant application. Hubert Herkomer is evidently one of the few who consider the light of heaven worth

the London season. To him a two months' holiday in the decline of the year's loveliness and at the fag end of ten months of streets and squares is no proof of such a passion for Nature as earns that favour and that constancy of hers which is the subject of the motto upon last season's Royal Academy catalogue—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."

The man from whose golden poems that fervent

tools he must assume different powers, subject himself to different limitations, and order his thoughts in a different system of representation. Not his medium of expression only, but his subject also he changes, passing from the composition of an imaginative group to the study of one face in the repose of portraiture, or to that of nature in mountain and sky. He probably finds more rest and recreation among the methods and manners, the powers and restrictions, of mezzotint, line, and colour, than



MR. HERKOMER'S HOUSE: THE STUDIO.

verse is taken gave constancy for constancy, and never betrayed the Nature who betrayed not him.

But then, to Mr. Herkomer, absence from his work would never be a holiday. He goes to Bavaria and to Wales to paint, takes his change of air in a tent pitched under the rocks; and his daily recreation is only that variation of labour, that alteration of his methods of expression, which, by giving his art fresh instruments, rests the artistic mind fatigued with one attitude. He works with the brush, the water-colour pencil, the engraver's burin, the etcher's point; and with each of these

another might enjoy in the game of politics relieved by fox-hunting and shooting and angling. He has placed himself away from town so that his time and thoughts may be undivided, yet near enough to be within easy reach of exhibitions, friends, sitters, and the music which he loves second only to his own art.

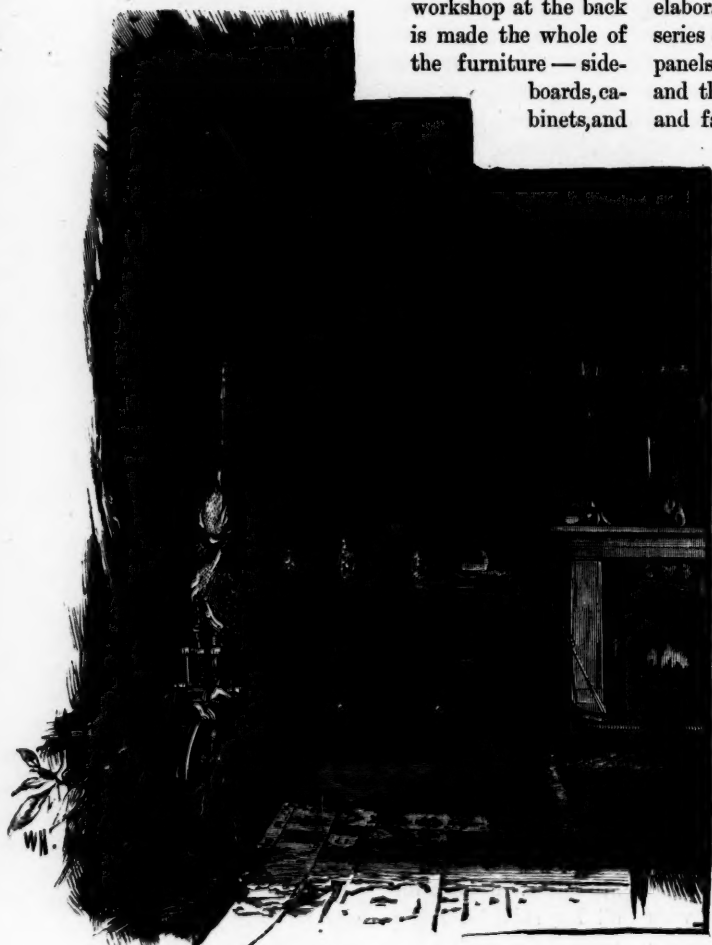
The approaches to Bushey are not particularly attractive. London dies away in a different manner in all her suburbs, and perhaps nowhere more slowly, more flatly, with a more persistent lingering of the scraps and shreds of her industries, her coal and brick,

than on the side of Willesden Junction. That great wilderness and tangle of lines passed, things assume a more rural aspect. Still there is nothing exactly lovely in the neighbourhood. Bushey itself is dominated by a high-level railroad upon its dreary arches; but the village is not a bad village, and looks as peaceful as if it were deep in Arcadia. At the end of the little still street, with a small commonplace garden in front, stand the two joined cottages of which Mr. Herkomer has made his house—by name Dyreham. The building is unnoticeable, and has been left, as regards its outer form, just as the tenant found it. Within, the distribution of the rooms has been little altered, except by the intercommunication of the two cottages. A small drawing-room on the left and a small dining-room on the right, a still smaller servants' hall, and a very attractive series of bright little kitchens and offices, on the ground floor, have eleven tiny bed-rooms above. But if the shell of the house is ordinary, far other is the interior.

In a little vine-grown workshop at the back is made the whole of the furniture—sideboards, cabinets, and

chairs, designed in the purest Gothic taste, and finished with the finest labour of hand and tool. Of the work and the workman I shall have more to say hereafter. The Herkomer household is not obtrusively æsthetic; yet there are few members of the *cultus* who would not consider Mr. Herkomer's chairs as treasures, while the familiar design and colour of a Morris paper—the fruit pattern printed over the old willow leaf—are the first things to be observed in the dining-room. The ordinary plaster ceilings, too, have been everywhere replaced with oaken beams, generally divided by lines of colour to carry out the tints of wall or dado; and the high brass fender dear to the man of taste stands before every fireplace. There is certainly no affectation anywhere; but if this thoroughness of workmanship, this purity of design, and this low harmony of colour are Philistine, then by all means let Philistinism flourish and increase.

In the drawing-room—parts of which are presented in our third and fifth illustrations—are two elaborate cabinets of oak. One of them has a lovely series of the seasons painted by Mr. Herkomer in its panels—single figures, full of grace and freshness; and there are spots of good colour in pottery, china, and fans upon their shelves. Flowers, daintily harmonising with the jar of old crackle or other fine-toned porcelain in which they stand, bloom everywhere; and in a corner stands a spinning-wheel, such as the mother of Mr. Herkomer's mother may have sung to in her Bavarian home. The chimney-pieces are surmounted by a facing of blue-and-white tiles, with china on the shelves; and very close to the upper shelf comes the low oak ceiling with its lines of colour. Conspicuous in the dining-room, which is pictured on our opposite page, are the portraits of the painter's father and mother, and these are in his eyes the most precious possessions in the house. The one is a memorial of a face that has passed away, but the original of the other is present as the patriarch of the household. In the decorative colours of the simple walls a particularly happy effect is to be noted: one of the little upper chambers being furnished with a light-blue Japanese leather-paper—that one which is well known to the lovers of such things, and in which some small designs and lines of gold are mingled. The room is dadoed with wood painted blue to match, the ceiling having the same blue between the beams. Another of the little group of rooms is arranged



MR. HERKOMER'S HOUSE: A CORNER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

for the same paper with yellow paint, to accord with the gold in it. Much blue is used in the upper storey, this most difficult of colours, with which no "decorator" can be trusted, being in every instance prepared by Mr. Herkomer himself. Indeed, there are everywhere signs that the artist has that wholesome share of the workman's nature with which a painter cannot (though a writer may easily) dispense.

The studio is the heart of Dyreham. It is built out at the back—a tall roomy structure, with a group of outbuildings in the rear. A path through a little space of garden leads to its door. Within, everything speaks of work; for though there is no lack of decoration, the hands of the father and son are seen in it all. The easels stand at the further end. In our illustration, two of last year's Academy pictures will be recognised—the landscape, and the portrait of Archibald Forbes. The high walls are hung all over with materials of a greenish colour and quiet design. The Gothic oaken tables, the cabinets, the seats of every shape and kind, including a noble chair with steps and a dais—these are all from one industrious hand. Among them is a carved bench, which is a relic of other times, and still bears the direction written upon its back, when it was sent as a present to the young student in London, by his father. "We can afford better wood now," says the artist, with a backward glance at more difficult days. Mr. Hubert Herkomer himself has undertaken the decoration of the mantelpiece, which is to be surmounted, up to the roof, with metal work—copper, brass, silver, and iron, chiselled and hammered by his own hand in designs of decorative figures. The metal is applied in plaques upon the flat wall. A bust of Mr. Herkomer stands on the cabinet to the right. At the far end of the studio is a recess, in which will some day be built an organ; the zither, meanwhile, is his favourite musical instrument. In recesses at the back, too, are the artist's store of books, with mysterious places for the stowage of his canvases, and shelves upon which, for the study of form, are ranged plaster casts of famous heads.

About the middle of the studio, just under a skylight, stands Mr. Herkomer's etching-table beneath its canopy of ground glass, with neat drawers as full of instruments as the terrible shallow drawers you shudder at in a dentist's room. Everything is in perfect and perpetual order; and yet this pleasantest of *ateliers* looks as though it was the scene of family life as well as of artistic labour. Signs of the painter's work are mixed with signs of the leisure of others: a bit of art-embroidery lies half-finished on a table, and a sleek cat nurses two blue-eyed kittens before the fire.

Through the further door of the studio the garden is reached—a rather utilitarian garden, blooming with apple blossoms, and showing an unusual array—with rows of whitened canvases drying in the air. Here stand the hut and the tent which Mr. Herkomer and his family have used for camping out in Wales: both models of clever practical contrivance, which have stood the strain of hurricanes without the failing of a rope or a peg. When in working order, the hut and tent are fitted with hammocks for beds, and with a hundred space-saving appliances. Life in camp is of course life out of doors; but a shelter must be in readiness in case of bad weather. The painting hut is fitted with a camera, and with a large plate-glass window and every necessary arrangement of skylight. Ranged along the back of the studio and house are the auxiliary workshops of this multifarious

art-factory. Foremost in interest is the room which we have figured in our last engraving: the room where Mr. Herkomer, senior, labours at his oak carving, turning, and joining. Such beautiful labours were less appreciated some thirty years ago than they were in the Sixteenth Century, or than they are again now; and Mr. Hubert Herkomer has made a candid confidence to the auditors of one of his lectures as to the dire struggles and anxieties of the past days of his family. It is impossible to note without interest the affectionate and filial care with which the hardship of the past is made amends for now. The venerable artist-workman is happy in the



MR. HERKOMER'S HOUSE: THE DINING-ROOM.

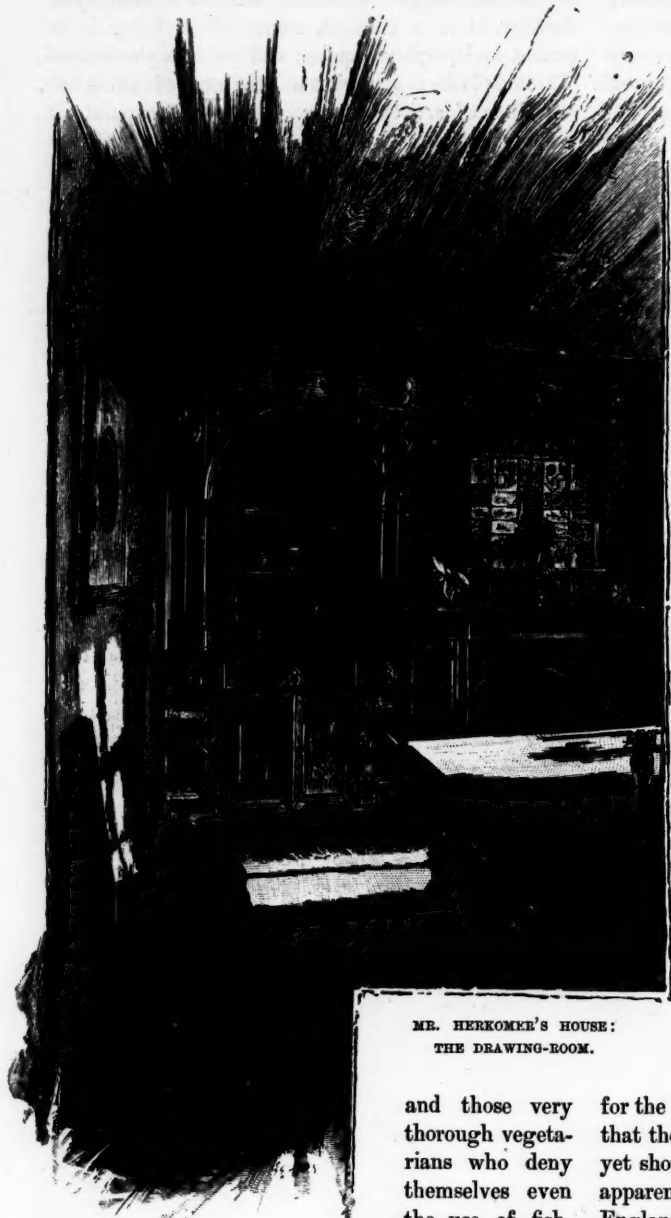
enjoyment of the finest materials, the finest tools, that heart could desire. But his simple, or rather ascetic, habits have not changed; the teetotallers,

in our initial. Here several men are at work producing impressions from Mr. Herkomer's mezzotints and etchings. We see a splendid press roll smoothly

round, and a print of Mr. Millais' portrait of Lord Beaconsfield lifted out. A proof of the same artist's "Caller Herrin," which Mr. Herkomer has also engraved, stands near; he speaks with enthusiasm of the head, which he considers as fine as anything the master has ever painted. "In doing this work," he adds, "I am nothing but a copyist. The art is to render what you see in the picture, and not what you fancy you would like to see." In the same manner, he explains the sympathy and the respect and appreciation which are so striking in his portraits; "I am *fond* of my sitters, and I am fond of them exactly as they are, and not as I imagine them to be, or would like them to be." He asserts that even affectation, the most disagreeable of human characteristics, cannot keep away the artist's liking, but that he has become fond of even an affected sitter. Besides the two engravings after Millais, he has been busy reproducing his own work. The portrait of Mr. Wynne, amongst others, was translated into a fine mezzotint before its exhibition in the last Academy.

Very soon the little space of land adjoining Dyreham will be covered with the buildings of Mr. Herkomer's art-school. His intentions with respect to this enterprise have been expressed by himself with great precision and directness. Like most observers, he sees much to desire in the art-schools at present established in England, and yet—believing in the value of individuality in the student—he is not altogether an advocate

for the French studio system. He deems it important that the learner should "find his own identity," and yet should not lose time by too complete liberty. Nor, apparently, does he rejoice to see the young talent of England under the strong influences of French studios, for he believes English characteristics to be worth preserving. What he will offer to students is a midway between the art-school and the master system. He has decided that in no case shall the course of teaching be gratuitous, because he believes that every young man or woman who has a conscience is preserved against temptation to idleness by the thought that their friends have paid something for them, and thus have given a hostage into the keeping of their



MR. HERKOMER'S HOUSE:
THE DRAWING-ROOM.

and those very thorough vegetarians who deny themselves even the use of fish, may boast of him as a fine exemplar of their doctrines. Like his son, he speaks English admirably, and is a diligent student of English literature after working hours. And working hours with him are invariable; no artisan called by the stroke of a bell which must be obeyed is more punctual to his task than he.

Close to the wood-carving workshop is the printing-room, a sketch of which we have printed

honour. He believes, too, that the gratuitous system of the Royal Academy Schools has been the cause of much of their unsuccessfulness. At the same time the sum paid by his students will be nominal. The building, drawn and designed by Mr. Herkomer himself, is to consist of three studios, one of them having a special glass arrangement for the study of the model in diffused daylight; and in October, 1883, it is expected that the enterprise will be afoot.

It is reported that on his return from America Mr. Herkomer intends to pull down this old house of his, and build him a new one in its room. This may or may not be true; but assuredly it is possible, and even probable. That indefatigable interest which, as we have seen, the artist is in the habit of importing into the practice of his art, and which has made him eager to excel in every method of expression in turn, he also imports into the concerns of his every-day existence and the facts and accidents of his surroundings. His theory of life is the very antipodes of that contained in the French aphorism which insists upon it that "*le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*" He is never content to let well alone, but is always seeking for the better. He changes, he shifts, he revises and redecorates and rearranges; so that his environment has the attribute of an endless variety of aspect, and its circumstances seem gifted with an innate and peculiar capacity of metamorphosis. What is more to the purpose is, that the capacity is never at fault, but that the result of its exercise is always ingenious and impressive. It would be well, indeed, if everybody's surroundings were as happily inspired. But that is, of course, impossible. The instinct of fitness, the knack of consummate arrangement, the faculty of *ordonnance* in colour

and combination in line are integral parts of the artistic capacity, and are no more to be acquired



MR. HERKOMER'S HOUSE: STUDIO OF MR. HERKOMER, SENIOR.

through study—though study will go far to educate and develop them—than the incommunicable quality of genius itself.

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE PIPES OF ALL PEOPLES.



HE popular idea of art as applied to tobacco-pipes may be said to have its base in monstrosities in meerschau and vulgarisms in cherry-wood and briar. The popular idea is natural, perhaps, but wrong; for it happens that in all ages, and amongst all peoples, pipes have been the subject of ornamentation more or

less tasteful, and of design more or less beautiful, original, and rare. And of this no more striking proof is conceivable than the curious collection recently exhibited by Mr. Wareham, the art-dealer, at his galleries in Castle Street, Leicester Square. To any one who was previously unacquainted with the extent to which workmanship and invention have been applied to these instruments of luxury and comfort,

the collection was a revelation. There were gathered together from every quarter of the world pipes of all times and of all nations, in inexhaustible variety and of never-ending interest. Some idea of the value of the collection may be gathered when I say that it was appraised for buying purposes at over ten thousand pounds.

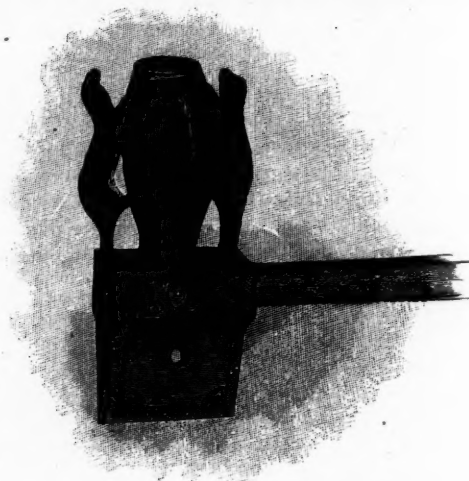


I.—TWO ASPECTS OF A PRE-HISTORIC MEXICAN PIPE.

There were pipes of gold and silver, brass and steel and iron; pipes of stone and clay, and pipes, in hundreds, of ivory and all kinds of wood; pre-historic pipes dug from Aztec graves, and cold and solemn in their rude art; pipes from the frozen heart of Russia, quaintly carved from tree-roots by loyal peasants—"For the Emperor;" gorgeous masterpieces of jewelled silver from Persia and India, and strange and rarely brilliant specimens from Sumatra and China and Japan. There were ugly and clumsy machines, of savage aspect, from the interior of Africa and the wilds of North America; and from the frosty lands of Esquimaux and Scandinavia came quaint and genial-looking pipes of whale-bone and of granite. Then there were graceful metal pipes from Italy, and richly wrought specimens of Gothic and classic carving from Germany and France; while the early clay pipes of our own land were moulded in such pleasing forms as are rarely if ever seen now: even the stems of the respectable "churchwardens" had beauty in their curves. But the collection was not confined to pipes: it included also everything connected with the luxury of narcotics. It comprised tobacco-pouches of cloth, linen, silk, leather, skins of reptiles, woven grass, and bead-embroidery and porcupine quills; tobacco-boxes of brass and copper and silver, many of them very old, and engraved with pictures—of Scripture scenes, of conviviality, of landscape; boxes of Birmingham japanned-ware, and boxes made of Chinese enamel and grey and red quartzite. There were cigar-cases which, in their way, were dreams of tasteful ornamentation; English cases of silver *repoussé* and plain steel and

wood; cases from France and Germany and India, of handsome buhl, and Dresden porcelain, of silver filigree and gold inlaid with enamel; above all, cases from Japan, made of metal, tortoiseshell, lacquered papier-mâché, silk and paper, and woven bamboo and grass, all quick with the charm of Japanese fancy and workmanship. There were pipe-stoppers and prickers, and fire-strikers, recalling memories of flint and tinder; there were jars for tobacco and snuff from Delft and Angoulême, from Dresden and Copenhagen—jars of *grès de Flandres*, and Venetian and German glass, of pewter and copper and wood, all comely, and all more or less ornamented by painter and engraver. There were snuff-mulls and mills and spoons; snuff-bottles from Africa, India, China; snuff-rasps, or *rappoirs*, in ivory and wood; with snuff-boxes, of course, by the score. And there was a delightful collection of *netsukés*—the carven buttons of ivory and wood by which the Japanese fasten their pipe-cases to their girdles.

This remarkable gathering was made by Mr. William Bragge, F.S.A., of Birmingham and Sheffield. It was his hobby, and he devoted himself to it with an intensity of devotion, and at the same time with an intelligence of judgment, quite remarkable. The result is a unique assemblage of curiosities, and one which it is safe to prophecy will never be seen

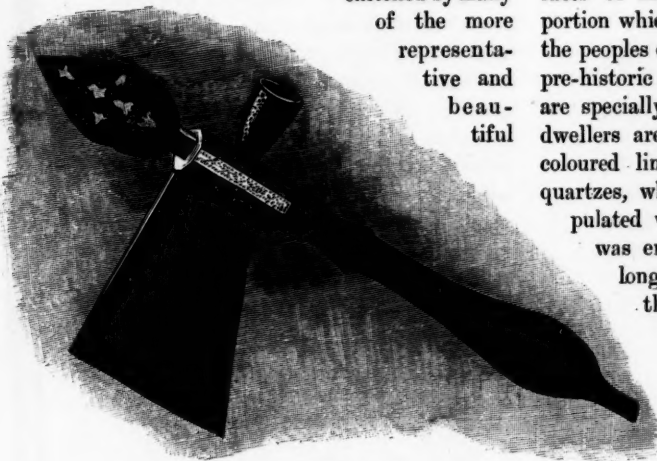


II.—NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN TOMAHAWK PIPE.

again. But it was something more than a mere hoard of curios: it was an uncommon manifestation of centuries of art and a valuable contribution to ethnographic science. And so far is this true, that when, a few months ago, the collection was offered

for sale, the authorities of the British Museum secured the whole of the ethnographic portion; and I believe that, if the funds had been forthcoming, both South Kensington and the India Museum would have been

enriched by many of the more representative and beautiful



III.—NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN TOMAHAWK PIPE.

objects. As it is, the collection has been broken up; and though some of the specimens still remain in Mr. Wareham's hands, the bulk of them has been dispersed, some to the British and Edinburgh Museums, others to the homes of private purchasers. I conceive it is a matter for lasting regret that a collection so complete, so singular, and so instructive, should have been sacrificed for want of a few thousand pounds.

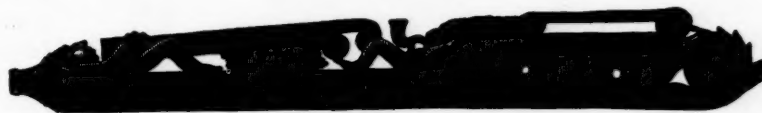
The literature of pipes and tobacco is curious and large. Apart from his seven thousand specimens of pipes and narcotic appliances, Mr. Bragge is a scholarly collector, and his success in other fields is notable. He brought together a very interesting series of illuminated MSS.; and he was the owner of the extraordinary series of books in illustration of Cervantes, which was destroyed by the fire at the Birmingham Free Library—to which institution, with characteristic generosity, he had lent them. Besides these achievements, he collected a little library of books on tobacco, a catalogue of which was privately printed in 1880, under the title of "*Bibliotheca Nicotiana*." The books, like the pipes, are now dispersed over the face of the globe; but a few copies of the catalogue remain. It is a model catalogue in its way—a veritable foundation for a bibliography of tobacco; and it furnishes some odd and amusing reading.

To turn, however, to the pipes. It would be going a little too far, perhaps, to say that the history of

pipes is the history of man; but if this statement is not wholly true, it is true to a very great extent. For there are pipes in existence which are known to have been fashioned and smoked by the forgotten races of America—by the mound-dwellers of that portion which we now call the United States, and by the peoples of the buried civilisation of Mexico. The pre-historic pipes in Mr. Bragge's collection, indeed, are specially interesting. The pipes of the mound-dwellers are made of various substances, different coloured lime and sand stones, and slate shalites, quartzes, whinstone, and various clays being manipulated with much untutored skill. One, which was engraved in Neander's "*Tabacologia*" so long ago as 1626, represents a dog clasping the bowl; another, two quaint figures kneeling, and a tortoise in relief.

Others, again, are in shapes resembling frogs or turtles—it is not certain which; while some are unfinished. They were found chiefly by Squier and Davis in the mounds of Ohio, but a few come from Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee. The ancient Mexican pipes are eighteen in number, and formed part of the private collection of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian. They are made generally of terra-cotta, and are sometimes glazed and ornamented with a peculiar arrangement of incised concentric circles. Two, however, are unglazed, and admirably modelled in the form of human heads. One I have sketched, partly because it was the best, and full of character, and partly because of the amusing difference of expression between the profile and the full face: in the first, this ancient image wears a smile in which benignity and cynicism are oddly mixed; in the second, a frown of trouble, a glance of pain and condemnation. A strange wonder fills the mind as this carven Janus regards one, as it were, out of the ages. Was there a Tobacco Question in those days? Was there a pre-historic James to fulminate a "*Counter Blaste*"? or a "*Friendly Answerer*" to retort with a grave defence of the ancient habit?

It is next to impossible to deal with the collection



IV.—PIPE OF BLACK STONE. FROM NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

chronologically; for, though the great age of many of the specimens is past a doubt, it is not easy to fix any date, at least in the majority of cases. Besides which, to many of them very scant history attaches. But it may be safely assumed that the North American

Indians inherited the practice of smoking, through generations of ancestors, from the pre-historic peoples



V.—NORTH AMERICAN PIPE: STONE BOWL AND WOODEN STEM.

of the New World. And the sections of Mr. Bragge's collection devoted to the pipes of the American Indians and of the North Pacific Coast are amongst the most interesting, alike from the point of view of human history and the point of view of art. Probably everybody, whether acquainted with Cooper's novels or not, has heard of the calumet. It will be news to most people, however, that there is not only a pipe of peace, but also a pipe of war. And it is not a little curious and significant that the more forbidding weapon is usually the better decorated and more artistic. The calumets, as a rule, are simple, and rather ugly; but the tomahawk pipes, of which I have sketched two, have some claim to consideration as examples of savage ingenuity of invention and skill. In our second illustration, for instance, is a curious instrument, bought at Toronto. The bowl and blade are of one dark stone, and rudely engraved with a characteristic pattern. On the right and left are two beavers, sculptured with good grasp of line, and fairly well modelled, while crawling



VI.—ESQUIMAUX PIPE OF WHALEBONE.

up the remaining side of the bowl are two animals which might be baby beavers, or lizards, or anything. The stem of wood carved in a simple floral pattern, and with a tapering mouthpiece, is all but 10 inches long. In spite of its suggestions of war-

trails and whoops, and bloody scalps, this pipe is a mild and even genial object to regard. Not so the formidable weapon pictured in engraving number three—as vicious a machine for the consumption of tobacco as ever was made. The hatchet-blade, spear-head, and bowl are of iron, and are graven, more or less regularly, with a geometrical pattern. The stem, terminating in a mouthpiece, and perforated through its whole length, is of some hard dark wood, very evidently turned. The design scratched on the cleaver-like blade is significant: an inebriated Indian aims a deadly blow at a respectable trader, who offers him a mysterious bundle as a peace offering. There is reason to

believe, however, that this pipe is not of Indian make, but was supplied to one of our red allies in the American War by the Board of Ordnance. Both the pattern and engraved tragedy, however, seem to be native work. Another curious Indian pipe is a bowl of greystone from the St. Lawrence River, arranged for three smokers, and — somewhat in the manner of a Japanese *netsuké*—carved with great spirit and originality into an odd jumble of human beings and bears and beavers. Less artistic,

but perhaps more eccentric, is a wooden production from the North Pacific coast. It represents a house fitted with glass windows, and a corpulent chimney chained on one side to a large box out of which grows a sort of bent stove-pipe, and fastened on the other to what looks like the pillow-end of a sofa, over the top of which a strangely-dressed figure gazes into vacancy. All these paraphernalia adorn the top of the stem. It is supposed to be an aboriginal's idea of a steamship. Another and more tasteful eccentricity is that shown in my fourth sketch. It is of black stone, nearly 18 inches

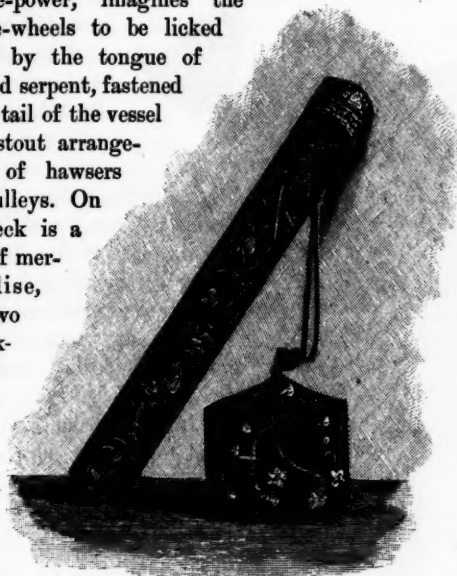


VIII.—CHINESE OPIUM - PIPE OF SHAGREEN AND SILVER.



VII.—CHINESE TOBACCO-PIPE.

long, and represents a steamship likewise. Here the savage mind, unable to account for the real motive-power, imagines the paddle-wheels to be licked round by the tongue of a coiled serpent, fastened to the tail of the vessel by a stout arrangement of hawsers and pulleys. On the deck is a heap of merchandise, with two remarkable



IX.—JAPANESE PIPE-CASE AND TOBACCO-BOX.

individuals, who, judging by the pile of tobacco between them, the gigantic size of their pipes, and the expression of their faces, are making themselves very ill with a sort of tobacco debauch. In sketch No. 5 we have another North American pipe, which in some respects is curious. The animal—a sort of leopard—is carved of some dark stone, the spots of the skin being represented by a series of incised circles filled in with some white substance. The stem is of wood, circular, and ornamented with grooved lines.

The pipe represented in my sixth drawing is a capital example of the skill and humour of the Esquimaux. Indeed, there are several specimens from Asiatic Russia, the work of Samoyedes and Esquimaux, which may fairly be said to confound those learned persons who think that the remains of pre-historic European art could not have been produced by semi-savage races. The materials used by these northern people are sometimes granite, but usually mammoth ivory and whalebone. The example under notice is of the last; it is from the Ethnographic Museum of Copenhagen, having been given to Mr. Bragge in exchange by Professor Thomsen. The animals, which are extremely well modelled, and full of rude character, humour, and imagination, are carved in one piece with the pipe, which is 13½ inches long.

China and Japan were particularly well represented. The

productions of the Celestial Empire are fine examples of a remarkable development of Eastern art. Many were the opium-pipes: with tubes of jade and tortoiseshell and polished shagreen and enamel and bamboo, and bowls of rare porcelain and richly wrought silver—some of them finely chased and painted in colours or in gold. The opium-pipe shown in sketch No. 8 is a capital piece of Chinese art. The tube is of shagreen, whose rich, dark splendour forms a fine contrast with the sheen of the silver bowl and mounting. The clip and socket are richly chased and set with coral; the



XI.—PERSIAN NARGHILÉ.

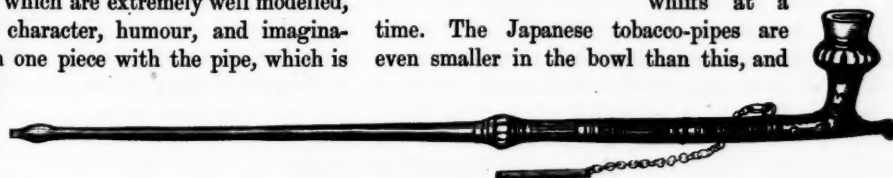
tip and mouthpiece at either end are of green jade; and the pipe is one of the handsomest in the collection.

The other example of Celestial handiwork (No. 7) has an interesting history. The shagreen opium-pipe is 22 inches long; this one, however, measures less than a quarter of that length. It is, in short, a tobacco-pipe; and the curious thing is, it was engraved in "Edwin Drood," under the impression that it was used for smoking opium. The notion has evidently arisen from the smallness of the bowl; but both Chinese and Japanese tobacco-smokers rarely take more than one or two whiffs at a



XII.—INDIAN WATER-PIPE, OR HUBBLE-BUBBLE.

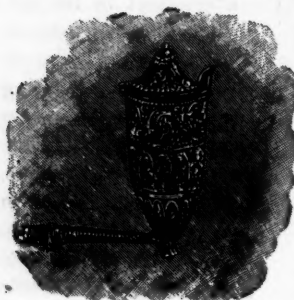
time. The Japanese tobacco-pipes are even smaller in the bowl than this, and



X.—BRASS PIPE, FROM SUMATRA.

it is worth noting that the bowls of the early English and Dutch clay pipes were no larger. The stem and mouthpiece are of silver, and richly enamelled. Of the Japanese pipes and appurtenances it may be said that they were thoroughly representative of native art, and that is saying a great deal. Some of the finest examples of Japanese metal work I have seen were included in the collection, and one or two pipes, wrought entirely of gold or silver, or both, were admirable and enviable indeed. Want of space prevents me from picturing them; but I have sketched (in No. 9) a pipe-case and tobacco-box, with the cord and *netsukés*.

The pipe shown in my tenth drawing comes from Batta, in Sumatra, and is a very handsome implement. It is of brass, is 31½ inches long, and has a brass chain and picker attached. Mr. Bragge describes the ornamentation upon it as characteristic of the locality: it, at all events, belongs to the far East; and the pipe possesses an air of grace and distinction. From Sumatra to India and Persia is (for present purposes) a short step, and the Indian and Persian examples were very noteworthy.



XIV.—ITALIAN PIPE OF SILVER FILIGREE.

Sketch No. 11 is a splendid Persian Narghilé; the chillum and rising stem are 14 inches high, whilst the smoking tube (not shown), which springs from the bowl at an acute angle, is over 19 inches long. The bowl is a cocoa-nut—the lower half carved with a hunting scene in low relief; the upper, covered with silver enamelled in colours with heads and flowers. The chillum is of silver, richly chased, and both stem and tube are ornamented with animals and birds in black on a white ground. No. 12, again, is an Indian water-pipe, or hubble-bubble. The water-bowl is of black nut, held by four acanthus leaves in silver, chillum and stem (which is 14 inches long) being of the same metal. Another Indian or Persian pipe, from General Lysons' collection, is too remarkable to pass without notice. It is a large wooden bowl, round which is coiled the body of a serpent studded with silver scales, a fine garnet being set in the centre of the reptile's head. The bowl stands upon a "lingum," or stand, of green jade, round which is coiled a serpent

in silver. But no words can tell the richness and splendour of this part of the collection. Wedgwood

lavished much of his skill on pipes and pipe-bowls; and several of his hookah vases and chillums were taken to India

by John Company to beguile native rulers. One of these pretty bits of ceramic art has found its way back to England to take its place in Mr. Bragge's collection: amid pipes of many metals and of such astonishing workmanship, that, when it saw them, even Birmingham blushed and confessed itself beaten.

In Nos. 13 and 14 I have tried to give an idea of two extremely beautiful pipes from Italy. Some of these Italian pipes, if not exactly "ballades in blue china," are certainly poems in porcelain. One dainty specimen presents a hand carrying leaves, and enfolding the figures of an old man whose hand rests on a skull, and of a babe holding a rosebud. Others are of ivory (carved with exquisite skill) and of Venetian glass. The two examples I have chosen are both of metal. The bowl of one (No. 14) is of silver filigree, of the most delicate and charming description; while its stem is a fine tube of black wood,



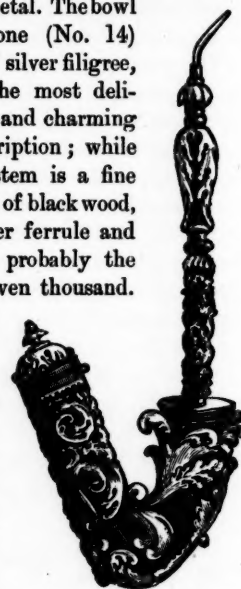
XIII.—ITALIAN PIPE OF STEEL.



XV.—GERMAN PIPE OF BOX-WOOD, SILVER MOUNTED.

18 inches long, with a silver ferrule and ivory mouthpiece. It is probably the most graceful of all the seven thousand.

Almost as pleasing is the other, made wholly of steel. The bowl-cover is perforated, the bowl itself being engraved with an ornamental scroll pattern. I cannot discover the date of this, as of many others mentioned in this paper; but it may interest some readers to learn that it still tastes of bad tobacco.



XVI.—GERMAN PIPE OF CARVED WOOD.

As an example of manipulation in steel it is of great merit, but it must have made hot smoking.

Germany, of course, was strongly represented. There were wooden bowls, showing Time holding a silver scroll of the Ten Commandments; bowls of agate and chalcedony, and serpentine and jasper; and bowls of porcelain innumerable. One, I remember, represented some graceful girls carrying Cupid in a basket of flowers; and there was a Berlin bowl with a portrait of Guttenberg. Old pipes from Meissen, too, were notable for their portraits; and one of a later date, elaborately painted with the Cologne arms, is said to have been smoked in the Guild procession of that ancient city. My selections (15 and 16) are admirable examples of wood-carving. The one is of boxwood, 10½ inches in length, beautifully carved with acanthus foliage, and mounted with silver. The other shows a curious adaptation of Gothic design;

the carving is of the most elaborate kind, and in very high relief, the quaint and handsome effect being much enhanced by the rich brown of the wood. The design on the bowl represents a country carriage dragged by two frisky horses, and crammed with rollicking peasants, the picture being completed by the introduction of foliage and grass, while below, on the front of the receptacle or socket into which the bowl fits, are two fighting chamois. This sculpture is of true Gothic character, and though rude, is spirited and bold.

The French seem to have taken to tobacco with all the brilliant and tasteful energy they have displayed in most other things. Certainly their productions evince uncommon talent and ingenuity. Most of them possess some touch of elegance, distinction—*chic*. Some are quaint: as when, in 1866, politics somehow got mixed up with tobacco, and pipes were fashioned in the shape of Rochefort's "Lanterne." Many, again, are adorned or vulgarised with the effigies of more or less famous

personages — sometimes represented with marked respect, sometimes with bitter satire; while others are decorated with portraits of literary and theatrical celebrities, and with objects so grotesque, impossible and absurd as to be unexampled in the whole range of nature or of human fancy. The pipe I have chosen for illustration (No. 17) is a very beautiful work in boxwood, of the time of Louis Quatorze. Such a pipe might D'Artagnan have smoked, or the noble Porthos, or Poussin painter of heroes. It is gold mounted, and the carving is as delicate and refined as it well can be. This heroic pipe is considered, indeed, the gem of the collection. It is valued at forty pounds sterling; and I am bound to say my sketch gives only a faint idea of its beauty and distinction.

It is a pity, I think, that the poet prattles so much of wine and so little of tobacco. As a rule, he reserves his seri-

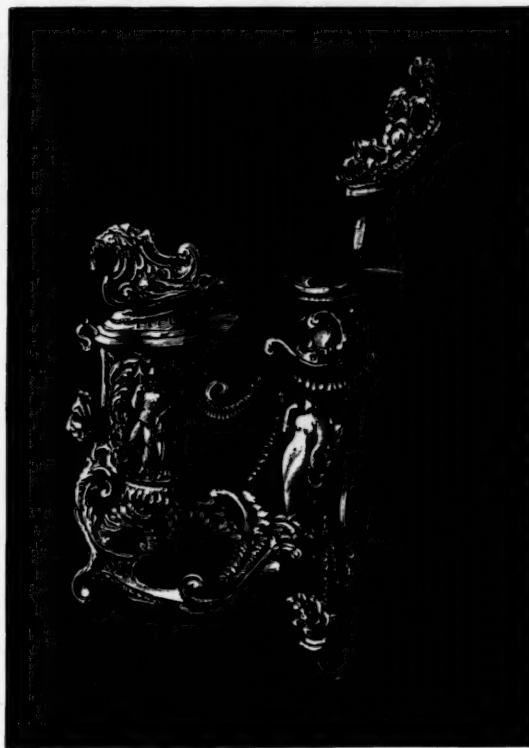
ousness for wine and love and politics and mountain scenery, and vain delights of that sort, and only sings of tobacco, the "Universal Camerado," with a half smile. So I make no apology for exhuming a lyric in which the subject is handled with decent gravity:—

RONDEAU.

"Pipe of my Soul, our perfumed reverie,
A mild-eyed and mysterious ecstasy,
In purple whorls and delicate spires ascending,
Like hope materialised, inquiringly
Towards the unknown Infinite is wending.
The master-secret of mortality,
The viewless line this visible life subtending,
Whilom so dim, grows almost plain to me,
Pipe of my Soul!
And as the angels come the demons flee,
Thy artist-influence beautifully blending
The light that is, the dark that may not be,
The great Perhaps above all things impending
Melts large and luminous into thine and thee,
Pipe of my Soul!"

Evidently this rhapsody was written by a good and grateful smoker.

HARRY V. BARNETT.



XVII.—FRENCH PIPE OF BOXWOOD, GOLD MOUNTED.
TIME OF LOUIS QUATORZE.

The Ballad of the Thrush

Across the noisy street,
I hear him careless throw
One warning utterance sweet;
Then, faint at first and low,
The full notes closer grow—
Hark! what a torrent-gush!
They pour, they overflow—
Sing on, — sing on, O Thrush!

What trick, what dreams deceit
Has fooled his fancy so
To scorn of dust and heat!
I, prisoned here below,
Feel the fresh breezes blow,
And see, thro' flag and rush,
Cool water sliding slow—
Sing on, — sing on, O Thrush!

Sing on. What though thou beat
On that dull bar, thy foe!
Somewhere the green boughs meet
Beyond the roofs a-row;
Somewhere the blue skies show,
Somewhere no black walls crush
Poor hearts with helpless woe—
Sing on, — sing on, O Thrush!

Bird, though they come, we know,
The empty cage, the hush;
Still, ere the brief day go,
Sing on, — sing on, O Thrush!

Austin Dobson



A SCULPTOR BORN.

THE story of the artist of "Cain" and "Abel" in taking his son with him; and the poor little fellow —engravings of which accompany this article was often left alone for days in a strange town. —is one of genius struggling to light against overwhelming obstacles: as a vigorous tree will force its way to the sunshine through the very stones of a wall. Duprè, in fact, was a living proof of the innate power of the artistic instinct to expand in spite of circumstances.

He was born at Siena on the 1st of March, 1817, and was of French origin, his grandfather, a cloth merchant, having come to Siena under Francis of Lorraine, then Grand Duke of Tuscany. Trade failed, and Francesco, Giovanni's father, was fain to earn his bread as a journeyman wood-carver. In this capacity he removed, when Giovanni was about four years old, to Florence, where he was employed in the

decorations of the Palazzo Borghese. The home was not a happy one. There were household privations and family discords, which increased, till Francesco began to wander through the country in search of work. He left his wife in Florence, but he persisted

All the hard labour of the shop was laid on him, and many a time, with a basket of chips on his head, has he crossed that Arno bridge over which, but a few months ago, his body was borne in state, with a mourning train of deputies and representatives of all

At Pistoja the germs of his feeling for sculpture were developed by his success in carving a figure for a marionette theatre; and at Prato they were encouraged by his vicinity to a maker of plaster casts, a Lucchese, whose works he delighted to copy, and even dared to correct.

But his body grew frail while his mind grew strong and clear. So delicate was he that his companions nicknamed him "il morticino" (the little corpse). The truth is, he fretted for his mother. Once or twice he ran away from Francesco to return to her, till at length he was apprenticed to Paolo Sani, a wood-carver in Florence. Artist as he was to be, he was still less than an artisan.



SAN ANTONINO.

(By Giovanni Duprè. Uffizi, Florence.)

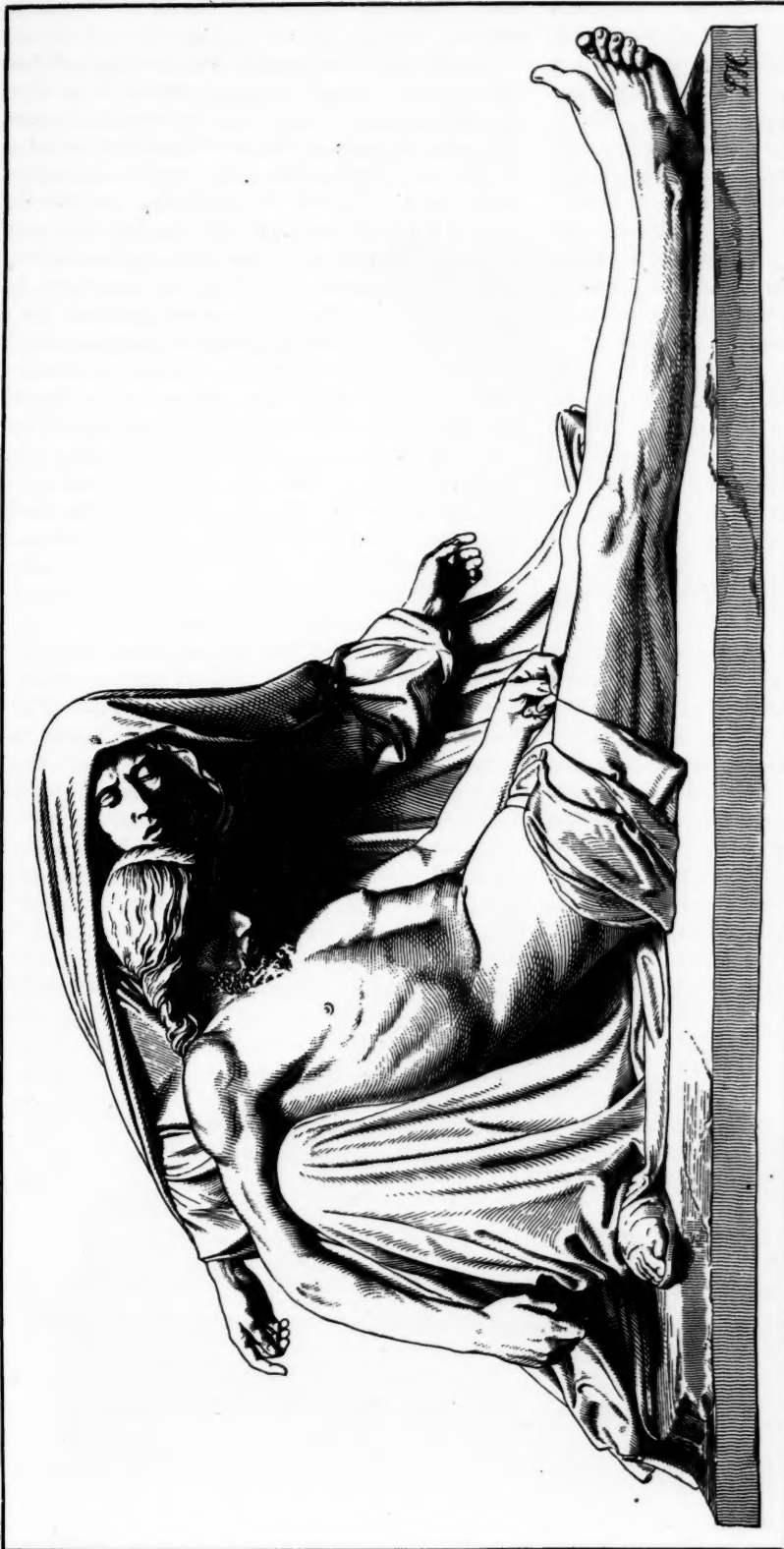
the fine art societies in Italy. He had to assist his mother and an invalid sister in their household expenses, and his youthful life was full of trials and privations. He could not write a letter; but he could draw exquisitely, and he could carve an angel or a cornice better than any one else in the shop. He was too poor to get into the Accademia delle Belle Arti, which seemed Parnassus to him; but his more fortunate friends would lend him their drawings to copy. His literary studies were confined to such books as he could buy for a few pence at a stall, and spell out in his spare hours. His little library was certainly more fit to nourish artistic imagination than to train a man for the world. It contained a Tasso, "Paul and Virginia," "Atala," "Orestes," the "Congiura de' Pazzi," and imaginative work of the same sort.

From copying academical studies he passed on to drawing from the life; and he filled a little album with sketches of any friends who would sit to him. But though he rose in his master's estimation and had plenty of friends, a certain unsatisfied yearning was always in his heart. He was so melancholy that his companions dubbed him "the poet." He would spend hours on the Piazza della Signoria among the statues by Michelangelo, Donatello, Cellini, and Gian Bologna, sadly thinking that if he could only go to the Academy he should learn to make such statues himself. He longed for a little money, for means and opportunity, for a chance to sculpture marble gods instead of wooden angels. But the wooden angels were leading him upwards unawares. His father got a commission for a "Holy Family," and doubting his own ability, allowed his son to carve it for him. This first proof of Duprè's talent was stolen from the workshop, and has never been traced. After some instruction in the studio of Signor Magi, he determined to attempt a statue in wood, and chose Saint Filomene for his heroine. The work was exhibited at the Belle Arti in 1838, and was afterwards bought by a Russian, who—much to Duprè's displeasure—changed the name to "Hope." The artist's reputation was increased by a crucifix which was purchased by Signor Emanuele Fenzi as a wedding gift to his son. But he was still unsatisfied; he was a mere wood-carver, and he wanted to be a sculptor.

His indomitable spirit pressed forward to this goal. Discouragement seems to have had but an invigorating effect on him. In Magi's studio he had one day modelled a torso in competition with a fellow-student. An artist entered and, after a glance at the two sketches, saluted his rival with, "Ah! here is indeed a true artist," while he passed by Giovanni with a cold bow and "good morning." The slight stung him into new am-

bition, and again he vowed to be a sculptor or nothing. The competition for the triennial prize for sculpture at the Belle Arti was drawing near, and the artist Ulisseo Cambi advised Duprè to compete, offering to lend him part of his own studio to work in. The subject was a "Judgment of Paris" in relief. Duprè found it too great a work to be undertaken in spare hours, and left Sani's workshop, taking work for half the day under Pacetti, and giving the afternoons to his modelling; but the life was a very trying one. At Pacetti's shop he was set to carve a coffer in imitation of the antique, and, though he hated the deception, he succeeded so well that it was sold as the work of Benvenuto Cellini's friend, Del Tasso, one of the best of the Cinque Cento wood-carvers. In Cambi's studio the master annoyed him by his corrections, which would often impair the whole conception. The work was not as original as it should have been, but Duprè and another shared the prize between them. The triumph found the young man in a sad hour; for the news of it came in only just in time to bring a smile to the face of his dying mother.

A little later Duprè was tested by disappointment and found wanting. He had modelled an "Elias" for a competition at Siena, which might have won him ten years' bread and opportunity of study. One day, as he was busy on his model, full of hope, an official letter announced the fact that the Government had suppressed the prize, and endowed a chair at the university with the money. In his first fury of disappointment he dashed his model to the ground and broke it to pieces. And yet this very passion was but another step to his fame; for in his repentance he determined to atone for it by some grand work—a work which should live, and which he would produce alone, with no thought of winning prizes, and with no help from academies. His first thought was a "Dead Christ;" but he sought a more original motive, and fixed upon the "Death of Abel." He took a studio in the Piazzetta San Simone, and began to work on Holy Thursday, while all the world were merry-making at Carnival. His work very nearly ended in a tragedy, for he and his model were almost asphyxiated by the fumes of a large charcoal brazier: Duprè only just managing to crawl to the door in time to save them both. To his mortification he found it impossible to support his family till September when the "Abel" was to be exhibited, and yet find time to finish his statue, and money to pay his model. At this juncture a few sculptors of note—Costoli, Santarelli, and others—who saw great promise in his work, got up a subscription for him, and enabled him to come off victorious. Some of his admirers opined that his "Abel" ought to be called "Adonis." Bartolini,



A "PIETÀ."
(By Giovanni Duprè.)

the director of the Academy, said it wanted unity, for one hand was clenched and the other merely closed. Montalvo, the director of the Royal Galleries, told him loftily that the left ear needed correction; when he came back Duprè allowed him to suppose he had taken his advice, and Montalvo admitted that he recognised the improvement. History repeats itself: Michelangelo treated Pier Soderini in the same fashion three hundred years before in regard to the nose of the "David."

The model finished, a crowd of friends assembled in the studio to help cast it in plaster. It was sent to the Academy exhibition, where it attracted immense attention, and so aroused the jealousy of professional students — that an outsider of whose training in art no one knew anything should outshine them all! — that they began to say very unkind things. They suggested, for instance, "that it was not modelled at all, but a barefaced imposture—a cast taken from life." They even went so far as to pose Duprè's nude model in the

same position and attempt to verify their words; and though the measurements did not at all correspond, and both Bartolini and Sabatelli declared they had often seen the artist at work in a legitimate manner, the tongue of slander was not stayed. Of course this only roused the artist's spirit. He vowed he would make another statue; and though his detractors taunted him with "Una statua in piedi non la farà," he declared he would make one not only standing but in motion. The idea of a Cain—fierce, remorseful, rushing from his crime—was working in his brain; but how were the means to be obtained to realise it? Providence sent him a welcome patron in Count F. Benini, who made a generous offer of money to be repaid when fame was achieved. Full of gladness and resolution, the artist set to work, and day by day the wild despairing figure grew into being and form. It was still unfinished when the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and her husband Prince Leuchtenberg came to see it. They were so much struck by its beauty that they shook the sculptor's hand and exclaimed, "The 'Abel' and the 'Cain' shall be ours!" The prices were fixed at 1,500 scudi (£350) for the "Abel," and 2,000 for the "Cain." One can imagine the joy with which Duprè returned to his faithful wife on that evening and forbade her to work at ironing any more, for sculpture would keep them after all. His first thought on receiving an instalment of the price was to return the Benini loan; and the story of how the creditor destroyed the bond, and refused to take the money, is very graphically related in the debtor's autobiography. From this point his life is one round of successes. It mattered not that the Academicians sneered, and said that "this time Abel had killed Cain;" the world at large and the world of patrons had recog-

nised Duprè, and he took his place forthwith among artists.

In the lives of most great men, marriage is secondary to fame. Duprè, however, esteems it his salvation, and the only foundation of his renown. It gave him purer interests at the most hazardous period of his life, and supplied him with a motive for earnest work. In his "Ricordi Autobiografici" he tells the story of his boyish love and early marriage with such charming simplicity as to make translation impossible. It is an urban idyl, from the time when he sees a modest maiden pass his workshop, with little quick steps—"a fleeting impression, but one which kept coming back all day, like a vision, to comfort him"—to the evening when, sitting by the odorous lemon-trees in a little terrace, he kisses one of her curls, and she puts a scented flower in his button-hole. Maria was only a deft little laundress, and he a journeyman carver; but the perfume of this fresh and delicate young love lingered about and hallowed all their married life. His marriage is really prior to any of his work, he being only nineteen when it took place on the 2nd of February, 1836.

It may be asked how did this illiterate young man rise to the mental level of trained artists? His own studio became a school to him. While the "Cain" was growing into form, the studio became the resort of a knot of famous men. Here the poets Giusti, Prati, Niccolini, and Aleardi talked with the *letterati* Thouar, La Farina, and Gargioli; while the artists Sabatelli, Bartolini, and others, held animated discussions on the topic of the day—the debate between the "Academici" and the "Naturalisti." Duprè, who had an innate feeling that truth to nature is the highest truth in art, felt his convictions shocked when Bartolini became director of the



ABEL.

(By Giovanni Duprè.)

Academy, in Ricci's place, and putting aside all Ricci's beloved antiques, set the students to draw from a living model—a deformed dwarf. "Then," says he, "my head began to turn, and dreadful suspicions dawned upon me of the imperfections and the vulgarity of nature." While the theorists were arguing the question, the young fellow, quietly modelling in their midst, was taking in every word and possessing himself of some of the right principles of art. Some of these he clearly expresses in his "Ricordi:" as that "nature is the true model, but she must be perfect nature, not imperfect, faulty, or spoiled by any of the consequences of sin;" that "thought governs inspiration, but is not to be entirely free; it must be kept within the bonds of goodness by the will;" that "in the moral world the evil thought is that which is contrary to goodness; in the intellectual, that which is opposed to truth; in the ideal, that which is contrary to the beautiful." The highest artist, says Duprè, is he who keeps right in all these ways. The statue of Giotto, now in one of the niches under the Uffizzi, was designed while the realistic theory was in the ascendant, and Duprè deprived it purposely of grace to represent with more truth the shepherd youth turned citizen. He forgot the refining influence of art itself; and his "Giotto" is very unlike our conceptions of the vast and potent genius who gathered into his painting all the poesy of his age. Calamatta was probably right—and not unjustifiably severe—when he told Duprè that "he had sinned against art in making an ugly statue." In the "San Antonino," which is also under the Uffizzi, Duprè has shown a much higher sentiment, having given the monk-bishop—as our engraving will show—a very noble and gentle dignity.

Commissions now came frequently to the studio. The Emperor of Russia wanted two groups finished which had been begun by Bartolini; Prince Demidoff

ordered a "Petrarch" and a "Laura" as pendants to the "Dante" and the "Beatrice" already sculptured by Duprè; while the Grand Duke of Tuscany commissioned a jewel casket, in carved ivory, as a wedding present for his daughter. Yet with all this, Duprè only just managed to make a living; and when the political disturbances of 1848-9 took place, no more orders came in. The little

coterie of poets and artists met in a studio where no mallets were sounding, and instead of discussing idealism and the *bello*, got heated over politics. Duprè himself would have joined the campaign, had not his Maria persuaded him to stop at home and watch over her and her babes. He stayed, but enforced idleness and straitened means preyed on his health; an attack of nervous prostration followed, which was only overcome by a journey to Naples with his wife. The Grand Duke not only defrayed Duprè's expenses in this trip, but in the following year sent him to London, with a model which he had made in clay, to take part in the competition for the Wellington Memorial. In this he obtained one of the first prizes. Nearly all the statues whose casts crowd Duprè's studio in Florence are posterior to this, but none are so perfect in modelling as the "Abel," and none so vigorous and original as the "Cain." The "Saffo," made in 1857, is pleasing and graceful, but



CAIN.

(By Giovanni Duprè.)

not entirely classical in spirit. The same year saw the production of the "Baccante Stanca" and the monument to the Contessa Ferrari-Corbelli in the church of San Lorenzo. These are two very different works; but, as Duprè wisely says, the two different trains of thought served to maintain the even balance of his mind, and the serious feeling of the design for the monument counteracted the deteriorating effect of the more sensuous subject. The monument is very graceful. Allegorical figures of Modesty and Charity stand on either side the sarcophagus; and at the back, beneath a canopy, is a charming relief of the

Angel of the Resurrection guiding the soul to heaven.

Duprè, I may note, had a very strong love of allegory, as is seen in his monument to Cavour in Turin, and in the "Angel of Death," "Charity," and "Gratitude," three finely composed groups, now in his studio. The grandest of all his allegories is, however, the relief of the "Triumph of the Cross," which adorns the lunette of the centre door of Santa Croce. This great composition is full of thought. The cross gleams in light at the summit of the arch, angels kneeling in adoration around it. An angel beneath, in the act of prayer, forms a link between earth and heaven. In the foreground are two splendidly modelled nude figures: a slave whose bonds have fallen asunder, and a savage whose face is illumined with the heavenly light—emblems of the power of the cross to release from the bondage of sin and the darkness of ignorance. At the sides stand majestic groups of the principal champions of the cross, in all ages, among which the figures of Constantine, Charlemagne, and some female saints are very beautiful.

On the other hand, the "Pietà," which forms the subject of our second engraving, is one of the artist's least happy conceptions; it was executed in 1862 for a monument in the cemetery of Siena. Had Duprè left it as first designed, it would probably have been much more pleasing; but some officious critic having compared it to Michelangelo's "Pietà," Duprè immediately destroyed his model, and for a long time could get no inspiration for a second. The dead Christ lies on the ground; the Virgin, half kneeling and with arms outspread, supports His head and shoulders on one knee. Her attitude is entirely overstrained.

Duprè died in Florence on the 10th of January, 1882, after a few days' illness. Among the friends gathered round his bed, the philosopher Augusto Conti was, strange to say, the one whom the sculptor called on to say the last prayer when his voice failed him. He left the statue of Fra Beato Raimondo, for the Archduke of Lorraine, unfinished; and his express desire is said to have been that unfinished it should remain.

LEADER SCOTT.

THE COALY TYNE.



THE COALY TYNE: NEWCASTLE QUAY.

STANDING on the High Level Bridge at Newcastle, and looking around at the unprepossessing buildings heaped one above the other on either bank of the stream, it becomes difficult to realise that Turner ever painted the scene, or that Akenside was not indulging in unjustifiable poetry when he wrote—

"Would I again were with ye! Oh ye dales
Of Tyne! and ye, most ancient woodlands.

How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Beloved of old, and that delightful time
When, all alone, for many a summer's day
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen."

In truth, the Tyne of both poet and painter differed vastly from the Tyne of to-day. In his boyhood,

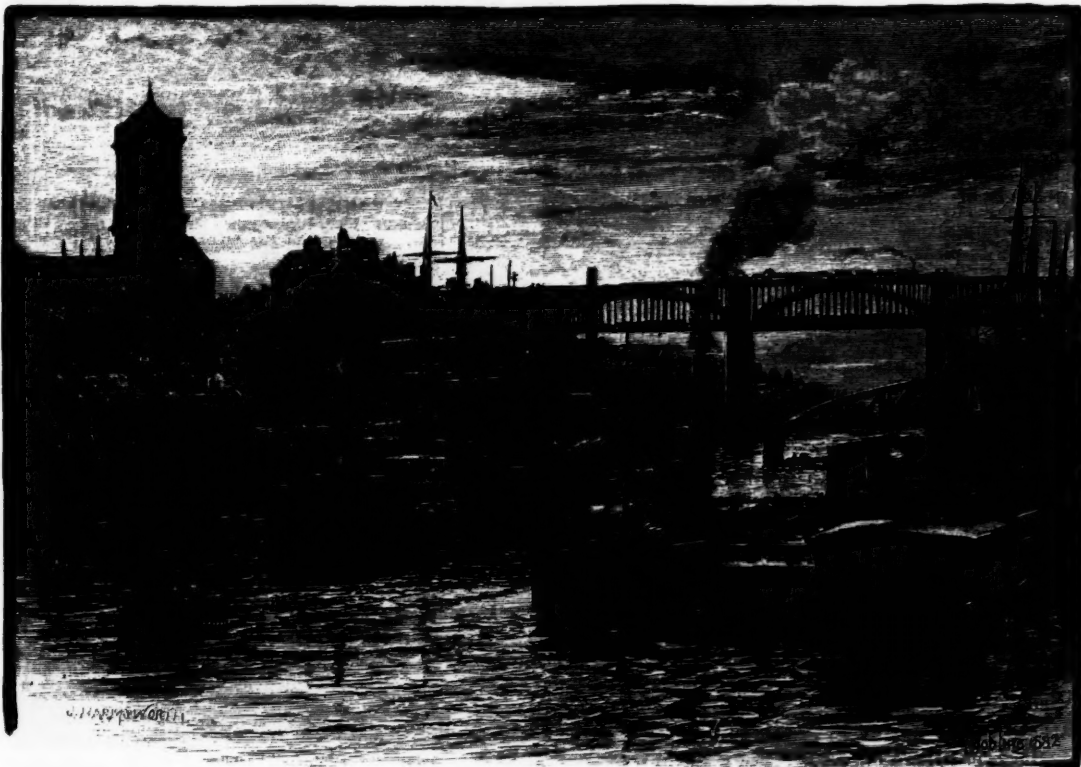
Akenside may have wandered down "the Butcher Bank," where he was born, to paddle in the rippling shallows which crept almost to its edge. Behind him, in gabled quaintness, would stand the ancient town house of the Earls of Derwentwater. To right or to left there was not a building that did not date back to the reign of brave, arrogant, masculine Queen Bess. Tyne Bridge, on oaken piles driven centuries ago by Hadrian's soldiers, was ramparted with Tudor houses, just as was that London Bridge along which swept the scourge of the Great Fire. And the river itself? Where Akenside may have played it would plash and ripple upon sandy shores. The vessels that sailed up on the high tides were such lumpish colliers as that in which Captain Cook served his rough apprenticeship to the sea. Westward, above bridge, the sun set over wooded hills, sundered from the river by a level stretch of rich pasture land, browsed over by herds of lowing kine. The hand of the magician Time has tampered with this quiet pastoral; and with what an effect! Where the sand was washed into ribbed heaps by the tide Newcastle has built for itself a massive quay; the quaint old bridge has been succeeded by an iron wonder which swings upon a pivot and allows tall ships to sail onward to where Armstrong's furnaces are belching forth smoke and flame; the High Level Bridge, lofty and graceful and strong, has linked the highest points of the

opposite shores; and the distant hills are as if they were not for the mass of houses and furnaces and factories and the thunder-cloud of smoke and steam. Yet the scene is interesting still; and there are some who, because of its practical significance, would call it impressive and even sublime. The artist whose work accompanies this note has first pictured it as it looks at early morning. His point of view is a little landing-stage about two hundred yards below the spot where I have imagined Akenside at play; and in the tiny corner piece we use as an initial he has fixed for us a glimpse of Newcastle Quay, with its cluster of brigs and schooners, laden with fruit and vegetables from overseas.

Only one who knows it intimately would confess to an affection for a river like this. A stranger invariably looks upon it under the influence of certain unfavourable prepossessions. It has the reputation of being the most depressing stream in Europe. It has been "coaly" ever since Milton coupled it with the epithet—always coaly, always associated with the idea of smoke and fuscousness and grime and swart unpleasantness. When Mr. W. L. Wyllie exhibited in last year's Academy an admirable painting of the Thames below bridge, and called it "Our River," the critics almost unanimously agreed

that, because there was a great deal of smoke in the air, and of dilapidation on the banks, and of mud in the water, it must be a picture of the Tyne. This was a new illustration of the proverb of a dog and a bad name. The Tyne was ordered out to execution many years ago. My business just now is to break a lance in its defence: to declare that it is a painters' river; that it abounds in pictures from its source to the sea; that it is no less worthy of being placed on canvas in those portions of it which lie between Newcastle and the main than in its higher reaches, where, in two branches—a fork of clear swift water—it flows by moor and fell, and lonely hamlets and ruined halls. There is a noble picturesqueness in some of the buildings which line its banks. The sun sometimes builds up superb effects with those vapours in which the prosaic observer sees but suggestions of Stygian caves forlorn. Those quick-flowing waters, so inextricably associated with the products of the mine, are often very brilliant and attractive to the eye, for the Tyne reflects the sky very much as rivers do elsewhere, and has also a rich local colour of its own.

In our third picture is another glimpse of Newcastle Quay. Looking through one of the openings between the tall offices which extend along

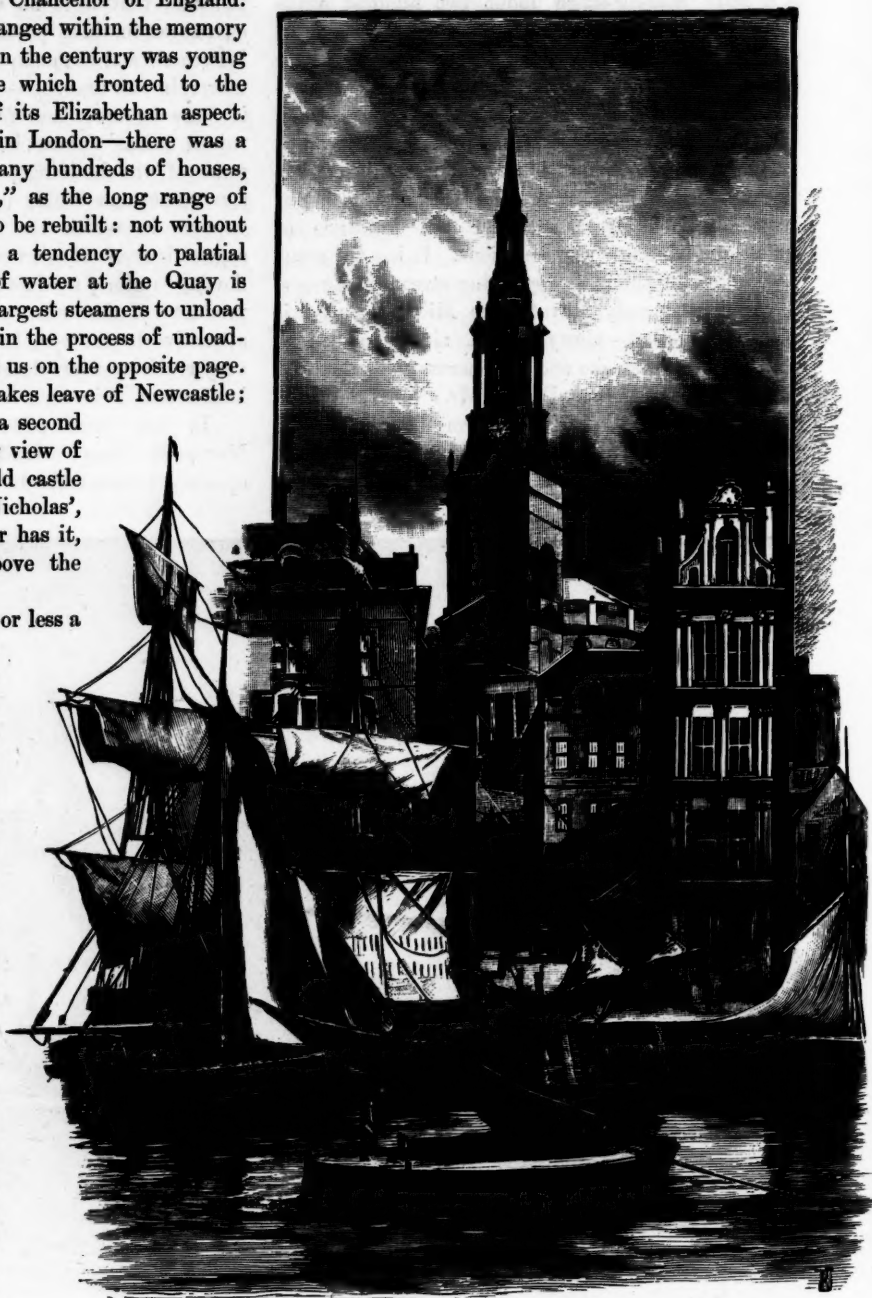


THE COALY TYNE: THE HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE.

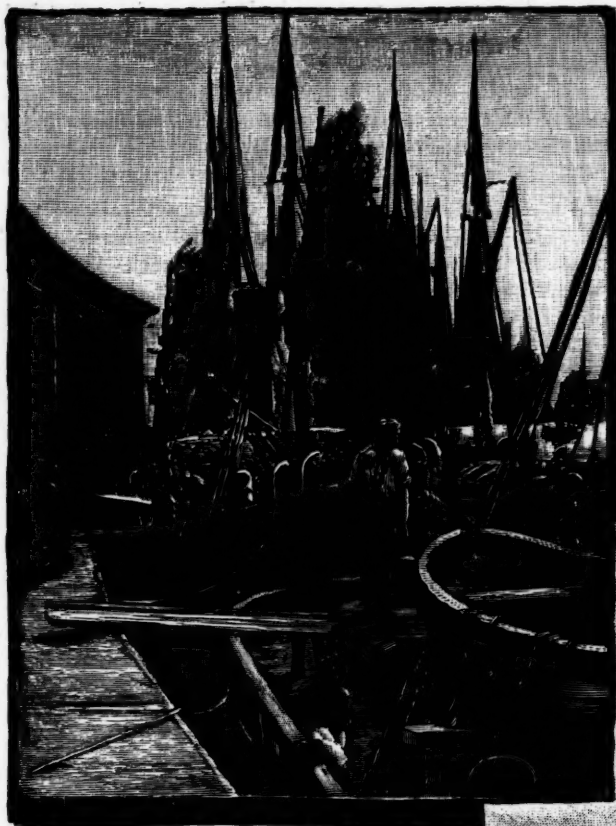
its front, the draughtsman has pictured us one of those flights of stairs which make Newcastle at once inconvenient and unique. It leads to the foot of Pilgrim Street, up which pious people from many parts of England were wont to pass on their way to the church and sacred well of St. Mary at Jesmond. The tall spire is that of All Saints' Church, under whose shadow, in a house now let in tenements, once dwelt "Jack Scott," Lord Chancellor of England. Here everything has been changed within the memory of men still living; for when the century was young that portion of Newcastle which fronted to the river still retained much of its Elizabethan aspect. There, however—as earlier in London—there was a great fire which destroyed many hundreds of houses, and caused "the Quayside," as the long range of merchants' offices is called, to be rebuilt: not without pride and ostentation, and a tendency to palatial magnificence. The depth of water at the Quay is sufficient to allow even the largest steamers to unload at it, and one such steamer in the process of unloading our artist has drawn for us on the opposite page. In "By the Wharves" he takes leave of Newcastle; and, far behind the hull of a second steamer, we catch a fleeting view of the town, with its brave old castle and its famous steeple of St. Nicholas', "showing," as an old writer has it, "like the cypresse tree above the low shrubs."

The Tyne has been more or less a shipping river almost from the time when ships first visited our shores. Wandering bands of Norse adventurers, seeking a settlement, sailed up its pleasant reaches as early, it may be, as when Alfred was allowing the cakes to burn at Athelney. They came in such numbers, indeed, that their tongue may still be distinguished in the rugged Northumbrian burr, while there are pilots on Tyne-side who are the true heirs no less of their tastes than of their physical peculiarities. Nowadays the river is like a long dock from Shields to beyond Newcastle. Groups of sailing vessels at anchor, keels, screw colliers, cattle-ships, and merchantmen lie everywhere on each side of the waterway: some

loading and some waiting to load; some but lately released from the slips, glittering in new paint, their hulls so high out of water that they look as if it might need ladders to scale them. Yet it is only during comparatively recent years that large vessels have been able to enter the Tyne. As you sail down the river to Shields it is probable that you will encounter a broad, unwieldy structure concerning



THE COALY TYNE: ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, FROM NEWCASTLE QUAY.



THE COALY TYNE: UNLOADING.

which you feel uncertain as to whether it is a new variety of ironclad or some gigantic species of steam crane. On either side of it is a chain of iron buckets which is continually being dragged up from the hold in one direction and lowered into it in the other. This uncouth monstrosity is a "Tyne dredger." During the last thirty years or so it has transformed the Tyne from a narrow creek, full of sandbanks, into a deep and noble river, admitting the tide along some twenty miles of its course.

During the first half of the century the stream on which "Rome's burnished prows" had floated had this disadvantage as a shipping river: that only a vessel of very inferior tonnage could get up as far as Newcastle, while even the smallest coasting schooner ran the risk of grounding on her way out to sea. The bed of the river was the property of the Corporation of Newcastle, and, feeling some pride in the possession, that ancient body seemed to think that it would be all the richer in

proportion as it allowed the river bed to accumulate. Ultimately the Tyne was so gorged and choked with sand that the little passenger steamers plying between the villages on the river banks used not unfrequently to stick fast in the middle of the journey, where they must wait the rising tide to be released. As there was generally a fiddler on board—one who had embarked in the hope that such a misadventure would occur—the passengers, who, it may be surmised, had not much of the temper of the laird of Monkbarns, contrived to pass the time pleasantly enough: sometimes engaging in a dance, and at others taking turns in chanting what, in the speech of provincial reviewers,



THE COALY TYNE: BY THE WHARVES.

is known as "the productions of the local muse:"—lyrics in praise of "canny Newcastle," or telling how "Of all the rivers north and south, There's none like coaly Tyne."

Midway between Newcastle and the sea is Jarrow—the Saxon Gyrwy—now a large and flourishing town, but of yore a quiet monastery, the home of the Venerable Bede. Just below it is a huge quicksand, covered at high tide by the waters of the Tyne, and looking like an extensive bay. This is Jarrow Slake, into which there pours a dismal little river called the Don. Of old the Don was strong and impetuous, and ploughed its way through the sands and mud of the Slake with so much determination as to clear for itself a wide and deep estuary at the point of its junction with the Tyne. Here, in the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, rode the fleet of King Egfrith of Northumbria. At the head of the Slake, on a piece of rising ground, anciently embowered among trees, stood the church and monastery of St. Paul, of which there now remain the ancient Saxon tower shown in our last sheaf of sketches, and a few ruined walls of the cloisters once inhabited by the companions and successors of the Venerable Bede. There is no more illustrious spot in England than that which is covered by Jarrow Church and its ruinous surroundings. Here, as Mr. Green has observed, "the quiet grandeur of a life consecrated to knowledge, the tranquil pleasure that lies in learning teaching and writing, dawned for Englishmen in the story of Bede." The great Anglo-Saxon teacher and chronicler was born in the neighbouring village of Monkton, whose inhabitants probably obtained a precarious living by fishing in the river. The surrounding country was "an ample space of wood and morass" which, according to Gibbon, the Roman conquerors of Britain had "abandoned to the vague dominion of nature." In the year after Bede was born, Benedict Biscop, one of King Egfrith's thanes turned monk, began to build the Monastery of St. Peter at Wearmouth, and in 682 he had also erected the Monastery of St. Paul at Jarrow. It was in a doubtful hour for Christianity in Britain that the matin bell first sounded from St. Paul's. Three years later St. Cuthbert died, stricken with the news that the Northumbrian king and the flower of his army had perished in the fatal battle of Nechtansmere. There is no legend of those days which is at once so wonderful and so touching as that which tells how Cuthbert's monks took up the body of their saint, and wandered for years with it from place to place, until it was at last enshrined where now stands the noble cathedral whose towers are mirrored in the quiet Wear.

Standing on the site of Jarrow Church—the church of our last little sheaf of pictures—where

the masons were at work, Bede may have watched the king's ships, with their choric crews of long-haired warriors and their shining bulwarks of shields, sailing into the harbour which is now the Slake, or putting off from thence to sea. There was probably no other shipping in the Tyne. At a later period, when the great scholar had been about seventy years dead, and his monastery was declining from its pristine fame, fleet after fleet of Danish ships sailed up the river, to pillage and to slay. In 793 the monks of Lindisfarne were journeying with St. Cuthbert's bones; and as they stood terror-stricken on a hill a few miles away, they saw quick tongues of flame shooting upwards, and the marauding Danes visible and active amid the cruel glare. That year a great battle was fought at Jarrow, and the invaders were overthrown. Then the monks returned with great singing of hymns, and for eighty years had respite from trouble. But at length a fleet of Baltic pirates sailed up the Tyne, ravaging to right and to left, and the monastery was once more given to the fire. Thenceforward for two centuries it sinks out of history, and is not again heard of until after the Conquest, when a few monks—I know not under whose guidance—roofed in the blackened walls with wood and thatch and resumed the sacred duties which had been savagely interrupted two centuries before by the wild worshippers of Thor and Odin. In 1069, however, Norman William, having vowed to bring Northumbria to a more perfect obedience, gave Robert Comyn a commission "to burn, to harry, and to slay;" and the monks were burnt out once more, and fled to Lindisfarne. The place lay under an unlucky star. All attempts to revive its traditions were followed by disaster. It was not even suffered to keep the bones of its saintly teacher; for a Durham monk, who cunningly went once a year to pray on Bede's tomb, secretly gathered them into a bag and stole them away.

A Tyne sailor once described Jarrow town as one of the four quarters of the world. Modern Jarrow grew up around a coal-pit, as ancient Jarrow had grown up around a monastery. It is a place where you may see a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; for it is a town of ship-yards and blast-furnaces and Cyclopean industry. Here was built the first screw collier, the progenitor of the vast line of steamships which has almost driven the black collier brig from the face of the sea. Where the ship-yard slopes down to the river is a row of iron skeletons, growing rapidly into steamships under the continuous hammering of swarming crowds of workmen, who look as small among the curving ribs of metal as the Lilliputians must have seemed to Gulliver. This very ship-yard has turned out some of the vessels of

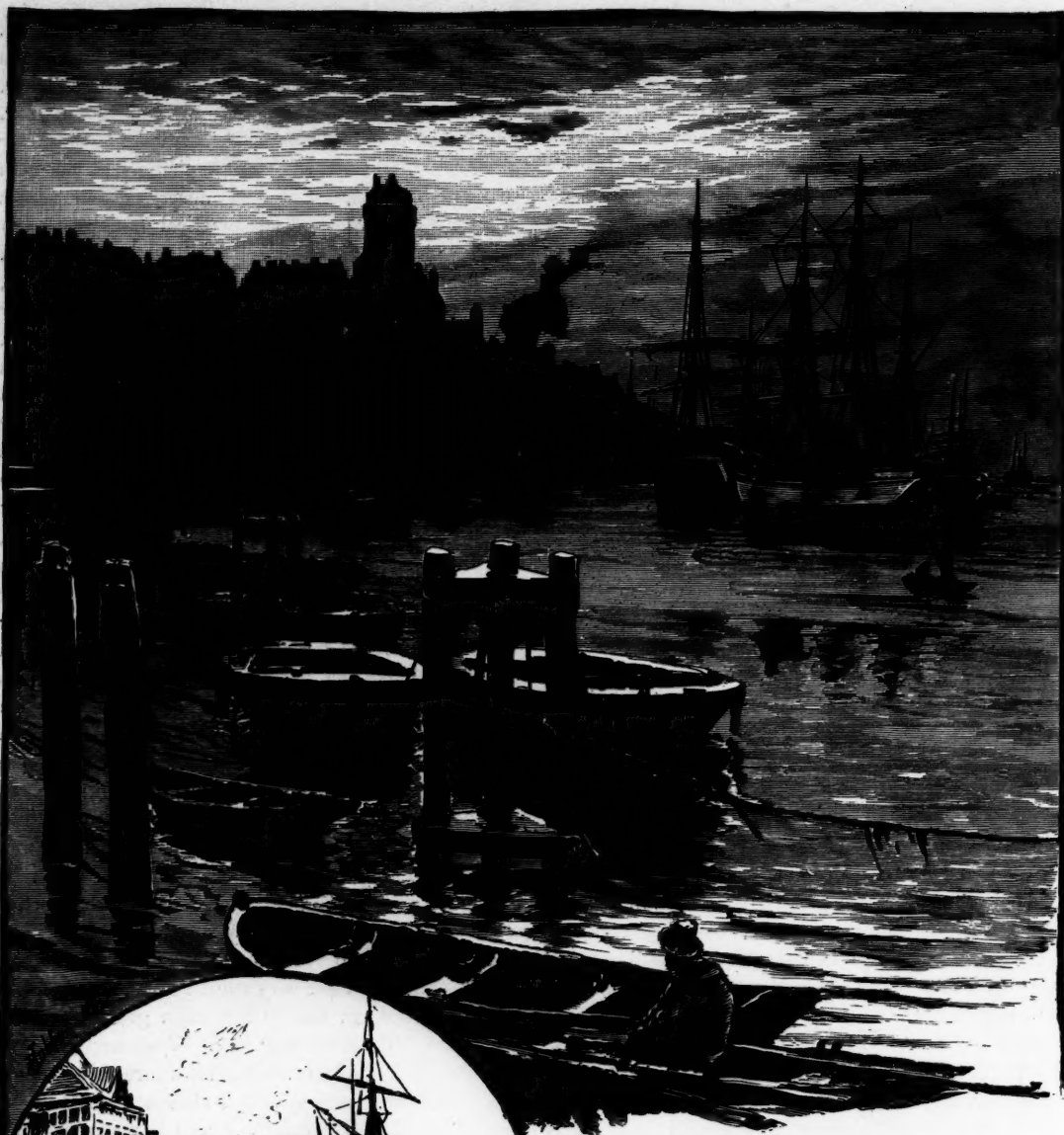
our royal navy; and when the Emperor of China, wishing to emulate the Barbarians, bethought him that he would create an admiral and an ironclad fleet, it was to Jarrow that the orders for the Chinese gunboats came. The river broadens out nobly where these iron ships are launched. In the whole course of the Tyne there is no finer sweep of water than that which lies between Jarrow Slake and the harbour at Shields. On either hand, ere the harbour is reached, are the Tyne and Northumberland docks, one full of colliers, the other of merchantmen, and both with a vast tangle of masts and rigging sloping against the sky. Unlike the Mersey in this, the Tyne stands in small need of docks, for along its whole course to beyond Newcastle there is a succession of coal staiths and quays, where the ships load and unload as safely as if they were in dock.

Shields Harbour, portions of which are represented in our pictures of the High and the Low Lights, has such a dingy, smoke-dried picturesqueness as is not to be found in any other seaport on the coasts. It has a curious history, this harbour of Shields. Where two considerable towns now slope down to the banks of the river a few fishermen, soon after the Conquest, put up some wooden sheds, or shiels, in which to shelter from the east wind. On one side of the river the priors of Tynemouth held sway, and on the other the Prince Bishops of Durham. These great ecclesiastics took the fishermen under their protection, finding them useful on fast days; so that by-and-by the shiels accumulated until they became villages, whereat the citizens of Newcastle grew wroth, affirming before the men who rode the eyre that the prior of Tynemouth had built a town upon the banks of the water of Tyne on one side, and the prior of Durham another on the opposite shore, "where no towns should stand, but only huts for fishermen." Newcastle claimed a large jurisdiction, not only over the river, but over all its foreshores. Every year, until a river commission came into existence, the mayor and corporation, on Ascension Day, were rowed down the Tyne in two gallant barges in order that they might proclaim their ownership on the river bar. The pageant still survives, and has even grown in dimensions; but it is a mere water frolic without serious significance, and comes round only once in five years.

It is on the north side of the harbour that you find most points of attraction and interest. The town has been built on the side of the steepest hill imaginable, and the streets slope downwards until they end in a long, narrow lane running parallel with the shore. This is the sailors' quarter. Dr. Dibdin, writing in the early part of the century, thus speaks of it, in the magnificent English peculiar to him:—"It can never be forgotten for its

combined narrowness, stench, and dense population. Human beings seem to have been born, and to have kept together since birth, like onions upon a string. It is a rushing stream of countless population. And what houses! what streets! what articles for sale!" Little of all this has changed; but it is easy to forget the dirt and misery which thrust themselves before Dibdin's practical (and pompous) mind in a sense of the quaint and picturesque. From the Low Street, as it was anciently called, the river is approached by innumerable narrow passages leading to landing-stages and wharves. The houses do not seem to have been built so much as to have been cobbled together. They are kept out of the river by strong wooden piles. Frequently they are themselves of wood, and they jut outwards in odd-fashioned ways, as is shown in our little drawing of the Low Lights. There is endless variety in Shields Harbour. It is stuffed with sailing vessels, and keels, and wherries, and fishing-boats, and barks of timber, and tall steamers: all in a kind of order that looks like confusion; and usually so close together that the foy-boatman, rowing out to land passengers from the incoming steamer, must pick his way as carefully as if the river were bestrewn with wrecks. The town rises in row above row of houses up to the High Lights, and between them there always floats a blue or purple mist. Down below, with its short masts and its white awning, lies *H.M.S. Castor*—pictured with Jarrow Church and Tyneside Priory—from which, when a vessel is ashore, the guns roar out a warning to the port.

On the north side of the Tyne, between the river and the sea, there thrusts out a bold headland, on whose summit, "their very ruins ruined," their foundations deep down among forgotten graves, are the remains of Tynemouth Priory. Tynemouth Priory was one of a chain of monasteries stretching along the coast from "high Whitby's cloistered pile" to the sacred island of Lindisfarne. The Romans had only left Britain a hundred and seventy-five years when Edwin, King of Northumbria, built a church on the Tynemouth cliffs. In 651 Oswin, King of Deira, was buried there. The church at the mouth of the Tyne suffered even more frequently from fire and foray than the monastery up stream at Jarrow; but the monks exhibited towards it the same attachment and devotion, returned after every fresh assault, until at length, in the reign of Henry III., they reared one of the most beautiful monastic piles that was to be found in the whole of England. After the dissolution of the monasteries the Priory of Tynemouth—like the Roman wall for long before and long afterwards—became the prey of whosoever stood in need of building materials. Only during the present century has it been seen to be a treasure



SHIELDS HARBOUR: THE HIGH LIGHTS.



SHIELDS HARBOUR: THE LOW LIGHTS.

worthy of preservation. Of old it covered all the promontory, the cloister walls standing perilously near the cliff's edge; now there only remain a small chapel, a portion of a groined roof, and that magnificent remnant which stands out clear against the sky in our picture. Tall, graceful, and slender, these ruined walls, standing on the most tempestuous part of the English coast, must have been built with wonderful knowledge and skill, for no modern structure of the same height, and equally unsupported, could live through a single winter's storm.

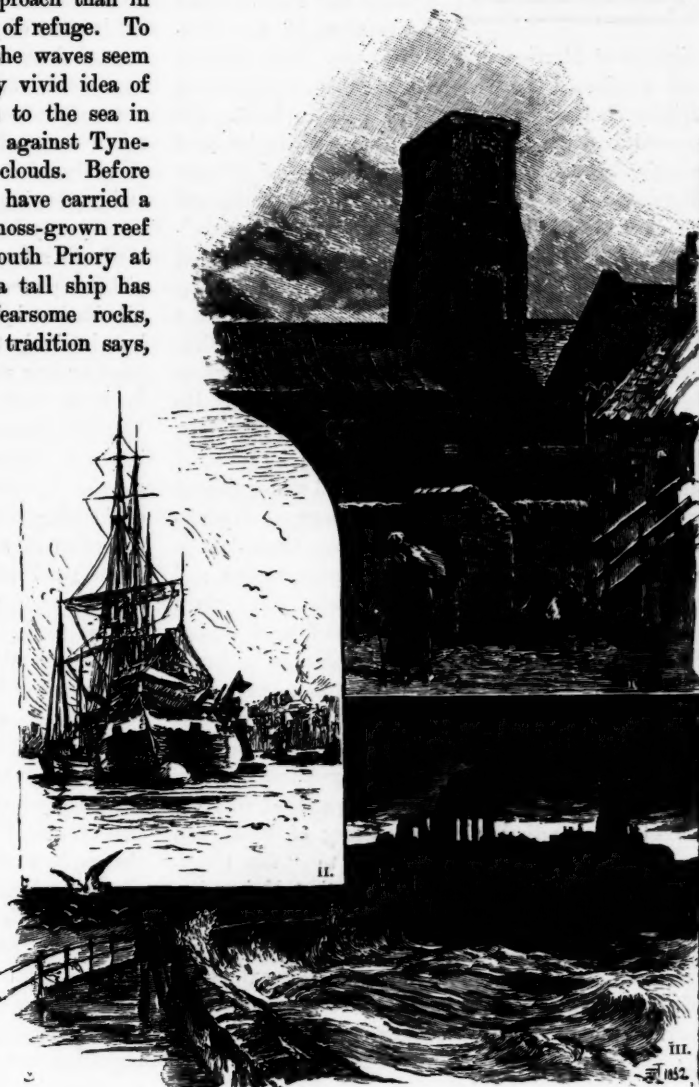
Pictured beneath the Priory, the long rampire of the Pier, curving sinuously so as to oppose more

effectually the fury of the waves, runs out almost to the middle of the bar. It is not a pleasure pier, like those at Brighton and Southsea; but a sturdy mass of stone and concrete, designed to prevent the rush of heavy seas into the harbour. Even in calm weather, when the roar of the factories and the hammering of the ship-yards float seaward in heavy throbs, the swell of the ocean breaks against it with sullen loudness and sends the broken water swiftly to the feet of the cliffs. Nowhere on our coasts are storms more frequent or more terrible. I have seen a large steamer strike the end of the pier and break in two pieces like a splinter struck with an adze. In one night, four or five years ago, fourteen vessels went ashore between darkness and dawn. Yet the pier and its companion at South Shields have made the river so much safer of approach than in years past that it is called a harbour of refuge. To see vessels running for safety where the waves seem to be miles long is to have a terribly vivid idea of the dangers of those who "go down to the sea in ships." When a heavy wave breaks against Tynemouth Pier it seems to leap up into the clouds. Before the pier was built such a wave would have carried a vessel on to the "Black Middens," a moss-grown reef lying about midway between Tynemouth Priory at the Low Lights at Shields. Many a tall ship has ground herself to pieces on those fearsome rocks, and among others the vessel which, as tradition says, landed the Prince of Orange at Torbay. Yet, as Mr. Richard Wel-ford has written:—"In the history of maritime adventure is recorded no more pleasing narrative than that which tells how these towns at the mouth of the Tyne, where so much life was lost, originated the two great systems of saving it—South Shields the Life-Boat, and North Shields the Volunteer Life Brigade." The Life Brigade house stands on the cliffs near the head of the pier. On stormy nights a great fire burns in the grate; and brown-bearded fishermen from Cullercoats and brave shop-keepers from Shields—clad in sea-boots and guernseys and sou'-westers, with their life-belts close to their hands—lounge in groups at the hearth or stand looking out into the storm, ready, whenever the guns of the *Castor* are heard, to leap into their boat and for other lives do battle with the perilous sea.

Our last sight of the Tyne shall

be of calm weather and sunny air, with the cloud-shadows coursing over the "flowing glaze" as over a field of corn. A fleet of pilot boats dances in the offing; two great steamers are passing each other at the bar, one home from the North Sea, the other on her path to the Thames; and far away on the horizon trails a low-lying banner of smoke, the legacy of ships which have sunk out of sight beyond the sky-line. The mouth of a great shipping river is almost like a crowded city street; but instead of cabs and carriages and carts, the traffic is of stately ships, some it may be for "the haven under the hill" which lies behind us, some for ports on the Spanish Main, and the harbours of Cathay, and mysterious cities on the farthest verges of the world.

AARON WATSON.



I. JARROW CHURCH. II. H.M.S. CASTOR. III. TYNEMOUTH PRIORY.

PICTURES AT THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM.—I.

THE VENETIANS.



IN the galleries of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge is exhibited a collection, the property of the University, of some five hundred and fifty pictures of various schools. The foundation of the collection is due to the generosity of our admirable benefactor, Richard, seventh and last Viscount Fitzwilliam, of the Fitzwilliams of Merrion and Thornecastle. This amiable and cultivated Irish nobleman was educated at Trinity Hall, where he took his degree in 1764. He succeeded to the title in 1776; after which he lived principally between his ancestral seat of Mount Merrion, near Dublin, and the house on Richmond Green which had belonged to his maternal grandfather, Sir Matthew Decker, a wealthy London merchant of Dutch origin, whose devotion to the house of Hanover had won him royal favour and a baronetcy. Lord Fitzwilliam had no taste for public life; but in the great age of amateurs and collectors he was an amateur and collector among the first. He collected, principally during his youth, an important library of printed and manuscript music; he collected illuminated books and miniatures, and a magnificent series of engravings of the old German, Netherlandish, Italian, and French masters: these last it was his favourite occupation to clip and paste and arrange in volumes with his own hands. He formed also, principally on the advice of the famous dealer, Samuel Woodburn, a considerable gallery of pictures, in addition to the not unimportant collection of family portraits which he inherited both from his father's and his mother's side. Dying a bachelor in 1816, and having always had a peculiar affection for Cambridge, Lord Fitzwilliam bequeathed all these collections, together with his library of books and a number of personal memorials, to "the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars" of that University, and in addition the sum of £100,000, the interest of which he desired should be applied, first to the erection of a suitable building for the exhibition of his collections, and next to "the promotion of learning and the other purposes of that noble foundation."

Hence the origin of the famous and admired Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, with its imposing

façade, its magnificent external colonnade, and its sumptuous interior vestibule of coloured marbles and mosaic. With the contents of this museum, but with one part of those contents only, namely the pictures, we shall in the present series of articles be concerned. These are exhibited on the first floor, in one large and four smaller galleries, in the construction of which the architect (he was a brother-in-law of Lord Beaconsfield) has studied effect more than utility: the walls of the galleries are too lofty, their enrichments too elaborate, and their lighting, it must be confessed, imperfect. Lord Fitzwilliam's original bequest of pictures has been since his time augmented from various quarters. The main additions have consisted, first, of a bequest by Mr. Daniel Mesman, of a numerous and very curious collection of the minor works of the minor Flemish and Dutch masters; secondly, of a group of Venetian pictures, originals and copies, bequeathed by one of the Cambridge men most justly honoured in his day for his own and his kindred's sake, Julius Hare; and thirdly, of inherited pictures presented to the museum at intervals during his lifetime by a member of our body whom we have but lately lost, Mr. Augustus VanSittart. Other more or less valuable gifts and bequests have come in from time to time, including one of modern English pictures, few of them of first-rate quality, by Mrs. Ellison; three fine Hogarths bequeathed by the representatives of the Leicestershire family of Arnold; some good miscellaneous works from the collection of an Essex clergyman, Mr. Leasingham Smith; a Frans Hals and an early Murillo presented by the popular senior tutor of Trinity, Mr. Prior; and so forth. Professor Legros has given us (and grateful should we be if other living artists of his calibre would follow his example) a noble landscape study of his own, of an effect of autumn storm, besides his fine picture of "Jacob's Dream." It is with the oil-paintings exhibited on the walls that I am here exclusively dealing, or this would be the place to speak also of one of our most cherished possessions of all, the cabinet of water-colour drawings by Turner, chosen and arranged for the historical illustration of the artist's genius, which was presented by Mr. Ruskin in 1861.

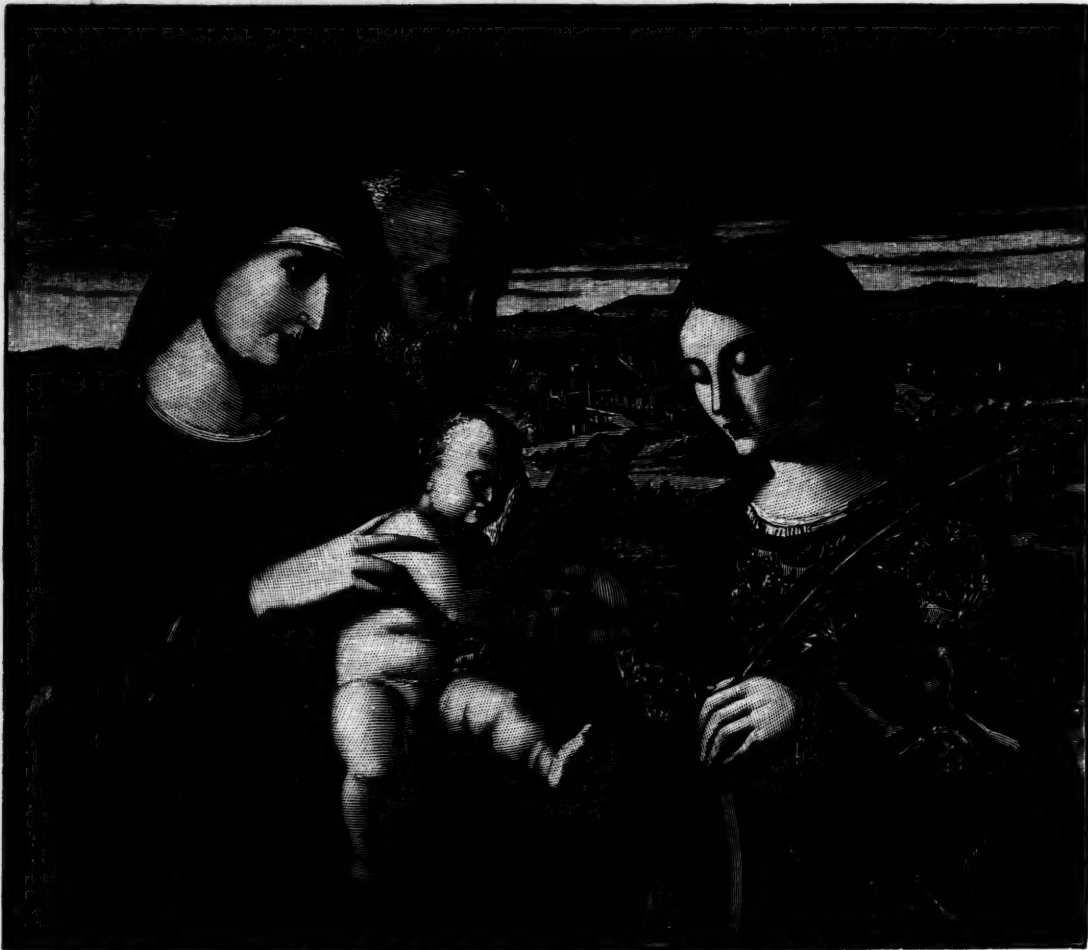
The total collection thus formed is singularly miscellaneous in character. The great numerical preponderance of small works by comparatively obscure masters of the Seventeenth Century gives it an attraction to the special historical student out of proportion to that which it possesses for the ordinary

visitor. The latter is apt to pass depreciatingly by, while the former takes delight in discriminating and identifying, the works of the unnumbered patient handicraftsmen who in that age enrolled themselves under the banner of St. Luke in the painters' guilds of the cities of Holland, Flanders, and Brabant, and who toiled complacently all their days, each in his own chosen province, or call it rather his chosen paddock or back-yard, of art: one continually representing the same pet subject of still-life; another the same, or almost the same, tavern jest; a third for ever playing variations on the single theme of skirmishers in buff jerkins and coloured scarves exchanging pistol-shots by the wayside; a fourth devoted to the study of imprisoned light and shadow in church aisles and transepts; a fifth, after his return from Italy, manufacturing perpetual reminiscences of the shadowy foregrounds of Tivoli and blue aerial distances of the Campagna. The critical catalogue of the Fitzwilliam Museum pictures which I have now in course of preparation will have, I think, to contain articles on as great a number of these lesser Dutch and Flemish masters as that of any public gallery in existence. And if we thus possess scraps by a great many painters of whom a scrap is quite enough, we possess scraps only by many others of whom a full representation would be desirable. Not a few second-rate names in the history of art are indeed well and richly illustrated; as that, for instance, of Adam Elsheimer, and among the Dutchmen that of Gerard Dou. But of the very great names, three or four only, as those of the elder Palma, Veronese, Rembrandt, and Hogarth, are represented by really first-rate examples; while in specimens of those earlier devotional and poetic schools of Italy, whose work for our own age possesses so great a fascination, the collection of the Fitzwilliam Museum is at present poor. Such as it is, however, the gallery is one far more interesting and important than is generally known. In describing some of its principal contents, I shall begin with the works of the Venetian school, of which we possess some notable examples; the majority bought by Lord Fitzwilliam from the famous gallery of the Duke of Orleans on its dispersal in 1798, a few others acquired by Julius Hare in Italy during the second quarter of the present century.

Perhaps few readers of this Magazine will be familiar with the name of the painter whose work stands first in our list of illustrations, Francesco Rizzo da Santa Croce. He came from the village of Santa Croce, in the beautiful valley of the Brembo near Bergamo, and in Bergamo and the adjacent townships his altar-pieces are still not unfrequent: one or two are at Venice, another is in the Berlin Museum, and a duplicate of our own example exists in the collection of Lord Dudley. Like so many another painter of

the towns and territory round about Venice, Francesco da Santa Croce must have gone young to the great city on the lagoons, and attached himself to the school of John Bellini. If the reader desires to realise the relations borne to that great and noble master by the abler order of his followers, let him study, first the four typical examples by Bellini himself in the National Gallery, the "Madonna and Child," the "Agony in the Garden," the "Death of Peter Martyr," and the "Portrait of the Doge Loredano;" and then let him turn to Vincenzo Catena's large picture of the "Kneeling Knight," or his little one of "St. Jerome in his Cell." At some distance after such gifted followers of the school as were Catena, Basaiti, or even Bissolo, comes a merely docile and uninventive imitator like this Francesco of Santa Croce. He is proud of his discipleship, and asserts it sometimes in his signature by the addition to his name of the letters D. I. B.—for "Discipulus Iohannis Bellini." Of those august enthroned Madonnas, with their supporting saints and their rich-hued canopies, which reveal the power of Bellini's hand and the solemnity of his temper to the wanderer in Venetian galleries and churches, our museum possesses no original example; but this "Marriage of St. Catherine" by his humble follower—a picture once the especial favourite of its owner, Archdeacon Hare—affords a welcome and sufficiently skilful reminiscence of his style.

The subject is the very usual one of the mystic marriage of St. Catherine of Alexandria. According to the religious legend of the Middle Ages, that virgin queen and martyr had been betrothed to Christ in a dream. She is here, as in kindred representations without number, imagined as being spiritually present with Mary and Joseph and with Christ in the days of his infancy, and as receiving the betrothal ring from the Divine Child in person. Until lately the picture was disfigured by the gross re-paintings of some meddlesome restorer, who among other things had introduced a green curtain with a straight perpendicular edge across exactly half the background; but in its present improved state, although with some of its final glazings sacrificed, it is a thoroughly agreeable example of the ripe religious manner of the Venetian school, just before the characters of Venetian painting were transformed and molten into new splendour under the influence of Giorgione and Palma and Titian. Francesco Rizzo's earliest dated picture belongs to 1504, and the present work probably belongs to the ten or twelve years next ensuing. No other influence than that of Bellini, and to some extent that of Carpaccio, is perceptible in it; the crisp folds of drapery, and clear precise flesh outlines, are altogether Bellinesque; so is the character of the bronzed and ruddy head of



THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE.

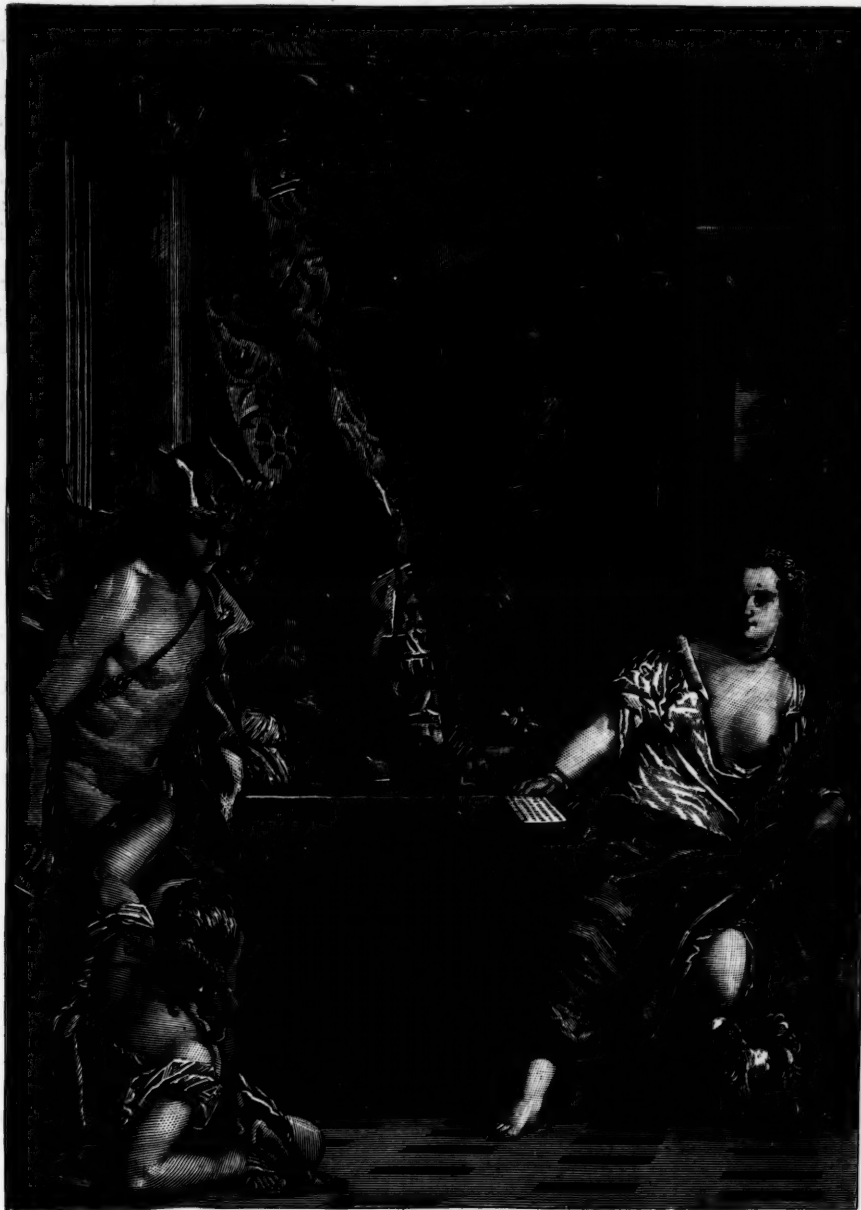
(Painted by Francesco Rizzo da Santa Croce. Fitzwilliam Museum.)

Joseph. The St. Catherine is a type of Francesco's own, and has great delicacy in the maiden bloom of the face and the drawing of the lips and eyes; the colours of the dresses and brocades are rich and glowing, especially in the reds; the blue of the distant hills in the landscape is a little raw and cold. The reader familiar with the National Gallery will call to mind the noble and romantic embodiment of the same theme which we possess in the picture by Titian, where in a foreground of rich sward and flowery copse the martyr saint, a creature of glowing girlish humanity, kneels attired in pale saffron, and eagerly presses forward to kiss the Child on the lap of the blue-robed Virgin; while in the distance the skies are opened above the purple mountains of Cadore, and a shaft of sunlight gleams upon the travelling shepherd as he throws back his head to gaze at the messenger of heaven bestriding the clouds above him.

Our second illustration comes from the opposite pole of Venetian art to this. It represents a subject of Greek mythology, and is the work of the last of all the great painters of Venice; of the mighty, festal-tempered magician and master-in-chief of pictorial pomps and ceremonies, Paul Veronese. This is not one of the pieces, such as those familiar to the student in the Louvre, at Dresden, at Turin, or in our own "Family of Darius" at the National Gallery, in which Veronese has marshalled a throng of richly appavelled figures in the forecourt of some majestic palace, with soaring balustrades and peopled terraces that mount and multiply themselves impossibly into the blue. The scene passes in an enclosed chamber, with only one outlet upon the sky, and the actors are only three in number. It is the old Greek story of Hermes, Hersè, and Agrauros. Hersè and Agrauros were daughters of the mythic Cecrops, dwelling with their father in his royal house on the Acropolis

of Athens. The god Hermes looked upon Hērē and loved her, and his love filled Agraulos with jealousy. At one moment, says Ovid—whose long-

enter it, and vowed that she would never stir till he abandoned his purpose. "So be it," said the god, and at a touch of his magic wand the door sprang



HERMES AND AGRAULOS.

(Painted by Paul Veronese. Fitzwilliam Museum.)

drawn Roman version of the story in the "Metamorphoses" is that with which Veronese will have been familiar—at one moment Agraulos longed to die; at another she was bent on revealing her sister's fault to their sire. At last she placed herself before Hērē's door one day when Hermes approached to

open, and Agraulos found herself struggling in vain to move or rise; her limbs stiffened, the blood left her veins, her voice was frozen within her, and without a cry she was turned into a stone—"and into no white stone," adds the poet; "her own heart's blackness tintured it."

For dramatic power and energy of gesture in illustrating a tale like this, no student familiar with Venetian art would look in the work of any master of that school except Tintoret. Least of all would he expect such qualities from Veronese. To the rendering of emotion by movement or facial expression Veronese was indifferent; the gesture of surprise and half retreat of the seated *Hersè* is right as far as it goes, but barely sufficient to tell her story; her blond face, like Veronese's faces in general, is almost a blank, nor is even the spaniel at her feet much excited at the intrusion of the god. There is more life in the action of the prostrate, struggling figure of *Agraulos* on the other side, and in that of *Hermes* as he advances striding over her body, though even here the drawing is a little constrained and odd: and it almost seems as if the composition of the figures had been sacrificed in order to exhibit as broad a surface as possible of the rich brocaded rug on the table. It is by beauty and delicacy of colouring, and not by dramatic power, or even by skill of grouping, that Veronese in this picture triumphs. It is probably a work of his early time, and in nothing that he ever did is there greater—in very few things is there so great—finish and luminousness of flesh-modelling, or a richer invention and more harmonious arrangement of the accessories. The lovely silver blue and creamy white of *Hersè's* garments, with their reflection in the tint of her bosom and limbs; the modelling of the body of *Hermes*; the shadow of his *caduceus* where it falls on the shoulders of *Agraulos*; the conduct and combination of the colours of gold and bronze, and veined marble and amber, and olive-green and lilac and rose, in the furniture and appurtenances of the chamber—these delicate and admirable luxuries of the eye are things to be seen and delighted in, but not to be described in words. That Veronese was contented with his work is manifested from the fact that he has signed his picture, as he very unusually did, with his name in full—"PAULUS VERONENSIS FAC." For whom the piece was painted we do not know; it belonged in the eighteenth century to the gallery of the Duke of Orleans, and was brought thence by Lord Fitzwilliam.

With these two works of Venetian art, one in the grave religious manner by an imitator of the first great master of the school, John Bellini, another in the radiant worldly and mythological manner of its last great master, Paul Veronese—with these, the examples of that opulent and fascinating school contained in the Fitzwilliam Museum by no means come to an end. Of the rarest of all Venetians, Giorgione, we possess no original work indeed, but a reminiscence, in the shape of a full-sized copy, with modifications, of the admirable and long unrecognised *Venus* at Dresden. In that picture Giorgione, for

the first time in modern art, took the simple physical charm of womanhood for his theme, ennobling it to the utmost point by beauty and dignity of line, and by splendour and poetry of colour. The goddess lies sleeping at full length on her back, with her head resting on her right arm, and her face turned to the spectator; beneath her is a white drapery crumpled in broad breaks and folds, and behind her a sweeping landscape of hills and trees and steep-roofed buildings beneath a solemnly-glowing sky. The brilliant and conclusive identification lately made by Signor Morelli of the neglected picture at Dresden as the true original by Giorgione, formerly in the Casa San Marcello at Venice, will involve the re-writing of more chapters than one in the history of art. But these are questions into which we cannot here enter. Enough that our own modified copy, or rather adaptation, of Giorgione's work is ascribed on somewhat insufficient grounds to Padovanino; and that though far enough away from the high quality of the original, it is perhaps the best of several nearly identical repetitions of the same theme which exist at Darmstadt, at Apsley House, Dudley House, Dulwich, and elsewhere.

An original "*Venus and Cupid*" of our own, in some sense a rival to the work of Giorgione, we do possess by the hand of a great Venetian master, the elder Palma. This, like the Veronese, was bought by Lord Fitzwilliam from the Orleans Gallery; it had formerly been in that of Queen Christina of Sweden. It had suffered grievously from restoration; chiefly, by good luck, in the form of heavy repaints. These have latterly been removed, and the picture, though not all that it once was, remains a work of admirable beauty, ranking in the category of Palma's work alongside, and I cannot but think even in advance, of his two other preserved pictures of the nude, the Brunswick "*Adam and Eve*" and the Dresden "*Venus*." The former, painted on panel, is a little dry and unsatisfying both in colouring and in the contours, neither is the boskage behind the figures of the primeval pair as rich in design as we should have expected it; while the Dresden picture, compared with kindred works by Giorgione or Titian, is still more disappointing. In our own "*Venus and Cupid*" the head of the reclining goddess, one of Palma's familiar types, is effectively relieved against a cave or shadowed bank of earth; there is great felicity of design in the poise of the arm which she holds out to receive from Cupid the arrow he is offering her. The colouring is not golden, but for Palma singularly fair and silvery; the limbs of the goddess and child make up in delicacy of modelling for what they lack in refinement of contour. The spacious and rich landscape of mountain, meadow, and river is equal to the very

best in Palma's work, and his touch is at his freshest and most vigorous in the flowers and foliage of the foreground.

Still in a kindred vein of mythology or quasi-mythology, we have the important school picture of Titian, finished apparently in several places, and unquestionably in the landscape, by the master's own hand, which was long groundlessly known as "Philip II. and the Marchioness of Eboli." The true history of the group of paintings from Titian's studio, to which this work belongs, has only lately become apparent, and is as follows. To the aforesaid picture of Venus by Giorgione, Titian, after the master's death, is recorded on good authority to have added a figure of Cupid. By it, at any rate, he was assuredly much impressed; inasmuch as he adopted its design with slight modifications for his own famous "Venus" in the Tribune of the Uffizzi at Florence, which is in reality an undraped portrait of the Duchess Eleonora of Urbino. This fashion of

mythological undraped portraits took, it seems, with gallants desirous of commemorating their mistress's beauties; and later in his career Titian had many demands for such pictures. For these he adopted a quite different type and arrangement from those of Giorgione's and of his own early work; reversing the position of the figure on the couch, and introducing the likeness, not of the lady only, but also that of her lover seated near her feet. Many variations of this new design were repeated for various patrons by himself and his scholars. One such version, partly painted by himself, is this at the Fitzwilliam Museum. A weaker duplicate, by some Flemish disciple of the school, enjoys a greater reputation than it deserves at Dresden. Other variations of the same motive, with different heads in the case of both the male and the female sitter, are at Madrid and at the Hague; one of those at Madrid being probably the earliest of the whole series, and a completely authentic work of the master's hand.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

ART IN THE NURSERY.

ONCE upon a time the children of the world were happiest in their authors. Men of genius and women of talent were proud to write for them, and to write their very best. The wisdom of their elders was distilled for them into parables and tales, into apologues and nursery novels and cradle epics, that rank to this day with the masterpieces of literature; so that they grew lettered even while they whipped their gigs, and had a relish of sense and wit while yet they brandished battledore and blew out points of war upon wooden trumpets. They had Jean La Fontaine to begin with: La Fontaine, the king of fabulists, with his incomparable ease and simplicity and directness, his inexhaustible imagination, his perfect drama, and his immortal style. If they wearied of him, and cared no more for Maitre Corbeau and Dame Belette and the rest of the four-footed hierarchy he had called into being, they had but to utter a cry to be brought up for amusement before the admirable author of "Peau-d'Âne" and "Ma Mère l'Oie," the nursery Homer, the never-to-

be-forgotten Charles Perrault; or before the enchanting Comtesse d'Aulnoy, who is the Good Fairy of books. They must have been hard to please who could find no solace nor wonderment in the tremendous history of the Yellow Dwarf, to whom the adventures of Cherry and Fair-Star held no romance, who found no matter for tears in the story of Prince Azor's love, and none for gladness in the triumph of Cinderella and her astonishing slipper; and hard to please who never trembled for Red Riding Hood pulling the bobbin at her grandmother's door, who never exulted in the delightful scoundrelism of Puss in Boots, who never climbed the Beanstalk after Jack, the Odysseus of infancy, nor longed to slay giants with that other Jack who is nothing if not

its Hercules. Later on there came the marvellous Arabian Nights, and the genius and imagination of a whole people became pastime for the Abstract Baby; and good, kind Oliver Goldsmith found nothing better to do than to write him accounts of Giles Gingerbread and Goody Two-Shoes; and fat comfortable



THE RABBIT'S BRIDE.

(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

Mr. Gay produced him the liveliest rhymes imaginable; and the Brothers Grimm delighted him with a gathering—a kind of Four-and-Twenty-Blackbird Pie—of all the elves and kobbolds of haunted Germany; and Walter Scott made histories for him against the time when he should be a boy; and Hans Christian Andersen, who all his life long was childhood in person, contrived such fancies for him as till then the world had never seen, nor is likely ever to see again. Nowadays he is hardly so fortunate. He has all these treasures to fall back upon, of course; and he has such “novel splendours” as “Through the Looking-Glass,” and “The Water-Babies,” and “Alice in Wonderland,”

to enlighten him if the other glories fail to dazzle and to charm. But it is shrewdly suspected that he has changed with his elders: that he is sceptical of the miraculous and the superhuman, and a thought too much addicted to realism and mental improvement and the study of “cold morality.”

This may, or may not, be true. What is certain is, that if his literary habit be less constant, and his literary taste less critical and strong, than at his time of life the literary taste and habit of his ancestors were wont to be, he is very much their superior in the matter of art, and has immeasurably the advantage of them in the matter of pictures. Fortune, indeed, has so far favoured him in this respect that he may be said to be something of an art-critic ere he leaves his cradle, and an adept in style ere he sees fit to abandon long garments for short, and the passive pleasures of the bottle for the activity of the spoon. It is his own fault if he be not; for his æsthetic opportunities are innumerable, and the matter produced for



NEW YEAR.

(Drawn by Kate Greenaway.)

them, and would indeed have been puzzled to supply his tiny customers with anything better. As for the hideous libels upon man and art and nature—the smudgy abominations, the grotesque ineptitudes—that used to accompany the moral stories in the spelling-books, they were of themselves enough to produce a generation absolutely blind to beauty and incapable of discriminating between a bad picture and a good one. That they did their work, and produced the effect

the gratification of his pampered appetite is perhaps the daintiest ever seen. A hundred years back anything was thought good enough for him. If he sought to realise the appearance of Tom Hickathrift or any one of the Seven Champions, and turned for encouragement and imagination to the chronicles of these worthies, he feasted his eye upon such hobnailed work as he himself, with a slate and one poor stick of pencil, could equal, if not altogether surpass. Oliver Goldsmith was content to write up to such cuts as nowadays would be held unworthy the wares of a hawker of ballads; and excellent John Newberry, the great original Children's Publisher, thought it no shame to publish



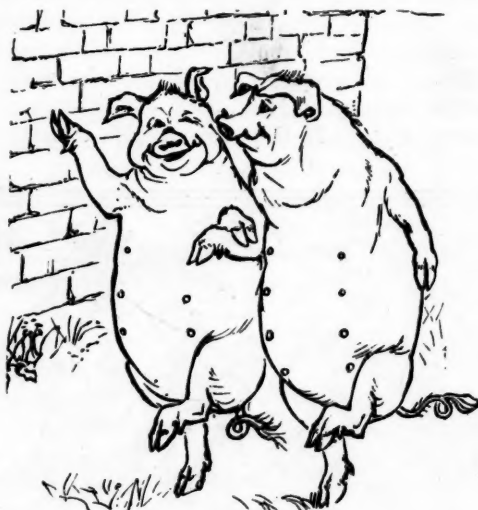
SEPTEMBER.

(Drawn by Kate Greenaway.)



AUGUST.

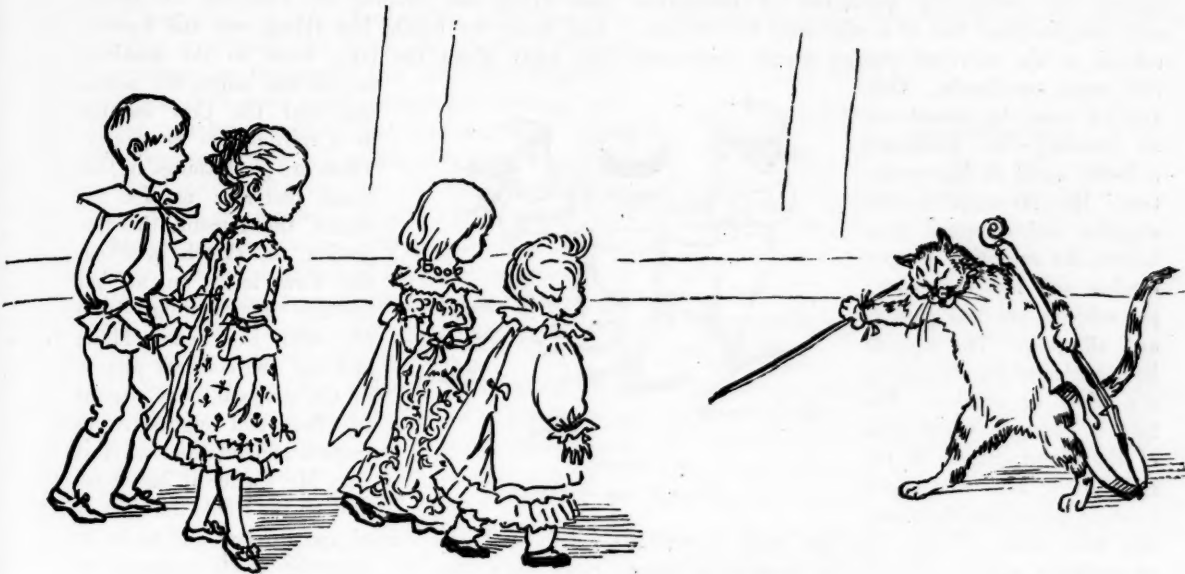
(Drawn by Kate Greenaway.)



ARCADES AMBO.

(Drawn by Randolph Caldecott.)

that was to be expected of them, the pitiful imbecility of the British school during the Dark Ages of British Art—the years, that is to say, immediately preceding the action of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—is sufficient to show. In these days the old reproach has been wiped away. Nursery literature is a thing of the past; nursery art shows radiant and delightful in its room. Nothing is too pretty or too good for our little ones, as there was nothing too cheap and too bad for the little ones of a century ago. They are happy in fine paper and pleasant type; they rejoice



THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE.

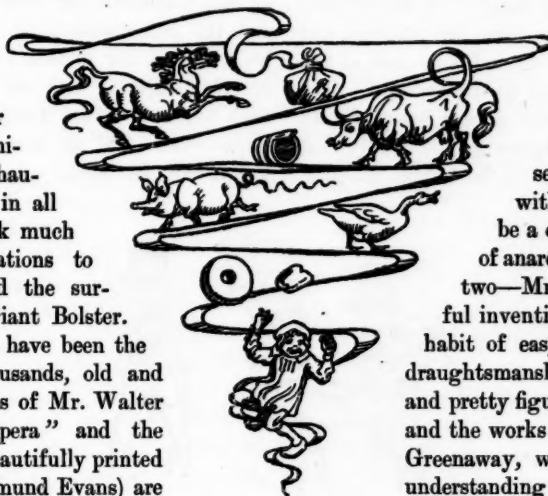
(Drawn by Randolph Caldecott.)

in colour-printing that gives their books a claim to be considered as works of art; they are deluged with examples of taste and skill and the genius of production that fairly brighten the places into which they enter. And it must be confessed the meat is nearly always worthy of the dish, the feast of the table, the matter of the pages in which it is set forth. The nursery has its Millais and Leightons and Tadmars, even as the Royal Academy itself. Mr. John Tenniel is not a whit more illustrious for his *Punch* cartoons than for his portraits of the Duchess, the Cheshire Cat and the Anglo-Saxon Messenger, and for his immortal picture of the Hatter's Tea-Party. Gustave Doré has drawn his best for children, as in "Croquemitaine" and "Baron Munchausen." There is nothing in all George Cruikshank's work much better than the illustrations to "Grimm's Goblins" and the surprising presentment of Giant Bolster. Herr Richter's toy-books have been the delight of countless thousands, old and young. The master-works of Mr. Walter Crane, the "Baby's Opera" and the "Baby's Bouquet" (so beautifully printed and produced by Mr. Edmund Evans) are among the most graceful and attractive publications of the century. And in their

kind and degree the picture-books of Mr. Caldecott and Miss Greenaway are looked for almost as eagerly, and almost as keenly enjoyed, as those famous Christmas numbers themselves—the Christmas numbers that used to come forth bearing the great and honoured name of Charles Dickens.

The two artists last named are certainly the most popular of those whose function it is to make children happy. Ever since Mr. Caldecott published his incomparable "House that Jack Built" he has been saluted the king of nursery artists; ever since the production of "Mother Goose," that quaintest

and prettiest of all fantasias ever made on the cradle songs of England, Miss Greenaway has been hailed their queen. The review of nursery art that did not begin with one or other of them would be a contribution to the literature of anarchy, and nothing else. These two—Mr. Caldecott, with his graceful invention, his pleasant humour, his habit of easy, brilliant, and suggestive draughtsmanship, his talent for pretty faces and pretty figures, and pleasant landscapes, and the works and ways of animals; Miss Greenaway, with her woman's love and understanding of babies, her charming naïveté and simplicity, her unaffected and delightful fancy, her inexhaustible good



HANS IN LUCK.

(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

temper, her enchanting quaintness of conception and design—these two it is who must be first considered, or the universal nursery would topple and ruin upon our heads. This year, it must be owned—in all humility—Mr. Caldecott is hardly equal to his reputation. His invention is less singular and complete than before; his execution is more careless and less expressive; his subjects are less popular and affecting. The legends he has selected for illustration are three in number. The first is that one which tells of the misadventures of the rude Young Man who wooed a certain gamesome Milkmaid,

and who, after offering marriage with incredible promptitude, withdrew his offer the moment he found that he must expect no fortune but his lady's face. It was charmingly sung and acted by Miss Terry as Letitia Hardy—to the elderly, staid, half-clerical Doricourt of Mr. Henry Irving; and the fact that it was so sung and acted may possibly have persuaded Mr. Caldecott to attempt its illustration. In a kind of pictorial prologue he pictures the hero of the song, "a poor young squire," in the act of imbibing mercenary ideas from his mother (who is young and fair enough to be his sister), and having it impressed upon him that he must go forth and marry money; we are shown him setting out upon his quest; and we are presented to the Milkmaid leaving her trim-built cottage for the fields. Then begins the story proper, the "Where are you going to, my pretty Maid?" of history and tradition. They meet; they flirt; he proposes and is accepted; he inquires, rejects, and is mocked at and scorned. And so we fare on to the epilogue. The Milkmaid—who is a pert and daring hussy, for all her specious artlessness—despises him so loudly that he runs from her as fast as his boots will let him.

Other milkmaids, her companions, who have been enjoying the fun behind hedges and over gates, appear at once upon the scene. They pursue him; they capture him; they bear him back to the place of wooing with derisive and immense determination; they set him astride on his mistress's Cow; they look on with peals of laughter while his mount curvets and prances, and he

goes flying and jumping and bumping into space. And finally we behold him riding, sore and sorrowful, away along the lane, while in the meadow, beyond the hedge, his assailants and the Cow indulge in a spirited *pas de quatre*.

There are good things in this comic pastoral: as, for instance, the Pursuit, the Rejection, the sketch in which the Cow looks on at her mistress approaching from afar with the Young Man; and one, the coloured picture of the proposal, is as elegant in effect and suggestive in gesture and intention as most that Mr. Caldecott has done.

But on the whole the work is

felt to be a little hurried and careless, and to be in more ways than one unworthy of its predecessors. In the second of his picture-books, which contains the legends of "Hey Diddle Diddle" and of "Baby Bunting," the artist is seen to far greater advantage, at all events as far as the epic of music and madness is concerned. His portrait of the Cat who played the violin, and whose performance produced such tremendous consequences, is—as our illustration will prove—an inspiration. He is evidently a Tom, and of the most daring and unconventional type; he abounds in humour and in impudence; he has even gone the length of taking more than is good for him, and is in a state of transcendentalism not easily described. Three centuries ago he would have been burnt for a wizard. As it is, he is merely inspired to play rigs with the universe in general. To see him, as Mr. Caldecott has drawn him, exulting in larks and the consciousness of demonic capacities, while his wife and her kittens look on at him from a respectful distance with an amazement not unmixed with terror, is to see a sight at once disturbing and impressive. And no sooner does he get fully under weigh with his awful solo than the world is shaken

to its centre, and a time of prodigies begins. After fiddling to the family Children and making them, dolls and all, to dance like mad, he is seen to perch himself on the top of a wall, and there start fiddling once more. The result is a kind of Universal Spree. The Dog laughs; the Cow kicks over her pail and clears the mad Moon at a bound; the Dish and Spoon are moved to amorousness



AMORINT.

(Drawn by Kate Greenaway.)



THE TORN FLOUNCE.

(Drawn by G. A. Konstant.)

and to flight; the Plates and Decanters languish on their shelf, or give chase to the guilty couple in a fury of pursuit; the Fowls are persuaded to tread a measure on the green; two admirable Pigs, in a rapture of "music and moonlight and feeling," perform together in a brawl that discloses every button of their waistcoats and makes their tails uncurl and quiver and lengthen and trill like the cadenzas introduced into the Kreutzer Sonata. These two amiable rips—reproduced in our fifth picture—are "worthy peers" of the four-footed Magician to whose bow they dance; and even of the Dog that Worried the Cat, in the "House that Jack Built." More in their praise it is not easy to say.

So much for Mr. Caldecott. Now for Miss Greenaway. Her "Almanac" is one of her daintiest works. Nowhere has she been more graceful and unconventional; never has that peculiar quality of cherubic dowdiness which she is accustomed to impart to her youngsters been more pleasantly apparent. New Year she figures as a winsome lass yet young in her teens, in a short waist and an old-fashioned hat, and an old-world scarf and slippers, scattering flowers as she goes; Old Year, as an aged woman, picking her way by lantern



UGLY DUCKLINGS.

(Drawn by Ernest Griest.)

down hill towards a church in the valley. Not less pretty and original are her presentments of the seasons: Summer, in a couple of babies flirting solemnly under an immense green umbrella; Winter, with a young mother and two little ones, fur-clad and rosy, and stamping the snow to warm their thirty tingling toes; and so forth. The Months are figured in a set of head-pieces and tail-pieces, and in a procession of flowers. The head-piece for May is like an illustration to Herrick's "To Meadows," for it shows us a green field with virgins gathered therein—

"To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home;"

that for September—which we reproduce; with the tail-piece for August, of an adorable little caricature of Izaak Walton—sets forth a hint of Michaelmas and apple-sauce, and brings home to us with considerable force the wise and ferocious nature of that "fearful wild-fowl," the British Goose. That the bookling, which is delightfully printed and produced, is likely to be delivered over to the tiny folk for whose pastime it is made we hesitate to believe. It will probably be locked away in an impregnable hold, and only brought out when

children are good; when they may claim with something like assurance some special and peculiar meed



THE LAND OF NOD.

(Drawn by Lizzie Lawson.)

of benevolence and reward. This is by no means the case with her "'Little Folks' Painting Book"—the children's book to which we owe our ravishing little round of "Amorini." It is a book for wear and tear—a common, every-day delight; it contains some of the artist's most amiable work; it should be popular all the world over.

Next to Miss Greenaway and Mr. Caldecott this year comes Mr. Walter Crane. To his delightful inventions for the new edition of "Grimm's Goblins" we referred last month. In the present paper we are enabled to point our criticism by the publication of a couple of tail-pieces—to "Hans in Luck" and the "Rabbit's Bride"—and of what is to our mind the best full-page picture in the book—the picture of the beautiful Dumb Princess and the Six Swans, her enchanted brothers. The two first remind us a little of the work of Bennett. They are, however, so full of fanciful humour, so aptly invented, and so expressively drawn, that they command our admiration and respect as original work. There are many others in the new "Grimm," which are their equals if not their superiors; so that it is not easy, if the publication be considered as a whole, to praise it too highly or soon to exhaust its interest. Of the full-page pictures we cannot



FOX AND GRAPES.

(Drawn by Lizzie Lawson.)

speak so well. They are mannered in intention and effect, and the impression they produce is unfamiliar and transient. To put the matter in other words, Mr. Crane is seen at his best and strongest, not as a maker of imaginative designs, but as an artist in decoration. This is true, not only of the new "Grimm" but of "Pan Pipes"

as well, the pleasant book of old songs illustrated by him for Messrs. Routledge. In this the fly-leaves, the borders, the decorative inventions generally, are excellent indeed. The figure subjects, with some few pleasant exceptions, are unsympathetic. They are what is called "Æsthetic" in manner and sentiment alike; they suggest the mediæval Hellas of Mr. Burne Jones and the mediæval England of the architect of Bedford Park; and they give by no means an irresistible idea of the fashion. Something of the same sort may be said of Mr. Theo. Marzials' arrangements of the rare old melodies which Mr. Crane has illustrated—the "Spanish Lady," "Green Sleeves," "Black-eyed Susan," "Come Live with Me," and the rest of them. They are quaint, a little "conceited," and not extraordinarily appropriate or effective. The book, we should add, is for all this a pleasant one to have. In its way it is unconventional, and in its way it is attractive; it will set people singing some of the prettiest old world ditties ever made; and it will teach them some pleasant and profitable lessons in the matter of decorative art.

For the illustrations from "Grimm" we are indebted to Messrs. Macmillan; for those from "Hey Diddle Diddle" and from Miss Greenaway's "Almanac," to Messrs. Routledge. The little vignette we have called "The Torn Flounce" is from "The Maypole," one of the toy-books published by Messrs.

De La Rue, by whose permission it is here reproduced. The book, which may be described as the frolicsome old English round, "Come Lasses and Lads," done into pictures—by G. A. Konstam and Ella and Nella Casella—is pretty and graceful and Caldecottish enough in its way; but it is hardly so good or so

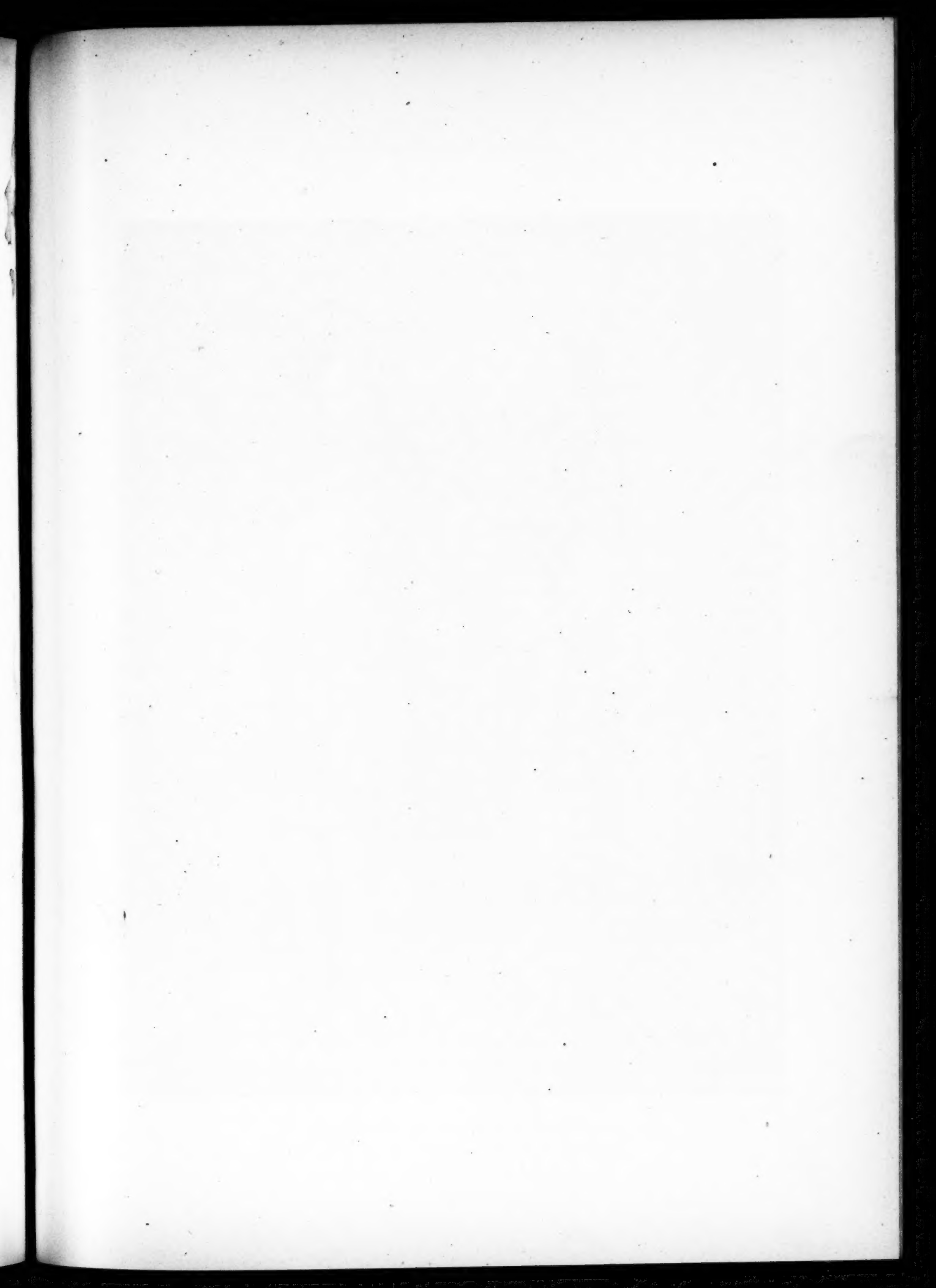
well produced as the "Dreams, Dances, and Disappointments" we had from the same artists last year. The rest of our pictures—the quaint and whimsical humour of Grisct's "Ugly Ducklings," the graceful, tender, human imaginings of Miss Lawson, the comic lovekins of Miss Greenaway—we owe to one or other of the admirable publications for juveniles—magazines, for example, like "Little Folks," or nursery serials like "Bo-Peep," and "The 'Little Folks' Painting Book"—produced and published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co. As for Mr. J. C. Harris's "Uncle Remus" (Routledge), the last book on our list, it is, as everybody knows, a most curious and entertaining work. It derives additional value from the

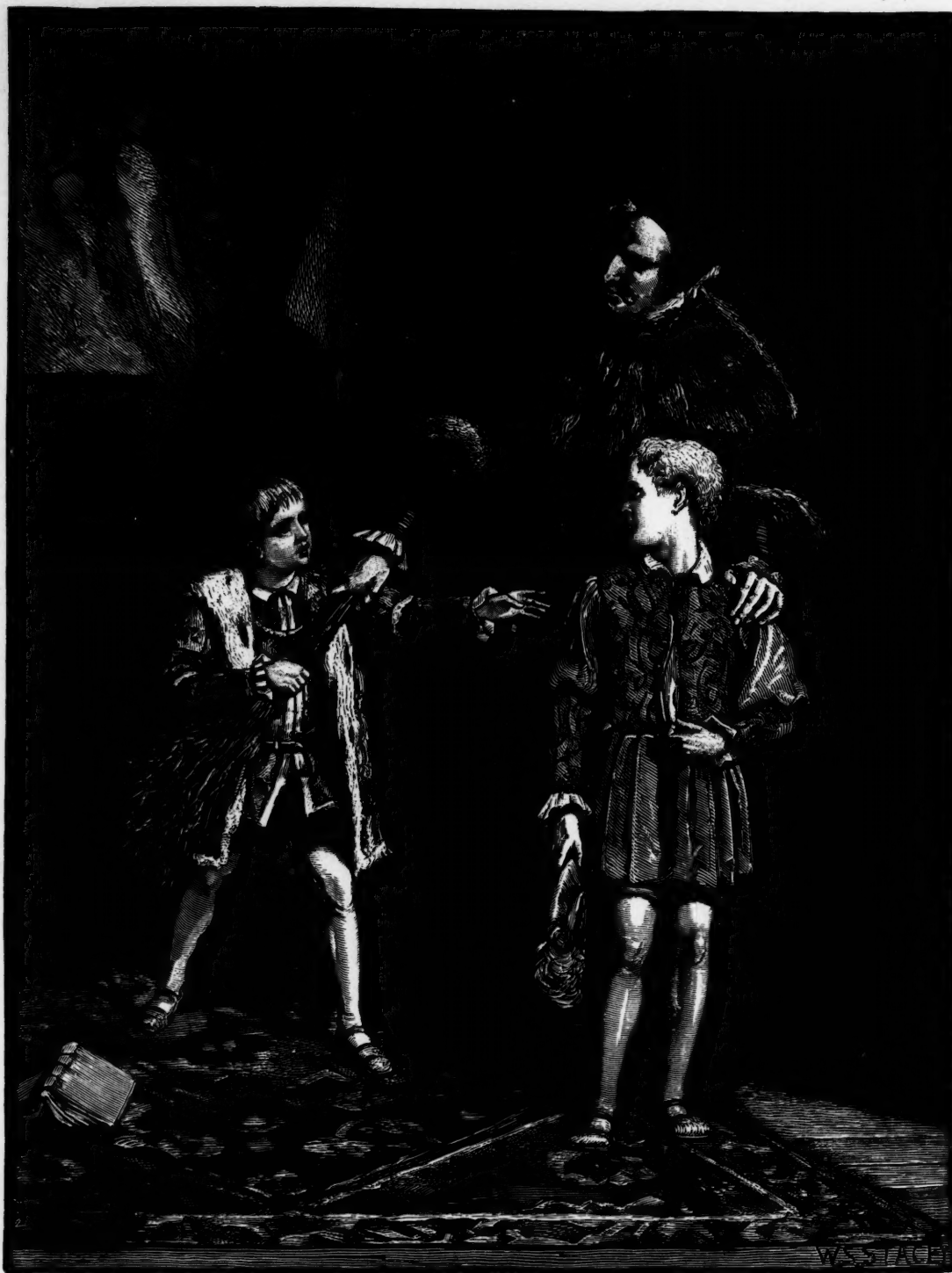


THE DUMB PRINCESS.

(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

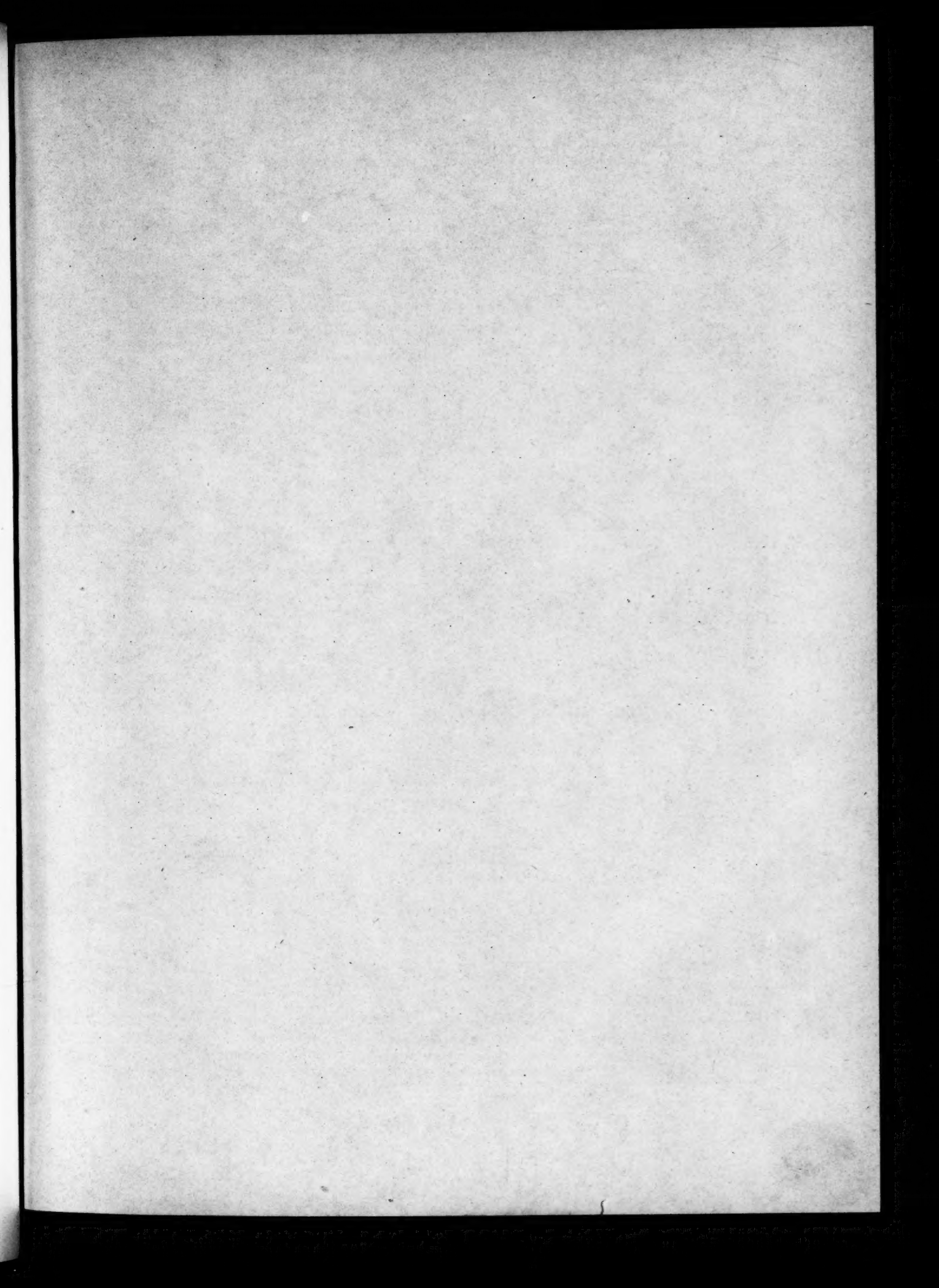
fifty excellent pictures contributed by Mr. A. Elwes. They complete that heroic apotheosis of the Rabbit—"Ole Brer Rabbit"—which is partly contrived by Uncle Remus in the text. Mr. Elwes knows his hero by heart, and has drawn him with so much of insight and humour, and so much of vigour and invention, as to make his society one of the pleasantest experiences imaginable.

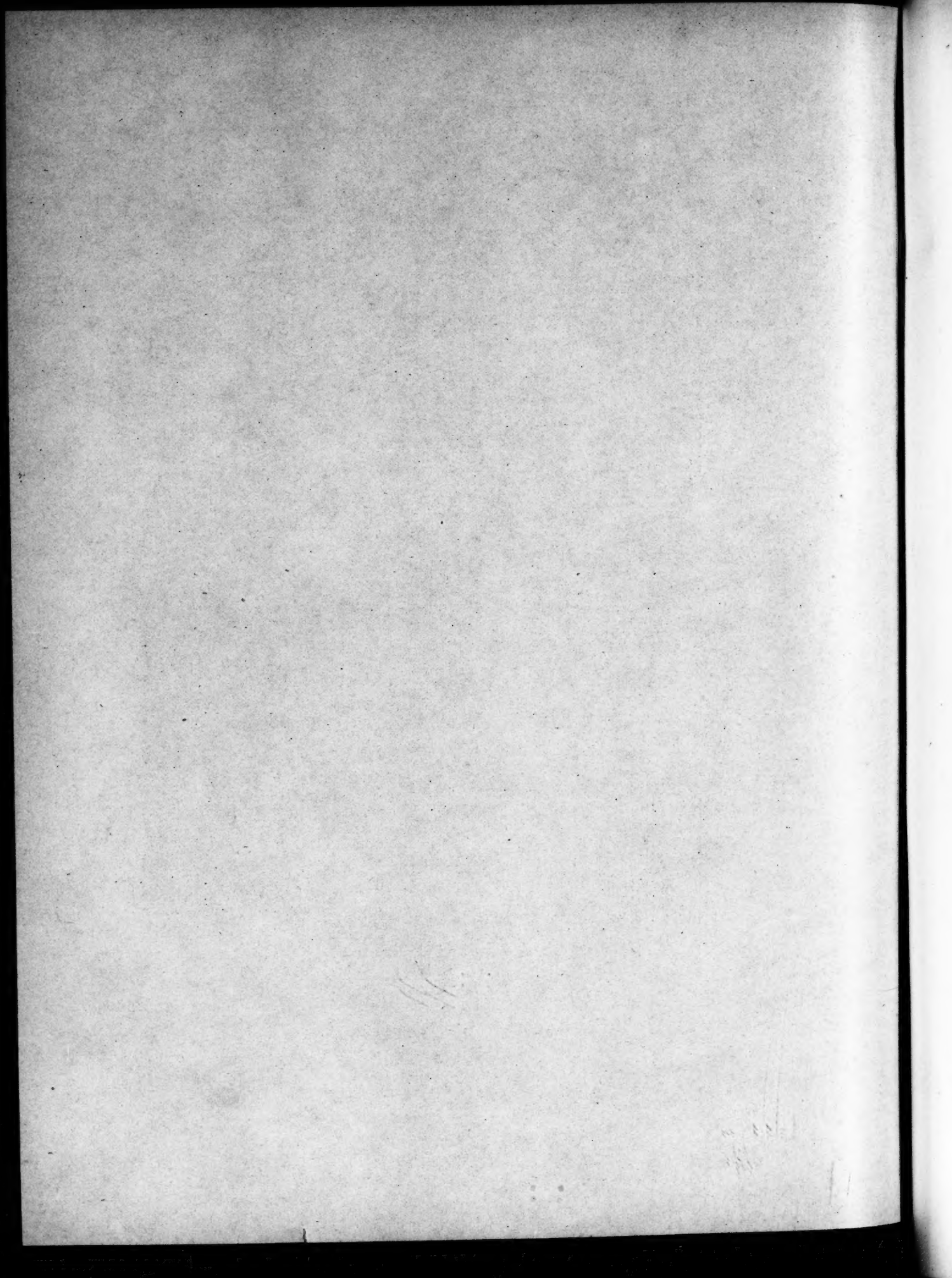




PRINCE EDWARD VI. AND HIS WHIPPING BOY.

(Drawn by W. S. Stacey from his Painting in the Royal Academy, 1882.)





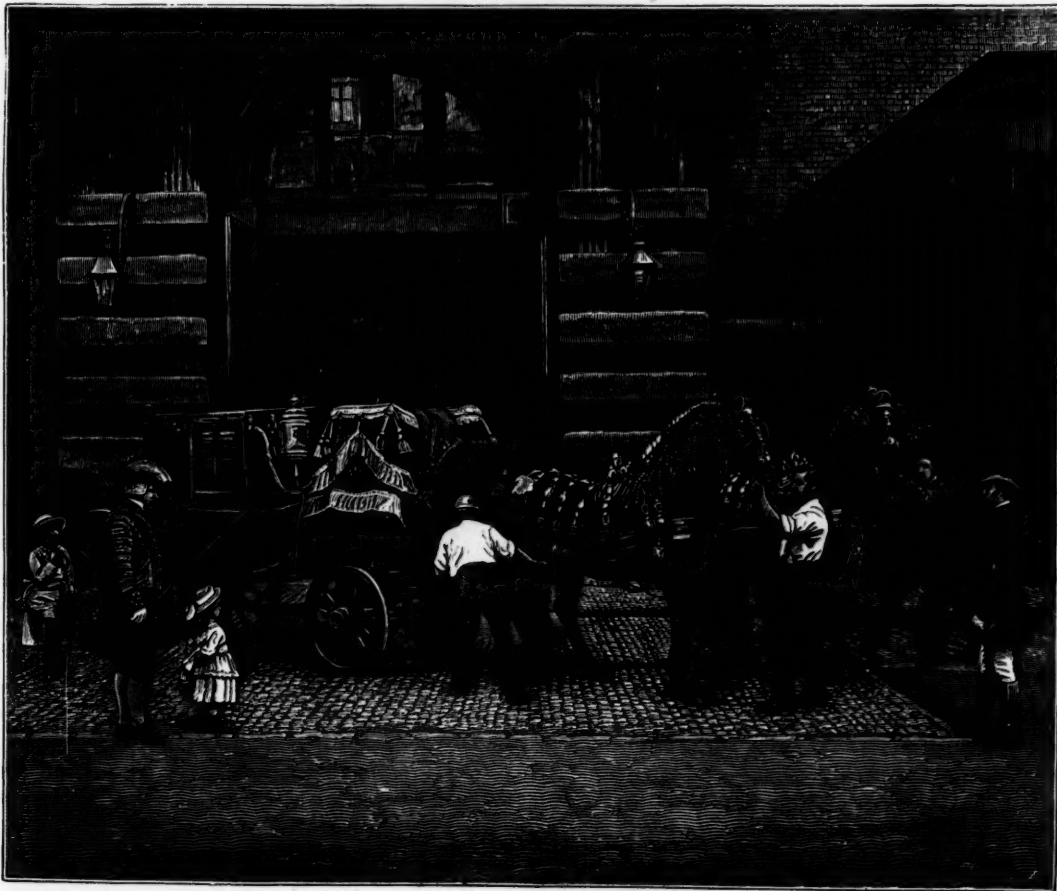
HORSES AND DOGS.

M

R. FRANCIS GALTON remarks, in his "Hereditary Genius," that there can be no doubt that artistic merit is to some extent hereditary, and that it would be easy to collect a large number of modern names to show how frequently the artistic talent is a family possession. Charles Lutyens—on whose life and works I propose to dilate—affords a good and pertinent illustration of Mr. Galton's theory. The elders of the house—which, as the name implies, was originally Danish—exhibited in a marked degree the artistic tendencies and the artistic capacity which characterise their descendant.

Although he has bestowed much time and attention on landscape painting, Mr. Charles Lutyens has devoted himself more especially to the painting of

portraits, both human and animal. He possesses in a high degree the qualities which go to make a good painter, and he is especially distinguished for the earnestness which he throws into all that he undertakes. This is evident in the many canvases he has exhibited, in all of which he displays that thorough grasp of the subject without which it is difficult for a picture to be impressive, however good the details may be. Born in 1829, at Southcot House, near Reading, he displayed at a very early age an unmistakable bent for art. At the outset, however, he met with obstacles which for the time he was unable to surmount. His father—an old soldier—imbued with the ideas against art and artists which were only too prevalent at the time, discountenanced what in his eyes was merely a youthful and impracticable whim. He had destined



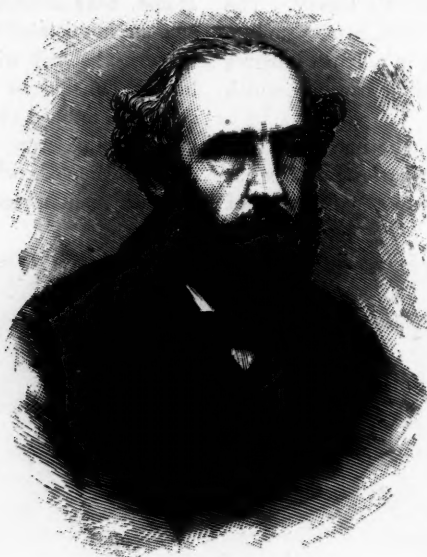
THE HARNESSING OF THE BLACK HORSES.

(Painted by Charles Lutyens.)

his son for a military career, one of the few careers which in those days were considered fit for an eldest son with a patrimony; and this destiny—for a time at least—was fulfilled. Sacrificing his own inclinations to his father's wishes, Mr. Lutyens studied for the army, and in 1848 obtained a commission in the 20th Regiment, with which he served for five years in Canada. Soon after the creation of the School of Musketry at Hythe, he was appointed on the Staff as Assistant-Instructor, and remained some time attached to that establishment. But if the calling of his choice was denied to him as a profession,

studio of Baron Marochetti, who, with characteristic perception, had understood that in the young captain of infantry there were the makings of a good painter, and had been mainly instrumental in inducing him to take up art as a career. It is perhaps not generally known that Marochetti in early life had practised painting, and had been a friend of the illustrious Géricault.

Lutyens studied with Marochetti for nearly eight years, during which period he made the acquaintance of Edwin Landseer, then at work on the lions of Trafalgar Square, an acquaintance



Edwin Landseer

Chas. Lutyens

there was nothing to prevent his following it as a pursuit. During the whole of his military career he eagerly and earnestly devoted every spare moment to the study and practice of art, steadily developing the aptitude and increasing the capacity which he possessed. At last the artist in him triumphed, and the soldier was beaten off the field. Yielding both to his own wishes, and to the urgent representations of the many friends he had made in the art-world, he resolved, on obtaining his captaincy, in 1859, to retire from the army, and devote himself entirely to the profession which had always been the object of his ambition. He entered the

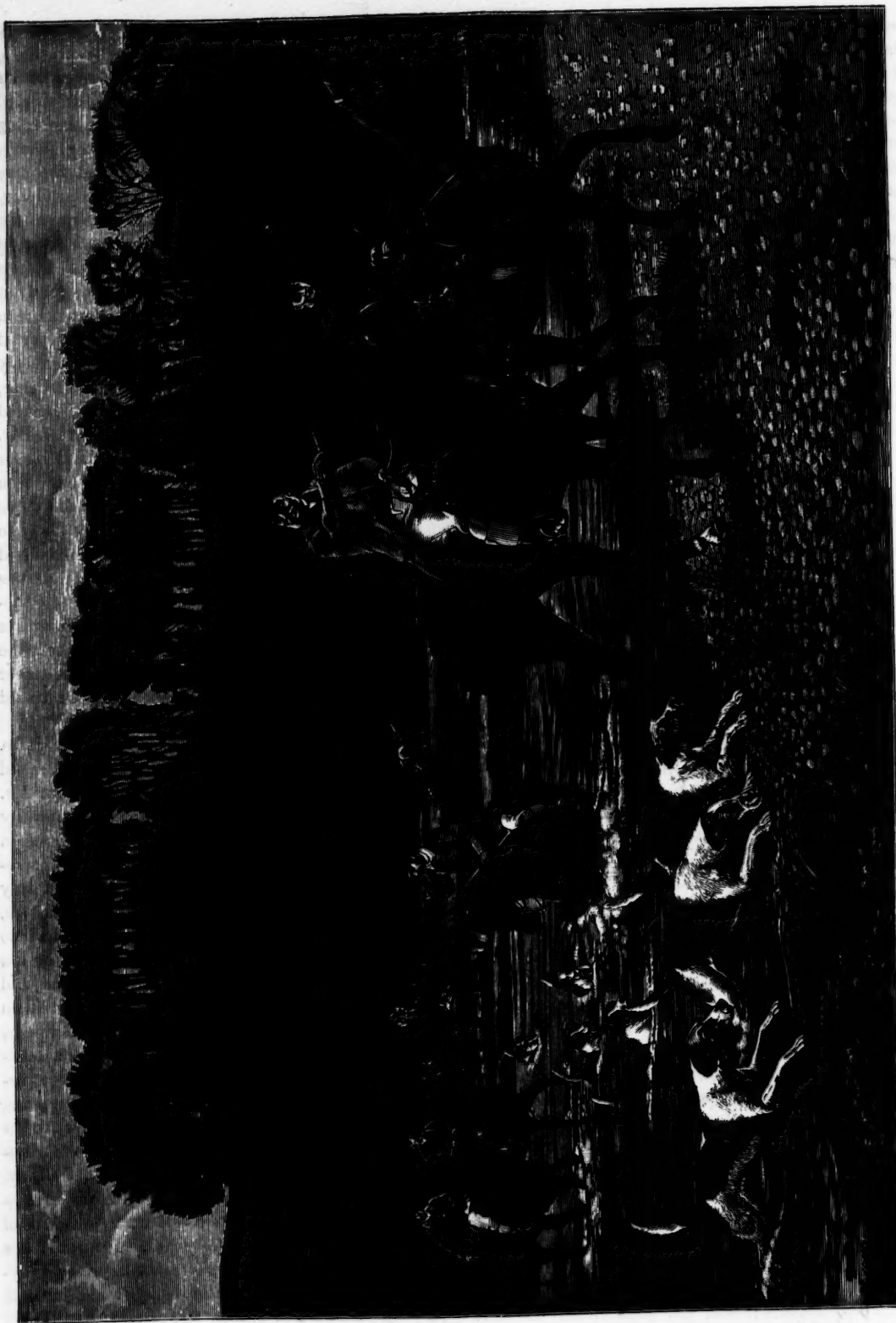
which ripened into the warmest friendship and intimacy. It is not surprising that under such guidance so apt a pupil should have made his mark in art. His first contribution to the Royal Academy (1864) was a portrait of the children of Mr. and Mrs. (now Sir Robert and Lady) Hay, with pony—a large and powerful composition. It occupied a prominent place, and attracted much notice. In 1866 his old friends of the Hythe School of Musketry showed their appreciation of the talent of their former comrade, by requesting him to paint a full-length portrait of General Hay, which was presented by subscription to the School, and now hangs there in the mess-

room; also full-length portraits of the late General Haliday and General Radcliffe, Inspectors-General of Musketry. In these and many others of his compositions he discarded the stereotyped accessories of portrait painting. There is little doubt that conventionality in surroundings, suggestive of weary sittings and studied attitudes, detracts much from the effect of many portraits of unquestionable merit in themselves. Lutyens was not slow to perceive this, and he has not scrupled to free himself, whenever he has considered it advisable, from the shackles of tradition. In lieu of the formal background of drapery or balustrade or conventional landscape, he generally introduces in connection with his model some incident of country or domestic life. His hunting men are portrayed in the midst of some picturesque or stirring episode of the chase; his children, with a pet pony or dog. The picture which is the subject of our full-page engraving is a very good example of his style. This composition, entitled "Major Browne, Master of the Northumberland Hounds, and Daughter, Crossing the Coquet River," was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1878. The figures are full of life and vigour, and the grouping is judicious and effective; the brawling stream with the copse in the background, and the meadow dotted with tardy red coats tailing off in the distance, form a spirited and pleasing landscape. Nor has the artist neglected details, of which indeed he exhibits a great mastery. The wet coats of the hounds, for instance, as they emerge from the water, are admirably painted, and the dogs themselves are life-like. The picture has a freshness and a vigour about it which are very taking. In striking contrast is the original of our first engraving, "The Harnessing of the Black Horses," painted for the Earl of Bradford when Master of the Horse. It depicts an incident of life in the Royal Mews. These horses, which are of a peculiar breed, are only taken out with the cream-coloured ones on state occasions. Hence the solemnity with which the coachman, in all the gorgeous splendour of his office, superintends the putting to of the royal roadsters. They are painted with much skill and power, whilst the homely appearance of the child, who looks on apparently unimpressed by the gravity of the occasion, brings the resplendent surroundings into still greater relief.

Where Mr. Lutyens excels is in his portraits of horses. Here the sense of truth which characterises all his works can be brought into full and advantageous exercise. He is a lover of horses, he is versed in their management and habits, he has a perfect knowledge of their "points," he is a hunting man himself; and his portraiture is very evidently the outcome of a union of sound talent

and practical experience. Newmarket, which he visited for the first time, professionally, in 1874, may truly be described as the scene of some of his greatest triumphs. Since that date he has painted portraits of many celebrated racehorses, including Doncaster, Sefton, Marie Stuart, Isonomy, Gang-Forward, and King Lud. The first and the two last portraits obtained the honours of the Academy, but in all a finish and power of execution are displayed which won for the artist a well-deserved reputation, not only among painters, but among sporting men and owners of horses. The portrait of Doncaster, especially, attracted much attention in Paris, and an eminent patron of the turf is reported to have described it, tersely but truly, as a princely portrait of a princely horse. Of special excellence, too, are two groups of mares and foals, painted for Mr. Sterling Crawford. Indeed, almost all Mr. Lutyens' portraits are so full of sincerity and vigour that it is doubtful if anything so good has been done since the days of Stubbs. An aptitude of so special and marked a character was hardly likely to escape the notice of Edwin Landseer, who assisted his quondam pupil with much valuable and judicious advice. Community of ideas in art, added to personal sympathy, had created between the two artists a friendship which lasted until the death of the elder, and which undoubtedly exercised on the career of the survivor an influence which can be traced in his works.

For some years the friends met almost daily. On one of these occasions, a question was raised as to whether it would not be advisable that Mr. Lutyens should go abroad to study, in conformity with the practice of many English artists, whereupon Landseer is related to have exclaimed with characteristic impetuosity, "The continent! why not stay at home and study that grandest of Old Masters, Nature." Lutyens took the advice, and has had no reason to repent. In his more recent efforts he has fully justified the opinion of his illustrious friend, and more than sustained his claim to be considered an artist of no ordinary merit. With much landscape he has painted several portraits. He produced a testimonial picture to Lord Huntingdon, and a large presentation picture to Mr. Rolleston, of Nottingham, and he is at work on a portrait of a racehorse for the Earl of Bradford. One of his two latest contributions to the Academy, the portrait of Miss Gallwey, daughter of General Gallwey, attracted on varnishing day that notice which is so often the precursor of a lasting and well-deserved approval. It is, indeed, a very charming picture. It represents a pretty, grey-eyed, brown-haired girl, with a bouquet in her hand, peeping out of a half-opened door. The pose is very graceful, and the colour is pleasant and appropriate.



CROSSING THE COQUET RIVER.
(Painted by Charles Ludjens.)

The other contribution, a portrait of Thebais, the winner of the Oaks of 1881, has the ability which characterises Lutyens' work; but it is not a large picture, and it was hung too high for inspec-

tion, much less for the admiration it deserved. This, as we know, is the fate of much excellent work; but it is none the less mortifying for being thus general.

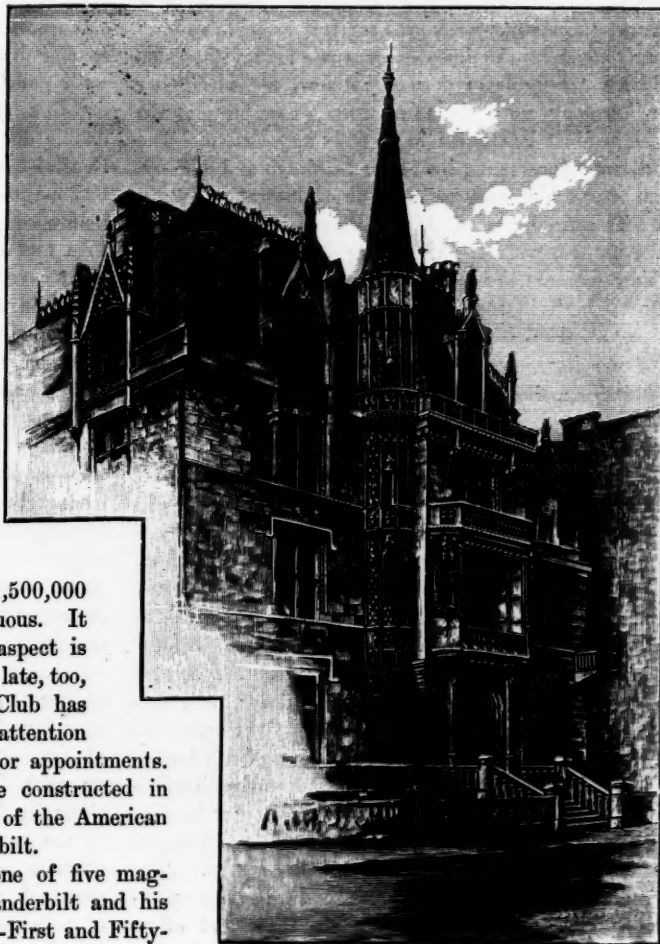
A. E. TORRENS.

AN AMERICAN PALACE.

NO art has more rapidly developed in the United States during the last decade than architecture. No new school has been created, and no new types of beauty have been formulated; but building has become artistic, and new modifications of antique and foreign styles have been adapted to local needs and fresh material. Domestic architecture is especially remarkable for beauty of treatment and excellence of workmanship. Of course there is yet much that is worthless; but when there is a tendency towards progress, criticism must not be too severe, nor praise be grudgingly withheld. The chief merits in American architecture are a clear perception of the fact that decoration should be constructive, a certain exuberance of fancy, some skill in relieving monotony of tone by the use of coloured stones, tiles, and terra-cotta mouldings, and unquestionable dexterity and ingenuity in the production of interior conveniences. In recent years large sums have been lavished upon our private residences, and many sumptuous buildings have risen in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and other leading cities, but more especially along Fifth Avenue, the justly celebrated street of New York. Herein the marble palace of the late A. T. Stewart—which is reputed to have cost 1,500,000 dollars—has until now been most conspicuous. It is, however, of a severe style, and its aspect is frigidly elegant rather than cheerful. Of late, too, the new house of the Union League Club has been occupied, and has attracted much attention for the variety and richness of its interior appointments. But every private residence ever before constructed in America is entirely eclipsed by the house of the American Railway King, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt.

Here I should note that it is but one of five magnificent houses recently built by Mr. Vanderbilt and his two sons on Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-First and Fifty-Seventh Streets. The last two are widely diverse in style and plan. That of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt was designed by

Mr. R. M. Hunt, brother of the late William M. Hunt, the well-known painter. The material, a light-grey limestone, would be more agreeable if of a warmer tint; but it has a fine grain and is easily carved. The style is of the Transitional, or Later Gothic, and without imitating suggests the yet extant buildings of that period. The architect's object has been twofold: to achieve a pyramidal effect by making his lines converge to the central gable on the Fifth



MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE, FIFTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Avenue side; and while lavishly employing decorative sculpture on his walls, so to mass his ornamentation as to produce a number of wide unbroken spaces, thereby gaining in breadth and concentration of effect. The carving is profuse and good, and the gables and pinnacles are surmounted by statues, one of which, as in mediæval architecture, is a portrait of the architect. The bracket or corbel supporting the oriel on the Fifty-Third Street side—which aspect of the house is shown in our first picture—is surrounded by a remarkable frieze of cherubs. The most important feature is the beautiful angle turret. The residence of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt was designed by Mr. George Post, and was suggested by the Seventeenth Century French Château, with an harmonious interfusion of ideas adapted from the Flemish and Jacobean schools. The material employed is red brick, with facings of grey limestone. The combination of colour thus secured is warm and agreeable—by no means an unimportant feature in a climate like that of New York. The stone-work and carving are elaborate in parts; but as the lines—accentuated on either side by a large gable or dormer window, not altogether in harmony with the other forms—are simple, the design must be studied to be fully appreciated. The interior adornments, by Messrs. Colnian and Tiffany, are after the more recent fashion of decorative art.

The residence of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, the father, with the adjoining house built for his daughters, are, however, the most important of the group, both in respect of dimensions and of general design. The plan of these houses was made by Mr. Vanderbilt himself. The decoration, including the furnishing, was done by the Messrs. Herter Brothers, of New York, and the construction was superintended by Mr. Snooks. The material employed is the rich brown freestone so common in the elegant mansions of New York. It must be frankly admitted that no especial originality is apparent in the exterior, and that the external decorations are not in accordance with the canons of architecture—that is, they are not always constructive, but have been contrived as adjuncts rather than as component parts. At the same time it would be idle to deny that the general effect is uncommonly elegant, attractive, and imposing. The carving is elaborate and the execution conscientious and thorough. The band of oak leaves, which entirely encircles the lower storey of each building, is an exquisite piece of work, and may be sincerely admired even by those who take exception to it as being not constructively decorative. The metal-work in the railings, of which we give a specimen farther on, is admirably designed, and offers a good example of the excellence attained by the American artisan in the industrial arts. The rather

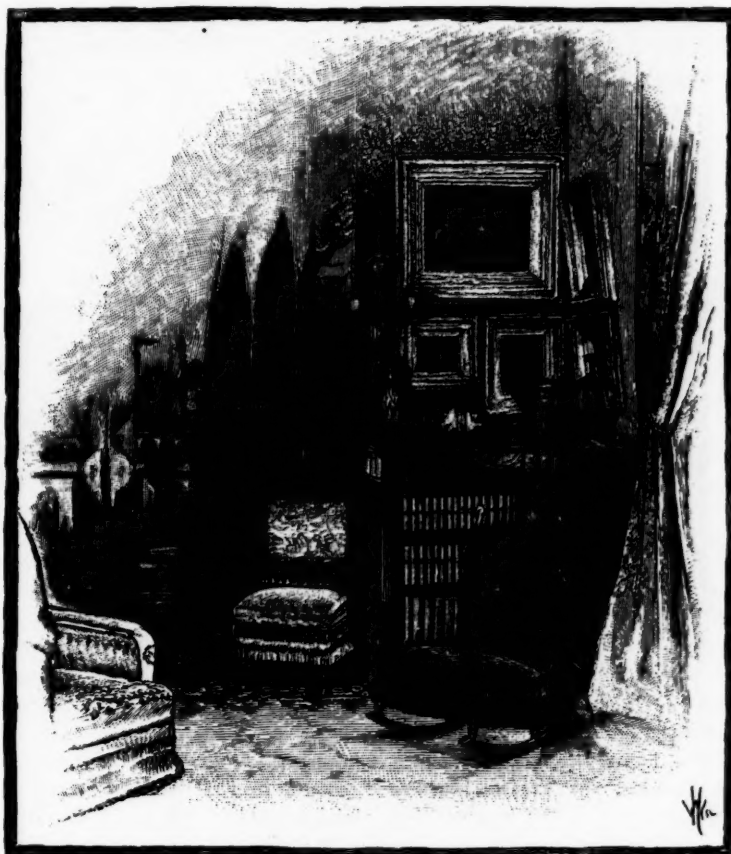
heavy uniformity of sombre colour is relieved by a band of scarlet in the dead wall of the balcony recess, and the railings are gilded. Externally the northern house is one building; within it is divided into two, for the accommodation of Mr. Vanderbilt's daughters. They enclose a grass plot in the rear, and are united by a common vestibule, entered from Fifth Avenue. Access to each mansion is obtained herefrom; and thus, while each is entirely separate, on festive occasions guests can pass from one to the other without exposure to the elements. The vestibule walls are of marble, inlaid with panels of Venetian mosaic by Tinetti. The floor is also of marble, and of imitation Roman mosaic. In the centre stands the famous colossal Malachite Vase from the Demidoff Sale. The roof is of bronze, lighted by delicate stained glass.

The entrance to Mr. Vanderbilt's house is guarded by admirable copies in bronze of Ghiberti's "Gates of Paradise," made by Barbédienne, at a cost of 25,000 dollars. They open into an inner vestibule, on either side of which are bronze doors leading, the one into a snug but sumptuous cloak-room ceiled and lined with polished mahogany, and the other to Mr. Vanderbilt's private office. It is not until, through a double door opposite the entrance, you pass into the Central Hall that you completely realise the plan of this magnificent abode. It is built in the form of a hollow square. The Central Hall, or Court, runs sheer to a roof of stained glass, which diffuses a subdued light over the court below and the surrounding galleries, on which the living-rooms are built. The floor is composed of inlaid woods. Opposite the entrance is a grand fireplace of carved wood, reaching to the ceiling, and supported on either hand by caryatids. On the hearth is a pair of immense and elaborate antique brass andirons, which in the ages past perhaps graced some ducal hall. Above, the sides of the surrounding galleries are embellished with sumptuous carvings of wood—of gilded cherubs and garlands on a ground of sea-green gold. At every corner the galleries are supported by square piers of polished African marble of a reddish tint (resembling Scotch granite), whose capitals are in figured bronze picked out in gold. The galleries, which are hung from ceiling to floor with superb Gobelins, are reached by a broad, imposing staircase, panelled to a height of six feet with English oak. The three windows on each landing are filled with stained glass designs by Mr. John Lafarge, of New York, and are in the best style of an artist who probably has no superior in America. The leadings are so skilfully arranged that every part of the design is formed of a distinct piece of glass; so that the lead nowhere interferes with the flow of line, nor is ever supplemented by paint overlaid to aid the drawing.

The Drawing-Room—an angle of which is pictured in our fifth illustration—is on the east side, facing Fifth Avenue, and is entered through sliding doors directly from the Hall. This superb apartment is nearly square. It presents what might be called a Harmony in Crimson and Gold. The walls are hung with figured velvet of pale crimson, which in certain lights assumes the effect of peach bloom. The carpet is of the same hue. The vaulted ceiling, which is in pale azure picked out with gold, with figured gold in the groinings, is united to the walls by a noble cornice of carved wood, covered with gold and pale metallic green gilding on a ground of mother-of-pearl. Over each of the three massive gold-encrusted doors are cherubs, and on either hand of each door-post stands a pillar of onyx, jewel-inlaid, supporting a gilded sphere which encloses a cluster of lights. The abruptness of the angles is modified by an arrangement consisting of pedestals supporting female figures, one-third the size of life, in solid silver. In either graceful hand these royal maidens sustain a spear with a circlet of jewelled metal attached, behind which is a diadem of lights; while in rear of each are mirrors of burnished crystal. The west entrance is flanked by two cabinets by Barbédienne, inlaid with iridescent mother-of-pearl and bearing five Limoges enamels by Sayer. A superb gilded table (carved in New York) stands near the southern end; the top is of the same exquisite material as the cabinets. The seats of the Louis Seize chairs are covered with costly Chinese embroideries. A *cloisonné* cabinet by Barbédienne, one of the finest pieces produced in Europe, and other noble *objets d'art*, contribute to the magnificence of this drawing-room—the handsomest in all America. When the lights are burning its splendour is akin to the gorgeous dreams of oriental fancy; and yet with all this dazzling opulence there is no hint of tawdriness. The effect has been perfectly massed, and the profuse decorations are harmonised with consummate taste.

South of the Drawing-Room is the Japanese Room—shown in our fourth picture. As the great doors between

them are always open, and the draperies are always drawn, the two apartments really form a suite of reception rooms. Every portion of this charming nook, the bronzes and other portable ornaments alone excepted, has been made in New York. But the effect is precisely that of the boudoir of some oriental princess. The rafters of the ceiling are open, as if to show the roof above; and the upper part of the walls is finished in bamboo. A light cabinet with shelves and open work runs round the room, and this, like the woodwork generally, is tinted with rich red lacquer. In one corner is a divan cushioned with figured silks from Japan. On either side the door, supporting a cluster of lights, stands a great female statue in Japanese costume, cast by Christofle of Paris, in imitation Japanese bronze. Opposite the door is a large and elegant fireplace, whose mantel and every ornament are Japanese likewise. For the window, looking on to Fifth Avenue, Lafarge has executed stained glass compartments representing flowers and birds. The tail of a peacock is rendered with marvellous splendour and faithfulness to nature.

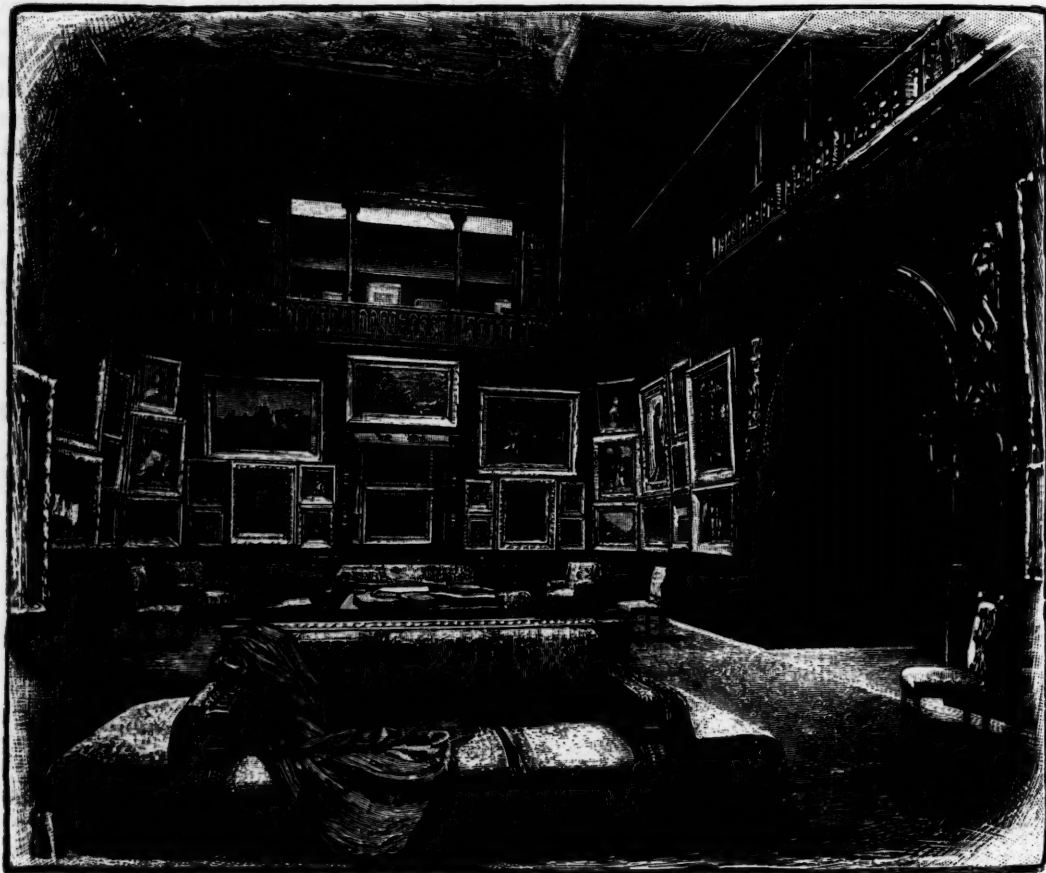


MR. W. H. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE: THE LIBRARY.

The Library—a corner of which is figured on the preceding page—is on the other side of the Drawing-Room, and corresponds in size and place with the Japanese Room. The panelling and shelves are of rosewood, touched with satin-wood, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The hangings, drapery, carpets, and upholstery are of a tender turquoise-blue. Masterpieces by Gérôme, Verboeckhoven, Meissonnier, are judiciously distributed about the walls. The mantel

serves to relieve the heaviness of the array of monotinted woods. It is of wood carved in rustic fashion—in crossbars, gilded with dead gold. The spaces between are inlaid with small diamond-shaped mirrors, which give a certain airiness, as if you were looking through the ceiling into space.

The Dining-Room is entered both from the Japanese Room and the Central Court. It is, perhaps, the most satisfactory, from an artistic point of



MR. W. H. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE: THE PICTURE GALLERY.

is faced with agate and topped with Limoges enamels by Sayer and Solon. The brazen fender is decorated with globes of opalescent glass. Admirable vases from Sèvres or from Minton's, and superb specimens of glass ware, are scattered about; and bookcases, stored with choice editions of standard authors, line the lower half of the walls. The library table is one of the finest pieces of cabinet-work ever turned out in America. It was designed and carved in the establishment of the Messrs. Herter, and is of black walnut, highly polished, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The ceiling is a most interesting feature, and

view, of the many sumptuous chambers in Mr. Vanderbilt's mansion: as, after the Picture Gallery, it is also the largest. The floor is inlaid with patterns in colour, and the walls are of English oak, profusely and elegantly sculptured. The rich golden-yellow of this wood gives an indescribable warmth and cheerfulness to an apartment which, owing to the build-ings on the other side of the street, is lighted only from the south and east, and then chiefly by reflected light. The windows are filled with stained glass by Oudinot, of Paris, representing the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The vaulted ceiling is decorated with

hunting scenes by Luminais. The sideboards, also of oak; the chimney-piece, reaching to the ceiling; the chairs, which are covered with leather stamped and coloured—in fact all the exquisite and elaborate carving in this superb guest-chamber was executed in New York, and reflects the highest credit on American industrial art.

The Picture Gallery and the Conservatory fill the rear of the house. The former, as may be seen by our picture—the third—is of stately dimensions: the ceiling, twice the height of the adjoining rooms, receiving its light through a roof pierced with delicately-figured glass. It is approached from the Central Court through an archway on the right, and through a triple doorway from Fifty-First Street, for Mr. Vanderbilt intends to open it to the public on certain days in the month. These street doors are of bronze, and the vestibule is paven with Roman mosaics, and lighted through stained and jewelled glass. The Gallery is divided into two apartments: a principal hall with a smaller showroom *en suite*. The main entrance is a deep alcove, containing a noble mantel and chimney-piece of carved

wood. The floor is paved with paly-tinted marbles, and the lofty wainscoting of ebonised Circassian wood harmonises well with the rich maroon hangings, which are stamped with gilded designs. The vaulted roof is gracefully united with the walls by a cornice of small panels in light and dark woods, and its subdued monotony is variegated by carvings of amorini in panels, and by caryatids exquisitely sculptured in wood. A luxurious and costly oriental carpet overlies the central floor, and midway upon it stands a massive ebony table, with drawers for rare prints and art volumes. The visitor's comfort is further completed by luxurious sofas and fauteuils. The oriental-looking balcony over the archway is intended for an orchestra. The smaller Gallery includes, half-way up, a second gallery, devoted to water-colour paintings. Its railing is carved in Indian patterns; it is reached by a door in the *entresol* on the main stairway in the Central

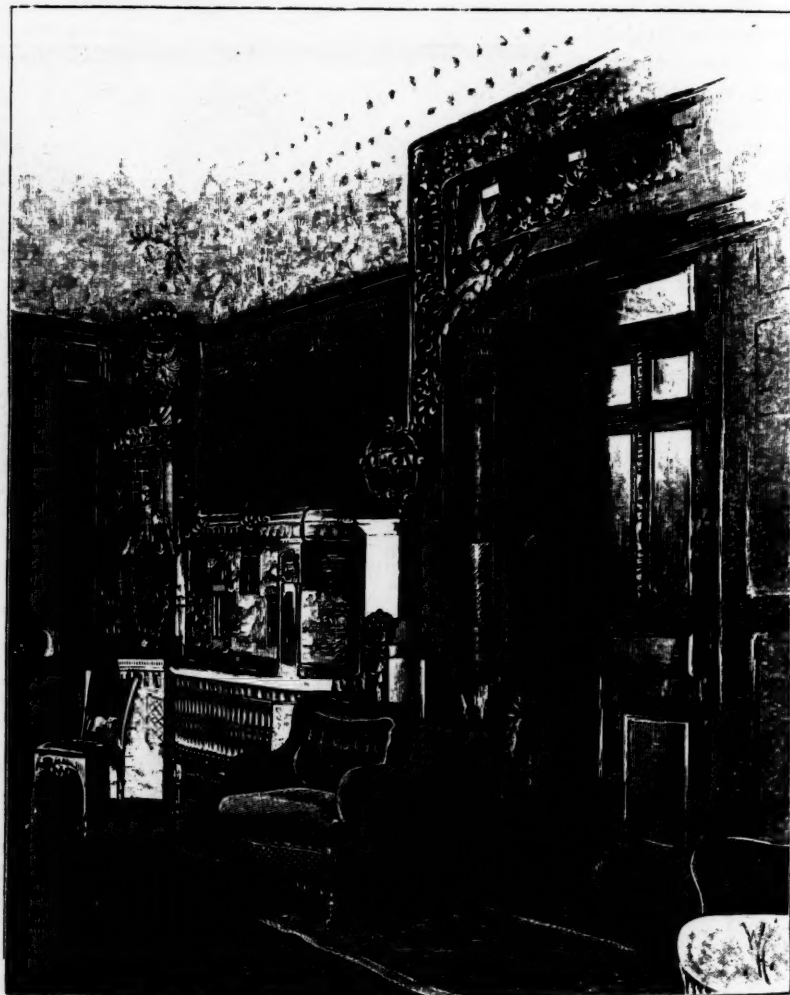


MR. W. H. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE: THE JAPANESE ROOM.

Court. Gracefully as this has been managed, it is still a break in the continuity of movement by which you pass from one scene of beauty to another: even as in sleep you glide through the successive phases of a gorgeous dream.

The pictures are hung with great judgment. It is evident that they have been chosen with a decided taste for certain schools and subjects, and a certain indifference to other subjects and schools. There is, for instance, but a single Corot—an excellent specimen of the master's genius. Another feature of the collection is the uniform cheerfulness of the subjects selected. With the exception of the De Neuilles and Detailles, almost every composition pictures some quiet domestic scene, some gala day resplendent with laughter and song and brilliant costumes, some group of lovely women luring the fancy with their charm of dress and their witchery of person. Now it is a troop of spirited horsemen; now a tranquil river scene; now a sunlit forest glade; and now a quiet pastoral or a joyous *fête champêtre*. Here you may while hours away undisturbed by the mighty city's roar, and passing quietly from the contemplation of one painting to another, forget that nature is ever aught but smiling, or life anything but a series of happy episodes passed amid scenes of beauty and woven into harmonious sequence by love and song. The art with which this result has been obtained is none the less triumphant because it was, perhaps, unconscious and intuitive. Here are works by Constable, Thomas Faed, and W. M. Turner, who is responsible for a small but very choice water-colour. There are also capital paintings by Defregger and Knaus, the latter represented by a large and noble village fête. But by far the larger part of the collection is devoted to the

contemporary Flemings, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians. Alma Tadema, Van Leys, Clays, and Israels; Gérôme, Millet, Meissonnier, Couture, Delacroix, Detaille, De Neuville, Bonnat, Diaz, Troyon, Rosa Bonheur, Rousseau, Dupré, Jacque, and Daubigny; Vibert, Tapiro, Boldini, Villegas, Fortuny, and Madrazo, are among the celebrated artists who are Mr. Vanderbilt's favourites. They are in most cases represented by several examples of their best styles. Among well-known pictures are Gérôme's celebrated "Sword Dance;" Alma Tadema's "Entrance to a Roman Theatre;" Fortuny's "Dance of Arabs;" "The King's Favourite," by Zamacois; Munkacsy's "Breakfast Scene;" and De Neuville's "Le Bourget," which pictures the storming of a church by the Germans in the Franco-German war, and the wounded captain, hurt unto death, carried forth by his comrades, while the Prussians gaze upon them with a



MR. W. H. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE: THE DRAWING-ROOM.

stolid and half-brutal respect. In the small Gallery, opposite the window, whose light counterbalances the shadow of the Water-Colour Gallery above, is the miniature half-length portrait of Mr. Vanderbilt, painted by Meissonnier.

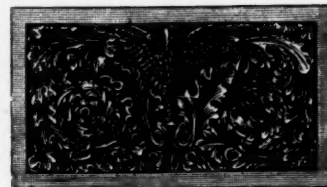
The Vanderbilt Collection is remarkable in that it contains but little statuary. Plastic art, indeed, except of a purely decorative type, is scarcely represented in this noble mansion. An abundance of admirable carvings greets one everywhere in the friezes and cornices; but, except a small and very beautiful ivory statuette in the drawing-room, and superb bronzes here and there, the sculptor's art is hardly recognised at all. It is to be noted, too, that the Picture Gallery contains no pictures by American artists, with the exception of a couple of portraits by Baker of New York. Some might be inclined to grumble at this, and to consider it evidence of a lack of interest in native art. But, in other parts of his residence, Mr. Vanderbilt has employed native talent wherever it would answer his purpose. Evidently he decided to form a collection of the highest order of contemporary foreign art, which would give pleasure at the present time and would have an historic and educational value in future ages; for the truest historic painting is that in which the artist derives inspiration from his own time, and paints the men and scenery of to-day for the children of to-morrow.

The living-rooms of the family are on what Americans call the second floor, the first according to Continental usage. Mr. Vanderbilt's Bedroom is on the south-east corner, and is furnished with simplicity, but at the same time with the utmost elegance. Connected with it is his Dressing-Room, fitted up in exquisite style. The bath, which is of silver, is concealed by sliding doors which reach from floor to ceiling, and, as in all the apartments, are lined with mirrors of the purest glass. Mrs. Vanderbilt's Room, leading out from Mr. Vander-

bilt's and occupying the centre of the façade, is especially noteworthy for the beauty of its half-vaulted ceiling, of which the large flattened centre is superbly painted by the artist of "La Cigale." It represents Aurora Chasing Night. The form of the goddess, clad in a delicate cymar, disparted to show the beautifully modelled limbs, is one of the finest pieces of flesh-painting Lefebvre ever produced. The whole work is, doubtless, the noblest decorative painting yet seen in America.

The Guest-Chamber adjoining this apartment, and the other rooms occupied by the family, are fitted up with the same lavish luxury, each different, yet each in entire harmony with the common scale of sumptuousness and with the general system of good taste. This impression, of consonancy with difference, is one of the remarkable features of this magnificent abode. Nowhere is there repetition, yet nowhere is the taste offended by violent contrasts, or by incongruities or solecisms in arrangement. You pass by easy transition from one room to another, the eye enchanted, the imagination fixed, as if in some fairy palace. An equable, summer-like temperature pervades every part; the garish light of noonday is tempered by massive embroideries or pictured panes; and at eventide the gleam of clustered lights, flashed back by crystal mirrors, is modulated to a genial glow by jewelled screens. Nowhere is there evidence that comfort has been sacrificed to display; but splendour has been so guided as to give an aspect of home to what, less delicately and skilfully managed, might have been a gorgeous but cheerless palace.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.



MR. W. H. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE:
PANEL IN RAILINGS.

"FOR AULD LANG SYNE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY ED. SCHULZ-BRIESEN.

THE garrulity of age has too often been the butt of profane satirists, and unreasonably, for what would age be without its powers of reminiscent creation? Monstrous is the eld that consumes its stores of retrospection in silence, and is so thoroughly possessed by the bodily sense of the inevitable vanishing-point to which it is hastening that it becomes crabbed through brooding on the bitterness of that knowledge. It is true "the old man eloquent" often lapses into tiresomeness and intolerable reverence for

lights of other days. Old ladies are seldom thus exasperating. The man of humour may feel the incongruity between the frailty of age and the strength of age's memory; but to the man of feeling, however deep his sense of humour, the grotesque element, so obvious in the outpourings of two old gossips, becomes absorbed in pathos. In "For Auld Lang Syne" we have two old gossips "garrulous under a roof of pine," like Tennyson's magpie; with the little circumstance of comfort, the hissing kettle,



"FOR AULD LANG SYNE."
(From the Picture by Ed. Schultz-Brisson.)

and "To each her cat, to each her cup of tea." Querulous age has but its oft-iterated, unavailing regret—

"When I was young! Ah, woeful when!
Oh, for the change 'twixt now and then;"

but cheerful, talkative age, that delights to take far-sweeping glances into the past, triumphs over the arid present in that sweet retrospect. Thus, while one gossip may rehearse again her entrance into provincial society, the other rouses herself into something approaching enthusiasm over the list of her many conquests—an Homeric catalogue of the Strephons and Lubins who have fallen before her death-doing

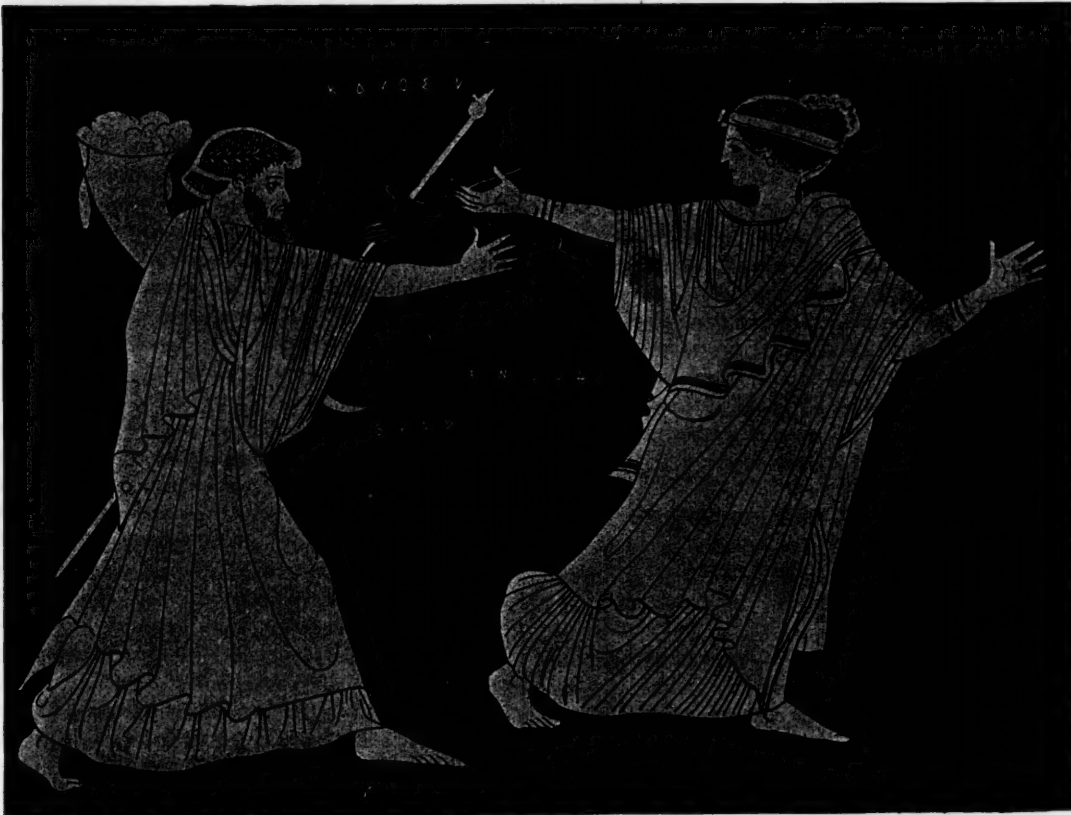
eyes. Some of their tenderest recollections, those over which they linger longest and taste with keenest avidity, are of the slenderest material: some brief flirtation with a cavalier at a chance junketting; some briefer meeting with a fascinating Werterian student homeward bound from college. The roseate pictures fail only with the failing tea. They have such temporary vitality, however, that the time of flowers comes back and the time of snows almost evanishes. What says Malherbe? "*Je les possédai jeune, et les possède encore à la fin de mes jours!*" Old age may chorus him as often and as lengthily as it will.

GREEK MYTHS IN GREEK ART.—III.

DEMETER.

IN the British Museum, in passing from the Archaic Greek Sculpture Room to the room of the Mausoleum Marbles, the visitor enters a small antechamber. Here, on his right, he sees the statue of a

seated woman whose beauty can scarcely pass unnoted by the most careless. There is a softness, there is a pathos in the face, a look of tempered sadness about the mouth and eyes that make us say instinctively,



DEMETER.—I.: THE KATHODOS, OR GOING-DOWN, OF PERSEPHONE.
(From a Greek Amphora, at Naples.)

as we might of some human acquaintance, "That face which was happily discovered in the last century has had a history." The woman has passed the first at Moscow, and which is now our chief and earliest



DEMETER.—II.: THE ANODOS, OR RISING-UP, OF PERSEPHONE.

(From a Greek Mixing-Bowl, at Naples.)

bloom of youth; it would be sad indeed if such pathos were imprinted on the features of a young girl. Her figure, too, is full and matronly; she wears the veil that has been her bridal attire; ample drapery is cast about her in beautiful, simple, almost careless folds; her hair is long and abundant. She is very calm for all her sorrow, and very gracious. Before speaking further of this statue of the beautiful goddess—for goddess she is—we will learn more of her story from other artists and from old world singers, and visit her again when we know what lifelong sorrow has set its seal on her face.

Hers is a famous history. She is Demeter, the holy goddess. Herself most beautiful, she had a daughter lovely as herself, Persephone by name, a maid with "slender ankles," the poet tells us. One day in Enna, Persephone was playing in a soft meadow, gathering flowers—crocus and violet, and flowering-reed and hyacinth and narcissus—when of a sudden the earth yawned, and forth there burst a golden chariot, and Aides, the dread king of the lower world, seized the maiden and bore her weeping and wailing away to be his queen in the shades below. This is the drama's first act. It is told in full in beautiful language, which we have here no space to transcribe, by the poet of the "Hymn to Demeter," the manuscript of

source for the story of the "Mother and Daughter." The incident was known among the ancients as the Kathodos, or Going-Down—as the descent of Persephone into Aides' kingdom, whence she was to return in her Anodos, or Rising-Up. It is simply and beautifully pictured, as a moment of resistance and of fear, in our first illustration, which is taken from an amphora now in the National Museum at Naples. The design is in red on a black ground; its style is formal and early, though, from the careless writing of the inscriptions, some have thought that it is rather an imitation of archaic art than an authentic original. Aides emerges from the nether empire at a bound, glorious in his royal sceptre and bearing a horn of plenty, symbol of the hidden riches in the underworld—those riches from which he took his other name of Plouton, the Wealthy One. Persephone flies in terror with outstretched arms. Between the two figures, above the sceptre of Aides, are the words "Beautiful is the Maid." They have no immediate reference to the lovely Persephone, but are the dedication of the vase itself, a love-gift to some girl of olden time. They are very often found on vases, as is the tender inscription, "Beautiful is the Boy," likewise.

So the Daughter was ravished away, and seen no

more of men nor of gods. In her great despair the Mother fared forth blindly across the whole wide earth for nine days long, tasting nor ambrosia nor nectar, neither refreshing her weary limbs with fair water; till on the tenth day Hekatè, the torch-bearer of the Realms of Death, encountered her, asked of her sorrow, and together they betook them to the sun-god Helios, who sees all things. He, and he only, knew; and he told her the fate of her lost child. And he bade her be of good cheer, for she had for her son-in-law the great King Aidoneus, and King Zeus himself had given command that so it should be.

But the mother cared little for the royalty of the underworld, and in bitterness of heart she wandered forth anew. At length she came to Eleusis, to the land of King Keleos. This sojourn at Eleusis, the place of *coming*, is full of significance, as we shall presently see. Here Demeter disguised herself as an ancient serving-woman, and was hired by the Queen Metaneira to take charge of her infant son Demophoon. She drinks the draught of *kukeon*, honey mead, and lays aside her sorrow for a while to smile at the jests of the serving maid Iambe. By the divine nurture of the goddess the child grew as a young god, for by day the wondrous Nurse anointed him with ambrosia, and at night, when his parents saw not, she laid him in the living fire. But one night the fear-girdled Metaneira, in her foolish fondness, kept watch, and she cried aloud to see the peril of her boy. And Demeter heard her, and was wroth that a mortal should gainsay her when she would have given her nurseling immortality. She spake and revealed herself, and bade them build her a fair temple wherein she might teach them to do worship. At the bidding of King Keleos, when the women had told him their tale, the fair temple was upreared; but Demeter still sat apart in bitterness and grief for her daughter. And she sent trouble upon the world, and for the full circle of a year withheld the fruits of the earth, so that men ploughed and sowed in vain, nor would she know pity nor relent till Zeus made promise that her daughter should be given her again.

Then Hermes went down into the house of Aides, and found him by Persephone; and Aides, when he had heard the bidding of Zeus and the sore anger of Demeter, smiled, for he was no ungentle husband, and bade Persephone go forth and comfort her mother once more. But first he craftily gave her the honey-sweet seed

of a pomegranate to eat, that she might return to him again. Very quaintly and simply has the old artist conceived Persephone's return to the sun's light and the bosom of her mother in the design copied on the page opposite. The drawing is taken from a krater, or mixing-bowl, in a private collection at Naples. In the Homeric hymn we hear that King Aides sent forth his queen with all the pomp and pride and circumstance befitting her august destiny, in a golden car, with swift deathless horses. This tremendous chariot appears on many vases of rather late date, when the vase-painter delighted in ornate and splendid scenes. The artist of our illustration has simpler tastes. Probably he had never read or heard the Homeric hymn, so he conceives the *Arados* after a fashion of his own. Persephone rises simply from the ground; over her head her name is written with the curious spelling *Persophata*. By her side, his herald's staff in his hand, stands Hermes, whose special function it was to guide mortals and immortals to and from the Kingdom of Shadows. The attempt to render a full-face view of his *petasos*, or winged cap, is not very successful. Hekatè with blazing torches attends her Queen, and the Mother, sceptre in hand, waits quietly her daughter's embrace. Hekatè it was, as I have told, who, "carrying in her hands a light," first met Demeter and brought her tidings.

The artist says nothing of the tumult of the meeting between mother and daughter. From his simple, stately picture he keeps away such elements of passion as might complicate and confuse. The poet's art imposed no such restriction. He tells us that the longing mother rushed forth to meet her child like a wild Mænad flying amid the mountains; how,

united at last, they comforted their hearts; and how the compact was made that for two-thirds of the year Persephone should dwell with her mother in Olympus, and for the other third (because she had eaten of the pomegranate seed) she should abide with Aides, the grim yet kindly king, in the shades below. Then at last Demeter relaxed from her sore displeasure, and again she let the fields bear their crops, that men might have food, and the gods their sacrifice; and there was gladness over the whole earth. And, moreover, she revealed her mysteries to the just king of the country, to Triptolemos, to Diokles, to Eumolpos, and to Keleos, who had sway over the



DEMETER.—III.: TRIPTOLEMOS.
(From an Archaic Greek Vase.)

people. These rites and mysteries it was lawful for no man to utter, but blessed was he who might behold them.

Of these mysteries I shall say a few words later on; but for the present I shall pause an instant at the name of one to whom the goddess divulged them, the hero Triptolemos. The hymn-writer passes him without comment, because he is concerned with Demeter in her twofold capacity, as the mother of Persephone and as the foundress of the Eleusinian Mysteries. We, however, will first consider her under her simpler aspect, as the goddess of corn and plenty, the patron of the fruitful earth. As such she was linked in a special manner with Triptolemos, who became a central figure in Attic mythology, and is represented with endless variety on vase-paintings, some few of which I shall now consider. Triptolemos, as is signified by his name, was the "thrice plougher;" as such he is the counterpart of Demeter, the Earth-Mother. Tradition varies as to his birth. Sometimes, as in the "Hymn," he is a local king, sometimes he is the child Demeter nursed, but always he is the messenger she sends forth to bear the seed of corn over the wide earth. In our third illustration the fancy of the early artist has figured him as a grave and bearded king seated on a wheeled throne. On his head is a wreath; in his hand a phiale, or wine-cup. This wine-cup is the symbol of parting. He is about to go forth on his world-wide journey, and before he departs he will pledge the goddess, whose herald he is, and perchance will pour a libation in her honour. He bears, too, a curious branch of foliage, symbol of those gifts of

fruitfulness he carries forth to men. This curious expression of foliage—the hard black line with the dots on either side—is thoroughly characteristic of every early vase-painting. It disappears, roughly speaking, about 450 B.C. It is sometimes found, even where there is no reference to it in the subject, covering the whole background of a vase.

A less austere representation of the Messenger King is shown in our fourth picture, a drawing from a vase in Leyden, of a style that is probably some fifty to a hundred years later in date than the black figured vase-painting that precedes it. Here Triptolemos has grown young. He is no longer the bearded king we saw about to journey forth on the momentous mission assigned him by his immortal mistress; he is such a tender gracious youth as might well have been Demeter's nurseling; and that he is so is typical of an advance in time, and of a change in the theory of art, by which the attributes and the presence of youth are substituted for those of bearded and venerable eld. To the young king's chariot there are added wings, to bear him over land and sea. In his hand is a sceptre, with a sheaflet of wheat, which is a great advance in naturalism on the curious foliage of the picture before. He also bears a wine-cup. Beautiful Demeter is about to pour the parting draught of wine from a graceful oinochoë (wine-pourer) which she holds in her right hand, while her left is raised with the gesture that indicates speech. Behind stands Persephone, in her hand a ribbon, which she is perhaps about to bind round the hero's head. The design, which is very delicately wrought, is in red on black.



DEMETER.—IV.: THE DEPARTURE OF TRIPTOLEMOS.

(From a Greek Vase, at Leyden.)

A similar scene is pictured in our fifth illustration—a drawing from an amphora, or two-handled jar, in the British Museum. Mother and daughter are not easily distinguishable in vase-paintings, by face and figure at least; but it is usually the mother who

and simplest aspects of the goddess as the bounteous fruit-bearing Earth. The Greeks knew of other earth-goddesses than Demeter. There was the mighty Ge herself, the mother of the Giants, who on the Pergamene marbles upreared her vast



DEMETER.—V. : TRIPTOLEMOS ON HIS WINGED CAR.

(From a Greek Amphora, in the British Museum.)

pours the wine into the out-held cup. Both hold sceptres, for both are queens. In the present example Demeter has long flowing hair. Behind her stands Hekate, with her torches; and a maiden runs forward with a basket—an offering doubtless of fruits and corn. Behind Persephone comes another torch-bearer—possibly Artemis; and last of all is pictured an aged, white-haired man, holding a horn full of fruits. This venerable king is probably none other than Aides himself, figured in his aspect of Plouton, the Wealthy One. He it is who sends up from the nether world that abundance of corn and wealth of produce which it is the mission of Triptolemos to distribute.

It would be difficult to exhaust the number of Triptolemos pictures. In Attic literature and art the subject was a very popular one. Sophokles, we know, wrote a drama on the subject. Down to vases of the latest period and the latest style Triptolemos appears. He is always a beautiful youth, and more and more does he incline in face and figure to the sensuous aspect of a young Dionysos; and he is surrounded not unfrequently by the Satyrs and Mænads, who are the wine-god's attendants. Sometimes Aphrodite and Eros are present, as though the hero's departure were a love-scene. Once, from below his snake-yoked chariot there flows a fertile reed-grown stream marked "Neilos." So far abroad, into scenes where Orphic influences are active and evident, we need not follow. I shall only note that his connection with Demeter marks for the most part the primary

form to help her struggling sons. There was Rhea Kybelè, savage and dreadful. But these goddesses, though sometimes, owing to special influences, confused with Demeter, were rather personifications of the earth uncultivated, barren and terrible, not of the earth as a fruitful mother—the land that is ploughed and sown and reaped that man may live. Of these primæval and dreadful earth-goddesses—of Ge and Rhea—it is never told that they had a fair daughter who sported (like Herrick's virgins) in the Maytime meadow-land. Who is the blooming daughter? who but the manifold offspring of Earth, the fertile mother—the flowers, the fruit, the corn, all the glad blossoming of the spring? Demeter, then, is the goddess of the cultivated earth, the goddess who bade man cease from his wandering ways and build him houses and sow seed and gather of her fruits. It follows naturally that she is the great giver of laws, the bringer of fixed ordinances and of settled customs, and the manners that are kindly and venerable. She is Thesmophoros, as the Greeks called her; and because she is the goddess of hearth and home, of order and custom, she is above all things friend and helper of housewives, of women who rule in the home. She is the goddess of marriage, the patron deity of civilised woman, worshipped by her with ceremonies for the most part unknown at the great festival of the Thesmophoria, upon which no man might look and live. Of this aspect of Demeter we know but little. The one profane man who, according to Aristophanes, was rash enough to look and

lucky enough to live brought back with him no more trustworthy account of what he had seen than Captain Lemuel Gulliver brought from Lilliput and Laputa.

So far our vision of the Demeter cycle is clear; her aspect is full of peace and prosperity; but there is, as we have already seen, a sadder, a more mysterious side to the character of the Mighty Mother. The fair daughter, Persephone, in whom are figured the kindly fruits of the earth, gladdens the world in the springtide. But in the autumn and winter the mother is reft of her child; the fruits die down and are seen no more; Persephone is the bride of Aides. Not one year, but always, is enacted the great parable of the Kathodos—the Going-Down. Still the spring-time returns; the flowers arise; again the earth-mother rejoices, for, in the gladness of this Resurrection, this Anodos, Persephone leaves the dark dwelling of Aides to bring light and joy to mankind. This dying, this uprising, this doctrine of Resurrection after death, is it for men as well as flowers? Did any thought of this allegory touch the minds of the Greeks? Let us go back to Eleusis. There, if anywhere, we may see. And lest we carry with us any tinge of modern doctrine and association, let us clear our vision by a glance at one more Greek vase-picture, a drawing by the master Hieron.

His beautiful two-handled cup, from which the designs are reproduced in our sixth and seventh illustrations, stands fitly in a place of honour at the entrance to the third Vase Room in the British Museum. Twice in previous numbers have I remarked upon the extremely beautiful style of the drawing that adorns such vases as bear the signature of Hieron the potter. Here I shall dwell rather on the subject than the manner. We are in the presence of a goodly company. Triptolemos, the lovely youth, is starting on his journey; and this time it is Persephone who pours the wine of parting into his bowl. In her left hand she holds a torch, and in her right she presents an oinochoe of charming shape. Behind him Demeter stands arrayed in a robe most wondrously wrought; possibly a copy of a garment worn by priestess or goddess. Especially to be remarked is the lovely draping of her under-vestment over the arm. If there could be a doubt from whence Triptolemos started, this vase would settle the question. It is from the sacred city Eleusis. The vase-painter has painted no landscape, no jutting hill, no fair blue bay, no fertile Thriasian plain; and yet we are sure of the scene, for by the side of Persephone there stands a maiden with a flower in her right hand, and daintily uplifted drapery in her left hand, and, near her, her name is inscribed "Eleusis." Such was ancient landscape art. Its colours were human symbols; it used

a nymph for a background. When, a few months ago, I stood by the ruins of this very city Eleusis, the figure of this gentle nymph was present with me, and she seemed to me instinct with the quiet beauty of the place. On the vase, however, there are greater ones than this lovely lady. Here, for instance, is King Eumolpos, the blameless one, as the hymn-writer calls him. He is seated on his throne to the left in our seventh picture; and near him his Apolline swan, for does not his name mark him as the sacred choir-leader, the prophetic sweet singer? Down to historical times the high priests of Demeter were chosen from his descendants, the Eumolpidae. Next, to the right, walks Zeus, with sceptre and thunderbolt; next Dionysos, god of wine, with a vine branch in his hand. Next, that sea as well as earth may rejoice at the going forth of Triptolemos, Amphitrite, clasping a fish, symbol of the sea, her home; while seated at the extreme right is her husband, the lord Poseidon, the owner of a temple at Eleusis. Demeter is reconciled; there is peace at last in high Olympos. Gods and men are met together to watch the goddess send forth her hero on his mission.

Here, as elsewhere, we have had the representation of the simplest aspect of Demeter, her aspect as the corn-giver; but the presence of the beautiful nymph Eleusis, and still more of the king-priest Eumolpos, permits the transition to other and graver thoughts. There are few great religious ceremonies of which we know so little and would fain know so much as these mysteries of Eleusis. Some details we have of preliminary rights, of processions, of fastings, of purifications, of feasts and revelry, but when we come to the actual ceremony of initiation we know almost nothing. The temple at Eleusis was of vast size; its ruins still remain, though in part built over by a modern village. Pausanias tells us of a shrine to Triptolemos, and of temples to Poseidon and Artemis; but what he saw within the temple of the great goddesses he is "forbidden in a dream to divulge." So great importance did the dwellers in Eleusis attach to their mysteries that they fable of Eumolpos, that when he was forced to become subject to Athens he yet stipulated that the feast of Demeter should still be held at Eleusis, and the high-priesthood remain hereditary in his family. Besides the Eumolpid priest, who was called the "Hierophant," or "Shower of Sacred Things," we hear of the Dadouchos, or "Holder of the Torches," the Hierokerux, or "Sacred Herald," and the Epibomos, or "Minister at the Altar;" but we know little or nothing definite.

It is the 15th day of the month Boedromion (September—October), the throng of candidates and intending spectators meet the Dadouchos and the

Hierophantes in the Painted Porch at Athens. There they listen with reverence as these sacred priests unfold the programme of the great festival that begins upon the morrow. On that morrow the cry is heard, to which all must hearken, "To the sea, ye mystæ!" and the waiting throng hurries to the blue bay, there by the fresh salt-water, to be purified of sin. On the 17th day follows a sacrifice of swine, consecrated to Demeter; the images of such sacred beasts stand by the goddess's side in her shrine at the British Museum. On the 18th day another aspect of Demeter's functions came before the mind of the eager worshipper; the day was consecrated to the worship of a kindred deity, to Dionysos, giver of the plenty and gladness of wine, as Demeter of the fulness of corn. On the 20th day the preliminary ceremonies culminated in the Iacchos procession from Athens to Eleusis. The god has no place in the Homeric hymn; probably he was a development of later days and more complicated thought. She seems to have been akin to Dionysos,

even the most luxurious lady was allowed to enter a chariot. To guard the god, and to add splendour to the show, chosen bands of youths follow in the train. They wound in order through the Agora and Kerameikos, through the Dipylon, along the road that leads through the olive groves of Kephissos, through the lovely pass of Daphne, down to the Thriasian plain. In their march there seems to have been many a halt for sacrifice—halts that were welcome enough to home-tarrying Athenian matrons! To Iacchos alone Aristophanes tells us the toilsome way was painless. At nightfall the procession wound down into the Thriasian plain, there to be met in all probability by a counter-pageant headed by the priests of Eleusis. On this plain they halted, and held a night-long festival by torchlight, in honour it seems of Demeter's frantic torchlit search. Here was the "gleaming coast," bright with the flicker of torches; where, as Sophokles has told, the "holy goddesses twain nurtured for mortals sacred rites." It is just at this point, when our curiosity is wrought to the highest,



DEMETER.—VI.: TRIPTOLEMOS AT ELEUSIS.

(From a Two-Handled Cup by Hieron, in the British Museum.)

perhaps in some sort a personification of the frenzy, the ecstasy, the sacred fervour, which the Greeks associated with the worship of the wine-god. It is a hymn to Iacchos, that in the "Frogs" the initiated chant in the lower world. The procession started from the Iaccheion, the god's own shrine; his image, crowned with myrtle and bearing a torch, was borne in front; the worshippers followed, all afoot, not

that on art and literature alike a sacred silence falls. On the 22nd and 23rd days the ceremony of initiation took place. On the 24th there was held a gymnastic contest of youths, and a little later the procession wound back again through the pass of Daphne. As they crossed the Kephissos bridge on their homeward journey, the uninitiated flocked around to "chaff" and front their happier neigh-

bours; some allusion to the jests of Iambe which roused Demeter from her grief was no doubt intended.

We turn unwillingly from certain facts attested by manuscripts and inscriptions to conjectures as to the ceremony of initiation. It seems probable that on these mysterious 22nd and 23rd days, those to be initiated witnessed some series of sacred pageants, some panorama in action of Demeter's life. The initiated are spoken of rather as spectators than as learners; it was a sight they saw rather than a doctrine they received. The final ceremony consisted, it would seem, in a preliminary state of depression, followed by triumphant joy. Plutarch tells us that the initiated were shut up for a time in darkness, where

With all these complicated associations present to our minds, with the thought of Demeter as the kindly goddess of the fertile earth, as the stricken mother, as the mistress of the sacred lore of an after-life, let us look once more at her face as it is presented in the statue so happily transferred from Knidos, of which the head is figured in our last illustration. It was found by Mr. C. T. Newton, on a rocky platform below the Akropolis at Knidos, at the base of a limestone cliff of extraordinary steepness. This platform is known, from inscriptions found near the statue, to have been dedicated to Aides and Hermes, in conjunction with Demeter and Persephone, and other kindred divinities. It is thought to have been the



DEMETER.—VII.: EUMOLPOS AND THE OLYMPIAN DEITIES.

(From a Two-Handled Cup by Hieron, in the British Museum.)

they probably heard strange horrible sounds, and that they emerged into scenes of light and beauty, amid torch-bearing troops of beatified men and women. There is little doubt that scenes from the life of Demeter were enacted, and it may be that by long intense broodings over her sorrow and the succeeding joy of the Anodos, they attained to some vivid conception of a life hereafter; it may have been to them the passion of Lent succeeded by the rapture of Easter. Whatever we may conjecture as to the precise nature of the ceremony, this we know for certain, that the best and noblest spirits rejoiced reverently in the fact of their initiation, and spoke of it as a pledge and assurance of joy in the after-world. Let us hear Sophokles—

"Thrice happy they, who, having seen these rites,
Then pass to Hades; there to these alone
Is granted life, all others evil find."

enclosure to a private chapel; and from the character of the letters of the inscription Mr. Newton dates the dedication at about 350 B.C. Our beautiful statue, therefore, was in all probability the work of a sculptor of the time of Praxiteles. The master's greatest work, the incomparable "Aphrodite," was executed for this very city of Knidos, whose citizens refused to barter their statue for the payment of their whole civic debt. I have spoken of the great expressiveness of the face. It is just this quality of expressiveness which is characteristic of Praxiteles and his contemporaries. After the ideal beauty, the abstract perfection of Pheidias, as we know it in the Parthenon marbles, there came a tendency to the utterance of individual emotion, of pathos, touching with earthly unrest the faces even of Olympian gods. This is no conjecture; we have now a criterion by

which to judge of the style of Praxiteles, an actual original undoubtedly from the master's hand, the famous "Hermes" of Olympia, a cast of which is now at the British Museum. It could stand in no place where, for all its beauty and nameless charm, this element of unstable emotion is more keenly appreciable. Far higher, because far calmer, is the beauty of our "Demeter," though the world knows

that in the curiously small face, in the lifted far-off eyes, there is a general expression of weary yet patient expectation. She is the mother who, year by year, must long for her daughter—the goddess who knows of the dimness of the world below as well as of the brightness of the world above. We do not worship her in the simple fashion of the lady Chrysina (who dedicated the shrine at the bidding of



DEMETER.—VIII.: THE KNIDIAN DEMETER.

(From the Statue in the British Museum.)

less of her fame, and though the name of her sculptor is uncertain. It may have been Praxiteles himself at a time of riper skill, maturer inspiration, when the fever of youth had calmed itself. Still there is in her face that quality of personal feeling for which, so far as we know it, we look in vain among the sculptures of the time of Pheidias. Professor Brunn, in an elaborate criticism of the head, notes that the skin of the brow is drawn at both sides, as with protracted weeping; that the outside corners of the mouth sink sadly; that the parted lips seem to sigh;

Hermes in a dream) with votive offerings of tiny marble pigs and lighted lamps, nor do we in our gloomier moments devote to her avenging might the neighbours who have stolen a garment, or a bracelet, or a husband. But we may give a thought sometimes to the higher physical and spiritual conceptions which found their embodiment in the myth she personifies; and, if we enter the little *temenos* in which she is now enshrined anew, we may give at least one reverent upward look at the changeless beauty of her immortal face.

J. E. HARRISON.

THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.



IN a paper which I contributed to *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for June last it was my endeavour to show in what manner and in what degree the Gothic and classical elements of design were blended in Wren's cathedral, and how by his bold and inventive management of the various difficulties involved, he had produced an exterior of supreme excellence, both in its grouping and in its detail, well displayed in our first illustration. The enlarged drawing of one of the western spires upon the following page will show the highly studied and careful composition of the subordinate parts, and will afford an additional evidence of the freedom and originality which I noticed (*THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for March, 1882) in speaking of Wren's treatment of towers and spires. We saw, too, that the design of the interior had suffered from the compromise to a far greater extent than the exterior. I further pointed out that the original position of the organ, on a screen separating the choir from the dome, which also was a feature derived from English cathedrals of the Gothic character, had been carried by the Commissioners in Wren's despite, and that whereas in every other particular Wren's opinion was sound and that of his critics and controllers wrong, in this individual instance judgment must, in my opinion, be given against the architect. And the point is an important and crucial one, involving, as I think, the main blemish in the interior as we now see it.

Tradition is precise enough as to the strength of Wren's opposition to the position of the organ; and a story used to be current, the authority for which I cannot give, that he declared that "the whole interior effect was spoilt for a box of whistles." It is with the utmost diffidence that one would venture to attribute to him mistaken judgment in a question of such importance. It is not, however, difficult to account for his feeling in the matter. I have shown that the earlier was to the end Wren's favourite design, and have no doubt that the conception of that interior permanently influenced his judgment. In it his idea had been that of a classical church, in which the entire effect should be given at one *coup d'œil*. In an interior of this kind such an interruption to the range of vision as a screen and organ

involved would have been a fatal eyesore. As we have seen, a Gothic plan was forced upon him. Those who are familiar with the ground-plans of Gothic cathedrals will see by a glance at the third of our illustrations how closely the usual mediæval arrangement was adhered to in laying out the present cathedral; and by comparing this with the plan of the earlier design given in my last paper they can scarcely fail to see that the conditions of effect were radically changed thereby. The builders of our Gothic cathedrals showed a true instinct in breaking the length of their interiors by one or more partial obstructions, and so adding to the effective length by the aid of an element of mystery. In spite of the crude modern practice—which has been to bring the extreme east into immediate and obvious view of the west by the removal of obstructions—in the vain idea that size and dignity were thereby enhanced, the more cultivated judgment tends more and more to justify the ancient practice.

Wren, however, was in one respect less advantageously placed towards such a question. On the one hand the exclusive fashion of his day combined with his own training and propensities, on the other his first and favourite conception, prevented him from realising the true elements of effect in an interior arrangement such as that to which he was unwillingly committed. He was unable frankly to accept the conditions of a Gothic plan, and no doubt clung tenaciously to the idea he had conceived, though the power of realising it was no longer present. As a confirmation of this view, and as ocular demonstration of the species of effect which was congenial to Wren's ideas, I may refer my readers to the interior perspective of the earlier design given in my last paper; or, better still, if they would take the necessary trouble, I would ask them to visit the model of it, and in either case to try and realise the radical difference between the conditions of effect implied in the intended and in the accomplished schemes.

It is also worth while in this connection to study for a moment the best and most masterly of all Wren's executed interiors, that namely of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, of which our last illustration gives a fair though somewhat inadequate idea. The varied and almost sumptuous effect produced by this interior is most striking, and fully justifies the enthusiasm which it aroused among Wren's most cultivated contemporaries; and the wonder is only enhanced to those who can analyse the means employed and see

by what comparatively simple methods the result is attained. For our present purpose, however, it is most important to note how far removed the arrangement is from the mediæval idea, and how completely modern is the effect. It is scarcely surprising that Wren, to whom conceptions such as this were familiar and congenial, should have found a difficulty in comprehending the conditions of effect which were cognate to a school of architecture which was strange if not antagonistic to his genius.

The main and central defect of the interior of St. Paul's as it now stands has always seemed to me to be this. Looking eastward from the nave, as in the interior perspective presented in our fourth picture (the illustration, I should note, like those of the exterior, the western turret, and the ground-plan, is from Mr. Longmans' "Three Cathedrals Dedicated to St. Paul"), the eye is carried through to the apse by a long tunnel, in which the "crossing" is a mere accident. In this, which should be the main view, the dome seems to have little effective value, while the poverty of the design of the apse and of the altar arrangements becomes unduly apparent. Thirty years ago the effect was very different. From the same point of view the eye was suddenly brought up at the opening of the choir by the screen and organ. The space beyond, through a sense of mystery gained by a partial obstruction, obtained an enhanced apparent length and value, while the deficiencies of its design were obscured. Being checked at this point in the direction of length, the desire for extension found abundant scope in the dome, which was thus brought into effect, and obtained its full value to the sense. It seems almost trifling, in the face of so grave a loss to the architectural effect, to lament the deterioration of the unrivalled quality which its ancient position gave to the tone of the organ, or the removal from its original place of the well-known memorial to the architect. Nor is it possible altogether to regret a change which has had some part in terminating the old sleepiness, slovenliness, and exclusiveness of the services. The change in these respects has been altogether favourable, and possibly a still further step in ritual arrangement might involve a remedy for the evil which I note, as I shall explain in its proper context.

Passing from this point for the present, I may notice some further defects in the interior, the next in importance being the arrangement of the arches opening into the dome. This also originates in the Gothic character of the plan, though in this case it is impossible to avoid admiring at the same time the ingenuity displayed. Of the eight arches opening into the space under the dome, four are of greater and four of less height; and the inequality is redressed by the formation of additional arches at a higher level

above the lower, and corresponding with the loftier, the intermediate space being accounted for by the introduction of galleries. The lower arches are segmental, and spring from the tops of the main cornice. Though the solution of the difficulty is rather ingenious than agreeable, it is difficult to think of any arrangement by which the exigencies of the plan could better have been met; and in this case, too, conditions which were forced on the architect must be credited with whatever of awkwardness the problem involved. The apse is unsatisfactory in the dropping of its clerestory windows below the level of those of the rest of the church, which diminishes the effect of height where it is most needed. In a Gothic apse the level would be maintained, as the difficulty would be obviated by the greater elasticity of the groining; but the satisfactory combination of an apsidal clerestory, a feature of Gothic architecture, with a classical form of vaulting, was to Wren, and would be to us, a difficult if not an insoluble architectural problem. When, however, these exceptions have been stated, which are few indeed compared with the huge difficulty of the undertaking, even the interior design must remain for us a monument of architectural skill, if not of perfect beauty.

It is of course beside my purpose to note those matters, not a few, in which Wren deliberately violated the received grammatical rules of the "orders." It is an especial characteristic of his design that he handled style with the freedom of a master, and gave to classical architecture an elasticity which it had lacked before. It would, therefore, be in the last degree unreasonable to condemn him for a departure from such canons as are mainly serviceable to lesser men, and are universally applied by pedants alone.

As the question of the decoration, or as it has been called the completion, of St. Paul's has been within recent years much and frequently agitated, and is still more or less before us in a practical form, it may be worth while briefly to trace the various ideas which have been proposed since the building was left by Wren, and to discuss what treatment it really requires. And firstly, as to Wren's own ideas on the subject. It has been the custom, in all the changes which have been either contemplated or made in the cathedral, to refer to the authority of "Wren's intentions." It is certain, however, that if Wren ever formed any distinct ideas as to the completion or decoration of the cathedral, they are at least very sparsely recorded; and in the matter of decoration it may be questioned whether the authority of his opinion would have been of equal weight as in more purely architectural questions. We have, however, on record the following facts. Wren designed a baldachino of "writhed" Corinthian columns to surmount the altar, of which a drawing is still



THE EXTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S.

extant. Although in detail it is not among the most successful of his designs, it would nevertheless have been a great addition to the apse, which as he left it was meanly and inadequately furnished. Further, he contemplated decorating the dome with mosaics, and arranged to import Italian craftsmen for this purpose. But his intention was frustrated by the commissioners, and Thornhill's melancholy daubs were forced upon him. It is perhaps not wholly to be regretted, considering the decadence of Italian art, that he was overruled in his intention, as it would scarcely have been in his power to have raised the decorative work to the standard of his own. Some evidence, too, of his intentions may possibly survive in a somewhat rare engraving of which I have seen one or two copies. In this the galleries under the dome are masked by groups of figures representing the four evangelists, with curtains behind them supported by cherubs. Above the segmental cornice are placed seated figures like in character to those on the tomb of the Medici in Florence, while groups of figures soften most of the more abrupt lines in the architecture. The pendentives are adorned by figures apparently carved in relief, showing a composition not wholly dissimilar in intention to that adopted in the work now executed in mosaic. The main panels of the interior exhibit designs of Scripture

subjects. The engraving is inscribed as follows:—"The Interior of St. Paul's, Decorated Agreeably to the Intentions of Sir Christopher Wren;" but its authority is very doubtful in matters of detail.

It is known that in 1773 a proposal was made by the Royal Academy of Arts for undertaking the adornment of St. Paul's, and six artists were selected to carry out the work. They were Reynolds, West, Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kauffman. No record exists of the manner in which the work was to be carried out. Probably Gwin's engraving, that mentioned above, had established the idea of adorning the panels with Scripture subjects, and Sir Joshua and his colleagues would, if they had been permitted, have followed the type of decoration therein indicated. The scheme was opposed by the Archbishop and Bishop of London on the ground that the plan savoured of Romanism, and it came to nothing, which on the whole is perhaps little to be regretted. The cathedral, therefore, remained precisely as Wren had left it until some thirty years ago, when Thornhill's paintings were restored by Mr. Parris. Some four years later it was determined to hold special services in the dome to large congregations. This laudable endeavour, which might under more far-sighted and more critical supervision have been turned to the best artistic result, became the starting-point of a series of inno-

vations of which the end has not yet been reached. First of all, the cathedral furniture, always to the tune of "Wren's intentions," commenced a restless movement, which amounted in time to a "general post." The organ disappeared from its original position, thereby losing, as I think, for ever its unrivalled tone; the screen on which it stood vanished—to reappear as an inner doorway to the north transept; while the organ after many wanderings became absorbed in the larger instrument which now occupies the side arches of the choir. Then various experimental attempts at decoration began to show themselves. The arches supporting the dome and other features were painted white with the ornament relieved in gold—a vulgar device which need not have unduly taxed the artistic powers of the humblest journeyman, and which simply serves to make the natural stone look dirty; the pendentives were adorned by mosaics in themselves of excellent design, but their introduction could only have been justified by their being recognised as integral portions of a well-digested scheme of decoration for the whole building. Moreover, various new features began to appear, notably a pulpit of "chaste" and utterly un-Wren-like design, overhung by a utilitarian sounding-board of a truly marvellous appearance.

Finally, the incongruity of the various crude tentative efforts at "completion" began to be apparent to the least observant. The ancient cry of "Wren's intentions," which had been so variously

and liberally employed, ceased to charm opposition into slumber, and it became manifest that if anything further were to be tolerated it must be accepted as a part of a reasoned and comprehensive scheme. Stimulated by the celebration of a national thanksgiving in 1872, the authorities resolved to face the problem. A subscription list was opened, an architect selected, and a design prepared. But though the committee had thus taken the only course which could conceivably lead to an harmonious result, the enterprise failed. The public were justly terrified by the colouring of the design, and appalled by the magnitude of the estimates. It began to be apparent that neither had the time come when decorative art was

equal to the enterprise, nor had the man arrived who was capable of handling it; and after a fruitless and costly effort the idea once more lapsed into chaos. Of late, however, a new attempt of a more tentative kind has been made to start a scheme. Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Poynter are preparing designs for decorating the interior of the dome in mosaic, and the public will soon have the opportunity of judging of their effect before they are translated into an indestructible form. The enterprise is at least hopeful on many sides: from the high qualifications of the artists; the undoubted authority of the original architect for the idea; and, lastly, because the dome is the only feature of the building which may with any show of reason be treated apart from the whole. The least hopeful feature of the undertaking seems to



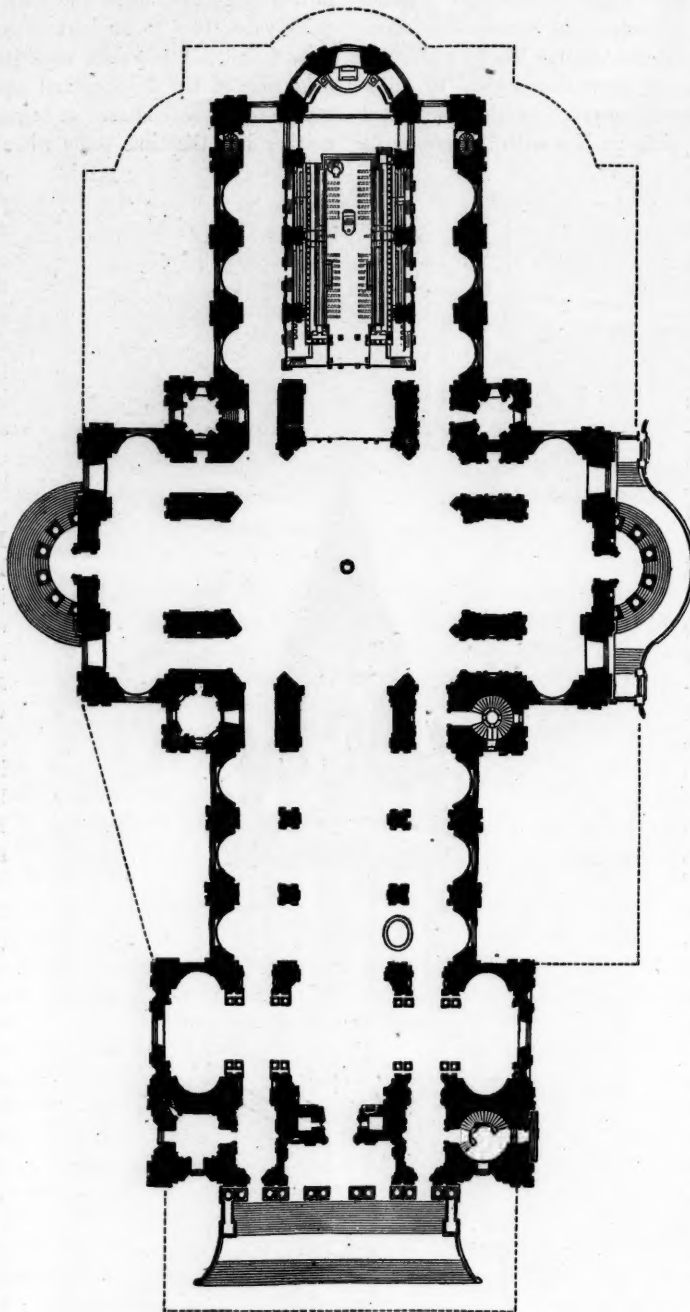
WESTERN TOWER, ST. PAUL'S.

be this: that, considering the magnitude of the entire scheme and the fluctuations of style and taste, the prospect of a complete and harmonious *ensemble* is still infinitely remote.

So much for the efforts made or projected for the "completion" or "decoration" of St. Paul's. Those of past times seem to have been almost always wrong, while that of the present has considerable claim to regard and sympathy. If, however, I had to indicate the essential mistake which has set the past, and is likely to set the future, on the wrong tack, I should say that it was the idea involved in the words "completion" and "decoration," and that what would set the future right would be the adoption in their place of the word "furniture." Let us see what the words involve. "Completion" involves the carrying out to greater perfectness ideas either originated by Wren or obviously and beyond question implied by his work; and I have tried to show that there are scarcely any authoritative records of his declared intentions, while the intimations from the work itself will be always found to vary infinitely according to the predilections of

schools or individuals. As for "decoration," this implies as its first condition a complete artistic conception which shall rise fully to the standard of the architecture, and demands a vast amount of widely spread artistic power to carry it out. Up to the present time no such idea has satisfied even an un-

critical public taste, nor is there any indication of the existence of such a school of workmen as would prove equal to the requirements of its execution. Moreover, both "completion" and "decoration" imply permanence—the infliction on all posterity of the ideas of the present. Few will maintain that the decoration of buildings is an art adequately mastered in our own time; while as a safeguard against the results of a prevalent weakness in this branch of art, we may at least lay claim to a modest diffidence based upon the recognition of superior competence in the past. This is a wholesome attitude which may bring forth its fruit in due season. Meanwhile we may well, so far as our greatest buildings are concerned, deprecate the multiplication of *vilia corpora* for crude experiment. "Furniture," on the other hand, implies no more than the addition of



GROUND-PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

removable features, and may be undertaken less diffidently. I believe, further, that it might be made far more simply and at less cost to fulfil all the main requirements of the interior of St. Paul's, and to remove or mask many of the defects already enumerated.

The first of these is the tunnel-like appearance of the church as viewed from the west end—the absence of any feature which shall arrest the eye at the entrance of the choir, and bring the dome to bear. This, as we have seen, was formerly done by the

screen has been removed and cannot be replaced, and as, in the interim, the ritual of the services has greatly developed, a new arrangement which I have seen suggested seems worthy of attention. The arch at the entry of the choir might be partially screened off, the space behind it being reserved for the services at which there is a smaller attendance, and under the eastward arch opening from the dome an altar might be erected, surmounted by a baldachino, which architecturally would be an adequate



THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S.

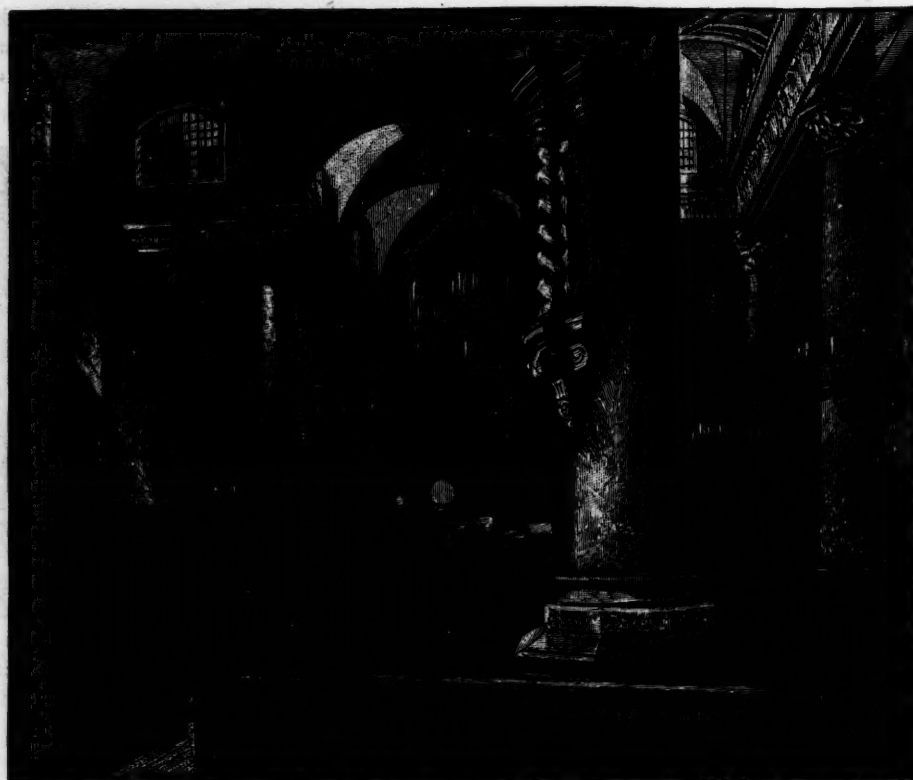
organ and the screen on which it stood, both of which departed hence, unnecessarily as I think, but still in the best of interests—the employment of the dome for large congregations. If, however, the architectural importance of the feature had, as might well have been expected, been duly understood, it might, without disregard to the practical requirements, if not retained, have been replaced by some feature of equivalent architectural effect. The special services originally instituted were evening services unattended by any sacramental ritual; a pulpit and space for the clergy and choir alone were required, and these might easily have been provided without the destruction of the screen, the choir being reserved for smaller services and for sacramental ceremonies. As, however, the

substitute for the feature removed. In connection with this an arrangement of stalls might be introduced, and the larger services, both predicated and sacramental, might be conducted in full view of a congregation occupying three-fourths of the area of the church. The altar would no longer be seen, as it now is, in the diminished dignity of a remote perspective, but would obtain its due prominence, while the present choir would be available as a morning chapel for all such services as did not demand an increased space. Nor would such an arrangement be without some degree of precedent in the ancient and even the modern usage of our own country. In many of our cathedrals the lady-chapel is still used as the choir of St. Paul's would be used: for

subordinate services. By this one change alone the church would in my opinion gain more in dignity and effect than by all the decorations which have yet been proposed.

Again, the tunnel-like effect is greatly enhanced by the bareness and monotony of the nave piers. In

with ; and as the conditions would be thus elastic, it would surely not be difficult within a few years to obtain all that would be needful for the due furnishing of the nave, while the choice and arrangement would be within the competence of the cultivated ecclesiastics who form the cathedral body.



INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

an ancient cathedral the westward face of each such pier would probably have been furnished with an altar surmounted by a reredos. In St. Alban's Abbey many of the corresponding positions still show traces of the pictures which served as reredos to the several altars. No doubt originally each had its altar and its picture; and the entire vista as seen from the west must have been extremely imposing. It is now of course impossible to adopt this precedent absolutely, but surely it might afford a suggestion as to effect. Why should not the faces of the piers be furnished with pictures, framed and hung in their places, of sacred subjects, either by ancient or by living artists, or by both? As they would be each in its several frame, it would not be essential that they should be of similar character or of one school. All that would be requisite would be that all should be of good design. Even absolute uniformity of size and shape might be dispensed

As the main defect of the interior might thus be remedied, so it would not be difficult to obviate another which I have mentioned by a similar treatment. The apse, as I have tried to show, is disappointing in its architectural effect, while the altar, even considered only as the altar of the choir, is deficient in dignity and adornment. Here again furniture, properly managed, might come to the rescue. We have seen how Wren himself proposed to dignify the altar, though doubtless his ideas of its importance would scarcely be on a par with our own. Although the effect to be remedied would now have become limited to the choir, still it would be desirable to give full dignity to the altar arrangements, and at least to divert the eye from the apsidal defects, if not to break or mask them, by a reredos. No doubt, too, the principle I advocate, when once adopted, would find scope in other and subordinate matters, on which it is superfluous now to dwell. Wherever



MY MODEL.

(From the Picture by Raimundo Madrazo.)

bareness and desolation were felt, as they now are almost universally, they could be modified or remedied. Points of interest might be obtained in every part of the building, and it might be made to afford, as it never yet has done, objects of religious and artistic interest such as should be demanded of so great and so central a building.

Having had this view now for many years in mind, I have never yet seen reason for regarding it as impracticable or absurd. On the contrary, every new visit to the building, each new experience of the difficulty of otherwise arriving at a result which shall be generally satisfactory, has led me more and more to regard this as the one escape from insurmountable difficulties. Such prejudices as Puritanical ideas might have raised are less and less to be feared. It

is now a recognised aim that our churches should be sumptuously furnished, as it was formerly that they should be dreary and desolate. The idea of finding in Wren's intentions an adequate guide for the future has been pretty generally exploded by painful experience on the one hand and by increased knowledge on the other. The waste of well-intended public gifts upon abortive or injurious enterprise has been severely felt, and the general confidence has so far been shaken as to dread any step from which there is no retreat. I claim for this suggestion that it is safe, conservative, economical, and elastic, and that by its adoption, no less than by far more ambitious undertakings, the reproach under which Wren's masterpiece labours might be removed from us.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

"MY MODEL."

FROM THE PICTURE BY RAIMUNDO MADRAZO.

SINCE long the Madrazo (one of whom is the artist of "My Model") have been representative Spanish painters. Facile draughtsmen, dexterous and showy colourists, with a vein of pleasant, rather trivial invention, they produce work that is fashionable and even popular, and that is sometimes almost good. The world they paint is a world of carnival and opera: a world all light loves, and flying follies, and Cynthias of a minute, and such passion as abides in a flask of champagne; a world made up of reminiscences of Watteau, and suggestions from Théodore de Banville, and inspirations from the Opéra-Comique, and imaginings from Wardour Street and the Quartier Bréda. Theirs are the virtuosi in powder and silk breeches who play quartetts in chambers bright with *bric-à-brac* and pleasing textures; theirs the ladies in masks and blue satin dominos who sit on lonely ottomans, to look *chic* and have their portraits taken; theirs the Columbines who listen, in green arbours and rosy bowers, to Harlequins making love over grapes and Venice glass; theirs the brisk and gallant barbers who strum eternally upon guitars among brass basins and soapsuds and curling-irons and towellings neatly painted; theirs the students in picturesque black, and the bull-fighters in picturesque pink and blue, and the Don Juans in picturesque white and scarlet; theirs the serenades and dicings and dances, and cheap and particoloured pleasures generally. You may come upon their work in any picture-shop you care to explore in Paris or in London, in Rome or New York or Madrid—in fact, wherever picture-

shops exist and picture-dealers ply, their honourable and far from lucrative calling. It is odds that seeing them once you will think of them well and cheerfully; but that you will like them less the more you see of them; and that you will end by wishing the Madrazos and their innumerable following—for the original Madrazo, as Hugo says of Judge Jeffreys, "a fait des petits"—had never been born. For at best they are but the confectionery of art—the chocolate creams of painting. And of these pretty kick-shaws the stomach does not exist that is not soon disgusted—disgusted even to the adoration of beef and pudding; of Hogarthian moralities, and solid family portraits, and the heroics of Maclise and Haydon.

In "My Model" Raimundo Madrazo has produced a skilful and pleasant study from the life. He has been true to his name, however, and his work, while it has touches of reality, has also more touches of pose, of invention, of significance more or less dramatic, than serious portraiture should display. His sitter has appeared in many of his pictures: in "Pierrette," in "Una Bodo," in the "Salida de un Baile de Máscaras." Here, as elsewhere, she has been idealised into a theatrical type. Not only is she Spanish to the mantilla and the fan, she has become—as was said of Hernani's honour—more Spanish than Spain. She looks as though she had walked straight out of a comic opera—words by Scribe, music by Auber; as though she were impossible apart from a comic Alcalde, a Duenna, a gay Brigand, and a cachucha all black silk hose and castanets. So to bedizen and belittle Mother Nature is for many of us the top of art.

THE SPECIAL ARTIST.



WE have heard much in late years of the wonderful feats of the Special Correspondent, but of the work of the Special Artist next to nothing. Special Correspondents, indeed, are comparatively an ancient institution. Some of them, like Dr. Russell, have grown old in the service, and now sit in the quiet of well-earned rest and a brilliant reputation. Their editors (very shrewdly) keep their exploits and their names before the public eye; and when they return home from their wars, their search expeditions, and their voyages of discovery, they become lions, they write interesting if not very valuable books, they deliver lectures all over the kingdom, and even elsewhere. Of the Special Artist, however, but little is heard. And yet, when you consider his work and his peculiar difficulties, you must admit that he is at least as remarkable a person as the Special Correspondent. I, for one, go so far as to say that he is by far the more astonishing character of the two. His progress has been swifter, for though he is only in his early youth, he has done astounding things. Then he represents a development of art much more novel than that of brilliant letter-writing. I can say, in fact, as one who has done both, that under pressure of time it is much less difficult to write a column or so of fairly accurate and picturesque description than to make a comprehensible sketch of a scene which may have existed only for a few minutes. It may be laid down as a journalistic axiom that it is easier to describe with the pen than to delineate with the pencil.

There is a vast army of well-meaning folk who imagine that they are cut out for Special Artists. Now, though some Special Artists show an unmistakable tendency to general effeteness, as a rule it is necessary that they should be able to do something for their salaries. And yet the conductors of our leading illustrated journals are constantly pestered by people whose artistic powers are indescribably slight, but who are ready to go to the ends of the earth at a moment's notice and sketch very badly anything and everything. A Special Artist need not be a great colourist nor a first-rate draughtsman. If he is both, all the better, of course; but they are not essential attributes. What is absolutely necessary is that he should sketch both rapidly and accurately. They who can do this are few; so that a first-rate Special Artist is a joy to his employer for as long as he can keep him.

There are Specials and Specials. There is, for instance, the gentleman who, having gone with an expedition, say to Madagascar, and there met a duke and a marquis in disguise, has returned to England with an increased sense of his own importance, and a curious delusion that he has somehow become related to the aristocracy. His girth is greater, and he is affably distant in his manner to his old friends. His hotel expenses, I believe, are heavy, and his sketches scarcely as good as they used to be. There is, too, the voluble and fantastic being from the North—a man of energy and resource, good at sudden deaths of great personages and colliery explosions. He has a fancy for climbing to inaccessible coigns of vantage from which to sketch. He goes in for "novel aspects," and prefers views from the corner of a parapet or the summit of a tower to straightforward work on the solid ground. By way of change he sometimes sketches in the heart of a seething mob, and he can even execute clever portrait outlines in a railway carriage travelling at fifty miles an hour. He will sketch a whole street, with accurate architectural details, in thirty minutes, and the movements of his person are quite as rapid and almost as picturesque as those of his pencil. Then, there is the War Special, the man of great campaigns. He is not unacquainted with the interiors of military prisons. His work is always individual, and often imaginative in the highest degree. He does things in his own way; but that way is a good one. Again, there are the younger men, who think nothing of calmly walking down a mile and a half of open road peppered by the enemy's bullets, and who have even been known on occasions to punch dictatorial colonels who have been guilty of mistaken interferences. Finally, there is the variety which puts up at the best hotel in a big city at least a hundred miles from the seat of war, and there concocts sketches under the influence of champagne and one-and-nine-penny cigars. I should add that this last variety is uncommon. It may be accepted for fact that the Special Artist, as a rule, is thoroughly conscientious, and is often as brave and daring as he is faithful. Mistakes occur now and then; an occasional error is inseparable from the conditions under which he works; but, on the whole, his productions are remarkably accurate, and the wonder is, not that blunders are so many, but that they are so few.

The ideal Special Artist is by no means easily described. It has been long thought—is thought still, I believe, in some high quarters—that if a man can

sketch in outline with decent accuracy, and is energetic enough to get his notes despatched from the scene of action to his art-editor with the least delay possible, he is capable of doing all that can be reasonably required of him. To a certain degree this is no doubt true; and I may say that the *Graphic* alone receives yearly thousands of sketches from all parts of the world, the work of friends whose artistic achievements are of the most amateurish description. In cases of emergency a mere rough outline is no doubt accept-

and vivifying them with spirit; the imagination, not of Regnault, which in these practical days is considered by newspaper readers a little far-fetched, but, to quote a famous and appropriate instance, the imagination of De Neuville, as displayed in "Le Bourget." In that picture we have, along with pronounced realism, a very powerful and affecting imaginative faculty; it is the exercise of that faculty which alone makes the picture great. We are moved, not by the accuracy with which a thousand-and-one



"THE LAST BIVOUAC OF ALL."

(Drawn by Sydney Hall.)

able. But the Special Artist is a very different person. If he cannot paint great pictures, he must at least be able to see them: to see, that is, the picturesque essentials of the scenes or incidents he is employed to sketch. In short, he must be able to do more than merely draw outlines swiftly and accurately; he must be at least an artist in the best sense of the word—a man whose mind is not only open to various and broad impressions, but also stored with knowledge and strengthened by experience. He must be gifted in some measure with that rare quality, imagination—by which I do not mean the power of picturing the impossible, but the power of investing bare facts with charm

details are realised; not by the material facts of masonry and cannon and armed men, though these in themselves are impressive; but by the intangible yet real idea they are made to express: the awful mingling of wreck and conquest, the stolid respect of the victors, and the defiant despair of the vanquished, heroic even in the moment of an incomparable defeat. Such, I take it, is the idea in "Le Bourget." Now there is an idea of some sort in every incident, in every pageant, in everything worth pictorial record; this idea it is the business of the Special Artist to seize, and transfer as much of it as he can to his sketch. In itself, of course, the sketch



THE ATTACK ON THE GRAVITZA REDOUBT.

(Drawn by F. Villers.)

would not, could not be, what is usually understood by the phrase a "good picture;" but it should possess the makings of one:—just as, supposing our ideal Special Artist had been at Le Bourget, his sketch, rough and incomplete though it might be, should have indicated not only the general grouping of the figures, the aspects and positions of the buildings, and the kind and degree of atmosphere and light and shade, but should have expressed the germ of that idea, which, as I have said, gives the picture human interest, and makes it much more than a dry record of incident. If mere facts were all that were required, the Special might throw away his pencil and take to instantaneous photography. I must add, so far as pictorial qualities are concerned, that the sketches of some Specials are now and then rather worse than indifferent photographs. They give us facts with more or less accuracy; and that is about all. Sketches which are destitute of spirit and innocent of imagination, however full and accurate in detail, are not properly realistic; they are dull and unsuggestive—they are the raw material, the commonplaces of illustrated journalism.

Not, however, that a Special Artist can do without facts. It is a rule with him to "take copious notes," of character, of costume, of architecture, of incident, and even of effect; and these memoranda are always of the greatest service in building up accurately the details of the main picture. A Special present, for instance, at the recent ceremony of the new Law Courts, would fill up the intervals of waiting by making sketches of the various state costumes—perhaps "thumb-nail" portraits of the functionaries who wore them—indicating little idiosyncracies of bearing and gesture and expression. He would make, also, a variety of sketches of the broad general aspect of the scene, so as to get it thoroughly in his mind: thoroughly mastered and ready to hand as it were when the culmination of the ceremony should arrive. And at this point his abilities are most severely tested. There comes an instant when the scene resolves itself into a true picture, which remains for a minute, perhaps, and then melts. For that supreme moment the Special Artist watches with all his faculties; it bursts suddenly upon him, and instantly he must select and record its essentials. The teeming details, which (though he sketch never so rapidly) he cannot indicate with his pencil, he must photograph in his memory. All this implies the possession of a rare combination of faculties: swift and accurate observation, great coolness and self-command, a tenacious recollection, and above all a complete and ready knowledge of pictorial necessities—composition, light and shade, and balance both of line and of effect. The work of the ideal Special, in short, should record leading facts with artistic

charm, and with some suggestion of human interest and human sentiment.

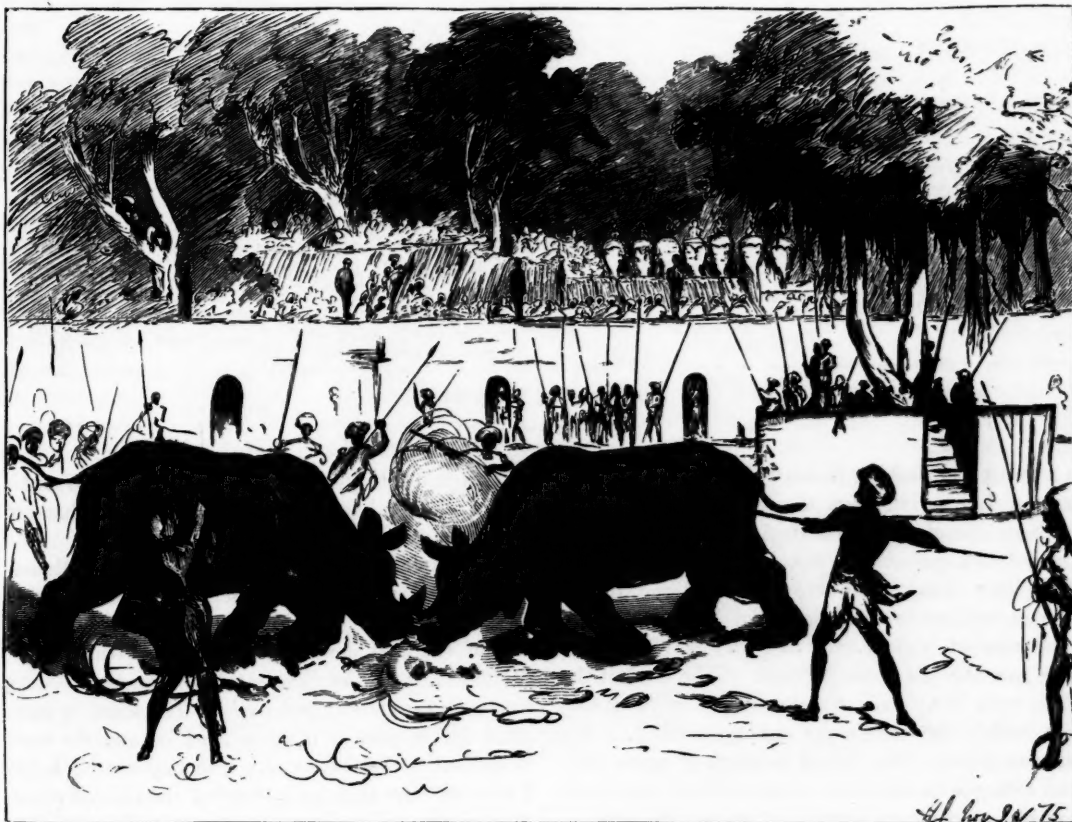
Again, the Special Artist must be a diplomatist; he should possess a good knowledge of men. For though, of course, he is furnished with copious and admirable introductions, and all the authority which the status of his journal can give him, he is certain to come in contact with a variety of people, official and otherwise, whose object in life is to be unpleasant, especially to any one "connected with the press." Gates are often locked against him—though the judicious administration of a little affability tempered with firmness, or, in some cases, a touch of gold or silver, will nearly always open them; whilst his success in war-times depends very much indeed upon his personal bearing, and the "relations" he can establish with the powers that be in the field. His position, indeed, is delicate, and calls for the exercise of much tact and discretion. Like his comrade the Correspondent, he is liable to be regarded as a nuisance; though this feeling is only openly expressed by an icy politeness which seems peculiar to the British officer.

His work in the battle-fields, though more dangerous, is occasionally far less difficult than his work in sudden emergencies at home. An explosion shatters a colliery and kills or imprisons hundreds of men. The manager or art-editor of our illustrated paper is involved in his next year's Christmas number; or there has been an affair of dynamite in St. Petersburg, or a funeral of a great statesman, or a wild and horrible assassination in Ireland. He is puzzled about time and space. He begins to exhibit a touching faith in the generosity of mankind, and a firm belief in the existence at the colliery of a small army of amateur artists who will send up sketches on the chance of acceptance. Calmed and ennobled by this expectation, he goes on with his Christmas number, or his funeral, or his assassination, and allows the colliery to wait. One, two, three days elapse; no sketches have arrived, and he has doubts about the army of amateurs. Meanwhile the daily papers are full of harrowing "scenes at the pit's mouth," and the interest and sympathy of all England are roused. The situation is critical; the Special is telegraphed for. He arrives, is instructed, and leaves by the first available express for the scene of action. There his difficulties begin. He finds himself regarded with scorn, because Mr. So-and-So, from a rival journal, has been and gone two days before. He is taunted by the miners, even in the midst of desolation and death; he is hustled by hurried officials, and hampered by excited crowds; and being an artist, and therefore a man of feeling, he is affected and distressed by the grief and ruin and anxiety which surround him, and the

awful mystery of the event. And thus obstructed, thus troubled, he has to work with speed and precision, to take full notes of the main features of the scene; and his subjects must be numerous enough to fill, say, two pages of his journal. Then when he has done all that is possible or necessary, he finds there is barely time to catch the train back to town. He "does it" however; he travels all night; and worn and weary and even haggard, he turns up at the office early in the morning with his batch of materials. He may consider himself lucky if he escapes the further labour of drawing some of them on wood. All this necessitates the greatest energy, activity, and self-command; a cunning economy of time, a shrewd and swift selection of essentials, and highly, not to say specially, trained sketching power.

Thanks to the kindness of the proprietors of the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*, we are enabled to give fac-similes of sketches by various Specials, which are certainly interesting, and which perhaps are more instructive and complete as illustrations of the peculiarities of their art and the difficulties under which it is prosecuted, than all

that I have said or can say. Our full-page engraving—of the assault on the great Gravitz redoubt at Plevna—is by Mr. Villiers, of the *Graphic*, who has done first-rate work in Afghanistan and on other theatres of war besides. What it pictures was one of the chief events in the famous siege. After a tremendous bombardment of five days, the Russian infantry assault on the redoubts began on the 11th September, 1877; and on the 12th Skobelev was master of the place. Then, however, Osman let loose his Turks upon the victors, and Skobelev was hurled back upon his entrenchments, and the redoubt recaptured. The fighting was of the grimdest type; the slaughter done was horrible. There were fifteen hundred dead in the redoubt alone; Skobelev lost three thousand men—the fourth of his whole command—in one short rush of a few hundred yards. It is in scenes like this that the Special Artist has to work. And it was at the instant of the desperate last assault that took the Russians into the redoubt that Mr. Villiers made his sketch. It is obvious that since the assault was delivered late in the evening of a very foggy day, Mr. Villiers must have been literally



THE RHINOCEROS FIGHT.

(Drawn by Herbert Johnson.)

in the thick of the fight. Rough and hurried as the sketch is, it is far more impressive, suggestive, and real than any engraving can be, and it is not without that quality of imagination which, as I have said, is a necessary attribute of the first-rate Special Artist.

Imagination and individuality are distinguishing features of the work of Mr. Sydney Hall, another *Graphic* special, very famous for his admirable services in the great war of 1870. "The Last Bivouac of All," of which we give a reproduction on a preceding page, is not the least impressive of his drawings. Mr. Villiers works with a rather hard pencil

handkerchief from his neck. The faces that were not blackened or blood-stained seemed more livid in the ghostly light. Above them shone the stars. They used to say that the spirits of the dead become stars. Their last bivouac of all was a ghastly spectacle." Mr. Hall, I may add, was twice a prisoner—once on each side—in this war, and has been twice to Canada for the *Graphic*, his last expedition being with the prairie tour of the Marquis of Lorne, in which he encountered many difficulties and had many adventures; and he has done much able and accomplished work here in England. He is an M.A. of Oxford,



THE BATTLE OF UNODWENGO.

(Drawn by C. E. Fripp.)

on a thin paper, dashing in his "effect" with a slight wash of Indian ink; but this sketch of Mr. Hall's has been executed with neutral tint and white on a grey-toned paper. It was taken on the field of Champigny during the siege of Paris, and it pictures an incident in what the artist has described as "the weirdest walk I ever took in my life." The scene was the hill above Villiers. "The crest of the hill," says Mr. Hall, "was covered with straw, from which the relief was taking armfuls. We followed them. We passed a group of some fifty dead arranged in five rows. Many of their poses were beautiful—most were horrible, all were awful. Some with uplifted arms, some pressing them to their sides as if still clasping musket at support, one tearing the

and, as my little quotation from one of his *Graphic* letters shows, he possesses a considerable share of literary ability.

The sketch of the Naval Brigade clearing Alexandrian streets, which we have reproduced in a reduced fac-simile for our fifth illustration, is a good specimen of the work done in the Egyptian War by Mr. Melton Prior for the *Illustrated London News*. It is simple and expressive and lively. The scene is indicated for us quite as much as need be, and the work is evidently that of an able and experienced hand. I may say here that, on account of the limited space, this is the only representative of the *Illustrated News* I am able to give. It would have been appropriate to have included with these specimens one of

Mr. Simpson's clever and accomplished style; and others, too, might have been introduced with advantage. Mr. Prior, I should add, is a man of many wars; and has done, besides, much excellent work at home in times of peace.

The sketch of the "Rhinoceros Fight" is by Mr. Herbert Johnson, who is on the Special Staff of the *Graphic*. Mr. Johnson, it will be remembered, accompanied H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in the famous "progress" through our Indian Empire, and the sketches thus furnished created much attention. Our illustration is a fac-simile of one of them, and represents one of the curious and somewhat brutal exhibitions arranged for the entertainment of the distinguished visitors by the Gaikwar of Baroda. Mr. Johnson writes on the back of the sketch:—
 "The fore-legs of the animals were chained. This prevented them moving very fast, and their slow ungainly movements as they made for each other with a snort and a grunt were almost ludicrous, especially when one, getting an ugly prod, turned tail and made an awkward attempt at a gallop. As was the case in the elephant and buffalo fights, the brutes were separated directly they began to get dangerous." Mr. Johnson, with his coadjutor Mr. F. Villiers, has only recently

returned from Egypt, where an adventure happened to him which I give here, because it illustrates the Special's audacious pertinacity and the difficulties with which he has often to contend. Mr. Johnson was attached to the Indian Division, whose advance on Cairo was expected to be separate from that of the main force under Sir Garnet Wolseley. At the last moment, however, the two columns were combined; when, as the regulations forbade more than one representative of each journal accompanying a force in the field, he became an outcast. Alert staff-officers threatened arrest, imprisonment, expulsion from the country; and the Special was caught more than once

trying to smuggle himself to Cairo disguised as an officer's servant, and several times he was ignominiously hauled out of hiding in baggage-trucks. At last he got to Tel-el-Kebir by crouching between trusses of hay in a forage train — where the mosquitos and the heat rendered him totally unrecognisable. He was thus able to dodge staff-officers and censors; but having no rations of his own, and being unable to claim any from the authorities, he fell into desperate straits. He tells me that he walked all over the field of Tel-el-Kebir the day after the battle there, "looking for a breakfast," and finding none; and at last, worn out, he



THE NAVAL BRIGADE AT ALEXANDRIA.

(From the Sketch by Melton Prior.)

declared himself late in the afternoon to Sir Garnet, who, under the circumstances, offered him a seat in his train just starting for Cairo. All went well afterwards, and Mr. Villiers being down with fever, Mr. Johnson took his place and remained at Cairo until ordered home.

Mr. J. Robert Brown, another *Graphic* Special, has a singular power of rapid and accurate sketching. He is versatile; he can sketch anything, from a printing-machine to a royal procession; but his forte is architecture. I have before me some sketches which, if I had room, I should like to introduce: sketches of elaborate interiors, crammed with detail and yet broad in treatment and large in style; picturesque bits of old Edinburgh and Newcastle, full of individual charm; and a view of Durham, which in its way is a little triumph of pencil-work. Mr. Brown is not a war Special; his dealings with the army have been confined to reviews and sham-fights. But he represented the *Graphic* at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and also at the last universal bazaar at Paris. He can tell also a sad tale of recent misery and degradation in the west of Ireland, whither he was sent, towards the close of Lord Beaconsfield's last administration. The sketch—our last—of horses in a coal-mine—near Wilkes Carre, in the Wyoming Valley, U.S.A.—is not, perhaps, thoroughly representative of his work and style, but it is characteristic, and it indicates well what can be done under difficulties. In this case these were of no ordinary kind. Anthracite, Mr. Brown tells me, "emitted gas

tremendously; and the word was occasionally given to 'escape as soon as we conveniently could;' indeed, it seemed time when blue flames began to play on the outside of the safety-lamps!"

Mr. C. E. Fripp, son of the well-known water-colourist, is the youngest of the *Graphic* Specials. He has already seen much service, having served through the last three wars in South Africa—the Caffre, the Zulu, and the Transvaal. He



IN A COAL MINE.

(From the Sketch by J. R. Brown.)

has a rare sketching talent, and indomitable energy and pluck. I had hoped to give a fac-simile of his sketch of the battle of Ulundi, the decisive engagement in the Zulu War; it is at once so suggestive, picturesque, and expressive. That, however, is impossible, and we must be content with his note—reproduced in our fourth picture, a page or two back—of the battle of Unodwengo. Here, indeed, is the making of a picture—the blue sky and mountains in the bright morning light; the swarms of Zulus in the middle distance, the front ranks of our infantry blazing away at them, the rear ranks digging shelter trenches; and in the foreground a fine suggestion of struggling men and horses. The battle with all its romance and motion, its incidents and excitements, its contrasts and amazing din, is delineated quite as fully as need be; and the sketch—which is six times the size of our illustration—is an admirable specimen of its kind. Mr. Fripp, I should mention, is one of the ablest of figure-draughtsmen; his South African sketches show a notable grasp of character, both individual and racial.

HARRY V. BARNETT.

CURRENT ART.

TWO of our illustrations are from works in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy. Of these, the first, which forms our frontispiece, was one of many subject-pictures which last May received severe handling from critics; and that this was in some respects thoroughly well merited we shall not attempt

to deny. In point of colour and brush-work this picture of the prince and his *souffre-douleurs* is far from satisfactory; its composition is weak and its expression artificial. Then Mr. Stacey has erred—rather seriously we think—in investing the subject with a sentimentality which really does not belong to it.

It is by no means certain that the subject was worth painting at all; but if it was, the artist's view should have been a humorous, not a solemn one. For, regard it how one will, the idea and the fact of such a scapegoat are laughable and absurd; even the serious aspect it must have possessed for the whipping-boy himself is humorous, though the humour is of a grim and gruesome kind. Besides, the punishment thus awarded to the wrong person was probably slight and formal, though painters and story-tellers are no doubt within their rights in making it as terrible and as pathetic as may suit their purposes. The whipping-boy is a familiar figure in history. Mungo Murray was whipped for Charles I., and D'Ossat and Du Perron, both of whom afterwards came to be cardinals, were beaten by Pope Clement VIII. for Henry IV. of France. Mr. Stacey's boy is probably Barnabas Fitzpatrick, who, according to Fuller, stood for Edward VI. Mark Twain has turned this minor episode of history to very good account in his recent book for children, "The Prince and the Pauper:" even as Walter Scott has dealt from a different point of view with another of the tribe in the "Fortunes of Nigel."

Hermann Philips is a young painter of exceptional promise. Several canvases by him formed the most gratifying and impressive contribution to Mr. Colnaghi's recent exhibition at the Guardi Gallery, which we have already reviewed in detail, and which contained not a little strong technical accomplishment by older and better known painters. His excellence is essentially one of colour pure and simple; colour which is not brilliant nor very refined, but peculiarly rich, solemn, and individual. Among the moderns there is little doubt he has been influenced to some extent by Kaulbach, whose

work he greatly admires. But he is also an earnest student of the great school of Venice—the school of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. Not, however, that his colour is theirs. It is not without reminiscences of the great colourists of Italy; but in the main it belongs to the modern German school, from whose insincerities and palpable tricks, however, it is free to a notable extent. It is somewhat curious that, an admirer of Kaulbach, and trained in the Kaulbach tradition, Hermann Philips should be so feeble a draughtsman as he is. In this respect, indeed, his pictures are vigorous contradictions of Mr. Ruskin's dictum, that a "faithful study of colour will always give power over form." Doubtless greater attention to form will be seen in future work; but so far his appreciation of it seems vague. Much of his drawing is loose and sketchy in the extreme, though we are far from saying that it is without beautiful suggestions and possibilities of grace. In the picture we have chosen for reproduction, for instance—"The Troubadour"—the advantages of beautiful line seem to have been almost totally neglected. In the landscape there is a touch of the Venetian feeling modernised and enfeebled: the characteristic absence of rural life and labour; the familiar mountainous land and wild romantic forest and rolling clouds, the broken foreground of rocks and herbage and undulating tree-stem. But the treatment of these is a little rough and a little slovenly, and there are elements of exaggeration and unfitness. The serene Italian melancholy has been cast aside for a threatening and romantic gloom; and it becomes a question whether, in view of the coming storm, these ladies and children would not seek a necessary shelter and leave the troubadour to waste his sweetness on the desert air. The chief



THE TROUBADOUR.

(Painted by Hermann Philips. Exhibited at the Guardi Gallery.)



FRESHWATER SAILORS.

(From the Picture by Yend King. Exhibited at the Society of British Artists.)

merits of the picture are its well-balanced, if sombre colour, its broad, sincere, and expressive handling, and its treatment, which, whether you agree with it or not, is at least fresh and unhackneyed, and not untouched with imagination. At the Guardi Gallery it was hung in a remarkably bad light, so that its qualities could not be properly seen. In point of colour, beautiful though it be, it is not so notable as some of the painter's work: such as the "Dame Allemande," which was a sort of rich and luscious feast, a full strong harmony that plunged

to say. It provokes in fact an interesting discussion: How far is an artist justified in placing on his canvas a double interest—that is to say, an interest of landscape and an interest of human life? The justification depends altogether upon the idea to be expressed. Millet wished to paint the Angelus; and he painted a group of figures and a landscape which are co-existents—which belong to each other. In themselves they are both interesting: field and village would be beautiful without the peasants; and the peasants would touch our hearts apart from



NO TIDINGS.

(Painted by Frank Holl, A.R.A. Exhibited at Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons' Gallery.)

you deep in a dream of luxury. Certainly for one so young—Hermann Philips is, we believe, about thirty years old—the painter's work is of singular beauty and power; and if he manages to avoid the ruinous insincerities of what has been happily dubbed the School of Bric-à-Brac, there seems no reason why he should not become the greatest colourist of his time. As an artist in the full sense of the word he has yet much to learn, and also not a little to unlearn; as a colourist pure and simple, and judged only by these half-dozen paintings at Mr. Colnaghi's, he has already done good things.

Of Mr. Yeend King's "Freshwater Sailors," the original of our large engraving, exhibited at the Society of British Artists, there is something more

village and field. But the two together blend into a perfect expression of the painter's thought. Here, indeed, humanity and landscape are utilised at once to one end—the Angelus; but since the object is absolutely human, the landscape is rightly treated as a subordinate though an essential part of the whole. Take either away from the other, and the Angelus ceases to sound.

Now we have applied this test very practically to Mr. Yeend King's work. Regarded altogether, and without reference to its title, it is a landscape—a glimpse along the valley of a stream, under a bright sun and a broken sky; in the distance, a village nestling at the base of undulating hills; in short, an ordinary English landscape, painted with breadth

and solidity, with feeling for sunlight and air. The urchins are entirely secondary; they are painted with such subordination to the general effect that they might almost be overlooked, as indeed they ought to be; they constitute an appropriate but by no means a necessary incident. But it appears from the title that the object the artist had in view was not to paint an effect of shadow and sunshine, the contrast and glory, of an English summer's day, but rather to give us a piquant study of boys engaged in what is perhaps the most serious and absorbing of boyish occupations. The result is that we can take his Freshwater Sailors clean out of his landscape, not only without either suffering from the dislocation, but also without our losing an iota of the expression of his idea. Here they are, Freshwater Sailors, every inch of them; rags, earnestness, gesture, humour, boyishness, and all; the story is quite as completely told as is necessary. The truth is, Mr. King has painted two pictures on one canvas; that both in themselves are commendable and even admirable; but (unlike Millet's landscape and peasants) neither is necessary to the other to express his main idea—at least as that idea is indicated by the title. Of course a certain amount of landscape, as may be seen by a reference to our cut, was appropriate, as an aid to expression and as an accessory; our contention is that Mr. King has given us far too much. Still, the picture is uncommonly clever. In fact we may say that it is too uncommonly clever; for even its faults are due to cleverness rather than to want of perception or an inability to think. And we may add that cleverness is the great and immediate danger, not for Mr. King only, but for the whole of the young and promising school to which he belongs.

In "No Tidings," figured in our third engraving, Mr. Holl has painted a picture which, in point of unaffected human interest and simplicity of style, is not only one of his best, but one which on the whole is better than anything of its kind we have seen for some years. It is better than Israels, for it is simpler and less mannered, and there is no impertinence of

technique to divert attention from the story. In technical qualities, indeed, it contains much that is honest and right. It has rich and sombre colour; a handling at once powerful, direct, and restrained; a strong though unexaggerated effect of light and shade, and an original scheme of grouping. But, as we have said, these qualities are not impertinent; they are subordinated to the main interest, to the telling of the story; and though admirable in a high degree, they affect far less than the sentiment they are made to express. It is not at all a bad instance indeed of a picture telling its story without a title. The idea is where it ought to be—on the canvas; and every part of the work helps to formulate it, to make it not only visible but clear. The interior speaks for itself. The fisher-lads brooding



LE DOMINO NOIR.

(From the Drawing by Navone. Exhibited at Mr. M'Lean's Gallery.)

stolidly, as lads will; the mother gazing into the light that is more storm and wet and wind and salt spray than sunshine; the girl's unspoken sympathy, expressed in the gentle touching of her mother's hand—all these speak with a pathos no less simple than true. Not one of these humble fisher-folk regards the spectator—they dare not look at themselves. They are gathered together in their trouble away from outer things, and in a silence laden with thought, unspoken but understood. Even the shadows are deep with the mystery and gloom of the cruel sea, and the light struggling in at the little window brings, with memories of the storm's turmoil, a wet radiance that saves hope from sinking to despair, and with its faint and transient splendour gives promise of better things, of "good tidings" and joy and peace.

Signor Navone's brisk and lively little water-colour, "*Le Domino Noir*," the original of our fourth engraving, is a rather superior example of the aforesaid School of *Bric-à-Brac*. If its invention is slight, and the subject a trifle artificial, the draughtsmanship is dexterous, and the colour is neither inartistic nor unrefined; in short, the execution is far less tricky, and the sentiment, such as it is, less obviously conventional than is usual in works of its class. Of that class, and its weaknesses and impertinences, we have already spoken more than once; there is therefore no necessity for repeating our views in this place. Nor is there much to be said of "*Le Domino Noir*" itself. So far as we know, it has no history; it might stand fairly well for an illustration to Auber's brilliant opera; and on the other hand it may have been painted with no such aim. So far as intention and detail go, it is just like scores of other works of its order; but it is lifted above their level by a less flimsy and insincere technique, and by a touch of nature rarely seen in them.

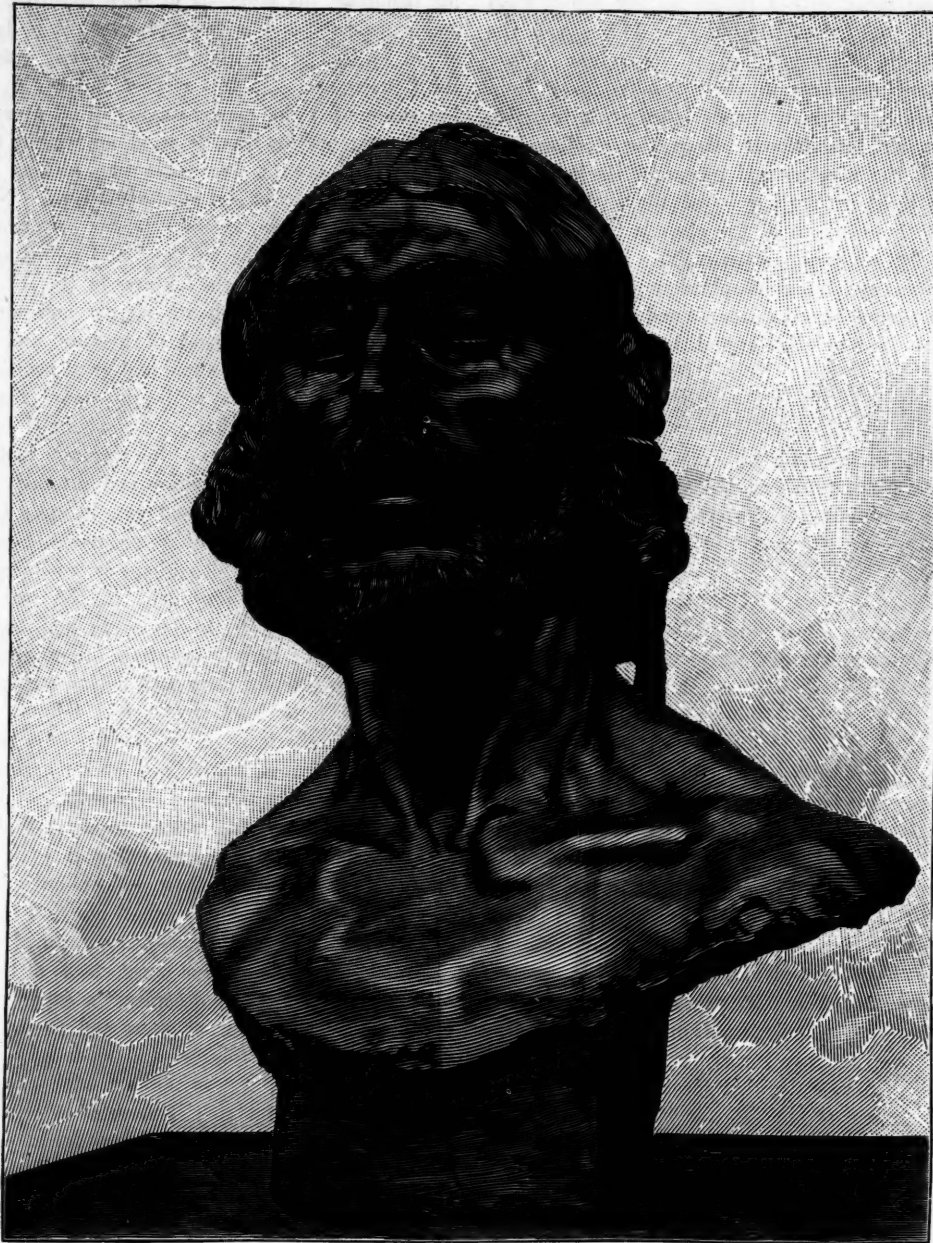
In our last illustration we give an engraving of what, all things considered, was certainly the best piece of sculpture in last year's exhibition at the Royal Academy—the "*St.-Jean*" of M. Auguste Rodin. This statement may surprise, inasmuch as it is more than probable that most visitors never saw M. Rodin's bust at all. It was badly placed in the background amidst a number of sugary nothings and lifeless ineptitudes, where the public never wanders—where, too, that remarkable person the newspaper critic rarely ventures, and then only to disregard or to condemn. In short, it attracted little notice, least of all from the critics; and this is the more unaccountable because, in spite of its being in a bad light, and at a scarcely proper distance from the ground, its union of vigour and dignity and intensity could not fail to fix the attention of any one who had eyes to see. A bronze replica of the head of a complete statue, it is as striking in its technique

and in its conception as anything we know of produced in this century. Considered as modelling pure and simple, it appears a masterpiece of delicacy, truth, and understanding. The sculptor's method—his handling, his style—is at once sensitive, broad, and expressive, and is founded upon, if it does not attain to, that of the purest and noblest practice of the Renaissance. In this respect, indeed, M. Rodin has assimilated the master-quality of all great art—simplicity; and to this he allies an insight at once delicate and keen, a fine distinction, and an imagination of the loftiest and most vivid type. Nothing in modern sculpture, unless it be his own work, can be found to equal the subtlety and refinement, the delicacy and reality of the features in this *St. John*; just as the head, with its simple and strenuous virility, its imposing truth of gesture, and its intensity of expression, is a real and great creation.

As a general rule sculpture—more than any other form of art, perhaps—is condemned to suffer in a flat reproduction, and the present instance is no exception. The distinction and intensity of the features have dwindled; and yet, in spite of these faults, which to some extent are unavoidable, the illustration suggests—as well perhaps as wood-engraving can—the aspect and sentiment of the real thing. It is a bust, however, to be seen; and once seen it is likely never to be forgotten. Even those who fail to appreciate its rarer and nobler qualities confess that it is at least strong and telling. These, however, are the least of its merits; it is rather as an example of imaginative art, as an expression of human sentiment, and as a successful combination of modern realism with classic ideality, that it deserves to be studied and remembered.

Of M. Rodin himself there will presently be much to say. For the moment we shall but note that he is a pupil of Barye, and that—after years of toil and obscurity—he made his first great stroke at the Salon of 1880, with an "*Âge d'Airain*," a superb nudity: of a man in the prime of years and the fulness of strength. It was designed and modelled with irresistible authority; it was instinct with imagination and the quality of style; it revealed a great sculptor. But it was savagely criticised for all that: as realism, naturalism, and a score of "isms" beside. It was succeeded, in 1881, by the "*St.-Jean*," exhibited in the Salon, and again last year at Vienna. In Paris it attracted a good deal of attention, and was visited with a good deal of enmity and respect; at Vienna it was ill placed, and had to yield to work of no more account than Idrac's "*Salammbô*." It is larger than life, and entirely naked; the hand is raised in a large and imposing gesture—as of one who sways a listening multitude; the head is thrown back, and the mouth is open in the act of speech.

It is the presentment of a kind of inspired santon, a desert saint, a wild and awful eremite, sunburned and savage, desperate with fasts and vigils and the standing, was hardly seen. Just now the artist is engaged upon a pair of colossal bronze doors for the Palais des Arts Décoratifs. The subject is the

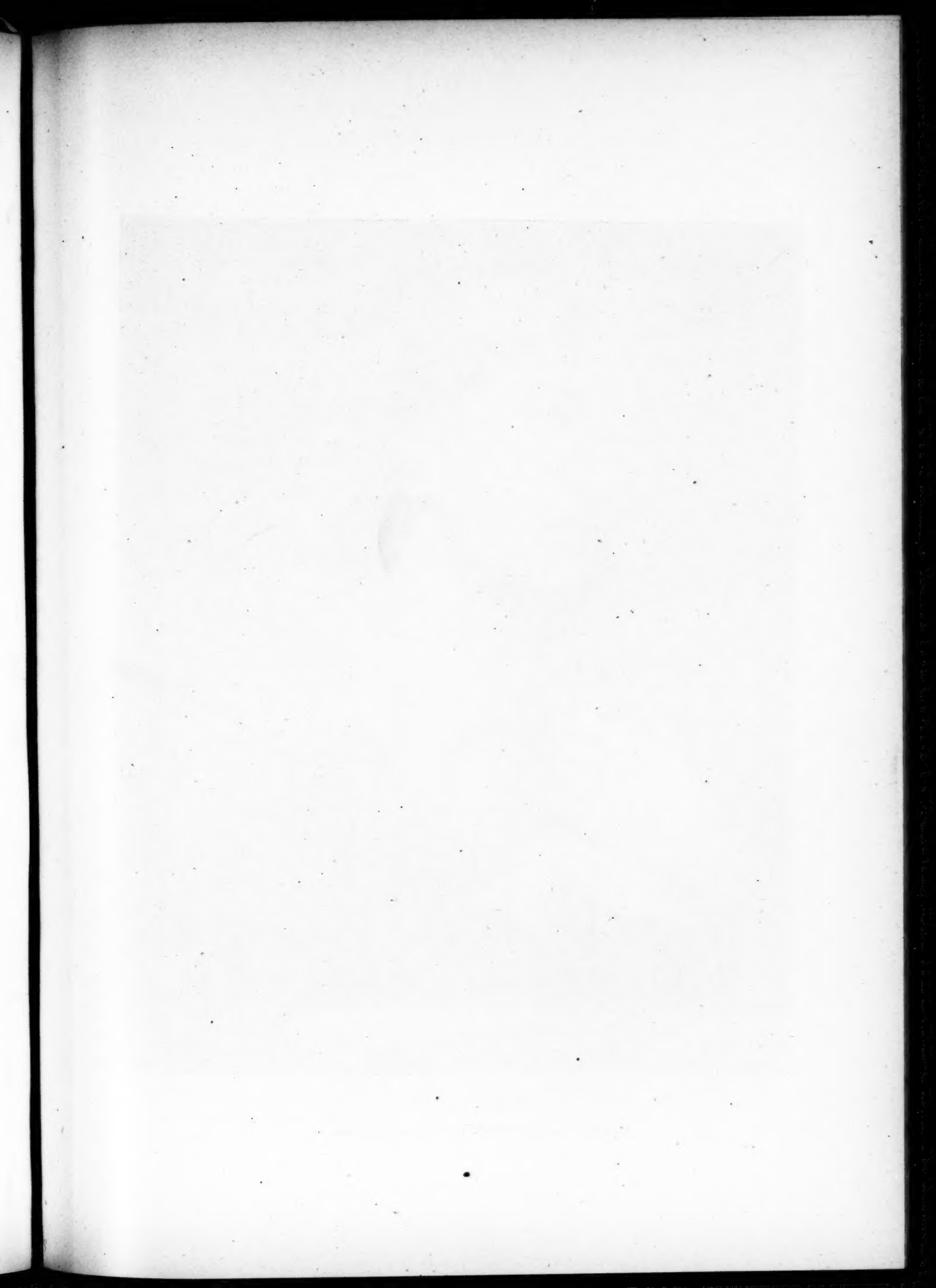


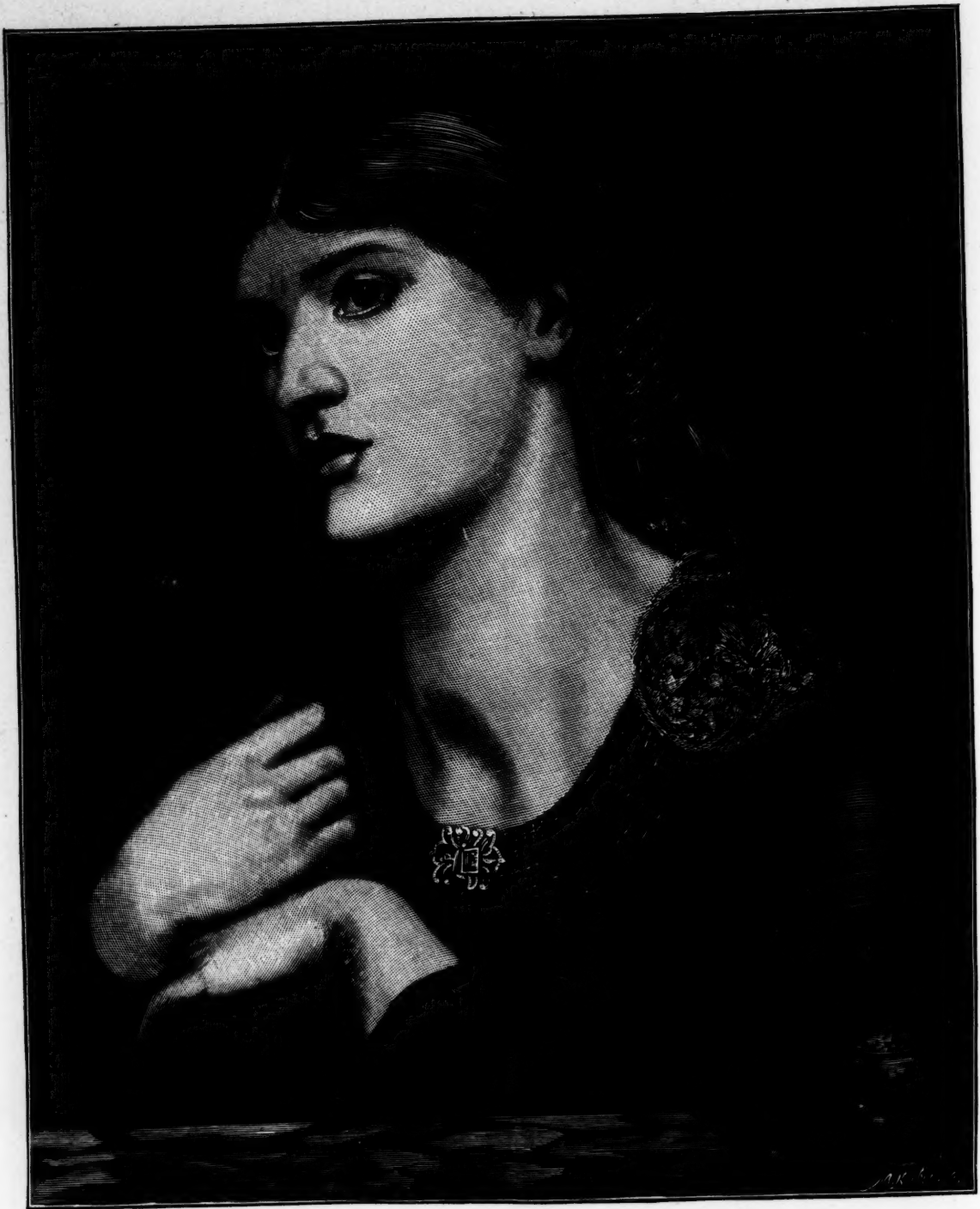
ST.-JEAN.

(From the Bronze by Auguste Rodin. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

possession of a great, implacable idea. Last year M. Rodin exhibited nothing but portraits. In Paris those of MM. Carrier-Beleuse and Jean-Paul Laurens were prodigiously successful; in London that of Professor Legros, its extraordinary merit notwith-

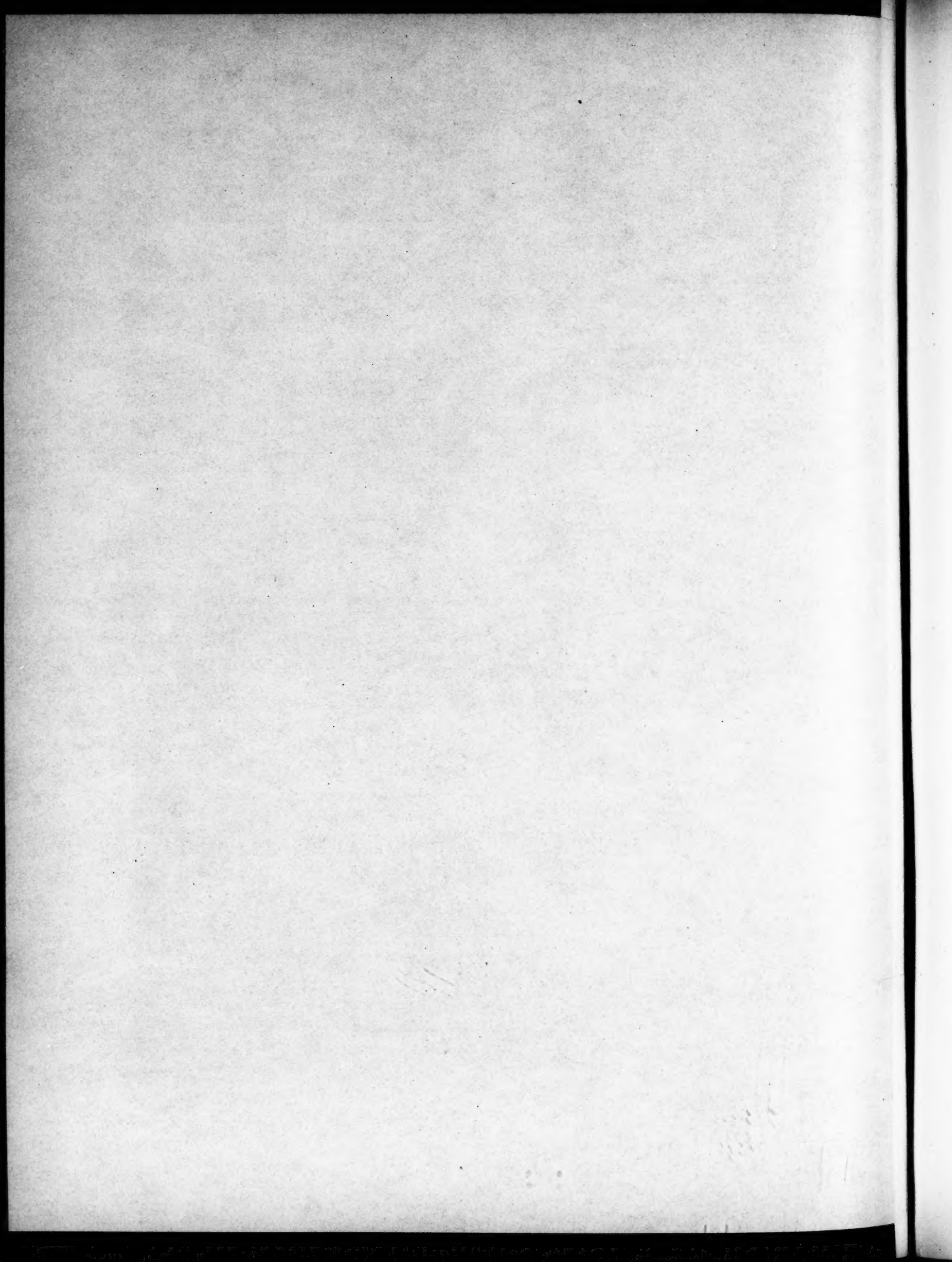
"Divina Commedia," and the work will be in relief. Some parts of it exist already in the round:—a superhuman "Dante;" a lovely and affecting "Paolo and Francesca;" a terrible "Ugolino." There is nothing like them in modern sculpture.





IL RAMOSCELLO.

(Painted by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. By Permission of W. Graham, Esq.)



ROSSETTI AS A PAINTER.

A CERTAIN mystery hung always over the name and the work of Rossetti while he lived. To the world at large his performances alike in poetry and painting were for years known only by hearsay. At length, in 1870, he published a volume of verse which proved him to be truly a poet; but his pictures, with very few exceptions, still remained unknown except to the members of a small private circle. By them—by us, I had almost written, only that in fact I was one of those who touched that circle from without, and never strictly belonged to it—but however by the group of Rossetti's immediate friends and disciples, these pictures, which the public never saw, were from the first regarded with an admiration language seemed inadequate to express. The work that long appealed so powerfully to a few has now, since the artist's death, been submitted for the first time to public criticism. The winter exhibition at the Royal Academy, and another held more privately in the rooms of the Burlington Fine Arts Club in Savile Row, have afforded to those who sought it an opportunity of estimating Rossetti's powers as a painter for themselves. What, we have now to ask, has been the impression made, and what is the verdict to be recorded?

The court whose judgment has been invited is after all from the nature of the case a limited one. The great majority of persons have no eyes in art for anything which is not either a direct reflection of their every-day experience, or else a repetition of conventions with which habit has already made them familiar. To them the work of Rossetti can hardly appeal.

His art is as remote from realism on the one hand, as it is from commonplace artistic fiction on the other; it is at once acutely original, and almost exclusively poetical and imaginative. Not that I would by any means be understood to imply that in order to be poetical and imaginative, art must necessarily deal, as that of Rossetti most commonly



KING RENÉ'S HONEYMOON.

(Painted by D. G. Rossetti. By Permission of J. H. Trist, Esq.)

did, with far-fetched and visionary conceptions. The most substantial triumphs of poetry and imagination are doubtless their triumphs over flesh and blood; the strongest and most enduring art is that which finds its material in the normal operations of nature and destiny, discovering and asserting elements of mystery and impressiveness, of tragic or heroic import, in the ordinary relations of human beings to the universe and to one another. To do this, to do it with convincing and commanding power, is, let us admit, the task of the great central artists of the world: but then of these how small has at any time been the number! and how difficult has at all times been their task! In the modern age especially, how all but insuperable seems the difficulty which besets the artist, of reconciling the claims of beauty and interest in his work with the claims of reality and truth. So many elements of beauty and interest have been banished out of life, so many of comfortable dulness or comfortless turmoil have been substituted. The outward and collective aspects of our civilised existence tend daily to grow more monotonous and inexpressive:—dim, colourless myriads swarming in smoky twilight through featureless wildernesses of stucco and brick, what in good truth is an artist to make of us? I speak especially of the pictorial artist: for the writer the case is not so hard, since the principal business of literature is with the mind and heart, and civilisation cannot so tame and vulgarise men's inward and spiritual parts as it has proved itself able to tame and vulgarise his outside. Occasionally, indeed, there appears a painter having an eye for the dignity and beauty still latent in familiar things, one who can reveal an affinity between the commonest shows of life and the rarest—between the gestures to be observed every day in field or street and those immortalised in Parthenon sculptures and Vatican frescoes. Such painters, each occupied in his tentative, imperfectly accomplished, English way with the finer aspects and more poetical suggestions of the actual life round about him, were Mason and Walker among ourselves: such was a sterner and more masculine master in France, J.-F. Millet. But for the soul athirst for pictorial colour and splendour and variety, satisfaction in the actual world truly is hard to find. Such a soul is almost inevitably tempted afield in search of its delight: other ages and imaginary worlds allure it, and to the treasures which it brings back there clings a character of far-sought curiosity and strangeness.

It is precisely this character of curiosity and strangeness, of beauty not found at hand but sought longingly and far, which constitutes the so-called romantic element in modern art. Now Rossetti was essentially a romantic: I have even heard him express a doubt whether familiar themes and surroundings,

and every-day passions and affections, were capable in the modern world of yielding effective material to art at all. At any rate his own instincts led him irresistibly to the choice of material of an opposite kind; and if his work differs from that of other romantic artists, it is chiefly in that he was more than they were to the manner born. In the midst of the Nineteenth Century he belonged by nature rather than by effort to the Middle Age, the age when the colours of life were most vivid and varied, and the sense of supernatural agencies most alive. Dante Rossetti was thus truly and not artificially akin to the master after whom he was named. His genius resembled that of the real Dante, not indeed in strength, yet in complexion. He had the same cast and tendency of imagination as inspired the poet of the "*Vita Nuova*" to embody all the passions and experiences of the human heart in forms of many-coloured personification and symbol: he was moreover driven by something like the same unrelaxing stress and fervour of temperament, so that even in middle age, which he had almost reached when I first knew him, it seemed scarcely less true to say of Rossetti than of Dante himself, that

"Like flame within the naked hand,
His body bore his burning heart."

A mind teeming with coloured and mystical imagery, and a sustained high temperature or intense habit of the soul—these, then, were the gifts with which Rossetti grew up, and began before the close of boyhood to attempt both poetry and painting. The time was one more favourable in England to literature than to the sister arts. The great poets of the opening century had been acting upon the minds of two generations, and even of those most decried at the outset the virtues had by this time made themselves felt; while of the new generation the chief poet was Tennyson, in whose chiselled and jewelled verses themes alike classical, mystic, and modern were embodied with equal accomplishment and grace. A poet beginning to write at such a time and in such an atmosphere was without excuse if his work lacked at any rate form and finish. Accordingly we find that the poetry of Rossetti was remarkable, first as last, for the qualities of technical expertness and resource, and whether it stands or falls with posterity, it will at any rate not fall from the fault of inadequate workmanship. As an artist in English verse he shows himself unquestionably master of his materials.

With Rossetti as a painter the case is different. The years during which he grew to manhood were those when the state of English painting was at its worst. In landscape, the genius of the aged Turner had wasted itself in fantastic experiments,

and hopeless beatings of Icarus-wings against the sun, while the sane examples of the Norfolk school and of Constable, operative and fruitful as they had proved beyond the Channel, had found no following at home. In figure-painting there at the same time reigned almost exclusively a spirit either of lifeless academic convention or else of flimsy domestic and historical anecdote: men of the pith and vigour of Maclise or Dyce were exceptions, and beginners of high aim like Watts and Madox Brown found no encouragement. In such a state of things a spirit like the young Rossetti felt as if he had nothing to learn from contemporary teaching. The schism which he headed among the students of his time was a movement, half, indeed, of serious and enthusiastic purpose, but half also, as is justly said in the preface of the Burlington Club catalogue, of whimsical and contemptuous revolt against what he held to be the brainlessness and triviality of the time. The name "Pre-Raphaelite" was so far justified in that, as the primitive painters of Italy and the Netherlands had been men of fervent soul seeking to recover the means of expression in a lost art, so also these young Englishmen had in them something which truly craved expression, and so, at least in their judgment, had the true aims and methods of painting been in their time once more as good as lost. They felt that they had to begin again from the beginning, with such help, indeed, as they could get from men like-minded with themselves, but with none from authority or tradition; and they set to work accordingly.

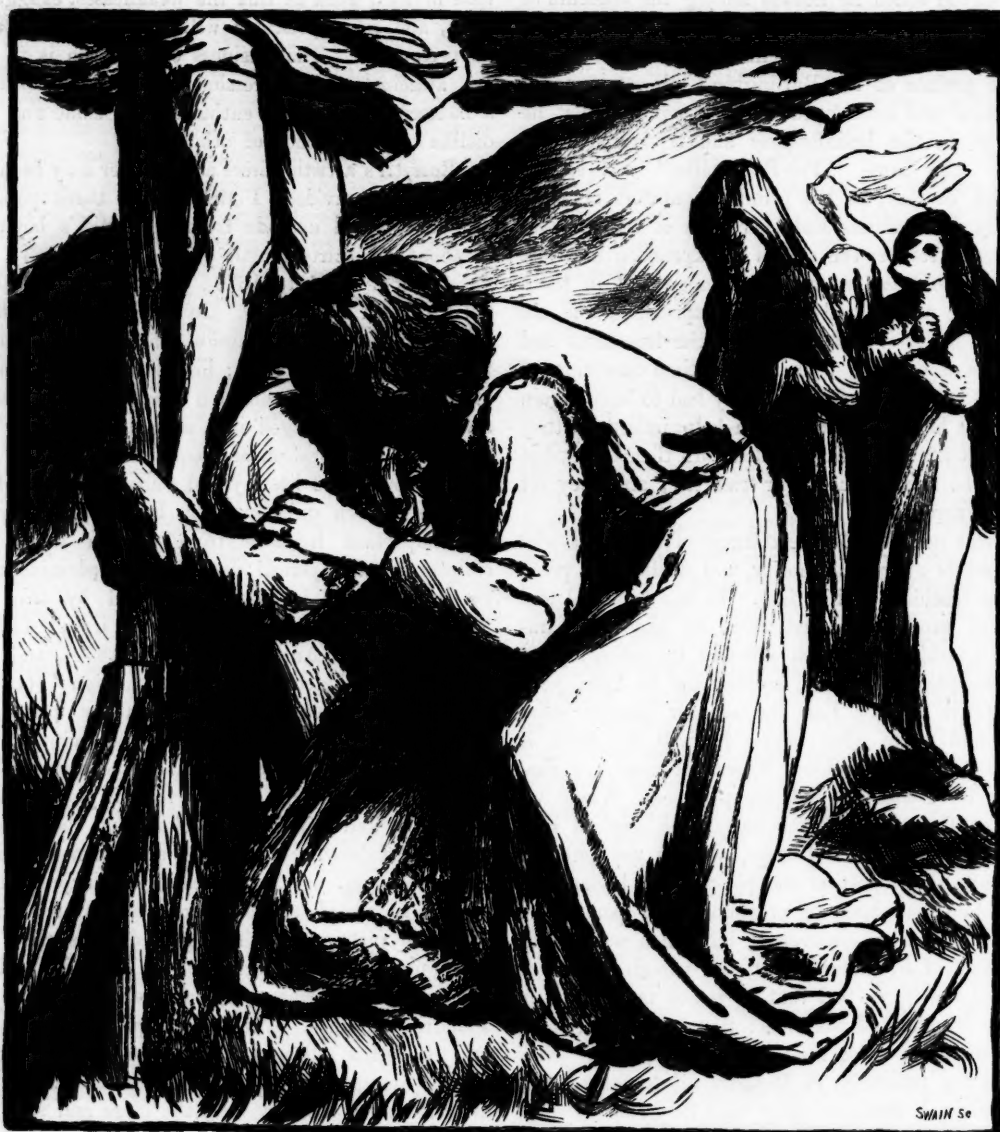
Great needs to be the courage of the artist who thus rebels against authority, and declines to profit by the teaching of his time. In the technical and material processes of art, it is so easy, comparatively speaking, to reach mastery by mounting on the shoulders of others, so difficult to fight your way to it alone. Let the seceder possess what gifts and make what efforts he will, his work is certain to retain for long, if not for always, a character of crudeness and inexperience. When we look at the work of the early, the original Pre-Raphaelite schools of Europe, we are not put out by faults of proportion and perspective, because we know that the laws of proportion and perspective had not yet been discovered; but when we look at the work of a modern artist, and perceive these or kindred faults, we feel that he is not technically up to the standard of his time: that in a word he is in some degree not a master but an amateur. Now taking the paintings of Rossetti all together, it is impossible, I think, to deny that they bear in some measure to the last this stamp of technical inexperience and amateurship. Some brilliant and original excellences, even of the technical kind, he indeed in

the course of practice acquired; but they are rarely quite harmoniously balanced, or free from an admixture of failure in other directions. To some of Rossetti's contemporaries, his vivid realisation of mediæval life and legend, his glowing and rich vein of symbolism, whereby spiritual conceptions of a new and highly impassioned kind were invested with appropriate bodily form and colour, were things that spoke with a peculiar and thrilling power. In their eyes what mattered the artist's shortcomings, provided he was capable of thus stirring them to the deepest fibres of their souls? To others, in whom the same fibres are less awake, it must be expected that of such work as this the weaknesses, exaggerations, and self-repetitions will alone or principally be perceptible. The business of criticism is to try and anticipate the impressions of posterity, striking a balance between the enthusiasm of some and the dislike or indifference of others.

Rossetti's artistic career as a painter may be most conveniently divided, I think, into three periods. The first period extends from the artist's boyhood to about his thirty-fourth year (1847—1862); the second from 1862 to 1870; the third from 1870 till his death last spring. In the first period Rossetti's aim in art was almost entirely of the dramatic and narrative kind; his pictures were almost always intended to embody a story, and represented several figures engaged in a combined action. The subject and inspiration are sometimes Christian and ascetic, sometimes literary and romantic; very often they are drawn directly from Dante, and only in one important instance from modern life. The scriptural and mystical vein seems predominant at the outset, and is best represented by two oil-paintings, the "Girlhood of Mary Virgin" (1849) and the "Ecce Ancilla Domini" (1850), and one water-colour sketch, the "Annunciation" (1852). In these the sentiment is singularly pure and poignant, corresponding, as closely as painting can correspond with poetry, to that of the early lyric of the "Blessed Damozel." The two oil pictures, with their clear and fair keys of colour, and their careful precision of drawing (the intention insufficiently aided by knowledge), are as interesting an expression as can be found of the spirit of fervent and ascetic Christian piety which has inspired more than one group of painters in a century; as Cornelius and his companions in Germany, and afterwards Scheffer and Flandrin in France. The key changes as time goes on, and Rossetti's religious paintings towards the close of this same period become full of dramatic invention and flaming colour: witness the large and striking, by no means thoroughly accomplished, altar-piece from Llandaff Cathedral; the rich and subtle, though in truth over-elaborate, "Mary Magdalene at the

Door of Simon the Pharisee;" or best of all, the admirable water-colour called "Bethlehem Gate," where in the darkness an aureoled dove precedes the flight of the Holy Family, one scarlet-winged angel peremptorily leading the mother by the wrist, while another closes the gate through which are seen the soldiers of Herod already at their work. Among our own illustrations is an example of this vein of Rossetti's work, in the shape of a rough and slight, but characteristic, drawing of Mary and John at the foot of the Cross; note the passionate feeling in the two chief figures, and the new thought in that of the disciple

driving off a flight of crows or vultures in the background. Of Rossetti's romantic and literary predilections during this period, the evidence is contained, first, in the early designs in line or water-colour suggested by Faust, by Coleridge's Genevieve, by the story of Lucrezia Borgia, by that of some French marquise of the Brinvilliers type buying poison to murder her rival, and again by Mr. Browning's "Pippa Passes." Next, or almost contemporary with these, come the designs and water-colour pictures to the Arthurian cycle, in the production of which Rossetti was strongly influenced by the poetry of



THE VIRGIN AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

(Drawn by D. G. Rossetti. By Permission of A. Legros, Esq.)

Tennyson, with others inspired by various legends of the Middle Age. Typical examples are the "Arthur's Tomb," the "Wedding of St. George," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and the mystic and often repeated

Dante's Portrait," the "Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death," and "Dante's Dream of the Death of Beatrice." These are all water-colours of the years 1850—1855, and are among the best and



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(Drawn by D. G. Rossetti. By Permission of A. Legros, Esq.)

"How They Met Themselves." Our illustration of "King René's Honeymoon" represents another theme several times repeated by the artist about the same time. Lastly, his master and poet of poets, Dante, inspired first of all the somewhat crude and boyish, though already ingenious and vivid, "Dante's Meeting with Beatrice," next the "Giotto Painting;

soundest as well as the most thoughtful and deeply felt work of the artist's life: the last is the same design which towards 1870 he worked out in oil, and on a heroic scale, with modifications that to my mind are not improvements.

To this first period belongs also the beginning of Rossetti's single and exceptional, never-finished

picture of modern life, called "Found." The design is shown in a little pen-drawing of 1853; the working out was attempted and dropped again at intervals till the end of the artist's life. Isolated parts only reached completion, of which the woman's head is by far the most interesting, and shows a rare power in the rendering of acute and complex emotional expression. The figure and action of the man are marked by some of the weakness of the early Pre-Raphaelite ideals; the calf in the market-cart is an excellent piece of realistic work; but the artist either lacked interest in or command over the details of the London landscape. In order that his work might be finished, and its parts brought into relation with one another, these details were still needing to be filled in when he died.

To sum up generally the characteristics of this period, the first are vividness and ingenuity of dramatic presentment, the idea so predominating over the matter that actions are allowed to appear as strained, and compositions as naïf, as they please, provided only the emotional and intellectual points are driven home. These are among the qualities whereby Rossetti's work is obviously and spontaneously allied to that of the Middle Age: others are his enjoyment of the quaint invention of costumes and furniture, and the weight of symbolical meaning which he makes every circumstantial detail and accessory bear. Others, again, are his neglect of the elements of chiaroscuro and atmosphere in painting, and his delight in and insistence on the element of colour. Many of the little pictures of this time flash and glow like jewels or the fragments of some gorgeous painted window. Sometimes this brilliancy and variegation of colour is carried to a point where harmony is left quite behind; in other instances, as in Mr. Boyce's beautiful version of the "Meeting of Dante and Beatrice in Purgatory," a water-colour of 1852, a scheme of extraordinary daring, as it were malachite and emerald, sapphire and turquoise and lapis-lazuli set side by side, is nevertheless so treated as to satisfy as well as amaze the colour-sense. Always interesting by their stamp of poetry and romance, and to those to whom they more especially appeal, thrilling by their poignancy of emotion, and originality and vividness of colour, these were the little pictures that had so powerful an effect on the minds of a few of Rossetti's contemporaries and juniors. Aided by his own magnetic personality and contagious fire of spirit, by his impulsive and generous temper, and his persuasive and authoritative power of speech, the work he did at this time made him, to every spirit susceptible of imaginative and poetical influences with whom he came in contact, a focus of inspiration such as no other man has been in England in our time.

During the next period, from 1862 onwards, the

dramatic and narrative aims which had hitherto predominated in Rossetti's painting gradually ceased to inspire it. A few, indeed, of his finest small water-colours in the old vein, with some added freedom of action and depth and variety of tone, still belong to this period: such are the "Hesterna Rosa," which in quality and expression curiously recalls the work of Delacroix, the "Merciless Lady," the "Fight for a Woman," and the "Return of Tibullus to Delia;" all four belonging to about 1865-67. But the characteristic products of the new time are single female heads and half-figures in oil. Such subjects Rossetti generally repeated in more than one different version or replica, and the more important of them he always carefully worked out first in the shape of a cartoon in coloured chalk. Occasionally the theme is still suggested by literature, as "Beata Beatrix" by Dante, and the "Bride" by the Song of Solomon; but more commonly it is of the artist's own invention. Rossetti's invention in this order of subjects is of two kinds. Either he simply takes some type of beauty that interests him, attires her in gorgeous and far-fetched ornaments, and strains all his powers to express as he feels it the mere sensuous charm of womanhood and rich array: or else he invests her with a halo of intellectual attributes and secondary meanings, making of herself a personification, and a symbol of everything that adorns her.

Central examples of the former class are "Monna Vanna" and the "Blue Bower," which mean nothing more than is apparent to the eye. A minor example, quiet in colour and comparatively simple in treatment, but of great beauty and delicacy, is the "Ramoscello," engraved, by the kind leave of its owner, Mr. William Graham, for the frontispiece of this article. The name of the subject is taken from the spray of foliage the sitter holds in her hands. Another of our illustrations, the charming outline reproduced in Fig. 3, represents one of the rapid chalk studies from life which preceded in Rossetti's practice the preparation of his more elaborate chalk cartoons for pictures: it is the property of Professor Legros: a number of fine studies of the same kind were exhibited in the down-stairs room at the Burlington Club. Of the other class of Rossetti's single figures, the symbolical and intellectual personifications, central examples are "Sibylla Palmifera" and "Venus Verticordia," the one personifying the mystery of beauty, the other the sweetness and the sting of love, and each so charged with meaning that fully to express it the painter-poet has had to employ both his arts, and to accompany his picture with a sonnet.

Beginning, after a few earlier essays like the "Bocca Baciata" (1859), with the first "Beata Beatrix" and the "Aurelia" (1863), the productions of this class and period include certainly all that

is most technically accomplished, if not what is most strikingly interesting and suggestive, in Rossetti's work as a painter. He by degrees acquired breadth and ease and a real mastery in the design of these single female half-figures and heads. Certain qualities of oil-painting also he mastered with entire success. Depth of tone and chiaroscuro he as yet did not seek, but he attacked and vanquished the most daring problems of colour in equal and diffused light. For the combination of keen and flashing intensity with mystery and delightfulness of quality, his painting of tissues and jewels and flowers at this period stands, it is no extravagance to say, alone in art. Witness the cornflowers and passion-flowers, the hawthorn tiles and green robes, and amethyst and ruby and turquoise-enamel jewellery, of the "Blue Bower;" or the roses and honeysuckles and butterflies of the "Venus Verticordia." Splendid and elaborate as are these details, they are nevertheless in each case kept duly subordinate to the effect and harmony of the general scheme.

In flesh-painting Rossetti's manner is less assured, but in those faces which he has not afterwards spoiled by retouching, he obtained a fine quality of bloom and charm, with much delicacy of modelling and shadow; the "Blue Bower," in spite of the unattractive facial type, is nevertheless, from its pure and unretouched condition, the best example. The gloss and mystery of hair, also, Rossetti could render with admirable cunning, but what he most cared for in the face was the expression of soul, and accordingly it is on the organs of the soul, the eyes and mouth, that his chief efforts are concentrated. In the setting and colouring and expression of the feminine eye he in truth exhibits an extraordinary mastery. From the pale grey unshadowed ones that seem to swim in the head of the "Beloved," to the sombre orbs and "tenderest regretful gaze" of the "Proserpina," eyes so beautifully drawn and painted, and of such impassioned and such various appeal, are scarcely to be found in the whole range of painting. But with mouths Rossetti was much less successful. A few there are, in the pictures of this time, beautifully drawn and delicately modelled indeed; but before long he begins to let his ideals run away with him.

The great change, as it seems to me, happens about 1870, after the completion of the gorgeous "Mariana" and of the large, laboured, and, as I cannot but think, unsatisfying "Dante's Dream." Many of Rossetti's admirers are accustomed to write of the works produced after this date—the "Veronica Veronese," the "Ghirlandata," the "Vision of Fiammetta"—in language of superlative and unmeasured praise, as though they were at least equal to the best of similar creations of the preceding years. To me it seems, on the contrary,

that they exhibit for the most part a manifest falling-off in artistic sanity and self-control. They are always, indeed, the work of a poet, of a man who perceives things through a medium of strong imaginative emotion, and who has striven, in these visionary shapes, to express a profound and fervent sense of the power of beauty and sex, and of the awe and mystery of life. There is always a fine intention to be discerned in them: in the conception, an abundant wealth of ideas, of that involved, symbolical kind which lend themselves equally to verbal and pictorial expression, and cannot be got perfectly intelligible in either: in the realisation, a striving after sweep and grandeur of design, with impressiveness of type and splendour and suggestiveness of detail. But the artist, as I have already indicated, has become the slave of his own predilections. He has found a particular cast of beauty, with lips at once full and pining, and eyes overshadowed by a great thunder-cloud of hair—he has found this, and the length of throat, the litherness of limb and sinuousness of pose that go with it, so consonant to his imaginative mood, that he repeats them again and again, sometimes with a mechanical insistence and exaggeration, especially in the drawing and colouring of the mouth, that almost degenerate into caricature. Technically he aims more and more at depth of tone, and at the same time his sense of colour becomes sicklied. In the flesh particularly, he in many pictures of this date gets a morbid tint into the shadows, and a dragging and stringy quality into the handling, that stand in the strongest contrast to the work of his healthier days.

Unfortunately during these latter years the desire came upon Rossetti to retouch, and as he thought improve, many of his earlier pictures. Most of those so treated have suffered cruelly in consequence; witness, especially, the almost ruined "Lilith" exhibited at the Burlington Club. Again, what a decay of the colour-sense is shown in the unwholesome pink stars and haloes, the dusky hotness and livid shadows of the "Blessed Damsel"! what a change, in the whole cast and temper of the imagination, from the mood in which the poem itself had been written thirty years before! In this new series of mystic and symbolic, or merely sumptuous and fanciful, female incarnations painted in the last twelve years of Rossetti's life, there seems indeed to be only one, and that is the "Proserpina," fit to be chosen as a thoroughly adequate and worthy example of his powers. I speak of the best of the several versions of the theme, that exhibited at the Burlington Club, and belonging to Mr. W. A. Turner: which is indeed, I think, as impressive and finely wrought a piece of poetical art as modern painting has to show.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

AN OLD ENGLISH MANOR HOUSE.



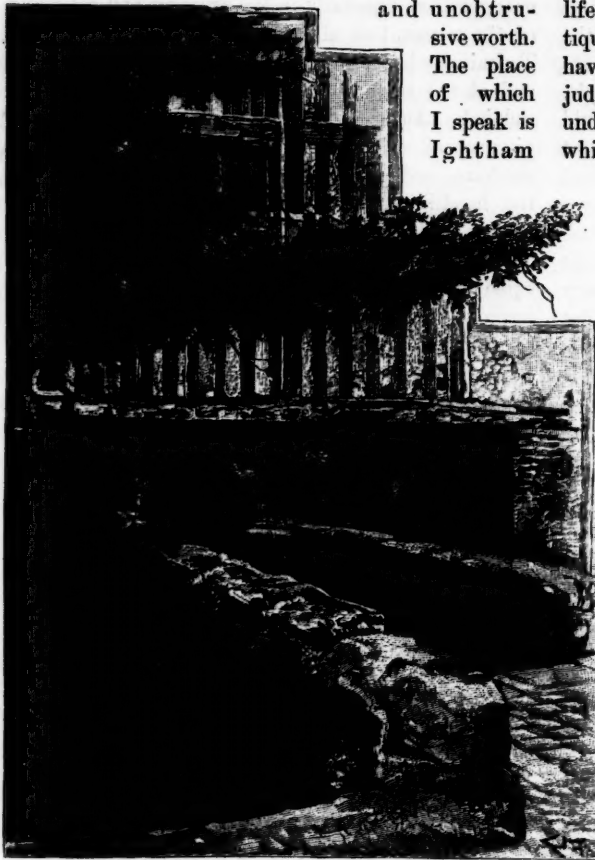
HERE are few places in England which are so completely pervaded with the true sentiment of the early days of English civilisation as the subject of this paper—nor does the spirit of modest and homely dignity breathe elsewhere more eloquently from landscapes, gardens, and buildings at once. I can imagine no more thorough relief from the oppressive sense of the pretension and fussiness which is becoming the characteristic of our modern buildings, as it is of contemporary life, than a visit to this idyllic monument of an earlier, simpler, and not less worthy age—a relief which will not be limited to the time spent in a visit. The vision of it should be a resting-place in the memory, as well as a standard of

quiet, dignified, and unobtrusive worth. The place of which I speak is Ightham

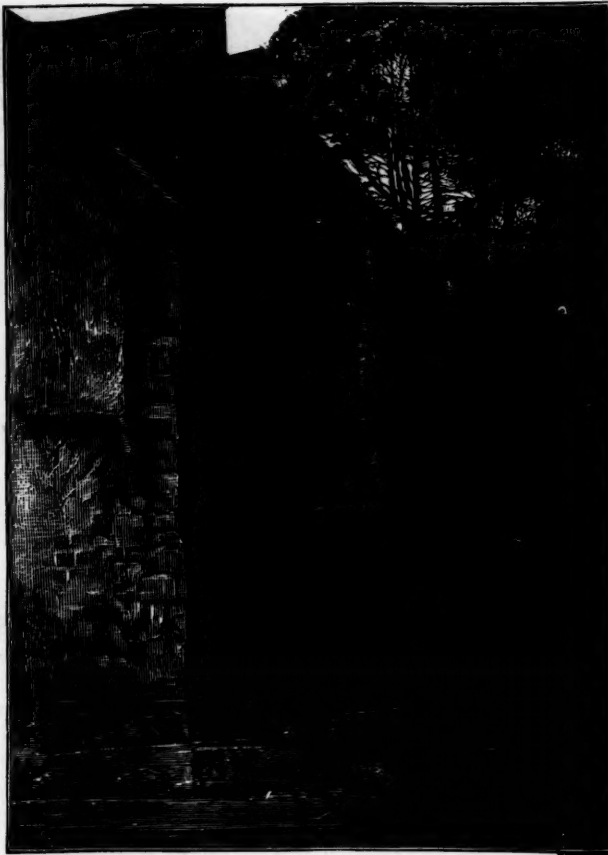
Moat House. It is some six miles from Sevenoaks, and you drive to it past Seal, where is a late Gothic church with a rather good tower well placed, and past the boundaries of Knole Park.

It is situated in a small and well-wooded valley, but with a rapid fall from the level of the moat to a lake below. The stream from the valley above is conducted into the moat at several points. Thus the water is always fresh, clear, and wholesome. The idea of stagnation, duckweed, and perhaps of fetid vapour which one is apt to associate with ancient moats is here particularly wide of the mark. Dark clear water with motion enough to make trout at home and happy in it, the murmuring of falling water breaking the silence of the valley—these are as truly in harmony with the house, which is yet a dwelling and a home, as are stillness and decay with other monuments of antiquity from which life has long since departed. But though the sense of present life is of the essence of the scene, the sense of antiquity is in no way diminished. Ightham seems to have had the rare fortune, so far as a visitor can judge from the result, of having been continuously under the control of owners of discretion and taste, which has kept it clear of the danger of neglect, and the still greater peril of pretension.

The little valley, enclosed by a modest rising ground on the right, with the course of the stream which feeds the moat duly indicated in the upper valley, the half-timbered building shutting in the view on the left, the forest and evergreen trees grown shapely in the sheltered ground, the hedges of clipped yew—all these form the perfect setting of the house itself, and have the rare note of having grown with it and for it; while here and there a line of ancient yews, once planted for a fence and long since grown beyond the power of trimming into long straggling trunks and boughs, shows that old English gardening was not so different from that which we are apt to associate with the formalities of the last two centuries. The colouring which such scenes take in the "inward eye" of memory must generally be influenced by the circumstances of season, weather, and companionship under which they were first seen. When I saw Ightham for the first, and not I hope for the last time, the season was winter, the weather was foggy with a misting rain, and



IGHTHAM MOAT HOUSE.—I.: THE SOUTH BRIDGE.

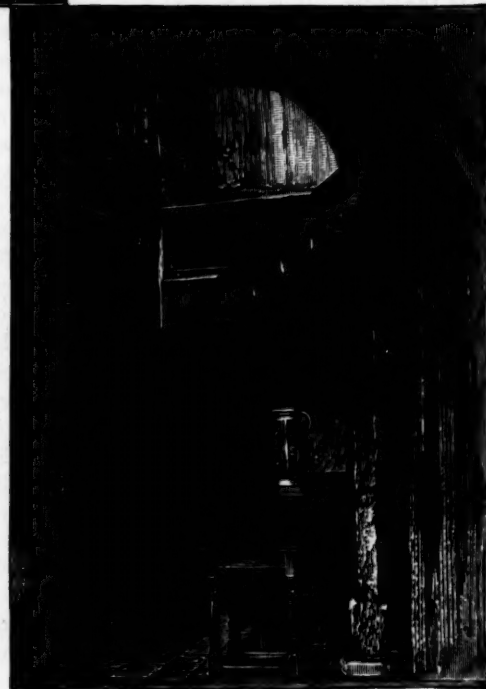


IGHTHAM MOAT HOUSE.—II.: AN ANGLE OF THE MOAT.

the company of one from whose song there "breathes the mild and almost mythic time of England's prime" seemed to be the only point in my favour. But in the veiled light the deep clear water seemed to have gained in clearness and in depth; the swans upon it shone the more silvery, as though supplying the light which the day lacked; the yew hedges reflected a deeper and more mysterious green; the scene was the more isolated and the solitude more intense; the solemnity of the aspect gave a "sober colouring" to the home of generations passed away. One felt that a great imaginative painter, such as George Mason, would have wished thus, and not otherwise, to represent it, and was content that thus only should it live in the memory.

The building itself rises straight from the moat, and has two storeys, the lower of stone, the upper for the most part of half-timbered work carried out on oak brackets. Its plan is that of a quadrangle, and there are indications of a second open space which has since been occupied by buildings. The main entrance is beneath a gateway tower of mingled stone and brick, probably mainly of Tudor date, which rises but

a moderate height above the adjoining buildings. The staircase is in one plane with its walls, and is indicated externally by the narrow windows only. There are traces to be seen of the ancient draw-bridge, which is now replaced by a permanent stone structure. To right and left of this feature the buildings are of equal height. The upper storey, of timber construction and overhanging the moat, is on three sides completely covered with plaster. Originally, no doubt dark oak timbers contrasted with white plaster between, and gave a far more picturesque result; and the fenestration has been considerably modified since the first building. But the gateway tower is practically intact, and is an excellent example of the amount of dignity which is compatible with moderate scale and modesty of aim. Why is it that so many ancient buildings of the most homely proportions seem such as would not derogate from the highest feudal dignity? while the costly and ambitious efforts of our own day seem worthy only to glorify the shoddy wealth of an advertising and adulterating tradesman? I take it that this gateway was



IGHTHAM MOAT HOUSE.—III.: THE STAIRCASE.

in ancient days the only dry approach to the premises. There are now two other entrances, one at the back across a stone bridge to the offices, the other on the garden side across a slight wooden structure. The last is no doubt altogether recent, and probably the retainers in old days entered the postern by means of a punt. On the garden side there is the same projecting storey as by the gateway. It contains the chapel, of which I shall have much to say.

At the back of the building, parts of which are pictured in our first and second illustrations, this arrangement is discontinued, and the whole of this side forms an irregular but picturesque conglomeration of stone and half-timbered work, the latter remaining in this case for the most part in its ancient state. To the right of the bridge (in the illustration they are concealed by it) are found the oldest features which appear to an external view. These are the two-light windows which open from a vaulted chamber in the interior of the house. The half-timbered work is itself for the most part of great antiquity, and may safely be assigned to the Tudor period, though it is difficult to fix an exact date for work of this character, which during three centuries varied very slightly in detail.

To return to the main entrance. The gateway opens on to a quadrangle perhaps some eighty feet square. In front as you enter is the principal doorway of the house. It is of very modest proportions, but of beautiful detail, with shafts, moulded caps and bases, and an excellent door of richly moulded oaken boards and good ironwork. On the left as you pass this doorway is the Banqueting Hall, which is of small area but lofty. It is spanned by a bold stone arch, which serves as principal to the roof-timbers; in which respect it resembles the banqueting hall of the old archiepiscopal palace at Mayfield, now converted into a chapel for the convent established there. There is a traceried window to the right as you enter, which originally opened into an inner quadrangle or yard, now occupied by buildings. All this is of the date of Edward III., and belongs to the earliest period of which any specimens remain. The tracery of the window is of similar character to that which I have noticed at the back of the building. The Hall has been enlarged by a projecting window with numerous mullions and transoms, and a fireplace of later date has been inserted, both of which features seem to belong to the Tudor period. Passing through the Hall, a door on the right leads to the staircase—shown in our third picture—which is of the time of James I. It is an excellent specimen of the work of this date. The heavy and solid woodwork is adorned by detail of great refinement, and the whole feature,



IGHTHAM MOAT HOUSE.—IV.:
THE EASTERN GABLES.

though small in actual size, has an air of much character and dignity. Through this we can pass to the vaulted chamber of which we saw the windows outside. This is placed beneath a chamber which is known as the old chapel, but which I was not able to see. It is difficult to ascertain what was the original purpose of the vaulted chamber. It has been suggested that it was the charnel-house, an assignment which, for many reasons, is open to grave doubt. There is no trace of a fireplace; but the vault may have served as a cellar, or been turned to some other use in the domestic arrangements.

Returning towards the Gateway Tower, immediately to the right, adjoining the Hall, are the two gables of our fourth illustration. They are of half-timbered work, with mullioned and transomed windows of oak, one of which projects with a coving in the characteristic manner of the Elizabethan age, and both gables have excellent traceried barge-boards. To the right of the entrance gateway, as we stand facing it, is another gable of about the same date, in which is placed the clock. It is surmounted by a small bell-cot (pictured in our fifth engraving), probably of the last century. The door to the right of this gable leads up a wide staircase to the Chapel, which is a remarkably

perfect specimen of very late Gothic. The old waggon roof is perfect and intact, and still preserves traces of decoration, in which may be discovered the devices of Henry VIII. and of Catharine of Arragon. The rood-screen and the return stalls are complete, and are in their original positions. The choir occupies the greater portion of the Chapel, and the exterior space is filled with ordinary benches.

The pulpit is mainly of the same date, but appears to have been reconstructed at some later period. Probably it originally faced towards the external seats; but its position seems to have been changed, possibly when the external seats ceased to be occupied, and now faces towards the chancel. In the windows is some stained glass, of early Sixteenth Century type, and apparently of Flemish workmanship. The tracery of stalls, pulpit, and rood-screen—seen dimly in our last illustration of the place—is excellent in workmanship, though very late in character, and it is worthy of remark that the roof, which in a modern design or in a "restoration" would be given as an "open timber" roof, has the original plaster coming almost to the surface of the timber. It is astonishing how long architects and the public have taken to learn that all Gothic roofs were not open-timbered; that the majority were ceiled in a sensible and comfortable manner, and made ready for decoration. So far has the misconception prevailed that we constantly see ancient roofs stripped of their original boarding or plaster, even when the result is unconstructional and senseless. Not only so, but new roofs are constantly designed which are based upon examples of the Middle Ages stripped of the ceilings which completed them. No anomalies, no absurdities in the result seem to have given the designers pause, the mutilated precedent having the power to supersede all considerations of common sense and of beauty.

Looking back as we return to the entrance gateway the *ensemble* is of excellent effect and of most varied interest. To the left the picturesque gable with the clock and bell-cot; on the side facing us are the picturesque Elizabethan gables, the large window of the Hall, and the modest and beautiful door-

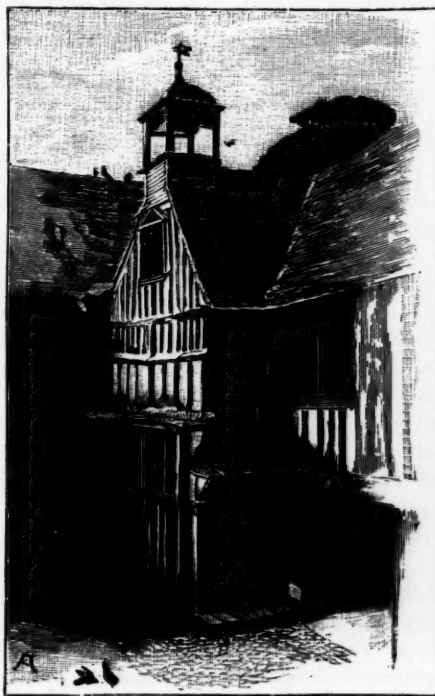
way. To the right the effect is less satisfactory, for the ancient openings have given place to pointed sash-windows with intersecting bars, such as were thought sixty years ago to be a short cut to Gothic architecture. These, with a Venetian window in a gable in the exterior near the Chapel, and the rather monotonous rough-cast with which the old half-timbered work of the exterior has been covered, are about the only incongruities in a very varied but most harmonious whole; and, indeed, there is little enough to take exception to, and an abundance to admire.

Opposite to the entrance gateway, in the limits of the grounds, is an excellent half-timbered building, which was originally the stabling of the house. It is now converted into dwellings, but externally retains its original character. As I mentioned above, it is of admirable effect in enclosing the surroundings of the Moat House, and forms a barrier on the one side as the rising ground does on the other. It is said originally to have accommodated sixty horses, and if this be so we may take it that the horse of earlier days was as modest in his requirements as the man.

It may be of interest to the reader to know the changes of ownership which the house has undergone, and these, considering that its history covers more than six hundred years, are by no means numerous. The original owners were the De Hants, who were possessed of it in the time of Henry II. Their tenure, which did not close until the reign of

Henry VII., seems to have been at least twice interrupted, as it is recorded that Sir Thomas Cawne died possessed of it in 1374, and that Richard de Hant forfeited it in the reign of Richard III., having sided with the Earl of Richmond. It was restored to the family by Henry VII., and passed by purchase to the Clements, then to the Allens, and in 1592 to the Selbys of Northumberland. In the time of Charles I. one of this family, dying without issue, left it to a namesake, from whom the present family is descended. Long may they hold it, and form as excellent custodians of it in the future as they seem to have been in the past.

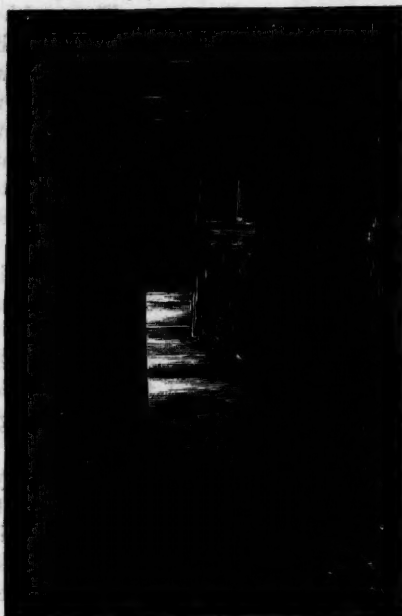
After all, though no doubt many of us often think how delightful it must be to spend



IGHTHAM MOAT HOUSE.—V.: THE CLOCK AND BELL-COT.

our lives in an old house, where the poetry of ancient work and of old associations would be a constant element in our lives, it is only fair to reflect that this cannot rightly be done without considerable sacrifice. It is not always pleasant to have to cross an open quadrangle in all weathers. Even within doors some sacrifice of warmth and comfort, and possibly of light, will have to be made. The combination of an ancient fabric with all the appliances of modern comfort can usually only be made at the sacrifice of the character of the building, and has when made been almost always attended with the most disastrous results to art. So that it is no small debt that the public owes to those who will be content to live in an old house without remodelling and spoiling it. The principles on which Ightham Moat House has been maintained may well be taken as an example by all who own such habitations. They are, to take them as they stand; to adapt your life to them rather than them to ordinary modern ways; and above all to alter nothing. There are but two matters as to which I should

be inclined to make some sort of suggestion. First, if, as I imagine, the old half-timbered work of the upper storey remains intact behind the plaster, it would greatly improve the exterior to uncover it. It is astonishing with how little reason, in a plastering age, rough-cast was added to walls, whether of masonry or timber construction, and it does not do to conclude that because it is there it was therefore necessary for warmth or for dryness. Secondly, there seems to have been a lake above the house which has lately been filled up. This would have been a great addition to the landscape, and an excellent preserve for trout, and I cannot help wishing it back again. Let us hope that, if anything, no more than this may be done, and that the restorer's hand may for ever be absent from this charming abode. So may it remain for the future as it is for us, with its most congenial and harmonious surroundings, a monument of the modest and homely dignity of an older time and a protest against the pretentious vulgarity of the present day. BASIL CHAMPNEYS.



IGHTHAM MOAT HOUSE.—VI. : THE CHAPEL.

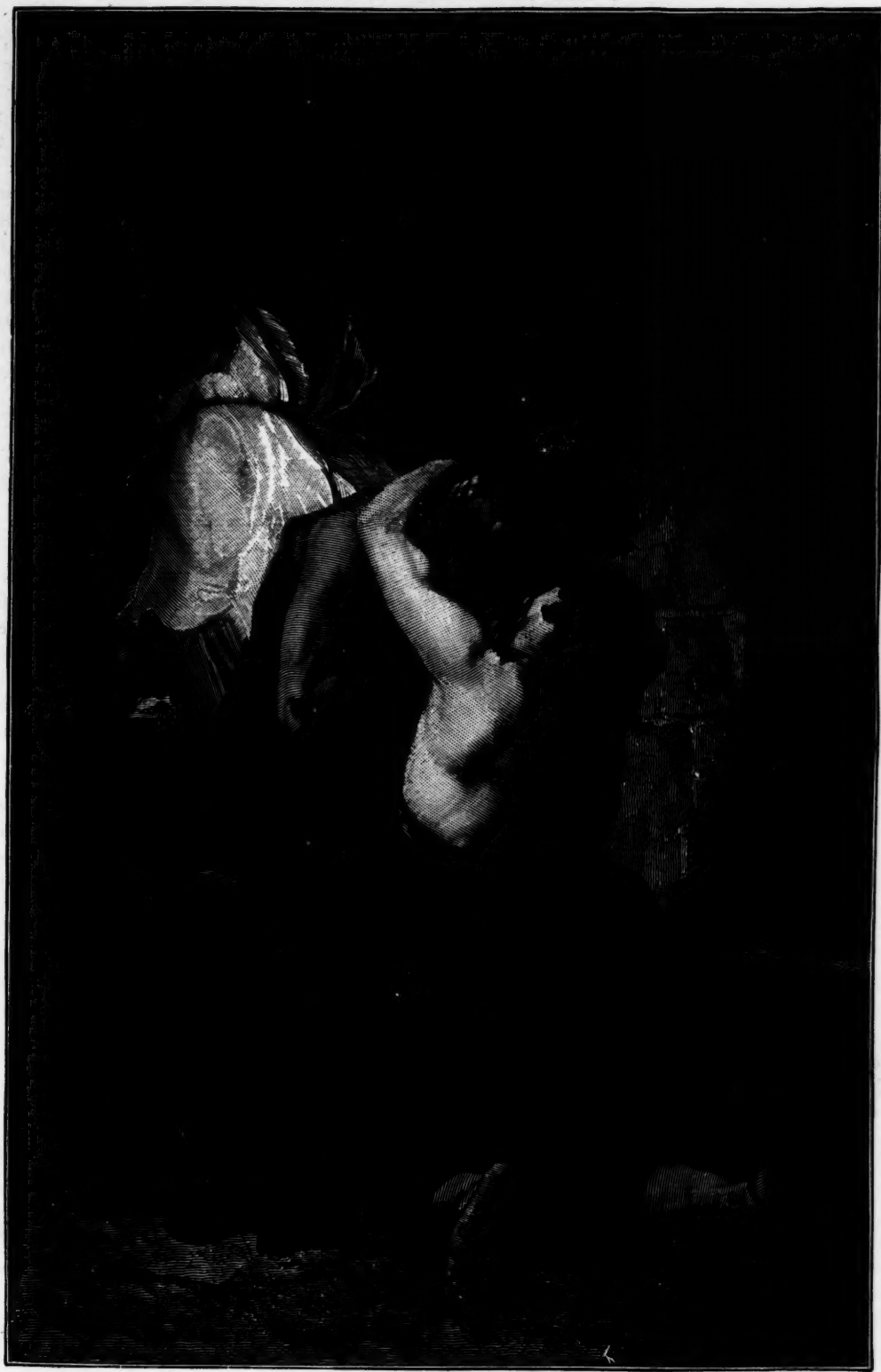
"ULYSSES AND TELEMACHUS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY DOUCET.



It is curious to compare the attitude of literature and art, and indeed of cultivated society in general, towards classical tradition during the first revolutionary period in France, with that which has come into vogue since the events of 1870-1. Under the Convention, and during the reign of the first Consul, the art and manners of the Roman Commonwealth were revered with an enthusiasm that came perilously near the line where the flattery of imitation degenerates into the absurdity of unconscious caricature. The morals and dress, as well as the deportment and speech of the people, fell under the influence of this re-

publican rage. An affectation of austerity was supreme; deputies posed as conscript fathers; Lucretias and Cornелиas were to be found in every street. The fashion invaded all the arts alike. At Feydeau and at the newly-established Opéra-Comique the levities of old were supplanted by such works as the "Télémaque" of Lesueur. The Classical ideal was paramount in the minds of artists, as the Romantic ideal some thirty years later. Such a thing as M. Doucet's "Ulysses and Telemachus" was impossible. It is the natural expression of Zolaism in art. The faith and morals held by classicists and romanticists alike have (M. Zola tells us) received their death-blow: their artistic creed and the gods of their worship are vain things, and their ideal is dead and buried. Literature and



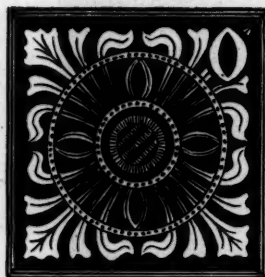
ULYSSES AND TELEMACHUS.

(From the Picture by Doucet. Grand Prix de Rome for Painting, 1880.)

Art are become the handmaids of science, and have only to do with facts. Naturalism has produced but little work more striking in its perverse materialism than this "Ulysses and Telemachus;" and so far from its appeal to the heart and understanding being as irresistible and perfect in lucidity as the "naturalists" would affirm it to be, it needs considerable elucidation. No reader of Homer would conceive that it could possibly be intended to picture one of the most touching scenes in all the "Odyssey"—the scene in which, in the hut of the swineherd Eumæus, the hero reveals himself to his heroic son, while Athenè looks on and rejoices in her favourite's happiness. A prodigal son repentant and grovelling at his father's feet, while the family cook pronounces

a blessing on the reconciliation—this it may be, but no more. All the same we are told that glory and exaltation of thought and Greek feeling for the beauty of form must give place to "facts." If men and women are to be represented on canvas, they must be the men and women we see about us; and so long as they are painted with something approximating to technical mastery, the artist is not to concern himself with the puerile imaginings of poets. While, however, it is lamentable to see Zolaism penetrating art and productive of work degrading in example and pernicious in aim, it is consolatory to note that the effect of it all is the reverse of triumphant, for that the theory has only to be consistently practised to refute itself.

SHERATON'S FURNITURE.



NE of the most remarkable results of the trouble and thought bestowed by a very large number of people in the present day upon the furnishing and decoration of their rooms is the strange mixture of styles they manage to heap together. In the days when drawing-rooms and dining-rooms were furnished by the upholsterer at so much per cubic foot, there was always a certain unity between the various pieces of furniture. True it is that during the greater part of this century this unity has been a unity of ugly forms, of coarse mouldings, of crude colours, and of vulgarity generally. The intimate relationship between the sofa and the drawing-room table has been obtained by the repetition of some strange projecting bulb of polished walnut in both. The similarity between the dining-room chair and the sideboard is due to the blood-red colour of the mahogany, and to the wanton twisted carvings which produce discomfort in the one and pomposity in the other. But still there has in all this been unity of design, which in the modern eclectic fashion of furniture is usually lost.

This sacrifice of unity is often due to a deliberate desire to obtain what is called a picturesque effect. There are many people who really enjoy quaint combinations of objects produced in widely separated countries and in widely separated ages:—who delight to place a Japanese monster on an Empire pedestal, or a Louis Quatorze clock on a semi-medieval chimney-piece. But the mixture of styles more often arises from the ignorance of them. This is especially true of the furniture of the last century. The whole of the furniture made between the years 1750 and 1800 is usually classified under the generic term "Chippendale," and is generally believed to possess but one character. As we shall see presently, no mistake can be greater than this. The style of Chippendale in 1754, when he published his book, is as different from that of Sheraton forty years later as the flounces of a modern Parisian dressmaker are from the chaste drapery of a Greek sculptor. Chippendale's work is different in material, in execution, and in design from Sheraton's. The former worked in mahogany, used deep undercut carving and pierced work, and as a rule overlaid his pieces with prominent and eccentric ornament. The latter, as a rule, used inlaid woods, seldom had recourse to much carving, and in his ornament was almost always chaste and severe. Each has his own merit, but the merits of the two



1.—A SHERATON KNIFE-BOX.

are not the same. To such an extent does the difference go that Sheraton refers to Chippendale's work as out of date and *passé*: just as we might refer to the red mahogany sideboard of our neighbour Jones's house as a thing that no one would buy nowadays.

It is a most unfortunate thing that the admirers of the work of Sheraton and his contemporaries have seldom been discriminating in their judgment. The mediæval reaction of the last fifty years was so narrow in its dogmas as to exclude from its followers the appreciation of any other than the favoured style.

Those who kept alive the taste for the furniture of the last century were chiefly collectors, who, while they attained to great technical knowledge, were seldom able to distinguish between its peculiarities and its merits, and were often in the habit of attaching greater value to specimens remarkable rather for eccentricities than those qualities which are really admirable. In more recent years a fashion for Sheraton's furniture has sprung up, and has so widely spread that modern cabinet-makers have found it worth their while to reproduce many specimens, and even to attempt original work in the same style.

Both the workmanship and the designs of these are in many cases excellent, and should in every way be encouraged. But it is scarcely to be expected that manufacturers of the present day, guided only by the demands of fashion, should be in a position to discern the good and the bad. The subject should be approached sympathetically. Every effort should be made to fully understand the aims of the designers. But at the same time those canons of taste which experience has taught us should be rigidly applied to every example. This is the more necessary, since it is impossible to suppose that at any time during the last century the general level of taste was so high, that it could possibly have answered for any cabinet-maker to have worked always up to the highest possible standard.

It must not be supposed that Sheraton was himself the designer of many of the pieces of furniture of his own date that now pass by his name. He tells us, in fact, in the preface to his second volume, that, "In conversing with cabinet-makers, I find no one individual equally experienced in every job of work. There are certain pieces made in one shop which are not manufactured in another, on which account the best of workmen are sometimes strangers to particular pieces of furniture. For this reason I have made it my business to apply to the best workmen in different shops, to obtain their assistance in the explanation of such pieces as they have been most acquainted with." He has, however, given his name to his style, to a great extent probably because of the excellence of his own workmanship, but chiefly because he published a book on his art.

It must not be supposed that every piece which is found to correspond with one of his own illustrations is therefore his, for the number of cabinet-makers among the list of subscribers is so great, that probably there was a very large number of pieces of furniture made by others from his designs. This fact, however, also shows that

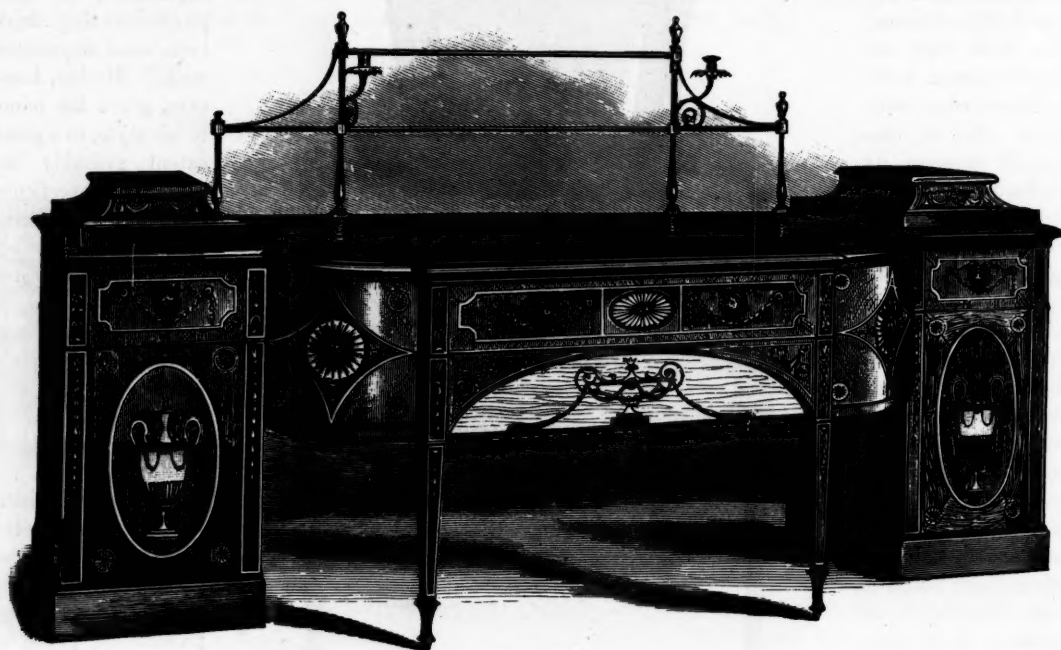
his reputation in his own time must have been high, for the book, even in its own day, was costly. The uncertainty which attaches itself to the actual authorship of many objects attributed to Sheraton in no way detracts from the interest of his book. It is even thus rather increased, as we find him not an isolated designer working up to an ideal of his own, but a prominent member of a trade, no doubt with more education than his fellows, and having a firm conviction that if only they are properly carried out the latest fashions of his day are good enough to last for ever. We may accept most of what he says as being the ordinary view of the time, and thus gain a clear knowledge of the aims and methods of the decorators his contemporaries.



II.—A SHERATON CHAIR.

His book, which was published in the year 1794, is as unlike a modern furniture-maker's illustrated catalogue as can well be imagined. It is in two fair-sized quarto volumes, and contains, beside the drawings and descriptions of examples of furniture of various kinds, a treatise on geometry, on the five orders of architecture, and on perspective. All these are accompanied by the most admirable engravings. Fortunately for us, Sheraton was as fond of the use of his pen as of his pencil; indeed, there is much amusement to be extracted from his writing, although it is scarcely probable that he himself intended it to be humorous. His desire is to instruct, and he

velopement which the forms of furniture had undergone during the forty or fifty years which preceded him. About the middle of the last century the fashionable style was an adaptation of the French taste of the time, called Rococo. Devoid alike of chastity and true refinement even in its native country, in our own we find it swelling out into all imaginable curves and bulges, a chaos of meaningless carving. The tradition of the school of Grinling Gibbons, however, had not been entirely lost; and if the forms were thus coarse in conception, the execution was often most admirable and delicate. But about the year 1750 a reaction commenced, which might fitly



III.—A SHERATON SIDEBOARD.

takes every opportunity of doing so. To quote his own words—"For the sake of making every part of this book as intelligible as I am able, I shall, in the course of proceeding, explain such technical [interpreted in a foot-note as being derived from *τεχνη*, *techne*, art] terms as may be necessarily used on the subsequent pages, and which, for propriety's and brevity's sake, cannot well be avoided on subjects of this nature. And, in attempting this, I hope not to give these explanations as the produce of my own skill in etymology, but shall recommend them to the reader as they are found in the writings of men of unquestionable abilities in this way." It is doubtful whether any modern cabinet-maker would thus give us the benefit of his learning, or would even possess it himself.

In order to understand fully the aims and tendency of Sheraton's work, we must briefly glance at the de-

velopment which the forms of furniture had undergone during the forty or fifty years which preceded him. About the middle of the last century the fashionable style was an adaptation of the French taste of the time, called Rococo. Devoid alike of chastity and true refinement even in its native country, in our own we find it swelling out into all imaginable curves and bulges, a chaos of meaningless carving. The tradition of the school of Grinling Gibbons, however, had not been entirely lost; and if the forms were thus coarse in conception, the execution was often most admirable and delicate. But about the year 1750 a reaction commenced, which might fitly

be called the Pompeian Renaissance. The first beginnings of this reaction are to be found in Chippendale's work. For although he is in the main essentially French in style, yet he not only is more refined in his designs than his immediate predecessors, but even in some of his pieces exhibits a classical simplicity. This classical revival was to a certain extent simultaneous in France and England. In France it finally developed into the style known as the Louis Seize. In England it was fostered and brought to perfection chiefly through the admirable drawings of the brothers Adam. These two returned to England about the year 1760, after having travelled and studied for several years in Italy. The accuracy and beauty of the vast number of drawings of ancient Roman architecture and decoration which they published, together with the good sense and cleverness

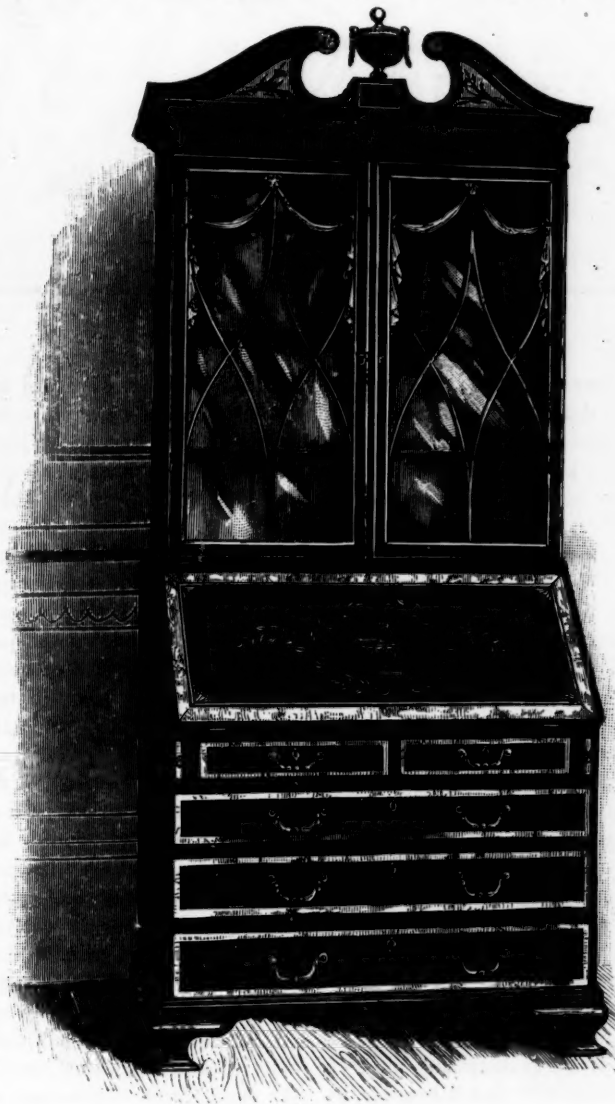
with which they adapted them to modern requirements, gave a wonderful stimulus to the classical movement, and enabled all designers to grasp with fair accuracy the detail of the new style. But even the brothers Adam themselves did not entirely relinquish the Rococo fashion at once; and mixed with their delicate and restrained detail we often find the strange unwieldy curves and mouldings of the earlier style. The furniture made during the period between the dates of Chippendale and Sheraton partakes of this transition character. And it would be a most interesting study to trace the several stages of change.

We are now in a position to understand the allusions which Sheraton makes to his predecessors, and his views on the fashions of his own day, which he regards as so perfect. When we read, for instance, this motto placed under his emblematic frontispiece, "Time alters fashions and frequently obliterates the works of art and ingenuity; but that, which is founded on geometry and real science, will remain unalterable," we are at first inclined to exclaim, in the words of the Ettrick Shepherd, "Let ilka [artist], great and sma', staun' on his ain feet, and no be afeared o' the takin' o' his altitude, by quadrants in the hauns o' geometrical critics." But what Sheraton did really mean is that beauty of form should depend firstly on scientific construction (necessarily geometrical), that the ornament of furniture should not interfere with this geometrical form, and that if these conditions are properly fulfilled we must as a matter of course have insured a

permanent principle, independent of passing fashion. He thus forestalls the modern doctrine of "constructiveness," of which the mediaevalists of this century are a little inclined to believe they have the monopoly. This is the principle on which all his best work is designed. Every part is of the form best adapted for its purpose. The lines of construction are clearly marked. No attempt is made, except in some few cases of which we shall speak later, to disguise the strength of the weight-bearing portions of his pieces, either by hiding them or by deceptive ornament. The legs of his tables, chairs, and sideboards have thus usually a straight axis, often they are turned or fluted; but perhaps his most graceful form of leg is square in section, tapering

in a pleasing proportion towards the foot. Between the lines of support thus marked we find that he uses, as a rule, surfaces of wood, sometimes ornamented with carving in low relief, more often with inlaid woods of different colours. There is thus nothing to interfere with the prominence of the constructive lines.

Designs of furniture conceived in this manner must of necessity depend much upon proportion for their beauty. In complicated combinations of prominent ornament the eye loses itself as it were in a maze of forms, crossing and re-crossing the main lines. But when simple shapes are sharply defined, and when every piece of wood is doing the work it seems to be doing, the eye will easily detect the slightest mistake in the justness of the relative sizes of the parts, and will value



IV.—A SHERATON DESK AND BOOKCASE.

fully whatever of grace and elegance is presented to it. The importance of the study of the five orders of classical architecture, which was felt so strongly by Sheraton that he regards it as an essential part of the cabinet-maker's education, becomes thus clear. And it is no doubt partly owing to his very accurate knowledge and careful observation of drawings of ancient examples of architecture that he learned to

each repeated element is exactly suited to its place. The proportions and shapes of each bell-flower in a pendant, for instance, will be found on examination to have been carefully varied according to its length and position. And he shows in many of his more elaborate scrolls that he must have practised himself in the art of designing by careful copying of the best examples and probably of natural objects themselves. These



V.—A SHERATON FRIEZE.

excel in this particular branch of his art. In fact for this quality alone he deserves to rank amongst the first of furniture designers.

But in his best work he not only succeeds in producing graceful proportion in the constructive forms; he also heightens his effect by a judicious application of ornament. The ornament in itself, though satisfactory as a rule, is seldom original. Almost all of it, and all the best of it, is either directly copied from, or is founded upon, those antique examples which the brothers Adam illustrated so admirably in their works, and which occur again and again in every piece of decoration of the time. Most of them consist of combinations of classical urns, rosettes, tent ornaments, festoons, swags, scrolls, and pendent bell-flowers. If these forms are not very interesting in themselves to modern eyes, yet we must recollect that in Sheraton's time they must have possessed a most refreshing purity. It is difficult, too, to conceive of any other style of decoration so well suited to his material and method of work. The simple curves of which it is composed lend themselves easily to inlay, and the colours of the various woods have a natural harmony with each other. Nor is it devoid of grace, and that of a very subtle kind. If we examine any piece of the ornament closely we shall find that it is never, so to speak, stereotyped, but that the actual drawing of

characteristics are combined to a remarkable degree in the sideboard shown in our third illustration. In this piece we can see at a glance the system of construction. The lines of support are carried up unbroken from the ground, and are separated from the other parts by a distinctive treatment of ornament, which has in itself a strong vertical tendency. The ornament over the remaining portions follows the natural divisions of the sideboard, and combines in the various panels most of the patterns which Sheraton employed. These patterns are executed in inlaid woods, the larger pieces being alternately of satinwood and mahogany, while the smaller are stained chiefly with greens, yellows, and browns. The system of ornament is simple, and wanting perhaps in life; yet it must be admitted that it produces a rich and graceful effect, and is devoid of any suspicion of vulgarity. Both in this example and in the knife-box shown in our first picture we may observe Sheraton's fondness for curved surfaces. The great advantage of these is the manner in which they reflect the light, not uniformly over the surface, but prominently and brightly in certain parts, while the remainder is comparatively dark. These curved surfaces give at the same time a pleasing contrast to the straightness and flatness of the other parts without destroying their value by prominent projection.

In this latter example we may also observe that the lines of support are clearly marked by means of prominent relief, and take the form of delicately tapering detached columns of a form founded on the Ionic order, but carefully adapted to suit its place and material.

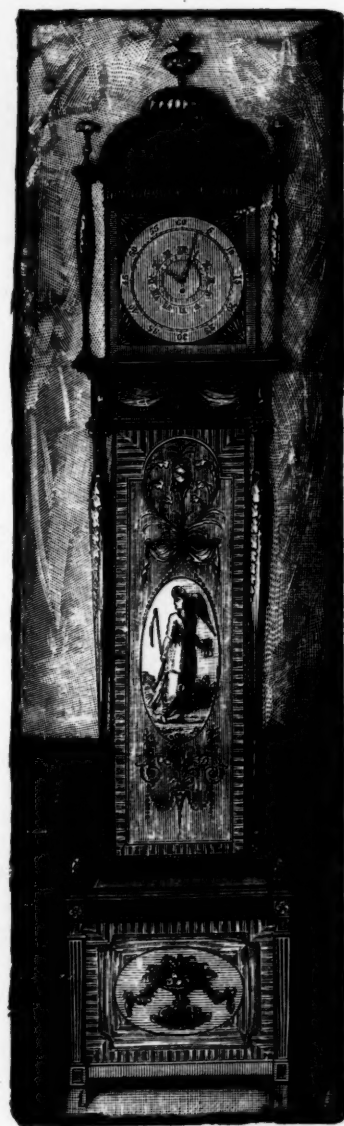
In the chair figured in our second engraving the same principles are carried out. There is here a considerable quantity of carved ornament, as well as of moulding; but not only is this ornament made subordinate to the obvious lines of construction, but actually assists in giving to each part its proper value. For instance, where the horizontal bar which supports the seat is tenoned into the leg we find the vertical fluting of the leg interrupted, and a square rosette carved, suggesting that that point is the junction of a horizontal and a vertical force. The form of this chair is not ungraceful or stiff; there is, in fact, scarcely a straight line in it. But how well it compares with its modern counterpart—designed, as it would seem, to use up the greatest amount of wood with the least possible strength! with its joints placed in such positions as to be liable to break under the slightest strain! The cornice and pediment of the desk and bookcase which are shown on a preceding page, and the clock opposite, are examples of Sheraton's delicate treatment of the more purely ornamental and less constructional forms. The pediment is of the shape introduced into England from Italy as far back as the time of James I., and occurs frequently in chimney-pieces, panelling, and other decorative features of that date. Originally composed entirely of straight lines, it gradually lost its severe character, until during the early half of the Eighteenth Century it was combined with the florid style then in fashion. Here we find it still in the late curved form; but it is subdued and refined, so as to harmonise with the more chaste character of Sheraton's ornamentation. The cornice and frieze below it are adaptations of those of the classical architecture which he had so carefully studied.

A particularly attractive detailed specimen of a frieze is shown in our fifth picture. Although it belongs to the antique type of scroll, its treatment is, as far as I am aware, entirely original. The curves are full of grace and vigour, and the combinations of form both beautiful and ingenious. It was intended, no doubt, to be executed in inlaid woods, the shading and drawing being supplied by slightly incised lines, which assume a black colour when the surface is polished. The design is most admirably adapted to this sort of treatment.

A more general idea of the appearance of a room furnished by Sheraton may be gathered from our seventh illustration—which is adapted from one or

more of his own designs. A somewhat rigid stiffness and an accurate symmetry are amongst its most prominent features. The arrangement of the furniture along the walls in rows would scarcely suit our modern fashion of covering the floor with miscellaneous groups of chairs and small tables, till it becomes a matter of some skill to steer clear of the multitude of obstacles; but the stiffness of the arrangement rather belongs to the manners of the age than the taste of the designer. We can picture to ourselves in such a drawing-room the stately bows of gentlemen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs as they paid heavy compliments to the beauties amongst the series of ladies seated against the walls. The

decoration of such rooms was often both fanciful and elaborate. The walls were usually divided into panels surrounded by delicate plaster mouldings, and filled with painted ornament imitated from the antique examples, of which so many copies had at that time lately come from Italy. The ceilings were in the same style, and often very rich in design and colour. The few of these rooms that now remain intact certainly belong to a much higher type than those we now inhabit, for in these the aim of the decorator seems to be to obtain the greatest quantity independent of quality for the money spent.



VI.—A SHERATON CLOCK-CASE.

I cannot leave the subject of Sheraton's furniture without noticing the unfortunate fact that he did not always abide by his principles. The love of complexity for complexity's sake must have been as common in his day as it is now. And we must suppose that he found himself compelled for the sake of his pocket to pander to this taste. Such lapses are most common in such slight pieces as candle-branches, where indeed they are most excusable. Fortunately most of these have perished from the flimsiness of their construction. The most glaring instance of all,

a woman and partly a monkey, is behind the curtain, to denote that such as practise it lurk in secret."

Such a piece of furniture as this (and the style of it fully bears out the six pages of description in the above style) is quite unworthy of the simplicity and good taste of most of Sheraton's work, and need not be allowed to affect his reputation. The qualities of the bulk of his furniture—the qualities of sober straightforward construction, made charming by a delicate sense of proportion and a still more delicate use of an attractive character of ornament—will insure



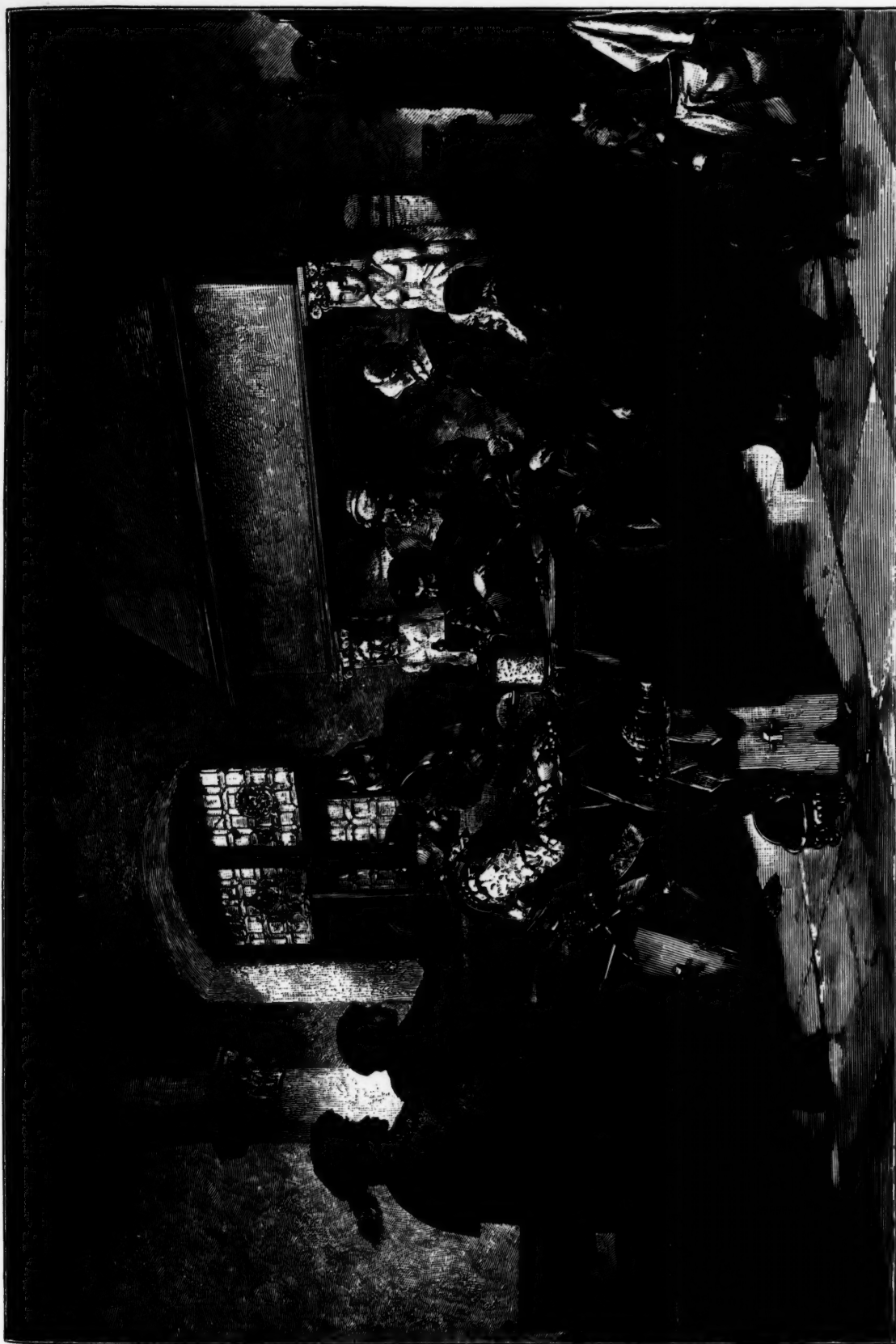
VII.—A ROOM IN SHERATON'S STYLE.

however, is that of a bedstead, part of the descriptions of which I cannot forbear to quote. This bedstead was designed for royalty itself, and was covered with a symbolism suited to its lofty destination. On the top are figures of Democracy and Aristocracy supporting monarchy. Serpents, figures of Mercury, crowns, and lions combine and intertwine to signify wisdom, fame, and courage. Justice, clemency, and liberty are typified by three figures on the top. "Law is represented by the figure of a respectable elderly lady sitting on a tribunal chair." "The ornaments of the head-board are emblems of love and continency, expressed by the figures of Cupid, Chastity, and a trophy below. Cupid is represented as drawing his bow to guard Chastity from the violent attempts of Impurity, whose figure, partly

him in the future, as they have insured him in the past, the full appreciation of all who have eyes to see where merit lies apart from the conventions of style.

There is no doubt too that, quite independently of fashion and folly, they will exercise a good and lasting influence on art-workmen and art-workmanship. It is one thing to imitate mechanically, and another to imitate with understanding. In the first case the result is merely a reproduction of accidents and externals. In the second the workman contents himself with the essentials of his model, which he adapts to uses of his own and moulds to purposes of his own design. To such as are capable of this second type of imitation, Sheraton's masterpieces, as is common with the work of a true artist, will be always rich in suggestions and ideas.

EUSTACE BALFOUR.



SELLING THE BOOTY.
(From the Picture by H. F. C. Ten Kate.)

"SELLING THE BOOTY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY H. F. C. TEN KATE.

THE scene is some kind of mediæval parlour: in the Low Countries—the European cock-pit these centuries past—or some hotly-contested bit of Germany. Fire and sword has been the order of the day. Abbeys have been sacked, rich burgomasters and syndics have been divorced from their belongings, castles and country houses have been gutted from rafter to cellar; in fact, the sacred image of Property has been profaned in every direction. And in this corner of Jewry—arranged and furnished with a careful eye to stage-effect—certain gentlemen soldados have halted a stage on their way to the gallows, to coin into good ringing guilders such trifles in the way of "purchase" as, with bilbo and opportunity, they have been able to assimilate.

Casket and flagon, ring and tankard and chain, hilt and aiguère and carcanet—it is evident that they have done a roaring trade. It is evident, too, that they have brought their wares to a bad market, and that Levi and Aaron, the hunters of shekels, the rare artists in usury, will mete to them as they have measured unto others, and send them swearing to the nearest tavern. Does not the Jew at the table leer engagingly? and does not the hag to the left make signs to the venerable rascal at the fire? In war's history it has been thus from the first. "Ce qui s'en vient par la flûte s'en va par le tambour." It is the universal fortune. Why it should never be painted otherwise than as a scene in a well-staged play is a question too vast for argument.

THE PACES OF THE HORSE IN ART.

IT is being hinted in many quarters—"The Horse in Motion," by J. D. B. Stillman, M.A., M.D. (London: Trübner and Co.) 1882. "Animal Mechanism," by E. J. Marey. "Int. Scient. Series." (Kegan Paul and Co.) 1874. Also, Marey in *Nature*, vol. xix.—that a new era in animal painting is about to be inaugurated. It is not a renaissance we are to expect, but a revolution; for it appears that, except now and again by accident, artists from all time have wrongly represented the paces of quadrupeds. It will be asked, What artists, what sculptors are to figure as the leaders in this new departure? whose are the epoch-making names? There are none. It is the odograph and the camera which are to be crowned with laurels. The former is a machine invented by Professor Marey for the purpose of registering the formulæ of animals' paces. Upon the products of the latter—upon instantaneous photographs of quadrupeds in

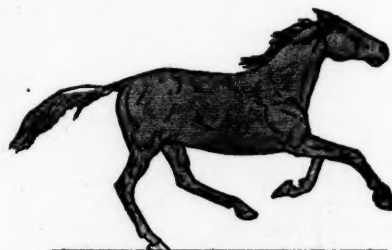
motion—Dr. Stillman's dicta are based. The odograph enables Professor Marey to say of the frieze of the Parthenon that "the greater part of the horses are represented in false attitudes." Modern works of art, he tells us, he will not permit himself to criticise; but it is evident that if he did so, the odograph would make sad havoc among them. Dr. Stillman, as the prophet of instantaneous photography, foresees that before long all the famous paintings, in which "he [the horse] is a prominent figure in the gallop, will be relegated to the museums as examples of old masters, to illustrate the progressive stages in the development of art." We are also told that already many artists are modifying their drawings so as to bring them into conformity with the truths brought to light by instantaneous photography.

The principal, although not the only fact which is leading to this expected revolution is that at



THE PACES OF THE HORSE IN ART.—I.

no instant during the gallop are the limbs of a horse actually in the position with which every one is familiar as suggesting the animal at full speed. The inference drawn is that all artists, from Phidias to Géricault, have been



THE PACES OF THE HORSE IN ART.—II.

wrong, and that they must make a fresh start, or if they do not it will only be because (so Dr. Stillman says) "there is too much capital invested in works of art all over the world to allow the innovation." What is to be substituted for the ordinary representation of the gallop? Dr. Stillman has published a series of instantaneous photographs (most valuable in their way) representing all the positions a horse's limbs pass through during the stride. Any or all of these artists are to make use of. Figs. 1, 2,

3, 4 are drawings from the photographs, and are put forward as examples of what we are told we ought to expect from artists. If this were not an age of superstitious faith in anything that clothes itself as a deduction or calls itself scientific, if instinct were not unduly discredited, men would smile at the "facts" and trust the artists. But in mid Nineteenth Century argument must be met by argument. I therefore propose to offer some reasons for believing that we are not on the eve of a revolution in the representation of locomotion.

The first thing which strikes one is that only in representing the gallop are scientific men in a position to give authoritative lessons to artists. The walking pace, Professor Marey says, consists in putting down in succession the right fore-foot, left hind, left fore, right hind; and he says that two feet are always on the ground, so that the horse is at one moment laterally, at another diagonally supported. He tells us further that a horse going down hill with a load may have three feet on the ground at once, but only in these circumstances. Accepting this teaching, there are thousands of pictures we must cease to admire. One does not need to go far in the examination of the works of animal painters to be convinced that walking horses are more commonly represented with three feet upon the ground than with two. Some years ago one of the horses in Miss Thompson's "Roll-Call" was severely attacked, and proved incorrect by scientific men, odograph in hand. Tolerance was the utmost art could get from truth. The late Prof. Garrod says (*Nature*, vol. x., p. 40):—"It is evident that the representation (Miss Thompson's) is correct, except in a very slight point, which is that the right hind-leg is on the ground, though just on the point of leaving it,

whereas it ought to be just off it, because in walking there are never more than two legs on the ground at the same time." This was written in 1874. At that time what I must call camerism was not invented. Art, if it did not believe in itself, had to accept this gracious concession to its weakness. But Dr. Stillman has come to the rescue, saying, "A horse (walking) never rests on two legs . . . one of the reserve feet holds the ground till the other has the start." If the observations of



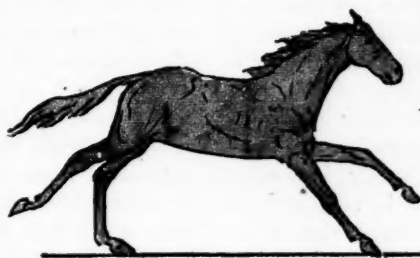
THE PACES OF THE HORSE IN ART.—III.

pace by the camera had come out before those by the odograph, science would have accepted Miss Thompson's horses and condemned some other artists'. If the never of Marey and the never of Stillman are both accepted, walking horses must be represented with all four feet on the ground or with none. Probably, in the meantime, artists, if they trouble themselves about the matter, will be inclined to accept both dicta, in so far as each one verifies some of their own observations.

Against the artistic conception of trotting, science has little to say. It appears that in this pace first one and then the other pair of diagonal feet reach the ground. This artists are admitted to have observed. Speaking roughly, they represent trotting in one of two ways: either with one diagonal pair of feet depicted as supporting, or at the moment when all four hoofs are in the air. All the feet raised suggests a fast trot, the other position a slow one. The remarkable thing is that this convention is not merely conventional. The artist has observed what the ear of science has noted (see Figs. 7 and 8)—viz., that in a fast trot the moment of suspension is the longest pause in the cycle of the stride, whilst in the slow trot it is very short. Professor Marey tells us that his experiments "confirm the standard theory of the trot." They do so except in one particular, which is brought to light by Dr. Stillman's photographs. It appears from these that when the trotting horse is in suspension, the fore-foot farthest in advance is stretched straight

out with the sole at right angles to the leg. Artists often represent it curved. I shall discuss this departure from the "truth" later on in reference to the gallop, in regard to which painters and sculptors commit a similar so-called error.

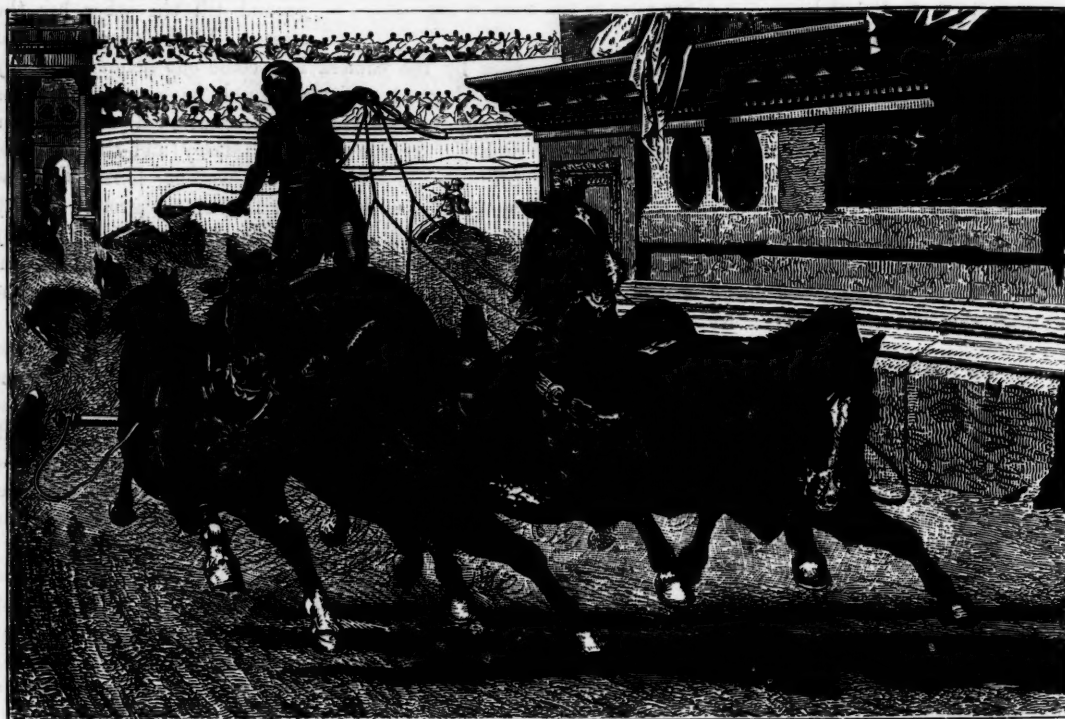
If artists are in the main correct about the slower paces,



THE PACES OF THE HORSE IN ART.—IV.

if they introduce variety into their representations of these, it is difficult to believe that the one conventional way—the Géricault way—of suggesting a gallop (a typical example of which the reader will recognise in our picture of a Roman chariot-race) has been adopted without good reason. The difficulty in the way of want of faith in artists is increased when jumping is taken into consideration. I find on comparing Dr. Stillman's photographs with a number of sporting pictures that the jumping horse's positions in the latter do not conflict with the observed facts,

ance. These are to convey new knowledge. A New Zealand or Californian picture is merely a diagram for those who have never visited the countries; on the contrary, a sunset, however intense, is a picture. We have all seen glowing sunsets. But a sunset during an eclipse would be useless if not objectively correct, as, however striking, it could not have artistic value. A function of pictures is to revive and intensify former impressions; and I assert, without fear of contradiction, that neither Marey's nor Stillman's diagrams of galloping horses, treated never so skilfully,



THE PACES OF THE HORSE IN ART.—V.: THE CONVENTIONAL GALLOP.

We have, therefore, this astonishing thing, if we adopt Dr. Stillman's views about the inaccuracy of the conventional gallop: that the hundreds of artists who have painted a steeplechase, or a run with hounds, have observed the jumping and shut their eyes to the galloping. This would be hard to believe even if there were not, as there are, direct arguments in favour of the conventional gallop.

Scientific men, being in the habit of dealing with objective facts in their own province, are apt to attach too little importance to subjective impressions when they come out of it. Now in matters of art, the observer is of even more importance than the observed. In diagrams and sketches of things we have never seen, objective correctness is of the first import-

would revive recollections of that happy day we spent at Epsom. To us horses at full gallop *appear* extended. To the lover of art agreeing to this all is said. The scientific mind still asks the why. The answer is:—Simply because the eye does not receive and obliterate impressions as fast as a machine for the production of instantaneous photographs. It is quick enough to observe a trot; but it actually sees a galloping horse extended as it sees a quickly revolving wheel blurred, because, although there is no instant when all or even two feet are extended, it nevertheless notes the fact that during the stride each of the four feet does reach the extreme point, and not only reaches it, but seems to dwell longer at it than at any other. Passing out over and re-



THE PACES OF THE HORSE IN ART.—VL.: HORSES FROM THE PARTHENON FRIEZE.

turning along the last inch is for the eye a pause at the extreme. A galloping horse is represented extended for the same reason that the swinging of a pendulum is suggested by being drawn at one or other extreme of its excursion, or that lightning is drawn as a streak, and not as a spark, which it actually is.

If this were all, it could be argued that artists might vary their pictures by representing the galloping horse at the other extreme (that is, with all its legs curled up under it), the more cogently, as it happens that at one instant of the stride a horse's feet *are* so curled up (see Fig. 3). Apart from the exceeding ungainliness of the attitude, any unprejudiced person must admit that Fig. 3 does not suggest galloping. "I do not like you, Dr. Fell" is conclusive in such a case; but "the reason why" has its value. The position shown in the diagram is a pause between two strides. It is neither the completion of the last nor the beginning of the next. The pendulum is perpendicular. But, it may be said, the idea of effort having been made is at least suggested by the horse being in mid-air. He has evidently made a bound. Now in galloping a horse does not bound, as any one who has ever ridden knows. The body of the animal undulates one might almost say gently. In trotting, indeed, the horse bounds, so that the rider who has any regard for his comfort must "post." On the galloping steed the rider sits, or may sit, close and comfortable. Dr. Stillman has shown that at no moment during the stride are the animal's withers higher from the ground than when he is standing. On the contrary, they are considerably below the gauge line most of the time. This laying of itself down to its work is for the observer the most marked feature of galloping. It is almost permanent. The eye can appreciate it without effort. It is to galloping what outstretched wings are to flying, light to day, a street lamp to a "nocturne." Therefore Fig. 3 does not represent, and does not suggest, a gallop. If it suggests anything, it is jumping.

It is now easy to understand a point already alluded to. It appeared that in trotting (and it is true also of galloping) that the fore-foot which is about to reach the earth is really stiffly stretched out (as in Fig. 7), whilst it is usually represented bent, with the sole of the foot at right angles to the ground. One of the points which

makes the instantaneous photographs appear unconventional is this stiffness of the projected fore-foot. If any one directs his attention to this point he will easily detect this rigidity in horses trotting fast. But if he is not making an exclusive effort to observe it, the general impression is of a reaping-hook sweep. It is of course right of artists to represent the general impression, which is of a bent leg, except in the case of springy-stepping horses which are being held back. In their case, from

the relative slowness of the descent and the length of time occupied by it, the "truth" is the more general impression. In the gallop, from its greater quickness, it never can be right to represent the straight leg.

Before leaving the subject, a few words about the Greek and Roman rendering of paces are necessary, although the space at my command precludes me from entering upon it with all the detail its interest deserves. The conventional gallop we have been discussing is that of modern Europe. As far as I know we have no means of actually determining whether the Greeks and their Roman imitators in art would have rendered a full gallop as we do or not. They would seem in their delineation to have recoiled from the sentiment of the horse carrying as it were its rider where it chose. The suggestion which pervades classical representations is that of man's power over the noble animal. Greek art dealt, so to speak, with man, and man only. A horse at full gallop, unrestrained, with a man as a mere burden on his back, would probably have appealed to the Greeks as an irreverent degradation of nature's lord and master. In our illustration from the Parthenon frieze we have

young men calmly and with ease restraining steeds whose every attitude expresses the will but not the power to break away from them. To criticise these or other classical horses from the odograph or the camera point of view is impossible. Some of Dr. Stillman's photographs of broken and intermediate paces approximate, indeed, to their attitudes; but they only approximate. Dr. Stillman's

horses had not the terrible Eastern bit in their mouths, a bit that can snap a horse's jaw across like a bit of firewood. To ride as an ancient Greek seems to have ridden would bring an Englishman under the notice of a society for prevention of cruelty to animals. A Greek evidently rode like a modern



THE PACES OF THE HORSE IN ART.—VII.



THE PACES OF THE HORSE IN ART.—VIII.

Arab. He threw his horse into all sorts of intermediate paces, goading him one instant, restraining him the next. The middle horse in our illustration, for instance, has evidently made a bound and been dragged on to his haunches, as only an Eastern bit could drag him. On the Trajan Column, although there are many horses charging in battle, there is only one with anything but a terribly tight rein. The prevailing attitudes are, therefore, quite different from what they would be in a modern picture of, say, a cavalry charge. The one exception on the Trajan Column is in the case of a soldier, who is probably starting off with orders. His horse is just setting off at full gallop, and it is interesting to observe that, except that the hind-feet are still touching the ground, the attitude is that of the modern extended convention. There is perhaps another reason why the gallop is not common in classical art. Any one who has witnessed races in the East will bear me out that the horse at full gallop is not what would appeal to an artist as representative of the affair. The English jockey pulls his horse with the mere effect, as far as the bystander is concerned, of imperceptibly shortening his stride; but an Eastern jockey, with a solid bit, is either breaking the animal's stride or, by his loose rein, giving the impression that the horse has run away. With an Eastern bit a horse cannot be jockeyed. The Greek as a horseman was, as I have said, doubtless of the Eastern school—the violent hand, the balanced seat. As an artist, it is easy to understand that the moment of full gallop was not one he would care to seize, any more than a modern would take for an equestrian statue the instant when there was daylight between the hero and his saddle.

In these observations I by no means wish to contend that the scientific observation of paces is of no use at all to artists. One might as well argue that they can gain nothing from a knowledge of anatomy. Dr. Stillman's photographs are valuable for verifying artists' observations, but as capable of being abused as photographs of landscape. It is

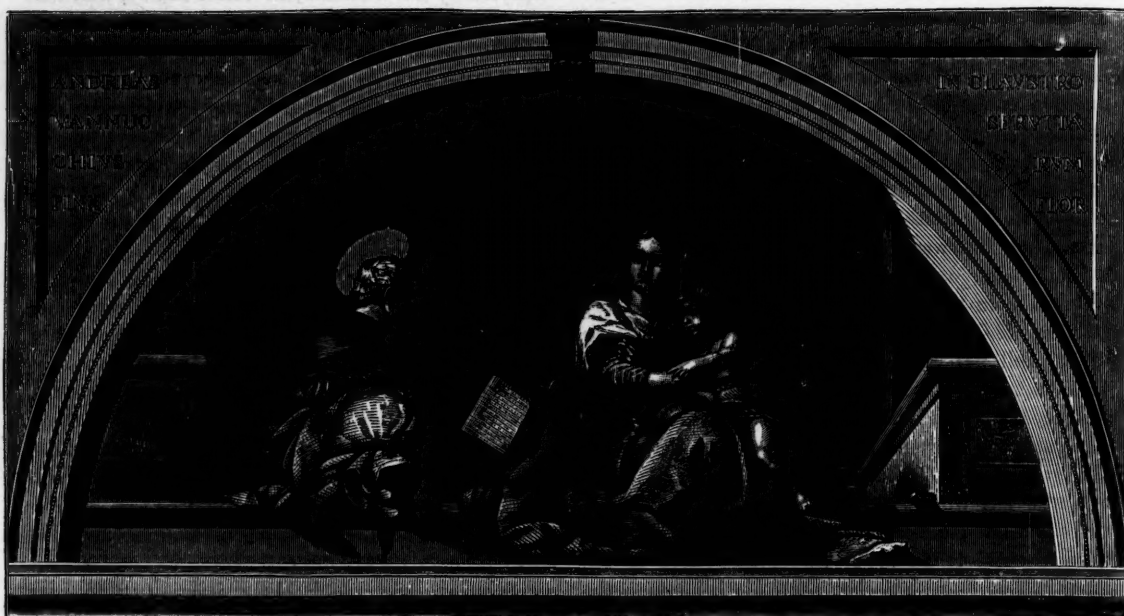
expected by Dr. Stillman, Professor Marey, &c., that artists will be enabled by their observations to introduce greater variety into their representations of paces. This is very probably the case; but certainly not to the endless extent which they anticipate. Without seeing its significance in this relation, Dr. Stillman points out that many of the paces overlap each other. That is to say, for example, there are moments in walking in which the limbs are in the same relative position, as at certain instants during the trot. Cantering and galloping similarly overlap each other. Clearly this vast No-Man's-Land is a barren field for the artist. He is restricted to the use of such positions as suggest the motion he is to represent, and no other. For some reason, which I am unable to detect, the whole vast series of ingenious photographs of intermediate paces (breaking from one pace to another) also appeals to one as artistically valueless. Many of the jumping positions, and all the galloping ones, are so ungainly as to be only useful for caricature.

Some remarks which Millet is reported to have made regarding a horse picture by a veterinary surgeon, place the relation of technical accuracy to art in their true light. Millet said, "The positions of his horses are ridiculously stiff and completely antagonistic to the principles of art. But this man knows more about horses than any painter I have ever seen, and the picture would be invaluable to an artist. Art is not the copying but the transfiguring of nature. Art is artifice, and has to represent as living what is really lifeless and immobile. If you copy nature literally as a photographer does you kill her. Suppose that photography could take a horse at full gallop, the horse would run no more." We can imagine Millet delighted with Dr. Stillman's photographs, still more pleased with Mr. Muybridge's (of Boston) arrangements of them for the zoetrope; but if Dr. Stillman's views as to their value are ever accepted, if it is ever forgotten that "art is not the copying but the transfiguring of nature," the word may as well be erased from the dictionary. W. G. SIMPSON.

A FAMOUS MODEL.

MOST painters of Madonnas have a favourite type of face which, with many variations and changes, recurs again and again in their work: whether they find their ideal in the depths of their own invention, or, as was Lionardo's wont, they follow up and down the streets such beauty as they see. Certain peculiarities of feature or colouring—Monna Lisa's smile, Simonetta's long throat, the ruddy golden

hair which Perugino loved—take hold of an artist's fancy, and become inwrought with every effort of his imagination. Some painters of strong individuality—as, for instance, Botticelli and Francia—give all their Virgins one same expression of divine sorrow or tender reproach. Only the very few are gifted with Raphael's imagination, and can cover a sheet of paper with a dozen different faces, each one



THE MADONNA DEL SACCO.

(Painted by Andrea del Sarto.)

fairer than the last. But it is not often that a painter dwells so exclusively on one model, and shapes his women-heads—Virgins, saints, angels, and Florentine ladies alike—so exactly after one pattern as Andrea del Sarto. His model, as everybody knows, was his wife, the fair Lucrezia della Fede, whom he loved too well for his happiness and his honour. In the whole of art-history there is not a sadder tale than this, as Vasari told it long ago; as Robert Browning, reproducing every detail with photographic minuteness, has immortalised it in his poem; as Alfred de Musset has tried to tell it in his dull, unwholesome little play. Henceforth he stands before the world as a man “damned in a fair wife”—a melancholy instance of a genius whose moral ruin and artistic failure, so far as regards the higher aims, have been worked by the love of a woman who allied herself with the lower instincts of his nature.

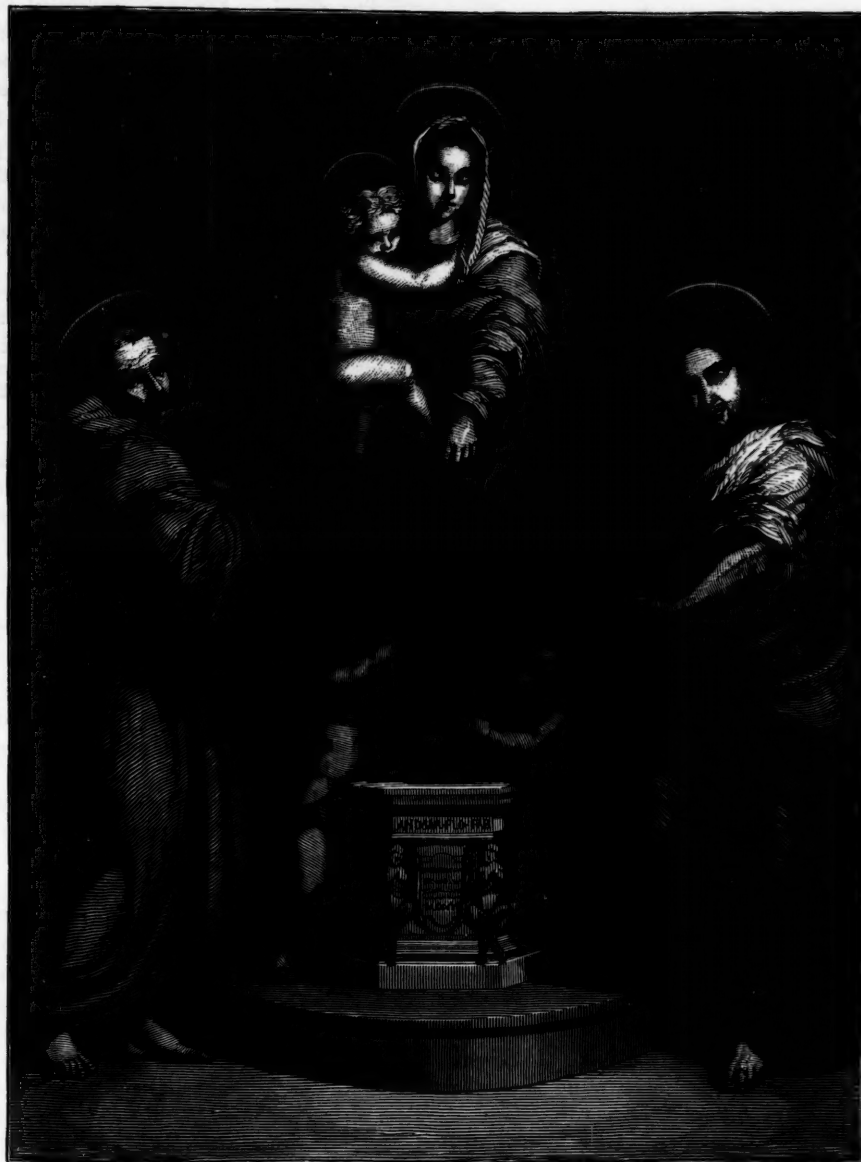
At the age of twenty-five no artist had a greater career before him than this son of the Florentine tailor. His extraordinary talent had attracted the notice of one great man after another, till even Michelangelo could say to Raphael, then at the pinnacle of his glory, “there is a little fellow in Florence who would bring the sweat to your brow were he engaged on works as great as yours.” He had already painted several of the wonderful monochromes of the Scalzo cloister; and the frescoes in the court of the Annunziata, on which he was still engaged, showed him, as draughtsman and as colourist

alike, to be second to none living. It was then that he became intimate with the beautiful Lucrezia, the wife of Carlo Recanati, the *berrettajo*—the maker, that is, of the felt and velvet caps worn in those days—who lived in the Via San Gallo. Lucrezia’s origin was common; her father was poor and vicious; her own temper was proud and vindictive. She lived at variance with her husband; but she could be gracious and charming to her admirers, and she easily won the painter’s heart. His passion for her led him to neglect his work; and, regardless of his friend’s warnings—a sudden illness having carried off the latter—he married the beautiful widow without further delay. It was soon after his marriage (celebrated on the 26th December, 1512) that he painted his wife’s portrait in the “Nativity” of the Annunziata frescoes: as a youthful matron richly clad in flowing robes, coming to congratulate the Mother on her Child’s birth. Lucrezia appears to us in the pride of her beauty, as she appeared to the enchanted eyes of her young husband in the first flush of his wedded happiness. Tall and stately in figure, she gathers her drapery about her with a dignified repose, and the smile that plays on her fair face seems to show how conscious is she of her charms, how powerless is Andrea to escape from the spell which has bound him. From this time the face appears and re-appears in all his work: in the kneeling Magdalene of the “Dispute of the Trinity,” in the angel of the “Annunciation;” in the two famous Madonnas—“Of

the Sack" and "Of the Tribune"—which we reproduce; in the allegorical figure of Faith—a play on her name Fede—holding chalice and host. "He always painted his women from his wife's portrait,"

hand remain, one at Berlin, the other at Madrid. Both give us the same handsome matron with—

"The perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth."



THE VIRGIN OF THE TRIBUNE.

(Painted by Andrea del Sarto.)

says Vasari, "and even when she was absent, and he made use of other models, so deeply was her image engraven in his mind, so constantly had he studied her features, that almost all his women-heads resembled hers."

Two authentic portraits of Lucrezia by her husband's

In both portraits she wears a white handkerchief folded over her striped woollen bodice, full yellow sleeves, and a white cloth loosely twisted among the coils of her chestnut hair; but the Madrid portrait is the more youthful, and evidently belongs to those bright days of early married life in which Andrea

painted the fresco of the "Nativity." As we look at the finely moulded neck and arms, at the comely face which wants no beauty but that of soul—the soul which is missing in all Andrea's pictures—we ask ourselves with the poet, what might have been,

"Had the mouth there urged
 'God and the glory! never care for gain,
 The present by the future, what is that?
 Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!
 Raphael is waiting: up to God all three!
 I might have done it for you."

But the perfect lips are silent; and the beautiful eyes could never speak the word which might have raised Andrea to the heaven that was for ever shut upon him.

For a little while we can well believe that the summer of the young painter's bliss lasted, and he paid little heed to the reproaches of his friends, who complained that he had forsaken them. But if Vasari's tale is true—and since he had known Andrea, and Lucrezia was still alive when he wrote, its substance can scarcely be disputed—the sequel proves that Andrea was only another example of the old truth that to them the gods hate they grant the desires of their heart. Not only did Lucrezia's overbearing temper drive away the painter's apprentices, Pontormo among them; but her vanity attracted other admirers, who excited her husband's jealousy and made him miserable. Her extravagance involved him in foolish expenditure which brought him into difficulties and caused him to neglect his own parents, who are said to have died in the greatest poverty, while Lucrezia's relatives lived on the fruits of his labours. Some of this may be ascribed to Vasari's habit of exaggeration, or to his personal dislike of Lucrezia; but much of it is no doubt true. The painter's behaviour towards his generous patron, François I., is historical. In the spring of 1518 he accepted an invitation to the court of France, where his pictures had already made him famous. There he remained several months, painting (among other masterpieces) the "Pietà" of the Belvedere and the "Charity" of the Louvre, and enjoying the king's own favour and friendship. Meanwhile Lucrezia, who had remained in Florence, became impatient—"more eager," says Vasari, "to profit by her husband's gains than to see him again;" and although he sent her presents, and told her to build the house she wanted, she wrote letter upon letter urging him instantly to return. At length Andrea yielded to her prayers and obtained leave of absence from the French king for two months, at the end of which time he promised to come back with his wife. On this condition he returned to Florence, taking with him a sum of money to buy works of art which he was to bring back with him to Paris. But once at home again, in

the company of his beautiful Lucrezia, he lost all sense of loyalty and honour. He loaded his wife and her relatives with presents; he spent the king's money in building a house in a street behind the church of the Annunziata. And then, fearing to face the just anger of François, he refused to stir from Florence, and never more returned to France.

Idle he certainly was not. Fresh commissions came to him from all quarters. The Medici, whose return he had celebrated in triumphal arches and cars, gave him work of all kinds. He painted the allegories of the Scalzo, the "Madonna del Sacco," the "Last Supper" at S. Salvi; and many altarpieces more: "masterpieces," says Vasari, "for drawing, grace, and beauty of colouring," but always failing in strength of purpose and nobleness of thought, so falling short of such masters as Fra Bartolommeo and remaining far below Raphael:—

"So still they overcome, because there's still
 Lucrezia—as I choose."

Even his Christ of the "Last Supper"—the Redeemer in that supreme moment of parting—has nothing ideal or elevated in form or expression, but is little better than a peasant, with no redeeming quality of deep feeling or divine intention. All through the rest of his life Andrea seems to have looked back with lingering affection to the time he spent at the court of France, and to have bitterly regretted his ingratitude and infirmity of purpose. In his anxiety to recover François' favour, he painted several pictures, intending to despatch each one in turn as a peace-offering to the offended monarch. But whether before the work was done his courage failed him, or whether the high prices offered him by Ottaviano de Medici or some other patron were too tempting to be refused, he never carried out his design. Once, in his last years, he went so far as to make an agreement with Giovanbattista della Palla, the French king's agent in Florence, to execute a work for his master. In his anxiety to regain his old patron's good graces he exerted himself to the utmost, and produced the noble "Sacrifice of Isaac," now in the Dresden Gallery. But this masterpiece, in which Andrea rises above his usual level, never reached its destination. Perhaps, as Vasari suggests, François refused to accept the work of an artist whose faithless conduct had disgusted him with all Florentines. Whatever the reason, the picture remained in Andrea's studio after his death, when it was bought by Filippo Strozzi.

So he stayed on in Florence, preyed upon by his wife and her greedy kin, who followed him even when he removed to the country, and painting one picture after another with ever-increasing facility of hand and corresponding mannerism of

style and emptiness of thought. The face is still Lucrezia's—with the fair brow and the soulless eyes—but the colouring has become misty and uncertain, and the once masterly fusion of tints and shadows has resulted in a curious grey-ness of tone. Finally, after the sufferings of the siege of Florence, Andrea fell ill, and at the end of a few days he died, almost alone—on the 22nd of January, 1531. His wife Lucrezia kept away from his bedside for fear his sickness might be the plague. To the last his love for her was constant as ever. By his will, dated four years earlier, he left her all he possessed; and he even remembered Maria, her daughter by her former husband, the *berrettajo*. Should Lucrezia marry again, he says expressly she is to keep the jewels which he had given her. Lucrezia, however, never found a third husband; she remained unmarried during the forty years of her second widowhood. She realised a considerable sum by the sale of his pictures, for he had laboured to the last; but she retained some love for her dead husband, and she would not part with his portrait:—one of those familiar half-length figures with the long curls

falling from under his black cap, the dark eyes, sensitive mouth, and pensive, disconsolate expression—such a portrait as we reproduce below.

Long afterwards, in the year 1570, Jacopo da Empoli sat in the court of the Annunziata copying Andrea del Sarto's famous fresco of the "Nativity," when an old woman stopped by his side on her way to mass. Pointing to the figure of the young matron in the picture, she told him that there was her own portrait, for that she herself was all that was left of Lucrezia della Fede. There is singular pathos in the little story, which every Florentine writer has loved to repeat. The words seem to offer some reparation, poor and tardy though it be, to Andrea's memory. Lucrezia had tormented and vexed him in his life; she had neglected him on his death-bed, and left strangers to bury him. But after all, as she looked back on those first days of her wedded life, more than half a century before, it was still her chief pride to remember that she had been the beloved wife of the great and famous painter men called "Andrea Senza Errori"—Andrea the Faultless.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

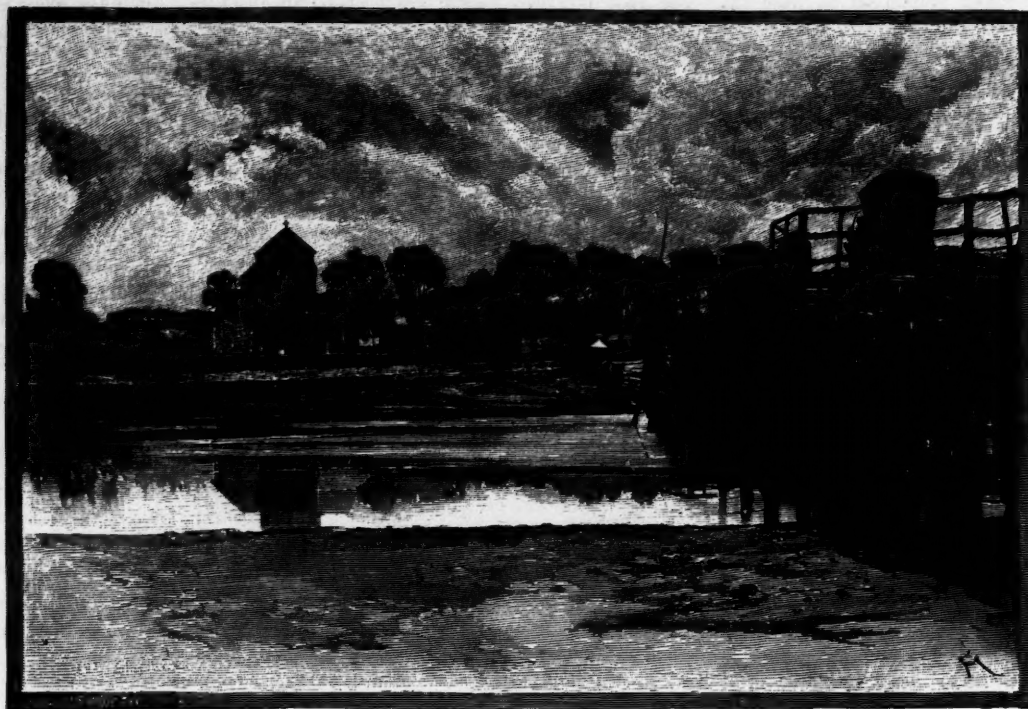


ANDREA DEL SARTO.
(Painted by Himself.)

THE SOUTH DOWNS AS A SKETCHING-GROUND.

COPLEY FIELDING in times gone by, and Hine in times that are our own, have made excellent capital out of the rolling hills which bound a large extent of the Sussex coast, and artists of less renown occasionally deal successfully with them. Still, it has always appeared to me that, as material for landscapes, "those grand steadfast forms," as George Eliot calls them, are not, and never have been, held in the estimation they deserve. It is the fashion to say of the South Downs, as of the Alps, that they are "not paintable," and to stigmatise them as a treeless waste bordered by a shipless sea. So far as one part of the Downs is concerned, the description has, perhaps, a certain amount of truth in it; but all the same it ought not to make the white umbrella and camp-stool the rare objects they are among the coombs and hollows, in the holts

and denes, and along the edge of the bold, chalk-faced bluffs of the Sussex seaboard. Hereabouts there is a certain beauty which makes the district very fruitful of motives and ideas. There is no doubt that it is a beauty peculiar to itself: a beauty, too, which it is far from easy to render adequately. The vast stretches of smooth, unbroken verdure rising and falling in soft graceful curves, like the undulating billows of some suddenly arrested sea; the absence of strong or abrupt contrasts to mark the successive planes of distance; the necessity of depending for success in conveying the impression of space on the portraiture of the subtlest gradations of tone and atmosphere—these are facts to give the random and haphazard sketcher pause. Great skill and infinite labour are demanded to produce on the mind of the spectator as he gazes at a picture of the Downs a corresponding sense of that magnitude and open breezy freedom with which he is possessed as he



OLD SHOREHAM.

stands inhaling the clear, sweet-scented air on one of their rounded crests.

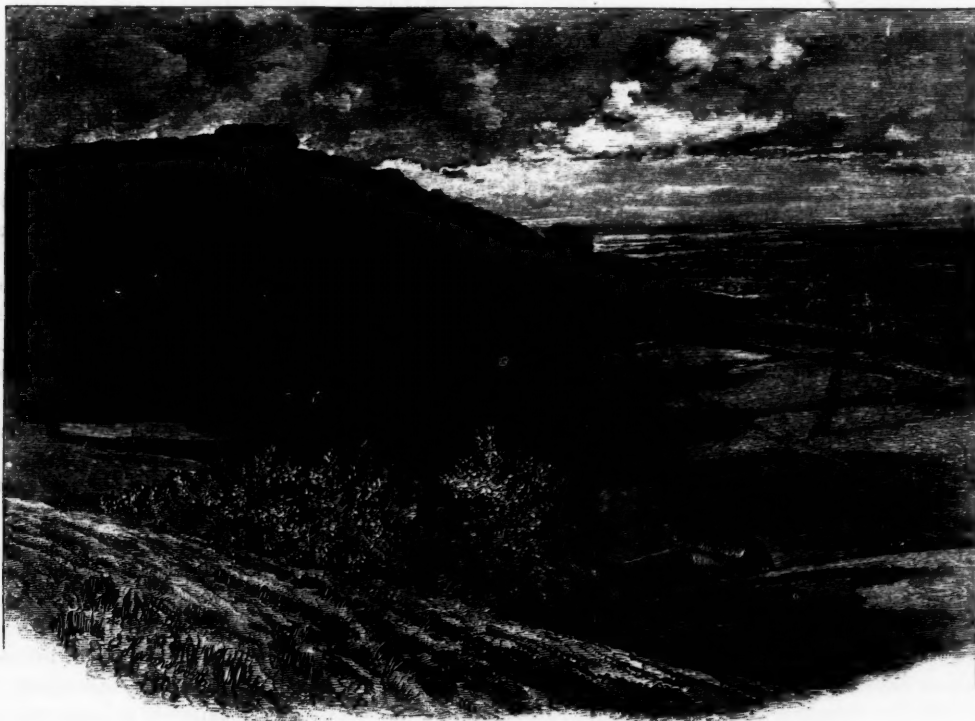
At this minute I am not thinking of such well-known artist-haunts as Goodwood and Arundel Parks: with their vast outlooks and finely-timbered slopes, their deep, dense, ferny brakes and thickets, where the dappled deer herd in the cooling shade, and where the river sparkles and flows, and the lake "scatters silver lights." Such quiet and cheerful pastorals as that one presented in our third picture—of Arundel Town and Castle, with the placid Arun gliding in the foreground, and the palace of the Howards on the hillside to the right—are far from my thought. What I have now in my mind appears at first glance more prosaic and less promising—that part of Downland, say, which stretches from Beachy Head in the east to Chanctonbury Ring, at the rear of Worthing, in the west—the belt of country, in fact, which girdles Babylon-by-the-Sea from the Devil's Dyke ridge northwards, to Ovingdean, Rottingdean, Newhaven, and Seaford in the south. Anywhere within the area thus indicated are to be found multitudes of those large and simple graces which form the leading attractions of what I shall call Downland proper. And this part it is which I wish to exalt to a loftier prominence than it seems to hold among the resorts of the sketcher from nature.

In trying to estimate a little in detail what are some of the more striking of its features, I shall quote from Harrison Ainsworth—a writer who was most keenly alive to them all. Sitting on one of the ordinary eminences, "No hills," he says, "can be more beautiful than these South Downs. They may want height, boldness, grandeur, sublimity; they possess not forest, rock, torrent, or ravine; but they have gentleness, softness, and other endearing attributes. We will not attempt to delineate the slight but infinite varieties of form and aspect that distinguish one hill from its neighbour; for though a strong family likeness marks them all, each down has an individual character. Regarded in combination with each other, the high ranges form an exquisite picture. Contemplation of such a scene soothes rather than excites, and inspires only feelings of placid enjoyment. . . . We have a peaceful landscape before us, of a primitive character, and possessing accompaniments of pastoral life. Yonder is the shepherd with crook and dog, watching his flock browse on the thymy slopes—the unequalled sheep of the South Downs, remember. At our feet lies a well-cultivated valley, with broad patches of turnip and mangold-wurzel on one side and a large stubble-field on the other, where the ploughman with his yoke of patient oxen is at work. In this valley you may note a farm-shed and a sheep-fold, with

rows of hay-stacks and corn-stacks at various points, evidencing the fertility of the soil. In front of us is the British Channel. A burst of sunshine illumines the tall white cliffs on the east, and gleams upon the far-off lighthouse. That pharos is on Beachy Head. On the near height, overlooking the sea, stands a windmill, while a solitary barn forms a landmark on that distant hill. Altogether a charming picture. But we have not yet fully examined it. The beautiful hill, on the brow of which we are seated, has necessarily a valley on either side. On the right, and immediately beneath us, is a pretty little village, nestling amid a grove of trees, above whose tops you may discern the tower of a small, grey, old church. . . . On the left, and nearer the sea, you may discern another, and considerably larger village, almost as picturesque as the former, and possessing a grey, antique church at its northern extremity. . . . Behind and around on every side, save towards the sea, are downs—downs with patches of purple heather or grey gorse clothing their sides—downs with small holts within their coombs, partially cultivated or perfectly bare—everywhere downs."

That they require much clever management truthfully and attractively to develop their peculiar beauty with the brush I have already insisted; and if they do not at all times lend themselves readily to pictorial treatment the same can be said

of most landscapes. Judgment and experience are necessary to catch the favourable moment. It must be watched and waited for:—whether it come with the cloud-shadow or gleaming sunburst, as they hurry up and down the steeps almost as if endowed with life; or whether it steal upon you in the twilight, when the blue smoke from some solitary homestead curls up the copse in the hollow, softens while it magnifies the crest above, and mingling with the tender opalescent sky, or the mystery of the distant sea, produces the desired effect. Natural mist is rarely seen on the South Downs; the valleys are as dry as the hill-tops, and give forth few or none of those miasmatic vapours so valuable to the painter's art and so prejudicial to his health. But by cunning and contrivance their substitute can be found. Especially can they be hit upon at mellow autumntide, when the stubble heap is burning and, like the cottage chimney, "is sending up its fumes in useful vagueness and admirable uncertainty." So, too, the sea-fog, when not too dense, on occasion is fraught with advantages. By its aid I have seen the loftiest downs magnified into mountains. As it swirls round their crests, or sweeps up the valley from the coast, the silvery, sheeny light it includes and distributes, illuminates and varies with exquisite gentleness the soft green monotony of nature. Such accidents are invaluable aids to the combination of



CHANCTONBURY RING.

those atmospheric effects upon which the successful treatment of Down scenery greatly depends. If the subjects do not strictly make sky pictures, as they

sufficient contrast to the tender tints of the vasty purple distances. The steep, white, winding roads may be adapted to artistic needs, and made to act

like magic threads of silver, in guiding the eye through the intricacies of the "labyrinthine hills;" for they go vanishing abruptly round the corner of one big bluff, to reappear in sinuous and ever-diminishing curves upon its nearhand neighbour; and so over hill after hill beyond, until they are lost upon the bounding ridge or in the depths of some solitary coomb. The flocks of sheep, too, are nobly characteristic of the place:—whether straying



ARUNDEL TOWN AND CASTLE.

are called, they are at least of such an open breezy character as almost to merit the title, and to establish a right to be considered from the same point of view.

The Downs have changed since the days when Copley Fielding worked such wonders with them. A good part has come under cultivation; but though plough and harrow have in a measure destroyed their pure and matchless surface, cutting it up into huge chess-board patterns, it may still be said of them, with Shakespeare, that "there is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out." The good in this case is to be distilled out of great spaces of waving corn and the innumerable beauties which follow in the wake of harvest. The golden grain waving in the wind, or partly cut, or stacked in sheaves and stooks, or lying in long curving swathes; the many noble tasks of husbandry; the carting-home towards the farmsteads in the great, broad-wheeled waggons; the stacking in the comely rick-yard; the spectacle, presented later on, of mild-eyed oxen, great-horned and dun of hide, toiling patiently before the plough across the stubble, and followed by a train of swirling rooks:—here are surely ample materials for art of the best and noblest type. As suggestive in its way, too, is the everyday aspect of the soft turfy hills. Scarcely ever can you tramp a mile across them without encountering breaks and declivities on their sides which have but to be skilfully attacked and appropriately lighted and shaded, at once to afford a standpoint and

across the broad pastures, watched over by the solemn shepherd, long-coated and slouch-hatted, and posing statue-like upon his crook; or being driven down some of the aforesaid roads with the cloud of dust in their trail. Millet would have rejoiced in their presence, and have dealt with the Downs as with the plain of Chailly. There is no reason why his many scholars and admirers should cross the Channel, and follow the great master of pastoral painting so far as to Barbizon and Gruchy. It is their own fault if they go further afield than Beachy Head and Chanetonbury Ring—than the seaboard of the county of the Downs.

Moreover, even within the limited area of the Southdown country which I have circumscribed, the eye is never wearied with monotony: it does not gaze upon a broad expanse of downs alone. Looking down towards the sea, it rests lovingly on such a picturesque relic of past days as Old Shoreham—the scene of our first picture—with its long bridge over the estuary of the Adur and with its Norman tower peeping out among the trees. And there away to our right we see Cissbury Hill, the delight of antiquarians, with its remains of an old Roman camp—its single fosse and broad vallum. There, too, a little further north, rises up Chanetonbury Ring, the third highest point in the county, its summit capped, as our artist has shown, by a thick grove of trees, making it a landmark for all the country round. And looking inland we catch

glimpses of many a little village half buried in a hollow, and there—

"Where wide far-reaching downs a vale enfold,
An old-time farm lies nestling out of sight,

round Midhurst—the motive of our last illustration. There is a world of picturesque suggestiveness in the very name Midhurst itself—a town amid woods—and we could picture for ourselves the dull old market



MIDHURST.

The red-tiled homestead peeping toward the light
Amid a grove of oaks huge-boughed and old;
And lichens, through quaint tenderness grown bold,
Run riot o'er the place in silent might,
And crimson sunset-flushes now to-night
Flash all their greys and yellows into gold.
Here changes come not, nor a stranger's face:
The very winds seem linked unto the place,
And bring no news of what the world's about."

Of course if we choose to travel further afield than Chanctonbury Ring, passing west along the inland ridge of the South Downs, we shall find new beauties to arrest our gaze in the well-wooded country

town on the banks of the Rother, well fenced in with trees, even if we had never seen it. Or if we prefer to wend our way once more to the south face of the Downs, we may distinguish the high spire and the Norman keep of Arundel and the perpendicular bell-tower of Chichester. Truly he who makes a sketching-ground of the South Downs has choice enough and to spare, and will not readily determine where first to pitch his tent and attempt to reproduce the beauties around him—the unique phases of scenery and circumstance, the fair new field for artistic operations.

W. W. FENN.

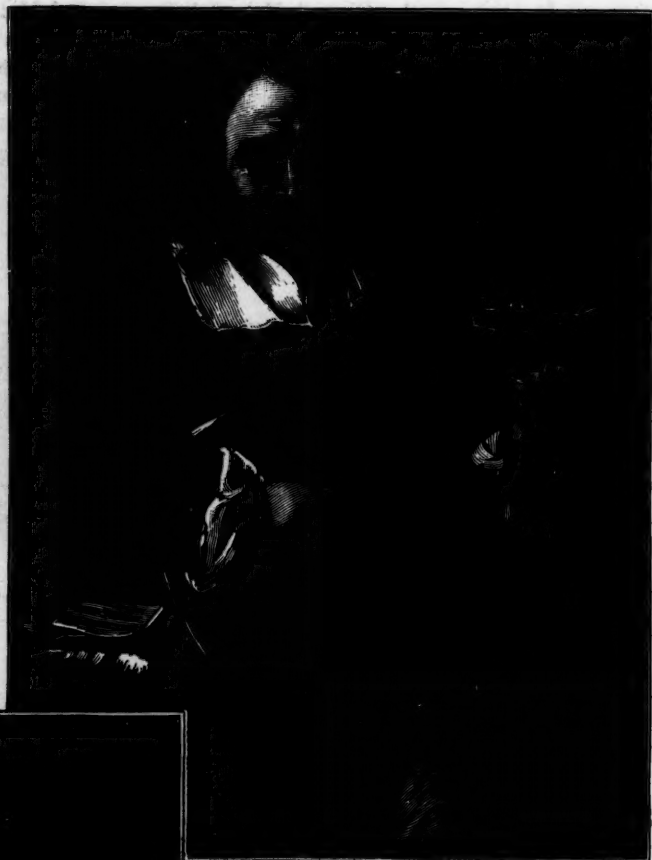
"THE FIVE SENSES" AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

AMONG the many additions recently made to the National Gallery are the five small oil-paintings on panel, of which wood-engravings accompany this article. About Gonzales Coques, the painter of

these pictures, very little is known. He was born at Antwerp, 1614; he was apprenticed to the third Peter Breughel in 1626; he was free of the Guild of St. Luke, 1640; and its president, 1655, and again,

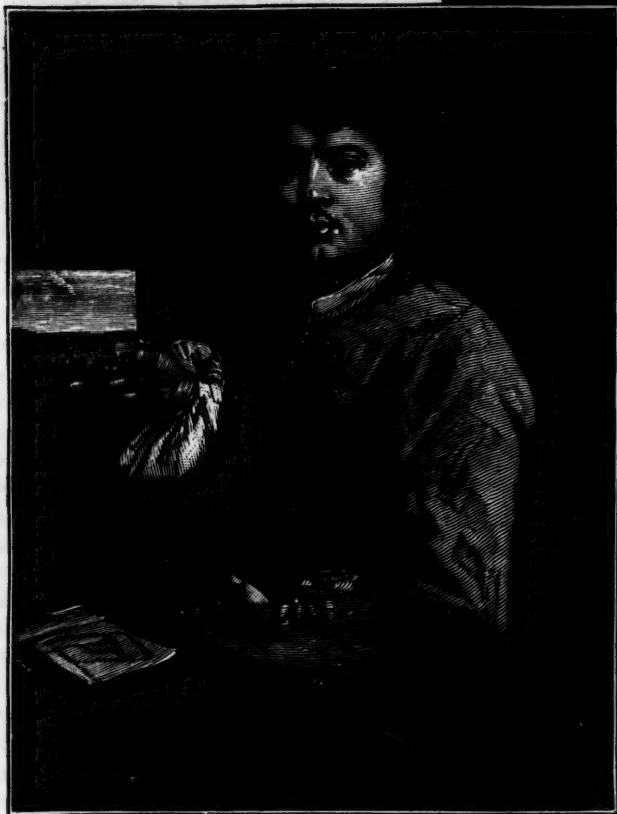
1680; and he died in 1684. That much we learn from Crowe, quoting from "Liggeren" of Antwerp Guild. To this I may add that he studied painting under David Ryckaert, a Flemish artist of no particular note, and married his master's daughter in due course. We hear something of a second wife. Then Descamps knows what children he had and when they died—knows, too, that Gonzales himself died in 1684, and was buried in St. George's Church, at Antwerp; but of a romantic story told about him by D'Argenville, Descamps knows nothing. This story "mout be true," as Uncle Remus says, "an' agin it moun't." Let my reader take it at his own valuation.

Gonzales, according to romantic D'Argenville, was a very handsome fellow, and was, moreover, though as a married man he ought to have known better, somewhat over-gallant in his



THE FIVE SENSES: HEARING.

(From the Picture by Gonzales Coques.)



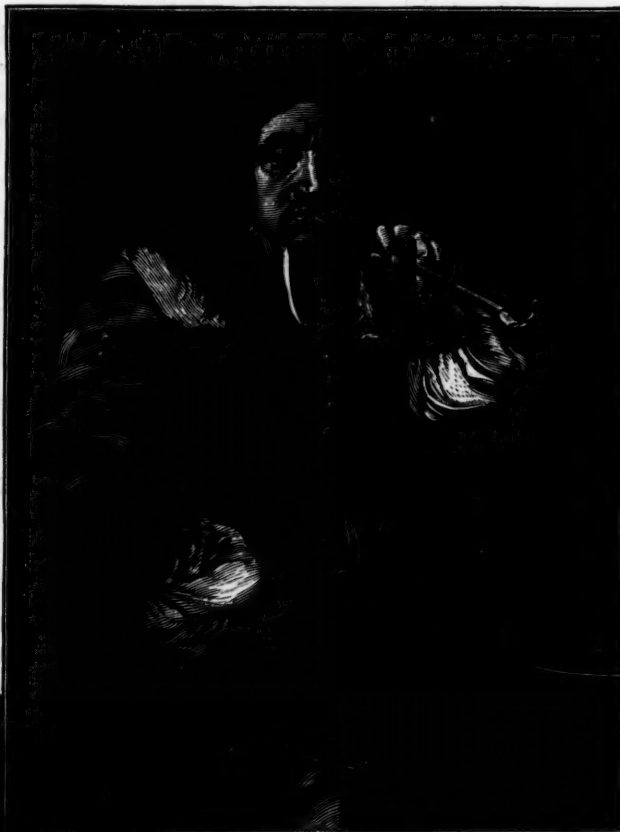
THE FIVE SENSES: SIGHT.

(From the Picture by Gonzales Coques.)

behaviour. Being at one time in the service of the Duke of Lorraine, he fell passionately in love with a beautiful young lady, and the sentiment seems to have been reciprocal. Naturally enough, objections were made on the part of the girl's parents; but, nothing daunted, she put on male attire—like the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington—and came to her lover's house in the guise of a Polish student. At this pass matters could not long remain. Enquiries were made, and suspicion soon rested upon the painter and his charming guest. Accordingly they fled to a village in the neighbourhood of Antwerp, and there essayed to hide themselves from prying eyes. But the energetic pursuit of an outraged wife and injured parents obliged them to hurry on once more, if they would escape from the troubles and penalties of a legal process. Suddenly they disappeared together, and thence-

forward concealed themselves so well that nothing more was ever heard of either of them. Such is the substance of D'Argenville's little tale. It is romantic enough; but, in face of the entries in the "Liggeren," I fear it cannot also be true.

Romance apart, however, there is very little to say about Gonzales Coques. His personality is and must abide a mystery to us. The main thing to remember about him is that he fell strongly under the influence of Van Dyck. He gave himself up to painting portraits, and imitated the greater master as closely as he could. There is, however, this difference: the copyist always worked on a smaller scale than the painter he copied. His figures are very seldom more than ten or twelve inches high. It was for this reason that he got the nickname of the "Little Van Dyck," by which he is commonly known.

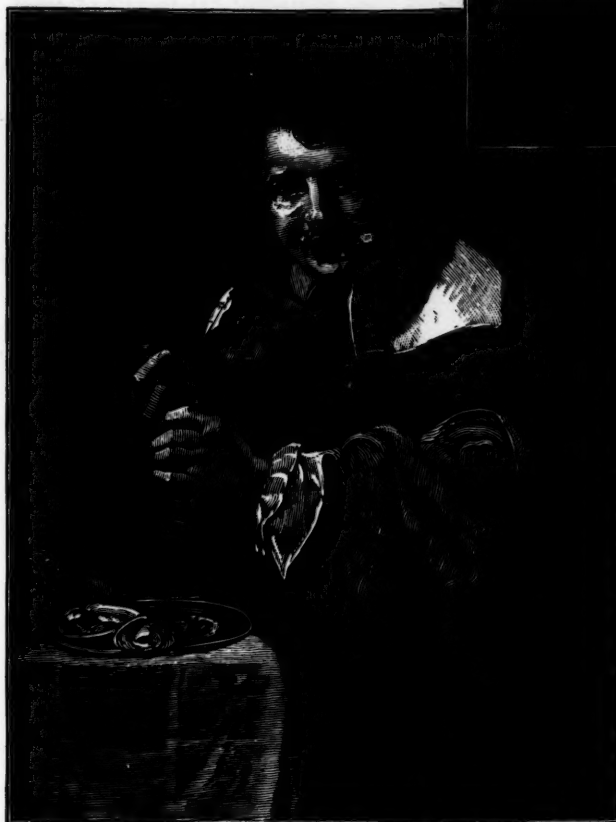


THE FIVE SENSES: SMELL.

(From the Picture by Gonzales Coques.)

What he lost in size he added in finish. The delicacy of his handiwork is very remarkable. That love of finish possessed him which was one of the great virtues of the Flemish school. During the Eighteenth and the early part of the Nineteenth Centuries the Dutch painters were perhaps foolishly admired; it has now become the fashion to cry them down. Neither procedure is right. The true lover of art will always be ready to admire good work, of whatever kind it may be; but he will not claim that all good work shall be placed on the same level or equally esteemed. Let the reader be patient with me for a moment, and I will explain.

Here is a man who inherited from his predecessors every kind of knowledge that he could require about the laws of drawing and the methods of handling brushes and pigments, who had an eye for colour, and knew how to group and



THE FIVE SENSES: TASTE.

(From the Picture by Gonzales Coques.)

harmonise different tints most pleasantly together—a man who was gifted by nature and education alike with an infinite deal of perseverance, was always eager to complete what he undertook as well as he could, and was absolutely incapable of scamping or of producing pretentious work. Can we not be content to admire the evidence of these virtues? If he and his fellows were not prophets, and had no visions of lands that were brighter and fairer than their own flats, why should we quarrel with them? They give us all they had to give, why should we ask for more?

Coques, at any rate, knew how to paint with good rich colours—"warm brown flesh-tones," and what-not. He was good at "greyhounds and other dogs, and employed an open-air background by preference." In his case careful work seems to have been sufficiently rewarded; for we read that very soon the prices that he was enabled to charge removed his works quite beyond the reach of ordinary buyers. His picture of the family of a certain Nassonigni made a name for him at court; and thenceforward he sunned himself in the comfortable radiance of regal favour. And this was productive to him not only of "a medal with the Prince of Orange's portrait hanging from a gold chain," which all his biographers are careful to mention, but of orders for work of various kinds from this and the other prince or king, likely to be very well paid.

His paintings were mostly of the kind known as conversation pieces—portraits of a whole family at once, seated about a table perhaps, or otherwise grouped indoors. "His productions," says Smith, "usually represent family parties, in the upper ranks of society, grouped in the most pleasing manner, either in the interior of elegant apartments, open vestibules, or on the terraces of noble mansions, and in gardens; always displaying a fine taste in the decorative and accessorial parts of his pictures. He also availed himself of the elegant costume of the Spaniards (then the prevailing fashion at Antwerp) to give picturesque effect and beauty to his figures." An example of this sort is the picture numbered 821 in the National Gallery; and in Buckingham Palace there used to be, and perhaps still is, a work of the same type, representing the family of M. Verhelst.

Coques, like most other artists of his day, was glad to avail himself of the assistance of his contemporaries; for, as with the medical men of the present time in their treatment of disease, so was it in those days with the painters of pictures. One part of the whole field was taken possession of by this and the other practitioner as his own. The painters, in a word, were mostly specialists. One man painted animals and another flowers; a third was eminent in landscape, and a fourth in figures.

Coques, a figure painter, would call in Artois to help him in his landscape backgrounds, and Ghering for his architecture, while Peter Gysels would lend him a hand if he stood in need of fruit or flowers.

But the influence of Van Dyck by degrees became more and more predominant in Coques' work, and it is upon those portraits on a small scale, which are the proof of it, that his fame is really based. Of these the most valuable in existence are probably the portraits of William Penn and his wife, preserved at Dungannon, the property of the Earl of Ranfurly; they, it is much to be hoped, will some day find their way to a winter exhibition at Burlington House. The "Five Senses" likewise belong to this class. We do not know for whom they were painted. They come to us from Brussels, having been purchased last May at the Du Bus de Gisignies sale, and in all probability they have never before been out of the country where they were produced.

At once the best and the most interesting of the set is the first, symbolic of the sense of "Sight." It is a portrait of Gonzales Coques' friend, the Antwerp painter, Robert van den Hoecke (1609—1668). He is near a table, on which lies a plan of Ostende, as is proved by the name inscribed upon it. In his right hand he holds a picture of a camp which he has just finished painting; it corresponds to the plan on the table. Hoecke's pictures, says Bartsch, "are generally very small and full of figures. He excelled in subjects which admitted the introduction of a very great number—such as battles, encampments, marches, attacks, pillages, and the like. His drawing is very correct, *his touch fine*, and his colour delicate. He enriched all his compositions with a prodigious number of figures brought together into a small area, so that it is difficult to observe their variety; yet if they be closely examined, each will be found to be distinctly and correctly drawn." It is evident that the choice of this painter-engraver as an impersonation of the sense of sight was peculiarly apt, his delicacy of handling having been uncommonly admired, alike by his contemporaries and by modern amateurs. Very few of his pictures are known; but eight may be seen in the Belvedere at Vienna, and one, at any rate, in the museum at Berlin. Most of his twenty-one engravings are more easily accessible. In Coques' portrait the artist is girt with a sword—a somewhat extraordinary appendage, one would have thought, for a peaceful craftsman. It is not, however, introduced at random. It is Hoecke's badge of office; for among the favours conferred upon him by the King of Spain was the post of Controller of Fortifications throughout the whole of Flanders. His studies of camp-life were thus productive to him not alone of suggestions for paintings, but of more practical applications as well.

As the sense of "Sight" is symbolised in the presentment of a painter, so the sense of "Hearing" is shadowed forth in the portrait of a musician. It is not the sense alone that the artist cares for, but the art by which the sense is appealed to. We are able to say that the first picture of the series is a portrait of Hoecke because C. van Caukercken was good enough to engrave it and put the name underneath. Unfortunately no such help comes to us in the case of the musician, and nameless he has to remain. The painting is of course a portrait. There is that in the attitude of the player, in the gesture of his hands and head, that is characteristic of a man engaged in his favourite pursuit. There is no touch of the model about him; he is not in any sense got up for the occasion. And this is one of the virtues of Coques' paintings; if he does not depict heroes, he at all events depicts men. All his people are human; they sit at their ease and behave themselves without constraint. They do not seem to know that anybody is looking on at them. Their

coats and cloaks are naturally folded, not pulled this way and that for the sake of symmetry and balance. Good composition is attained, but you do not see how it is done. The art conceals itself, and is so much the more to be admired.

Look, for instance, at the Taster enjoying his Rhine wine and peppered oysters. You see at once that the things really are good to the palate. If you did not know their flavour, you yourself would be glad to try, with so happy an example before you. As yet cookery has not been elevated to the position of a fine art. No compounder of condiments has arisen to

awaken the highest emotions of the soul through the medium of the sense of taste. Some day, perhaps, we shall have Beethoven's symphonies translated into dinners and served up in dishes and tureens. In the meantime Coques, having no heroic artist in Taste to depict, nor so much as a Gouffé or a Soyer, fell back upon some boon companion with a real capacity of enjoying a good thing, and made an excellent and very delicate portrait of him, sparkling

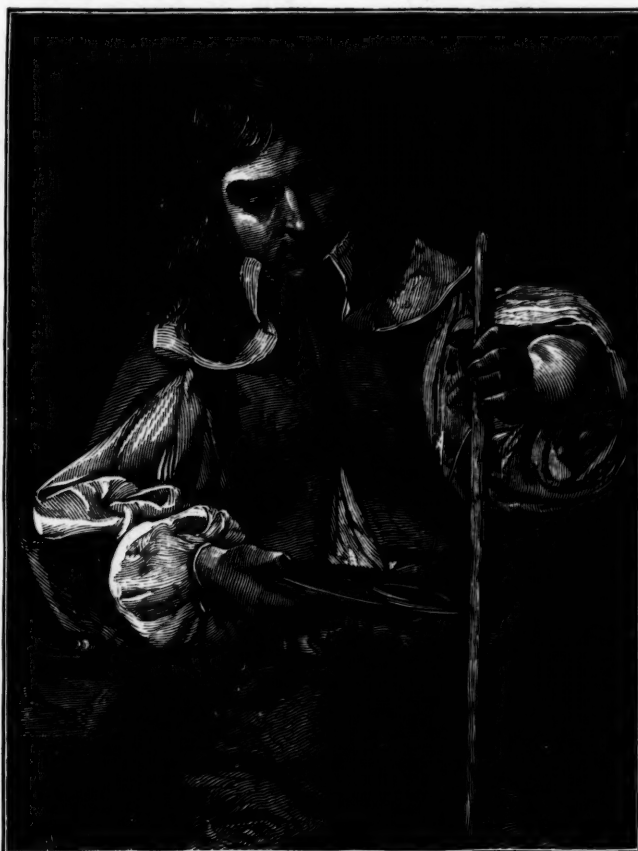
with humour and kindly feeling.

The personification of the sense of "Smell" is in strong contrast with the jolly Taster. It seems possible, too, that the contrast is deliberate and intentional. He is a man stout, rather gross, and evidently sulky, of Falstaff's tonnage but without his humour. From the pipe he is smoking he seems to derive but little satisfaction; one judges that probably Coques himself was no smoker. The dapper man objects to the pollution of the atmosphere, and will not represent the lover of tobacco as even satisfied with his own weed.

The sense of "Touch" is sym-

bolised in the figure of one letting himself bleed. He has breathed a vein in his left wrist, and is catching the stream in little measures. In his hand—as the old phlebotomists advise—he clutches a staff:—to steady the limb, and by putting some strain upon the muscles of the wrist to keep the issue within due limits. The hair is exquisitely finished; every stuff is properly distinguished with its own gloss or bloom; while the blue ribbon "points" round the waist serve as a beautiful contrast to the sombre colours of the coat and the plain brown wall behind.

W. MARTIN CONWAY.



THE FIVE SENSES: TOUCH.

(From the Picture by Gonzales Coques.)

TWO OLD LONDON MARKETS.

ONE of the less obvious results of that unmeasured extension of the metropolis, which perplexes the political economist and rejoices the speculative builder, is a certain lowering in the literary value of localities. London is too dispersed, too huge, too indeterminate in its limits to justify invidious distinctions. There are a score of streets which are as populous as the Strand; a score of squares which vie with Trafalgar; a score of hills that overtop the traditional summit of Ludgate. Captain Morris may have sung of Pall Mall; Mr. Frederick Locker may still sing of Piccadilly; but these are poets, and poets, although Shelley calls them the "legislators of the world," have this in common with their graver brethren of St. Stephen's, that their enactments are occasionally disregarded. The times, in short, are past

when places had their part in the recognised decorations of letters—when the Monument could point a moral or the pump at Aldgate adorn a tale. And yet in the bygone days, when London was smaller, they seem to have enjoyed a significance which now is almost inconceivable. To take up an old number of the *Spectator* or *Tatler* is to feel at once the presence not only of a swarm of obsolete individualities—bucks, bloods, toasts, Mohocks, fine ladies, sober citizens, coffee-house politicians, and the like; but of the very haunts and regions where they assembled—the Mall, the Spring Gardens, the Opera House in the Haymarket, Ozinda's, and the Cocoa-Tree. We cannot hear, in fancy, beneath the old-fashioned italics and capitals of Addison and Steele, the rustle of silk and the flutter of fans, or



THE STOCKS MARKET, OLD LONDON.

(Artist unknown. By Permission of Messrs. Henry Graves.)

see ("in our mind's eye, Horatio!") the "brave vibration" of buckles and solitaires and amber-headed canes, without calling up at the same time the grounds and accessories of that Augustan architecture which, says Mr. John Ashton, bears so faint a resemblance to its modern imitations. Locality, in those leisurely and unembarrassed days, seems to have entered into the blood—to have lent a colour to the figures, as certain places do to certain animals.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Graves, of Pall Mall, we are enabled to present our readers with copies, hitherto unengraved, of two of these Eighteenth Century backgrounds—the Stocks Market and Covent Garden. The former no longer exists; the latter still maintains, if not its ancient aspect, at least its ancient boundaries. Both, of yore, were frequently linked together by the poets and essayists. Steele, for example, couples them in that charming "Day's Ramble," which forms No. 454 of the *Spectator*:—"It was very easy" (says he, speaking of the fleets of market gardeners who convoyed him down the Thames) "to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins who were super-

cargoes [Sir Richard hath ever an eye for a ruddy virgin], the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for COVENT GARDEN, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seemly sobriety of those bound for STOCKS MARKET." So, too, Fielding, in his delectable parody of Ambrose Philips:—"Oh! my Kissinda" (says Lovegirlo)—

"Oh! my Kissinda! Oh! how sweet art thou?
Nor COVENT GARDEN nor STOCKS MARKET knows
A flower like thee."

But the association of the two must have been more a matter of convenience than similarity; for while Covent Garden, as one of the notes to this play euphemistically has it, was "well known to all gentlemen to whom beds were unknown," the Stocks Market seems to have been a market for "Fruits, Roots, and Herbs" only.

It looks quiet enough in the picture, and not over-encumbered with business, this old emporium of Georgian London, which has so long gone the way of Troy and the "Maypole in the Strand." It dated (say the chroniclers) from the time of the first



COVENT GARDEN, OLD LONDON.

(From the Picture by J. Nollekens. By Permission of Messrs. Henry Graves.)

Edward, in whose reign a Lord Mayor built it for the sale of fish and flesh; and its name was derived from the fact that a pair of stocks had stood previously on the spot. Under Henry IV. it was rebuilt, accommodating, in 1543, "twenty-five fishmongers and eighteen butchers." On the east side were trees; fruit-stalls occupied the north side, butchers the south-west corner, and gardeners and florists the remainder. The statue round which these last were grouped (shown in our engraving) had a curious history. A certain Sir Robert Viner bought it a bargain at Leghorn, and subjected it to a transformation not unlike that by which Mrs. Jarley, of the Wax-Work, turned "Mr. Grimaldi as Clown" into the semblance of Lindley Murray, for the benefit of Miss Monflathers' boarding-school. It represented John Sobieski trampling a Turk. This would not do in the Caroline Stocks Market; so, with Latham's aid, Sir Robert turned Sobieski into Charles II. and the Turk into Oliver Cromwell. Trampler and trampled are now no more; and the site is occupied by Dance's Mansion House, whose first resident was that resolute Sir Crisp Gascoigne who refused to believe in Betty Canning.

Of the view of Covent Garden there is less to say, because, to speak paradoxically, there is so much to be said. We are here concerned, however, not so much with the Covent Garden of Hogarth's "Morning" and Fielding's burlesque tragedy, as with the square in its topographical aspect; and the best introduction to the picture will be to describe another, to which it was no doubt the fellow. This was exhibited at Burlington House in 1879-80, and showed the market from the westward looking towards the façade of St. Paul's Church. In the centre was the old column and dial, also to be distinguished in the present cut, which was taken down in 1790. Round this were grouped some of the notabilities of the neighbourhood. In front of the column was a very handsome basket-woman known as the "Duchess," among whose admirers report numbered that Duke of Wharton of whom Swift and Pope painted so black a portrait. Near to her stood Catherine Lady Archer, whose house on the northern side of the square, long famous in this century as Evans's Hotel, is now occupied by the Falstaff Club. In different parts of the picture other personages connected with the market were dispersed. One was a sleek Counsellor Silvertongue-looking divine, who was supposed, upon somewhat insufficient evidence, to represent Dr. John Craddock, rector of the church, and afterwards Bishop of Kilmore; another was one George Carpenter, well known about the Garden, and whose speciality consisted in the skill with which he could carry a tall pile of baskets on his head, and shake off one or more as required. This picture, which, when exhibited, be-

longed to Mr. Graves, has since passed into private hands. It was a work of considerable beauty and interest, rather French in treatment, but finished with great taste and minuteness.

The picture of Covent Garden now reproduced in THE MAGAZINE OF ART, and which has also been recently acquired by Mr. Graves, is evidently a different view of the same spot by the same hand. That looked to the westward; this (apparently) looks eastward towards Russell Street, showing the Piazzas at the bottom, and the booths of the southern side. In the middle, as in the companion canvas, only much smaller, is the old dial, round which the sellers of rice-milk, porridge, and so forth were wont to congregate. The principal personages are again Lady Archer, who wears a magnificent dress with red stripes, and the Duchess, who is presiding over a show of vegetables, the "Batavian grace" of which can hardly be fairly estimated from a copy in black and white. Of the two this picture is perhaps the less interesting, because it possesses less incident; but in mere technique it is fully equal to the other. From the presence of Lady Archer in both, it may perhaps be assumed that they were originally painted for her or at her desire. She was a grand-niece of Edward Russell, Earl of Oxford, the admiral who fought the French off La Hogue, and was the original owner of the old house now the Falstaff Club. When he died in 1727 he left it to her and her husband, Thomas Archer, of Umberslade, who was created Lord Archer in July, 1747. Lady Archer died in July, 1754, before which time the picture—whose costumes are those of 1735—must of course be dated.

The painter of the "Stocks Market" is uncertain. Though differing in detail, it has certain affinities to one exhibited in the British Gallery in 1817, among the works of Hogarth. But Nichols attributed that to a namesake, one Joseph Nichols; and it is possible that the present picture may be by the same artist. The painter of the "Covent Garden" is also somewhat uncertain, although Mr. Graves, whose experience is unique, confidently attributes it to Joseph Nollekens, father of the sculptor. He was in London from 1733 to 1748, when he died in Soho. He studied in this country under Tillemans, and had copied much from Watteau and Pannini, which would account for some of the foreign characteristics of his style. This attribution of one picture (and consequently the other) to his brush is, however, comparatively modern. The view which Mr. Graves exhibited at the Old Masters had long passed traditionally with its last owners as Hogarth's (which is obviously incorrect), while Nichols suggests that it may have been by Herbert Pugh, a dissolute artist who lived in the Piazzas, and died of drink and debauchery at an early age.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE HERMITAGE AUTOTYPES.

IN the series of reproductions in autotype of pictures from the Museo del Prado, published not many months ago by Braun and Co. in Paris, and by the Autotype Company in London, we have what seems the highest possible expression of artistic photography. Of the numbers of this famous set it is really not too much to say that they brought the treasures of the great Spanish collection within actual reach of home-keeping Englishmen. They were at once so vigorous and so faithful—so full and varied in tone, so literal and so graphic as regards the quality of form, so rich in suggestions of colour and handling and style—as to give the student a practical working knowledge of the master-works they reproduced, and to bring him into intimate relations with the gallery whose more notable features they were designed to record.

As represented by a first instalment, MM. Braun's new series—of reproductions in autotype of pictures from the Hermitage Collection in St. Petersburg—is an improvement, and a great one, upon the Prado masterpieces themselves. To begin with, they are larger, for they measure eighteen inches by fourteen. And being larger, they are also clearer and more representative of their several originals. They are richer, that is to say, in the subtler qualities of design—in delicacy of form, and intention of line, and individuality of modelling; they convey a stronger and a more affecting impression of the attributes of power and dignity and mass; they present a fuller and a more expressive combination of suggestions of colour; they are more opulent in tone, and more brilliantly successful in their presentment of light and shadow and effects of atmosphere. To say this is to give them the highest possible praise; but it is not to praise them more than they deserve. They are certainly the finest photographs of pictures ever produced; and to possess a half-dozen of them is the next best thing to possessing half a dozen of their originals.

The first issue is of twenty-five pictures. Chief among them are a couple of Raphaels:—a magnificent "Portrait de Vieillard" (40), and the famous and delightful "Vierge de la Maison d'Albe" (38), which is one of the painter's good things, and one of the good things of sacred art. It is curious to compare these two—so perfect in effect, so faultless in accomplishment, so full of elegance and dignity and charm—with the four superb examples of the romantic and potent genius of Rembrandt by which they are accompanied. One (800) is a "Descent from the Cross"—a dream of strange radiances and glooms

and tragic action. A third (802) is the astonishing "Danae," a little epic of mysterious light and shadow and passionate gesture and emotional effect. A fourth (811 *bis*) is a detail from the incomparable "Portrait d'Homme dans un Bonnet de Fourrure," painted with an energy and a sincerity that are almost savage, yet touched with all the master's imagination and with all the master's romances, and in effect as impressive and tumultuous as an adagio of Beethoven. Side by side with these comes the admirable "Toilette de Vénus" of Titian—chaste, noble, majestic; a masterpiece of the poetry of the human form. And this, in its turn, may be confronted for contrast's sake with a dignified and peculiar "Sainte Famille" (14) ascribed to Lionardo, but probably the work of Cesare da Cesto; with a "Persée et Andromède" (552) of Rubens—as full of clangour and vigour and daring as can be; and with a singularly sweet and touching example of Bernardino Luini (77), a "Sainte Catherine." Turning from these we come upon a superb Holbein (466), a "Portrait de Homme," which takes rank with the best in existence; upon a very beautiful Van Dyck (616), the portrait of Philip Wharton; on a delightful Rubens (676), a portrait of Helena Fourment; and by a dashing and triumphant Franz Hals (770), a "Portrait d'Amiral." More remarkable in certain ways than any of these are reproductions of a noble Claude (1,429), and of Ruysdael's "Le Marais" (1,136), a landscape of singular beauty and charm. In these, such effects are realised in the representation of atmosphere and distance and illumination as have heretofore been deemed beyond the range of artistic photography to achieve.

The value and importance as an educational influence of such work as we have endeavoured to describe are not easily exaggerated. It reproduces as much as is reproducible of some of the greatest pictures of the world; it is in some sort as fruitful of example and instruction as the originals it represents; it may be studied with infinite profit and considered with infinite pleasure. It is cheap, and it makes an admirable decoration. Sunk in a mount of gilt oak, or tinted paper—blue-grey, or grey-green for choice—and set in a light frame of plain oak, doubled with a flat of the same wood covered with dull gold, such photographs as those of the "Vierge de la Maison d'Albe," the "Toilette de Vénus," the "Marais," the Rembrandt portrait, would not seem out of place on the walls of a palace. They would be everywhere appropriate, as they are always interesting and always beautiful.

"THE MERMAID."

FROM THE PICTURE BY OTTO SINDING.

THE Mermaiden is certainly the prettiest and most popular of all the myths of natural history. Half of the sea and half of the land, a lovely woman to the waist and below it a scaled and glittering fish, she gives the lie direct to the Horatian maxim which declares the conjunction abominable, and that in most triumphant terms. For centuries past she has exercised a perfect fascination on the popular imagination. You meet her in Homer and you meet her in Tennyson—on the coasts of legendary Hellas

and in the waters round the Isle of Wight. She was in the remote, mysterious East a familiar of the peerless Scherazade; she has been seen at the Grosvenor Gallery, with an introduction from Mr. Burne Jones; and with her counterfeit presentment the mariner is wont to tattoo all parts of his manly form. There is no end to her metamorphoses, and none to her charm. Science has dissected her, proved her impossible, and dismissed her to the limbo of phantasies and delusions, there to keep

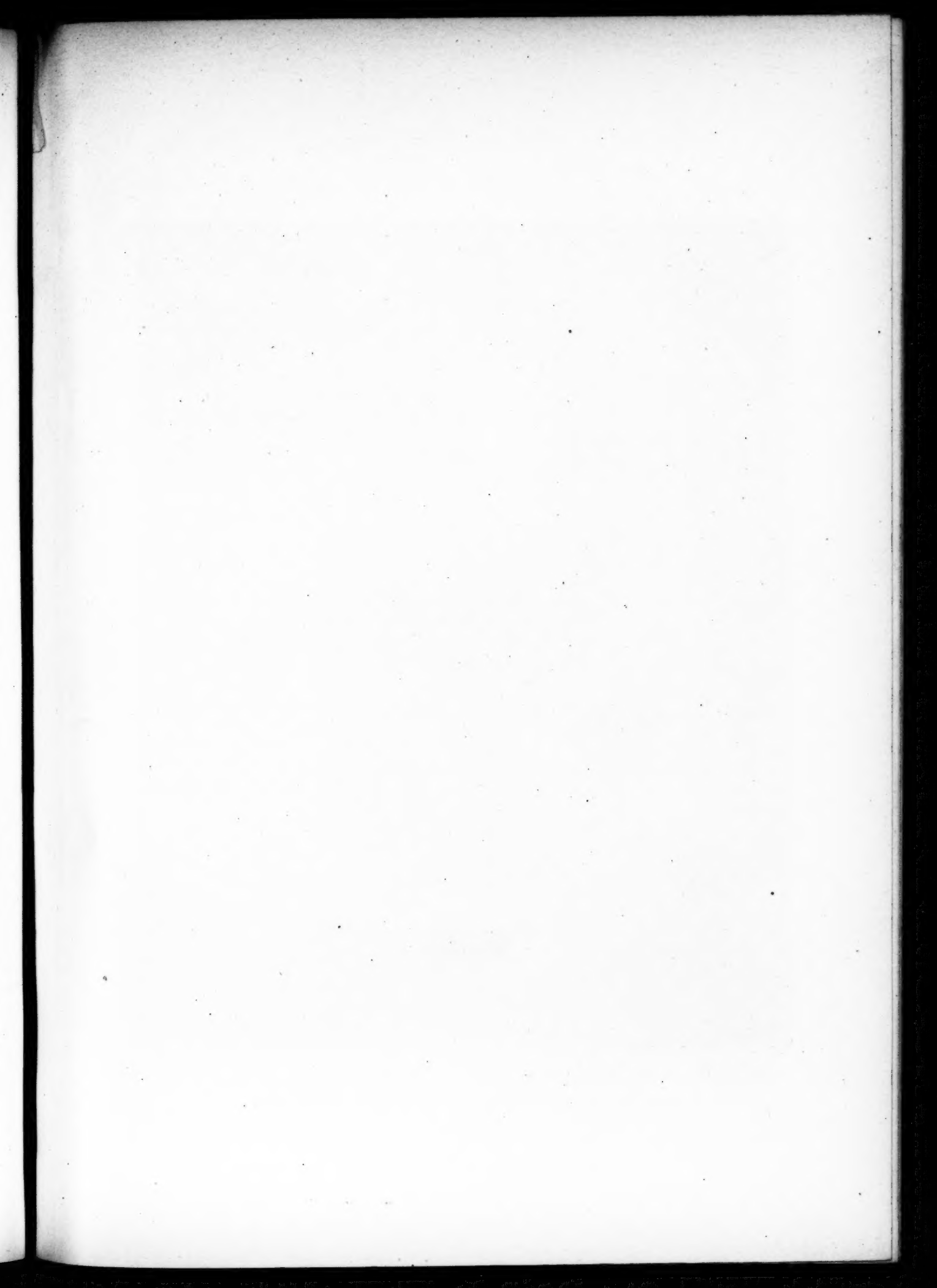
company with fauns and dryads; and they who on the sand with printless foot do chase the ebbing Neptune, and the Man in the Moon, and the Family Spectre, and the genius of Benjamin West, and all the other fine old crusted superstitions. But she holds her ground yet. With her double nature, her prodigious beauty, her romantic associations and capacities, we feel that if she is not true, she ought to be, and that if earth and water are indeed innocent of her society, then so much the worse for them.

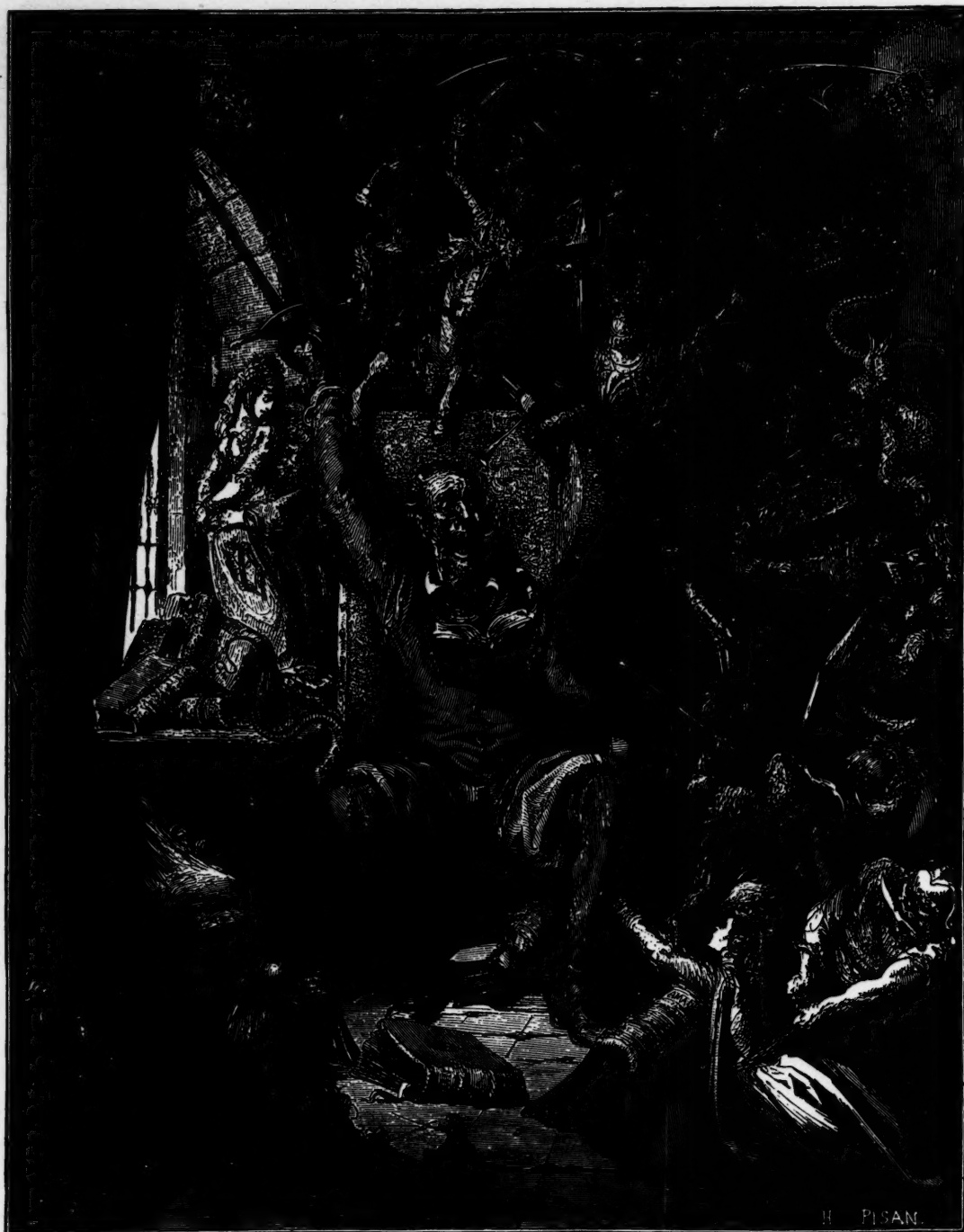
Herr Sinding has done his best to paint her as the creature of the elements, the playfellow of wind and wave, she really is. With her blowing hair and her desperate gesture, she is one with the wild weather about her. There is a Wagnerish look in her eye—as of one determined at any cost on being dramatic and inspired—which bodes of mischief. Her spirits are rising with the gale. She knows of the coming tempest, and of the inevitable wreck of the tall ship at whose sailors she is screaming her mad enchanting song.



THE MERMAID.

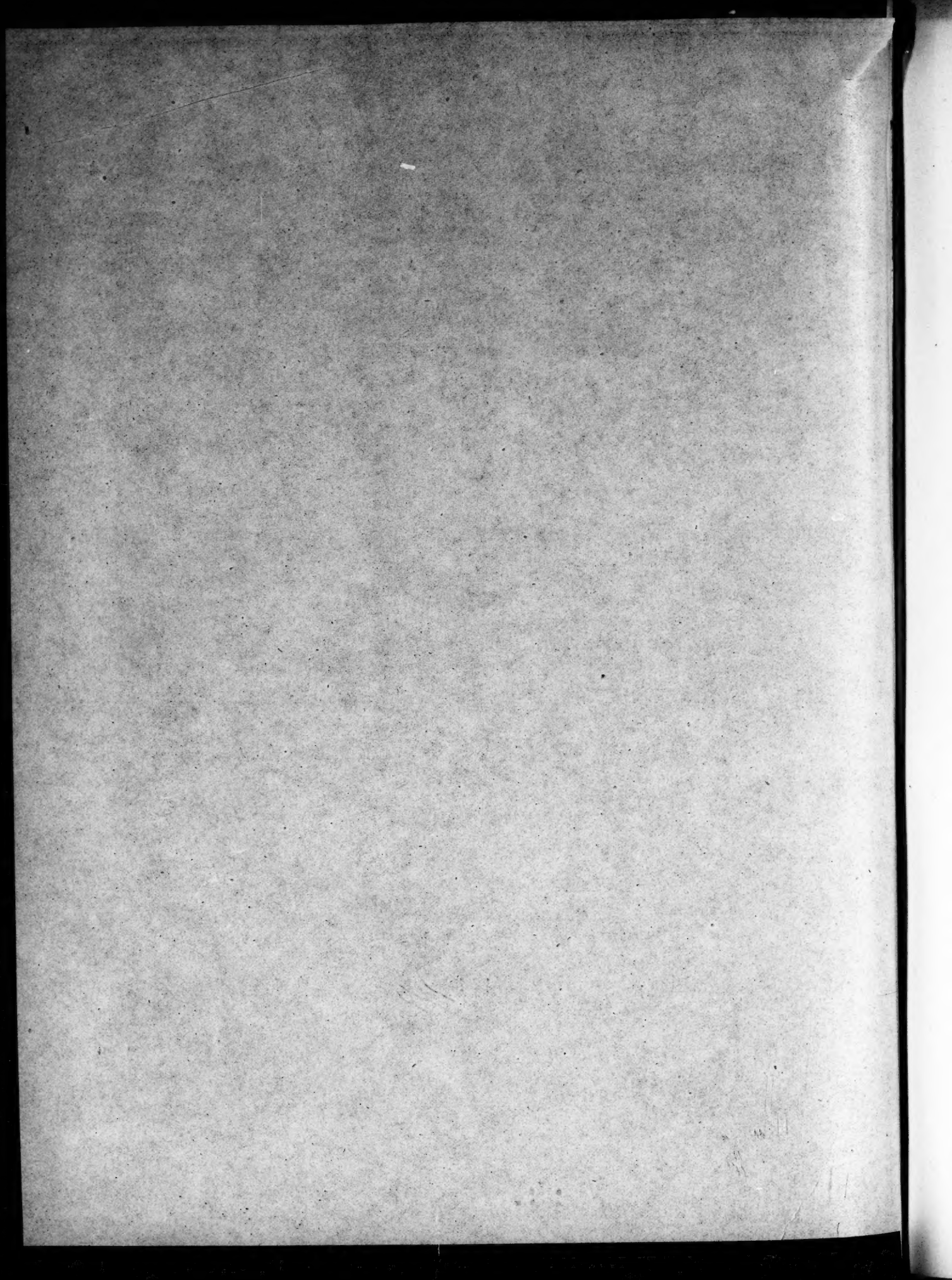
(From the Picture by Otto Sinding.)





DON QUIXOTE IN HIS STUDY.

(From Doré's Illustrations to "Don Quixote," published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.)





DANTE AND VIRGIL IN THE CIRCLE OF ICE.

(From the "Doré Dante," published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.)

A DREAMER OF DREAMS: GUSTAVE DORÉ.

GUSTAVE DORÉ the designer and illustrator is certainly a person of quite extraordinary parts. His work in black and white has some of the shortcomings and defects of his work in colour, it is true; but it stands on a far higher plane of invention, and belongs to a far higher order of craftsmanship. The imagination is abnormal; but it is genuine and original in kind, and its measure is inexhaustible. The invention is really prodigious; the ease, the daring, the spontaneity are not to be gainsaid; the illuminating quality in its way and within the limits of its capacity is unrivalled. If we are enamoured of what is fantastic and quaint, and of what is visionary and grotesque, we may turn to Doré without fear of disappointment; for in these attributes his talent was rich indeed, and his expression of them is unique in illustrative art.

His most individual work has the gigantic vagueness, the rapidity, the impossible and affecting unreality, of a supernatural dream. He thought in pictures; and his thoughts are those of one to whom the unseen, intangible world is more friendly and more fruitful than the world in which men dwell. They take no heed of flesh and blood, nor the essentials of life, nor the unalterable truths of nature. They deal with an actuality of their own projecting and contriving: with a universe of figments and appearances, with a scheme of things that is no more than a scheme of shadows. They work and move in a region of dimness and illusion, of shifting shapes and processions of strangeness—a region remote from fact and peopled with impossibilities alone. Enchanted castles; landscapes from the borderland of creation; frenzies of architecture;

turrets that topple up to heaven and abysses cloven hell-deep; forests grim with mystery and presences of magic; rocks that seem possessed by an evil spirit;

he was producing landscapes in pen and ink and working for Bertall, the caricaturist, and the *Journal pour Rire*; and at an age when most men are yet



THE MONKS OF SEBILÉ.

(From Doré's "Rabelais," published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

parades of monsters and chimæras; a phantasmagoria of violence and terror and wonderment—this is the general impression of Doré's mind and Doré's art.

He was Alsatian by birth, and there was little or nothing French about him but his name and his magnificent assurance. The clarity, the technical understanding, the sense of form, the neatness and exactness of expression, the passion for what is definite and coherent and symmetrical, which are distinguishing characteristics of good French art and the true French mind, were qualities not dreamed of in his philosophy. He was German in his strength and in his weakness alike. He loved much to invent, and not much to complete his inventions. He had hardly any wit, but he had a touch of real humour. To the actual and the positive he preferred the visionary and the unreal; he cared nothing for the kingdoms of the earth, but was content with the empire of the air; he needed no more than a philosophical idea—an inspiration from Hegel; a determination of Schopenhauer to the head—to have been pure German, and to have invented transcendental heroics like Cornelius and Overbeck, or such epics with a purpose as Richard Wagner's. Birth and fortune, however, made him a Frenchman, and as a Frenchman he won fame all over the world. At sixteen

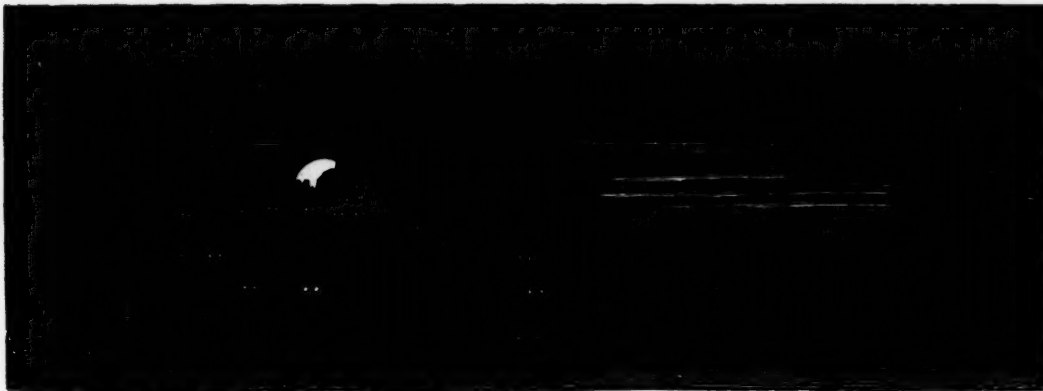
learning to draw and trying to get an insight into the practice of painting he had made himself famous with his illustrations to Rabelais and the immortal "Contes Drolatiques" of Honoré de Balzac.

These, it is generally admitted, are splendidly successful. They contain his best work, his freshest fancy, his most abundant invention, his richest humour, his most sincere imaginings. The books themselves are infinitely suggestive; and it may fairly be claimed for him that he made far more of their suggestiveness than could have been made by any of his contemporaries. In Rabelais and in Balzac there are heights of humour and depths of meaning, both intellectual and emotional, of which he scarcely seems to have suspected the existence. But in both there are qualities that appealed directly to his peculiar talent, and opportunities that for an artist of his temper and ambition could hardly be improved upon. What seems to have touched him most in the first is that quality of sublime extravagance which has made the fame of Rabelais a fame apart among modern reputations. Of the philosophical and human significance of his author, his daring and destructive criticism, his omnipotent irony, his luminous and far-reaching imagination, he reproduced so little that he may be said to have known nothing

at all about them. His Rabelais is not the author of the pilgrimage through all human knowledge and the bird's-eye view of all human experience set forth in the story of Pantagruel and Panurge, but the poet of Grangousier and Gargamelle, the jolly giants, the parodist of the cock-and-bull epics of chivalry, the historian of Frère Jean des Entommeures and the campaigns of Gargantua, the Rabelais of Loup-garou and the Île Sonnante and the death-bed of Rondibilis. Working within the limitations imposed upon him by this partial view of a subject that in itself is as boundless as the sea, he produced a series of designs of extraordinary spirit and novelty—a series in which the purely external characteristics of Rabelais are better presented than they have ever been before. What a Kermesse in miniature, what a revel of dancing and love-making and leap-frog and drinking, is that one which is interrupted by Gargantua's birth! What an idea of jovial unreality is conveyed in the picture of the boy-giant in his bath! What a cataract of confusion and dismay in the representation of Panurge's victory over the Six Hundred and Three Score Horsemen of the Army of the Dipsodes! What a pleasant invention in the portrait of the Master of the Île Sonnante! What a rush of fatness in flight, of obesity gone active and distraught, of ponderous confusion and dismay, in the picture—reproduced on the opposite page—which shows how the riders of Picrochole assaulted the abbey of Sebilé! What gigantic good-humour in that which portrays for us Gargantua at nurse! In the "Contes Drolatiques" the work is better still. The invention is more daring and abundant, the method more skilful and effective, the types more varied and attractive, the illustrator's function—of illumination and explanation—more keenly felt and more brilliantly and consistently exercised.

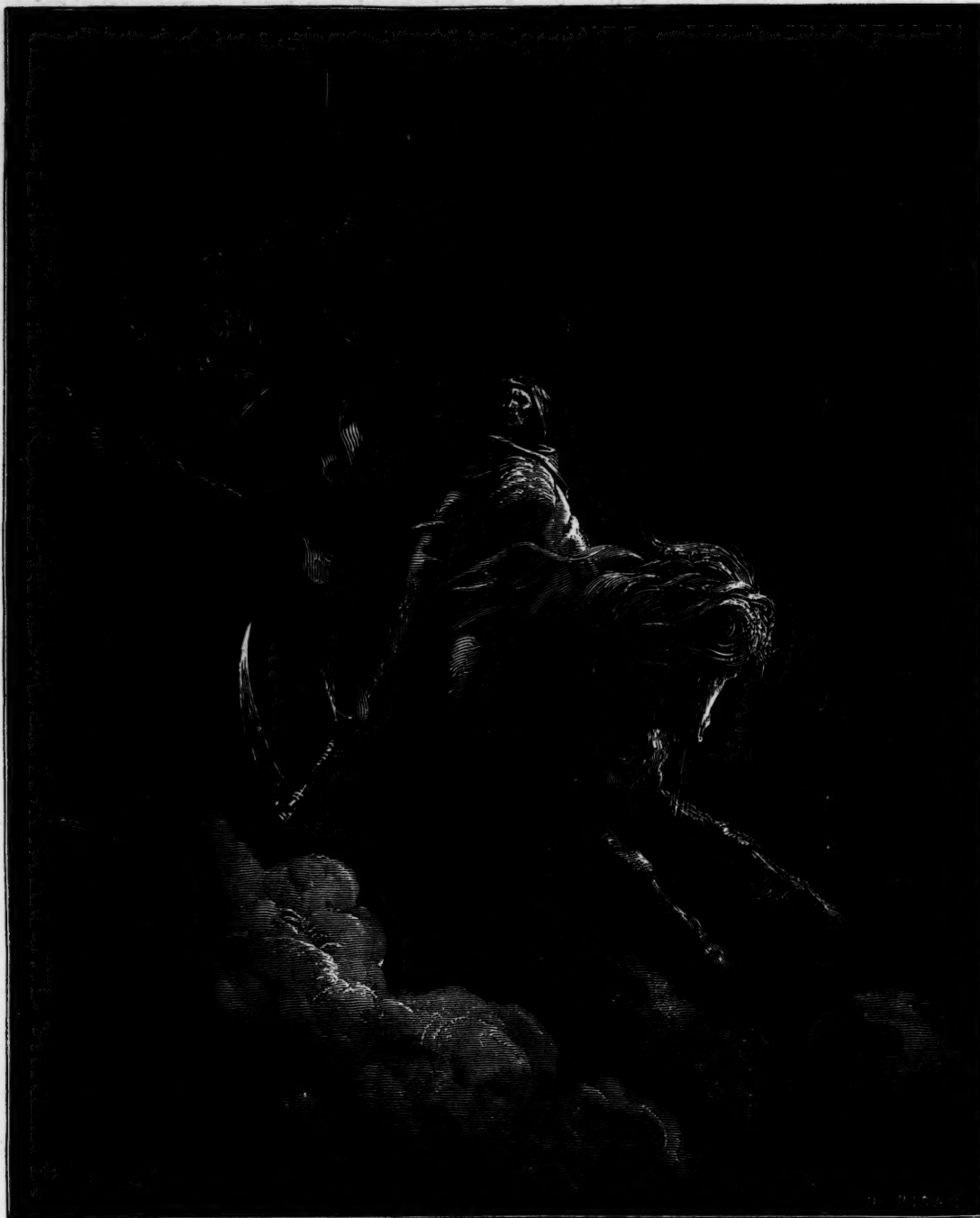
This book is one in which the tremendous imagination of Balzac has fullest scope and shows at

its ripest and most luxuriant. It is rich in human interest and emotion; in those culminations of reality, those blossomings of life and circumstance, which are the very stuff of romance; in those surprises of nature in the fact which are the essence of art. And it is rich, too—richer, perhaps, than any modern book—in the matter and spirit of the grotesque. Balzac imagined and made it with a keen relish of the old *esprit gaulois* in its rankest and least tolerable expressions, so that it is a work which anybody may be forgiven for declining to peruse, and which to many can only bring disgust and loathing. In form it is a masterpiece of imaginative pedantry; and in substance it is the strangest mixture (and one of the strongest) that ever came from the brain of man. It reminds you of Rabelais and of Boccaccio, of Bichat and Antoine de la Salle, of *La Cousine Bette* and *Le Moyen de Parvenir*, of Louis Philippe and Louis Onze, of the France of the Burgundians and Armagnacs and the France of Musset and George Sand. It is full of tragedy and coarse joviality, of moving drama and ribald wit, of brutal fun and violent and terrible experience—so closely interwoven as to be inseparable, so fused and run together as to make disintegration impossible. In this debauch of genius, this full-blooded and full-flavoured expression of romanticism at its strongest and most reckless, Doré, the last of the romantics, found his happiest and greatest chance. The style has some of the qualities of Balzac's own. It is unscholarly, it is true, and it is rather fanciful than imaginative; and in these respects the artist is the exact antipodes of the writer. But it abounds in grotesque humour, in strange and vigorous contrasts, in riotous and daring suggestiveness; it is full of the colour and intention of its verbal model; it is one of the most successful essays in assimilation we know. Of



THE OUTPOST OF OWLS.

(From the Doré "Croquemitaine," published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.)



THE RIDER OF THE PALM HORSE.

(From the "Doré Bible," published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.)

the pictures themselves it is impossible to speak in detail. The fantastic architectures; the crowded battles; the impossible landscapes; the hurly-burly of monks and nuns, of courtiers and crusaders, of vagabonds and men-at-arms, cupids and skeletons, hangings and stabbings and serenades—one knows not where to begin on their consideration, one knows not how to make an end of selection and example. They



THE TOWN AND COUNTRY RAT.

(Drawn by Gustave Doré. From "La Fontaine's Fables," published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.)

are found equally appropriate to the moving human tragedy of "Berthe la Repentie" and the grim and cruel pathos of "Le Succube," to the truculent humour of "L'Héritier du Diable" and the unsavoury farce

of "Les Joyeusetés du Roy Loys le Unzième," to the story of Impéria and the story of Bonne d'Armignac. One of them is reproduced on our final page. It is from "L'Héritier du Diable," and it shows

us Cohegrue the soldier and the shepherd Chiquon going off (after supper) through the moonlight, to that ambuscade in which the captain gets his death, and is invited to pick up his head just as his head is saying good-bye to his shoulders. It is good, as every one can see; but it is neither better nor worse than scores and scores of its companions.

In the same category with these are the illustrations to Pierre Dupont's wild ballad of the Wandering Jew and L'Épine's pleasant and spirited school-room romance, the "Légende de Croquemitaine." They include not a little of Doré's best and most consistent work. In his "Juif Errant" he opened up that vein of supernatural melodrama which he was afterwards to exhaust in his designs for the "Inferno," and in certain of the illustrations he made for the Bible; just as in the humour and legendary picturesqueness of his "Croquemitaine" there is not a little of his renowned "Don Quixote." In the first he had but to give the rein to his imagination to succeed. He gave it; and—save in the first picture, of the road to Calvary—he succeeded. The dreadful Wanderer is brought bodily before us, in all the circumstances of his tremendous journey:—in the graveyard, by the wayside cross, at the tavern door, in scenes of battle and wreck and detestable desolation. The air is quick with malediction; nature and man are in league to give him torment; his charmed life is but damnation in action. But at last there dawns the Judgment Day; and amid the ruins of the world and all the terrors of the Apocalypse he puts off his shoes (a touch no true Frenchman could ever have found; a touch worthy of Jean-Paul himself) and prepares for death as a tramp prepares for bed. In the "Croquemitaine" the work is slighter, the intention is merely comic and fantastic, the endeavour less sustained and vigorous; of their kind, however, the designs are admirable. The picture of Roland riding into space; the appalling spare bedroom at the Crocodile; the shadowy Fortress of Fear; the awful monster without the castle and the spectral and loathly things that haunt its approach; the excellent "Outpost of Owls" (which we reproduce), with its phantasmal solemnity, its haunting effect of stillness quick with life, its humorous rendering of gloom and mystery and expectation—all these are good enough to rank with the best achievements in purely fantastic art which our times have seen.

In the designs for "Don Quixote," perhaps the most popular of Doré's innumerable essays, there is shown another culmination of his talent and a new aspect of his invention. Hitherto he had been merely fantastic and creative, inventing without much reference to fact, and delineating with little regard for nature. But in the "Quixote" he did his best to impart an element of truth to his work, and to

produce a something that should be not mere Doré but Doré *plus* the actual world. The results of this endeavour are as satisfactory as could be expected. His Quixote and his Panza are not, it may be, the knight and squire of the incomparable book; but they are effectively presented, and they help us to realise some of the external aspects of Cervantes' conception. In the pictures of those vast and grandiose imaginings with which the truest gentleman in fiction is wont to inspire himself for noble action and heroic adventure, we have a great deal of the fancy of "Croquemitaine" and the "Contes Drolatiques," with greater technical excellence and assurance, and more of order and measure and the true pictorial quality. The landscapes—the parched and naked hills, the dim forests, the deep gorges, the sunburnt steeps and highways—are certainly the best in Doré's work. They are Spanish in type; they are spirited and fanciful enough to be suggestive of mystery and adventure; from certain points of view they illuminate the text in a remarkable degree. It is, however, in the chapter-headings and vignettes that the best work is to be looked for, and that the culmination already referred to, the advance already described, will be discovered. In these rapid and sparkling little sketches it is that the artist is nearest nature. They are full of movement and character, with enough of picturesqueness and fantasy; they set forth a great deal of intelligent observation; they are the record of an impression as strong perhaps as Doré, by the nature of his talent, was capable of receiving and retaining, of a state of things which actually does exist, and is poles apart from the limbo of Shadows and Appearances he chose, or was constrained, to inhabit. It is impossible in this place to do more than briefly indicate their merits. It is equally impossible to follow the hero of the great book on any one of his innumerable adventures:—to do penance with him on the bald and desolate peaks of the Peña Pobre; watch by him at the Tomb of Montesinos; give battle at his side to the Knight of the Mirrors; flee with him the witcheries of the hussey Altisidora; ride out with him to avenge the wrongs of Micomicona, the peerless Princess; charge at his stirrup against the hosts of Pentapolin of the Naked Arm; sit in talk to him with the Curate and the Barber; or endure with him the spirits and enchantments let loose upon him by the most impudent of Dukes. We can do no more than play at swords with him (in our frontispiece) in his study chair. His eyes are fixed and glassy; his face is quick with passion and heroic resolve; in his brave right hand he brandishes Durandal, the good sword; and about him, made real to his inner eye, there roars and clashes and seethes the whole mythology of Chivalry. Amadis charges at him from his shoulder; here are Tirante

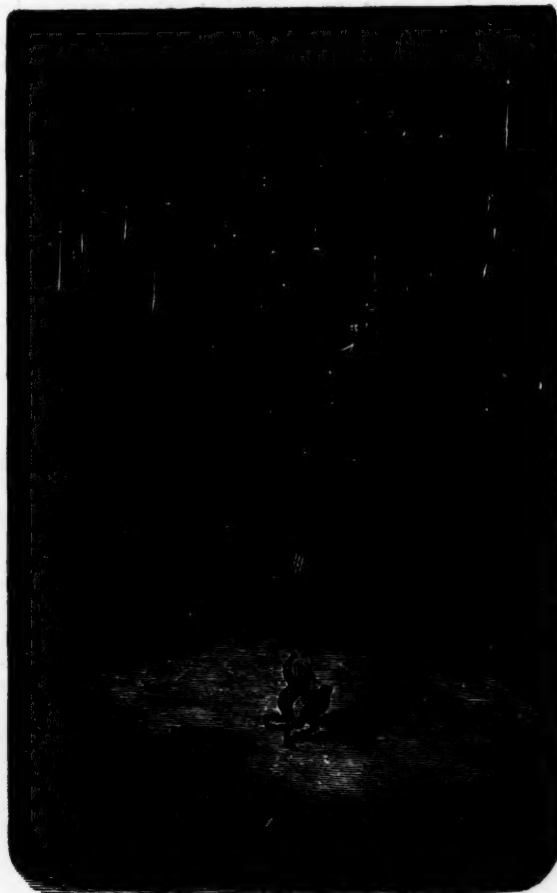
the White, and Galaor the Inconstant, and the peerless Roland. There frowns the enchanted pate of the giant Caraculiambro; there Morganto hales off the Princess of Trebizond; there are the griffins, the dragons with sail-broad vannes, the enchanted castles, the pennons and banners and destriers—all the welter and coil of adventure gone mad; all the phantasms of knight-errantry flung together in one brilliant and bewildering pell-mell. As for the other emprises, the book is extant, and our readers may pursue them for themselves.

Space fails us, too, in which to discuss the merits and demerits of the designer's other work:—the vast landscapes and remote horizons, the skies and the streams, the dim forests and long savannahs, of his "Atala;" the pleasant dramatic quality, the love and understanding of birds and beasts, in his "La Fontaine;" the skill in contrast and the range of invention displayed in his "Dante;" the fecundity and facility, the instinct of arrangement, the faculty of representation, exemplified in his illustrations to the Bible; the architectures and the crowds, the battles and descents, the glimpses of Eden and the outlooks into chaos, of his "Paradise Lost." The best and most striking of all is probably the pictorial commentary on the "Inferno." It would be idle to pretend that Doré attains to the fiery intensity or the impassioned clarity of imagination of the great Florentine poet. But for all that his commentary on the "Inferno" is, in a sense, suggestive and complete. It follows Dante and his august guide step by step through the nether glooms—from the dimness and dusk of that "selva selvaggia" to which, "nel mezzo cammin della vita," the Florentine was led; through the gate of hope abandoned and the "fiocoluma" upon Acheron water; through the

"aer perso" of the circle of winds; among the tombs that glow in the city of Dis; through horrible living forests, and circles of fire, and circles of frost; among all the dreadful sights and sounds of hell. At every pause the artist speaks—often to excellent purpose, never but to say something; and that, when your author is Dante, and your theme the "Divina Commedia," is much. Our examples from this mass of work show the artist in all his daring and his success, and give some sort of idea of his peculiar versatility. In the first, Virgil and the Florentine pass in the vague and miserable immensity of the abyss among the souls that are cloistered through eternity in thick-ribbed ice. Then, marshalling his host of Terrors through a gloom of earthquake and eclipse, the Rider of the Pale Horse—swift, deadly, inexorable—descends on the ruining world. Next, amid a rich chaos of cates and fruits and comfits, of fair salvers and gorgeous draperies and shining salvers, the Town Rat catches alarm, and is off and away. They are much more easily criticised than equalled; and

whatever may be said in their dispraise they are manifestly the outcome of a talent unique not only in its generation but in all art.

It must be remembered that Doré, by the very nature of his talent and accomplishment, was an artist essentially popular. He worked not for the few who can imagine for themselves, but for the many who crave their pictures ready-made. He may be said to have read in pictures; and his facility in reproducing his reading in a graphic form has enabled millions of people to realise a great number of things that, but for him, must always have remained obscure and unintelligible. For these he has identified himself for long with some of the greatest books in all literature.



CHIUON AND COCHERUE.

(From Doré's "Contes Drolatiques.")

ELTON WARE.



AN excellent writer on decorative art has recently made an epigrammatic distinction between himself and other writers. He says of his essays that they originated in his having something to say about his art, instead of having to say something. Mr. Elton, of Clevedon, might differentiate between his pottery and that of other makers in similar terms. His introduction into the world may have been for greater purposes than the manufacture and decoration of earthenware; but there is no doubt that among the things he was designed to do was to show us something new in the way of pottery.

At all events it is certain that he need not have turned his attention to this branch of art and manufacture if he had not been so inclined. Although no one would guess it from his later successes, he is an amateur without training, one of those persons—usually, but very wrongly, deemed so happy—who could be

idle if they chose. But he has not chosen to enjoy this privilege, and is probably none the unhappier. He had, as a matter of course, an early bias towards art, which was not without some slight cultivation; but in decoration he has had no teacher, and in the handicraft of pottery his own wits have been his only guide. With one slight exception, no one but those instructed by himself have ever done a stroke of work at the Sunflower Pottery; and his most valuable assistance has been afforded by one clever boy, now a clever young man, of the name of Masters, who has developed under his guidance into a very able potter. Nevertheless the nephew of Sir Arthur Elton has within a few years discovered how to mix clays and glazes, how to build kilns, and to bake a pottery of unusual hardness. His decoration, as we shall see presently, is remarkable both for its taste and originality; but his rapid untaught mastery of technical difficulties is more remarkable still.

Rapid and satisfactory though it has been, his history is a succession of disasters; but English potters, like English seamen, do not know when they are beaten, and Mr. Elton has turned all his mischances into victories. To a reader of his diary—with extracts from which he has been good enough



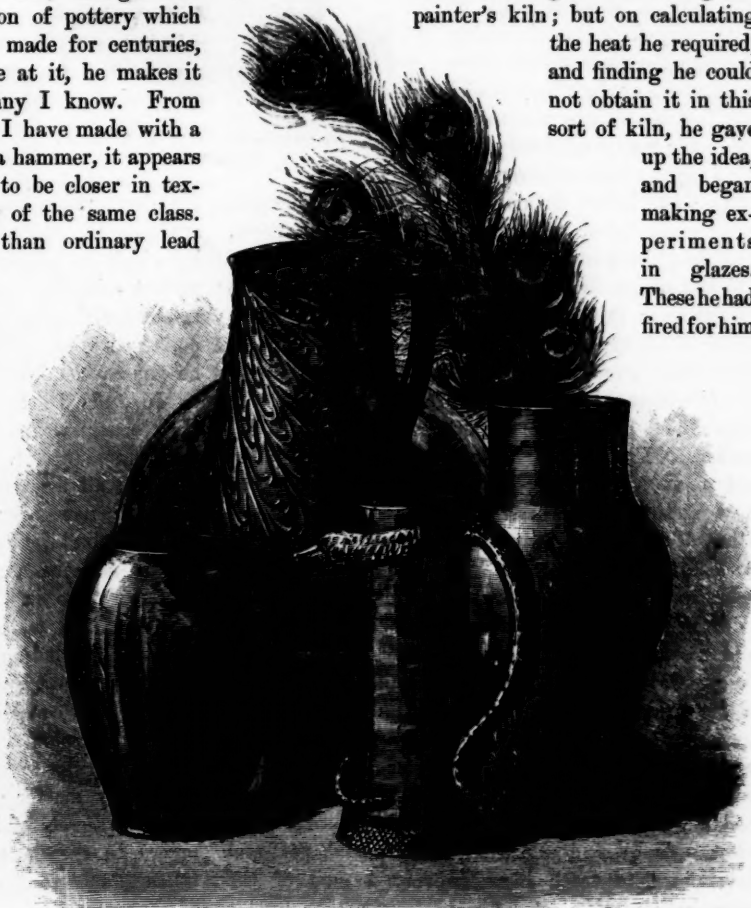
ELTON WARE.—I.: PIECES WITH SHAPED LIPS.

to supply me—the reasons for his perseverance are not easy to discover; but the logic of genius is difficult to formulate, and often the only proof of its existence is its success. At present he has attempted earthenware only, made of brown or reddish clay covered with a coloured coating of similar clay ground very fine and worked up with water to the consistency of cream. This is technically called “slip.” A stiffer slip is used for decoration. There is little fundamental difference between Elton, Barum, Vallauris, Linthorpe, Dunmore, and innumerable other wares. In the last three of the particular potteries mentioned the colouring matter is contained in the glaze, and slips are not used for ground-colour. Mr. Elton’s glaze, on the other hand, though similar in material, being what is called a “lead” glaze, is always colourless. This is a peculiarity, but it belongs nevertheless to a very common class of pottery:—not terra-cotta, which is “soft” but unglazed; not stoneware, which whether glazed or not is fired at a higher temperature and called “hard;” but soft glazed earthenware. Yet, though Mr. Elton has only tried a description of pottery which all the potters of the world have made for centuries, and though he is only a novice at it, he makes it better in some respects than any I know. From certain very simple experiments I have made with a few fragments of his ware and a hammer, it appears to me to be harder to break and to be closer in texture than other modern pottery of the same class. His glaze, too, seems harder than ordinary lead glaze, difficult to scratch, and not liable to “craze” (or crack) in firing. This is a most important quality, as soft earthenware is always, or nearly always, porous, and the use of the glaze in making it water-tight is destroyed if the glaze cracks. You may leave Mr. Elton’s vases full of water on a bare table without any fear of spoiling the polish, and they will stand any ordinary collision without fracture. Readers may remember that in my article on Vallauris I mentioned the difficulty which M. Clément Massier had found in discovering a glaze to suit his new “paste”—a glaze which would unite with it properly without cracking. A good glaze is one that will fuse at the right time; and this of

course depends upon the heat which the “paste” which it covers requires to be properly baked. It must also expand and contract with the “paste,” or else it will assuredly crack like a skin too tight or too loose. That Mr. Elton has obtained a superior paste and a suitable glaze is a sign that he has served his apprenticeship, and is entitled to rank with craftsmen.

It was only in December, 1879, that he first thought of turning his attention to art-work in baked clay. Watching men making tiles in a brick-field, the notion occurred to him of making clay mosaics to be coloured and glazed for the decoration of church walls. He took home some unburnt tiles, cut them up, and, much to his satisfaction, completed a medallion of Sir Philip Sidney. In the simplicity of his ignorance he thought he had only to colour and glaze his clay mosaics and bake them in an open kiln, like a brick-kiln on a small scale, and the trick would be done. He accordingly built such a kiln, and tried. The result was, in his own words, “a dead failure.” He built another kiln, with the same consequences.

He then thought of an iron glass-painter’s kiln; but on calculating the heat he required, and finding he could not obtain it in this sort of kiln, he gave up the idea, and began making experiments in glazes. These he had fired for him



ELTON WARE.—II.: JUGS AND VASES.

in Bristol; and they all failed. His next experiment was to construct a small kiln at home; after the likeness of one he had seen at Bristol. This seems to have been the beginning of his success. It is true that his first firing spoilt everything he put into the kiln, but it showed him that he had found a good glaze. After another failure—which, however, confirmed his faith in the glaze—he thought he would try pottery as well as mosaic; and, not being able to throw on the wheel, he called in the aid of a flower-pot maker. A few things roughly made by this artist, and decorated by himself as roughly, together with some large mosaics of saints, were his next offering to the Fire god, who, as usual, treated them as mere fuel. The ruin of another batch of pottery by chalkstones breaking through the glaze shortly after it came out of the kiln, revealed the fact that there was something the matter with his paste. This appears to have given him

pause; and before he made his next effort he bought some ready-baked and glazed plates, painted them, and fired them in his kiln. This may be said to be the end of his first chapter of accidents. Out of it he got some valuable knowledge, especially as to the depth of his ignorance; while in the way of achievement there was the kiln made and a glaze found.

It was at this period that Mr. Elton hit upon the idea which has given the special character to his pottery. This was to make use of and develop the old plan of decorating by slip, and slip only. But he was still far from its realisation. By the 12th of June, 1880, when he went to Scotland for a holiday, he had not got a clay free from chalkstones; he still relied mainly on the Flower-Pot Man for his shapes; in firing he had had a few successes, but more failures; and his kiln had proved so inefficient that he had determined to pull it down, and build another on a better principle. The next new kiln was even less successful at first—partly on account of the coke which he used in firing; but after having several batches spoilt with sulphur, he abandoned coke, and had a grand success in October, 1880. He soon afterwards grew discontented with his shapes, and determined to teach himself every branch of the manufacture. He set up a potter's wheel on his own premises and practised at it every day; he made

numerous experiments in colour; and he altogether succeeded so well that about April, 1881, his "Sunflower" ware became an article of commerce at Bristol, and shortly afterwards in London.

The Flower-Pot Man was now dismissed, and Mr. Elton's only assistant was George Masters, who daily became more useful. But the ware was still very inferior in quality: the glaze "crazing" and the material being porous. The young potter had struck into the right path, but he was not by any means out of the wood. His diary records the peeling of glaze and slip, the sticking of the pieces of pottery to the supports in the kiln and to each other, and the destruction of colour by the high temperature of the kiln. Till about the middle of June, 1882, successes and difficulties alternated, but the diary also records researches and discoveries. Instead of burning his goods once only (clay, slip, and glaze all together), he adopted two firings.



ELTON WARE.—III.: VASE WITH FLORAL DECORATION.

He discovered a simple but original contrivance for applying the slip to the body while still very moist, by which he not only saved time but secured more perfect cohesion. He invented several other useful mechanical "dodges;" and gradually, by repeated experiments with clays, and by raising his temperature, he approached his present non-porous body.

In June, 1882, kilns on a plan suggested by all his disasters were finished, but he was again doomed to disappointment. This was not a twelvemonth ago, and all his ingenuity in altering and patching the fine new kilns ended in utter failure. He had to rebuild, alter, divide, and pull down, and it was not till October last that the "Sunflower Pottery" was in full working order again. Now he has a kiln which seems to be absolutely under control, and with an even heat in all its parts. His failures and discouragements have been many and serious. But considering that three years ago he was absolutely ignorant of his craft, and that now, without any regular training but that of experience, he is completely master of it, as well as the possessor of valuable secrets of his own, his success—both with regard to the measure of it and the time he has taken to achieve it—is probably unique in the history of pottery.

I have spoken of Mr. Elton as having had no

regular training; it may be well to state clearly a few facts of his life. Born in 1846, he was educated at Bradfield College, near Reading, went to Jesus College, Cambridge, and then, his bent being scientific, to Cirencester Agricultural College. Here he had the benefit of lectures from Professor Church, the celebrated chemist, who in the pages of a contemporary has recently published an interesting article on his old pupil's work. Then he married and settled at Clevedon, and to employ his leisure sat down to mechanics and art-work of various kinds. His father, the late Edmund W. Elton, was no mean artist; and his own (perhaps hereditary) talent for art found exercise in painting on china, in designing furniture, and in wood-carving without instruction from any one. All this amateur art and science was useful to him when he turned his attention to pottery. With the exception of visits to some small potteries where all he learnt was "picked up" without teaching, and a few lessons in throwing from the Flower-Pot Man of my story, he has had no help in learning his craft. His kiln, slip-kiln, drying arrange-

ments, wheel, studio, &c., have been constructed from his own designs without any skilled labour; and with the exception of Masters and the Flower-Pot Man he has employed no one in potting, except boys from the village school, who have received their instruction from him.

What follows is a short description of the process now employed at the Sunflower Pottery. The clay or paste is prepared, and the pieces are "thrown" in the usual way. When they are dry enough, the sketch of the decoration is deeply incised with ordinary modeller's tools. As soon as the clay is a little drier, slip of the requisite ground-colour is applied all over. After another period of drying, the spaces within the sketched outlines are filled in with very stiff clay. For example, if the outline is a flower's, the leaves and petals are filled in with appropriately coloured stiff slips: red lumps for the flower of a rose, and green lumps for the leaves. Then comes a fourth period of drying, after which the lumps are shaped in low relief according to the decorator's taste. Then the piece is slightly fired—to fix the colour only. It is then glazed, then fired again, and this time to the highest heat it will bear. The ware at present is stacked on shelves in the kiln without "seggars." The chief peculiarities of the process are the application of the slip coating while the pieces are still very moist, the reserve of the hardening firing till all the decoration is complete, and the heat of this final firing, which is greater than that usually applied to pottery of the same class.

There are only two ways of decorating pottery—by slip, or by painting with coloured enamels. *Pâte sur pâte*, barbotine, impasto, are only so many different ways of employing slip, or the paste itself, for decoration. Wedgwood's beautiful Jasper Ware is an instance of its application to stoneware; and on M. Solon's admirable low-reliefs we find it adopted for porcelain. Both in Wedgwood and Solon Ware the decoration principally consists of figures modelled in white slip on paste of another colour. Barbotine is the French workmen's name for the surplus clay which adheres to the fingers in "throwing," and is wiped off from one hand by the other and deposited in a little heap. In the "impasto" work the colours are mixed with diluted clay or "slip," and the decoration is applied with a brush. In some of the so-called barbotine work, the brush is employed; in some, modelling tools. Mr. Elton's process is a mixture of *sggraffito*, or scratched work, and modelled slip. Its peculiarity is, that all the slips are coloured, laid on stiff and rough, and then modelled. The nearest approach to it which I have seen is some rough pottery made, I believe, in Belgium. A teapot given me some years ago has a brown-red ground on which is modelled flatly a root of primroses—the leaves in



ELTON WARE.—IV.: SERPENT VASE.

green, and the flowers in yellow, slip. This is the description and style of decoration that Mr. Elton has carried further than any one else—that is, further in the right direction. I fear that the modellers of those wonderful lilies and roses and shells and frogs and cactuses which we now see sprawling over plates and vases, think that they have carried the art of slip decoration further; and so they have, but it is not in the right direction. This “decoration” is not, properly speaking, decoration at all. It hides and

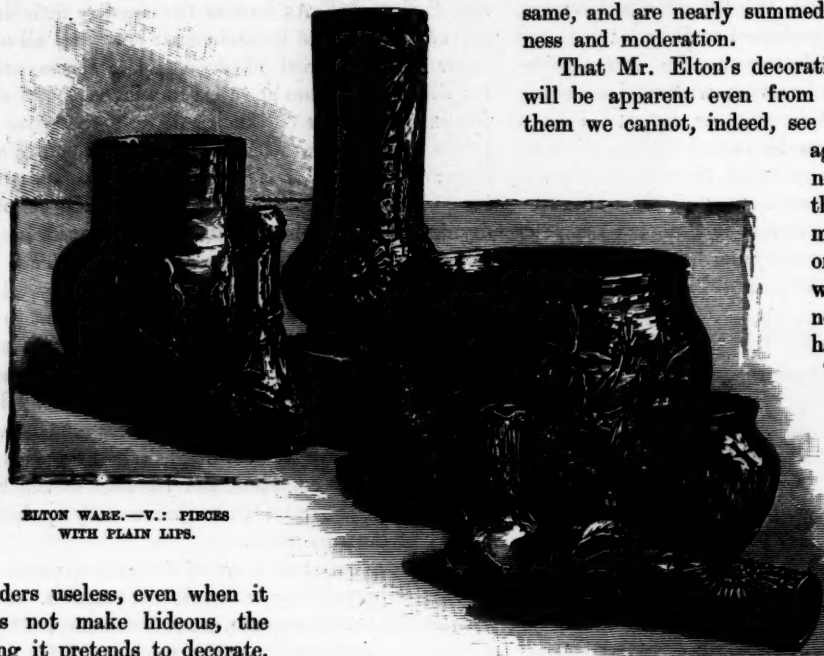
total effect is one of spontaneity. He began, as he says, like an ancient Briton—with roughly moulded vessels and rude instruments. His clay was coarse, and his decoration also. Both have since progressed greatly, but *pari passu*, with much of natural development and brotherly sympathy. He has thus never fallen into either of the two extremes of error which are characteristic of much modern work of the same family—inappropriateness and excess. For whatever is decorated, a simple earthenware vessel or a beautiful woman, the first principles are the same, and are nearly summed up in the words—fitness and moderation.

That Mr. Elton's decoration has these qualities will be apparent even from our woodcuts. From them we cannot, indeed, see how well his colours

agree with one another: not only on account of their artistic arrangement, but from a certain oneness of quality for which the language has no name, producing a harmony not only of

tint but of tone.

But they at least will show that in each piece the beauty of the ornament is entirely subject to the character, and only exists as applied to that particular vessel. Without adaptation the



ELTON WARE.—V.: PIECES
WITH PLAIN LIPS.

renders useless, even when it does not make hideous, the thing it pretends to decorate.

The success which has attended Mr. Elton in his essays in decoration is no doubt due in great part to a natural gift. But it is also due to his allowing this gift to be restrained by the temper of his materials and tools and the requirements of the occasion. He has not sought to impose upon his ware any preconceived ideas of decoration gathered from other branches of art, nor has he attempted to compass with a bit of wood and clay effects which can only be attained by the use of a brush and pigments. He has allowed his hand to be guided by the shape of the vessel, and his forms and colours to be determined by the inspiration of the moment. “Sufficient unto the day is the decoration thereof” may be said to have been his motto, in practice if not in principle. His designs, though always strictly regulated by the nature of his means of expression, are never without the fresh charm of improvisation. His productions are, therefore, always homogeneous, however many processes may have contributed to their completion, and their

design could not be transferred successfully to another object, however well it looks where it is. In the right understanding of what may be called the “adjective” character of true decoration Mr. Elton is almost an Oriental. He is also one in his gift of what is called conventionalising natural forms. Yet he is thoroughly modern and English withal, taking his suggestions from the flowers and animals he knows, and treating them with a freedom which is only limited by his personal taste. I am afraid that neither his fauna nor his flora have any exact counterparts in the world of nature; but they are admirably suited to the artificial world of decoration, for they possess enough of the beauty and vitality and variety of the things we know to satisfy the desire for recognition, without suggesting comparisons which can only end in disappointment.

One distinctive quality of Mr. Elton's decoration is its freedom, and another is its boldness. The scale

of it is always as large as the piece will bear; the detail is generally confined to the emphasis of structure and character. He, however, takes advantage of the capacity of his materials whenever they lend themselves to the expression of truth, though he never forces them into unwilling service. He will, for instance, by a little clever manipulation, make his yellow enamel indicate the roughness and consistency of a lemon, but he will not aim at the delicacy and transparency of a petal. In every case—notwithstanding the ingenuity and resource which may be displayed in particulars—the general effect is never hindered by the elaboration of parts, and the decoration is always dominated by the thing itself, whether it be jug or vase or long-necked bottle. A rude luxuriance, varied occasionally by some quaint or grotesque fancy, is at present the character of Elton Ware, but this has been settled by the material rather than by the artist. All he has done at present should be looked upon as little more than tentative—the production of a genuine artistic faculty working under the limits imposed by an imperfect medium of expression. As far, however, as he and his ware have gone, their progress has been singularly right.

Elton Ware is already useful; it is also artistic in the true sense of that much-abused word. What the Elton Ware of the future may be no man can say; for not a batch is turned out of the Sunflower Pottery which does not show advance and freshness of one sort or another. Lately (since the pieces we have engraved were potted) it has produced new things both in colour and shape. In the former Mr. Elton has shown originality as well as taste. He has discovered more than one colour which it would be difficult to match. In particular I may mention reds of various tints—from pinky chocolate to a bright anchovy colour; and crimsons and purples of great force. In some of his “splashed” pieces, the reds and blues and greys combine into harmonies which, in their depth and softness, remind one of the *flambé* vases of the Chinese. He has been also very successful with similar blendings of red and purple, red and green, grey and violet; indeed some of his recent work seems carved out of blood-stone or of porphyry.

He complains, like all potters, of the difficulty of yellow, but he has more than once succeeded in introducing it with good effect.

In regard to shape, as in other matters, Mr. Elton has not allowed his ambition to outstrip his skill, and his forms have hitherto been characterised by simplicity and quaintness rather than elegance or beauty. In this respect much improvement has been made of late, and more may be expected. In the shallow bowl in our plate called “Bowls and Jars,” and in some of the bottles figured in our woodcut of “Pieces with Plain Lips,” the somewhat archaic character of his early efforts has been changed for a more graceful style. Here, a few touches of finger and thumb have sufficed to break the monotony of a plain lip; there, pressure applied to both sides has given a double-barrelled character to a neck. Both these simple devices are shown in our illustration of “Pieces with Shaped Lips.” The effective quality of Mr. Elton’s simple “scratched” decoration may be seen in one of the jugs we have engraved; while another has a quaint snake handle. The pieces represented by themselves have been selected to show the special character of his decoration, which concerns itself principally with flowers and reptiles, though now and then an insect is aptly introduced *more Japonico*. Mr. Elton, I may add, is rather fond of snakes, which, in their pliability of form, lend themselves easily to ceramic decoration, and which he uses with singular success and skill. COSMO MONKHOUSE.



ELTON WARE.—VI.: BOWLS AND JARS.

A GOSSIP ABOUT SOME FRENCH PAINTERS.

FRENCH contemporary literature, as might be expected, affords a good many examples of the true biographical habit. M. Jules Claretis, for instance, in his excellent series of "Peintres et Sculpteurs Contemporains" (Jouaust, Librairie des Bibliophiles), is often singularly successful in collecting little personal notes of the habits of artists viewed apart from their work. This is particularly the case when he is dealing with the great landscape painters—with Millet, Corot, Rousseau, and others. No lover of the works of Corot will be surprised to hear that that ethereal genius was a great smoker. It is pleasant to picture him at early morn among the woods of Viroflay or by the forest at Ville d'Avray watching the ever-shifting mists under the influence of the rising sun, marking each varying effect, and discovering in each delicate interchange "silent silver lights" and pearly greys undreamt of. He worshipped the veiled Infinite: "on n'y voit rien, et tout y est." What he most loved to depict, or to suggest, was the vague mystery of sunrise and sunset. It was prettily remarked by Napoleon III., after a silent contemplation of his "Aurore":—"I understand nothing of that. One must rise very early in the morning to feel such poetry." A man of infinite *bonhomie* was "le père Corot," as he was affectionately called, and one deeply beloved:—one of whom Jules Dupré could declare that "as a painter it will be difficult to replace him; as a man he can never be replaced." *Apropos* of Dupré—the landscape-painter of romanticism, one of the great tribe of Constable—an interesting anecdote is recorded by M. Claretie. Corot once sent him a sketch, superscribed with this simple line: "À finir par Jules Dupré." Dupré added some personal touches in the shape of some cattle, and returned it with the modest message: "À finir par Corot." M. Claretie pertinently asks the fate of this doubly precious picture, which seems lost. It was with the happy instinct of an artist endowed with a serene temperament, and with no flippancy, that Corot regarded his work as play. "On me reproche," he said, "d'en trop produire. Ils sont bons, eux! Et si ça m'amuse, moi!" This phrase, "ça m'amuse," was a favourite with him, and doubtless originated in a reminiscence of his

father. Finding that his son was determined upon an artistic career, which he regarded as the resource of the idle, the elder Corot said to him, "I should have given you a hundred thousand francs to start you in business. I shall only give you two thousand francs a year. That will teach you. Allons, va, et amuse-toi." Everybody knows to what pleasure and profit to all lovers of art—this unique painter accepted the advice.

"History repeats itself" we know; but a curious instance of anecdotal repetition in connection with a story of J.-L. Hamon has never yet, I believe, been noted. When studying under Delaroche he was given to passing whole nights in contemplation whilst others worked. On one occasion, he tells us in his reminiscences, he sat apart in meditation, and Gérôme and others asked what he was doing, surprised at such inactivity. "Je pense, leur dis-je, je *cuve* mon sujet." At which they laughed. This in itself is perhaps insignificant, but read in the light of a story of Domenichino it is striking. It was his habit similarly to work out in his mind any composition he was undertaking, and the habit he explained on one occasion by saying, "Io lo sto continuamente dipendendo entro di me." Of Hamon some stories are related which are too ridiculous for credence, even supposing him to be possessed with the Frenchman's scorn for languages other than his own. When in Italy he observed on many Italian monuments the word "Ingresso" (entrance or admission), whereon he remarked, "Truly these Italians esteem only one French artist. Ingresso! M. Ingres!" On another occasion, noting the frequency of the inscription, "Canova di vino" (wine-shop), it is said that he petulantly objected, "No, no; Canova is not so divine as all that." Hamon's works have fallen so far into disrepute that it is difficult to recall the time, by no means distant, when he was the chief of a brilliant little band of classicists, and earned the commendation of Gérôme and the enthusiastic eulogy of Gautier.

Of extraneous distractions there are few more singular than Octave Tassaert's habit of writing for the stage—a habit shared by Mr. Val Prinsep. Something akin to this is the passion for gaming that possessed Guido, and Parmegiano's pursuit of alchemy. The firm belief in his poetic powers is a pathetic incident in Tassaert's melancholy career. Of the miseries which artists have undergone enough has been written to make the heart ache, though it must be confessed that there have been fewer instances among them

than among poets of the ardent enthusiasm of youth being extinguished in the gloom of eclipse, and that Wordsworth's famous couplet —

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
And thereof comes in the end despondency and madness" —

finds few applications in their lives. It is pitiful enough, however, to know that such a genius as Géricault should be reduced to giving his masterly painting, "*Le Cuirassier*" (now in the Louvre) to the son of his colourman in exchange for a new canvas, observing that "he did not want to rub himself out." The story of the struggles of Jean-François Millet would be found, perhaps, more pathetic than anything in the biography of art, were it not that the glory of his achievements and his native nobility and courage absorb all other thoughts. A charming picture is given by M. Claretie of Millet's home-life at Barbizon. It is a summer night, and the window is open; the family is assembled about the lamp-lit table; the girls are knitting and sewing, and the boys are all attention, while the father is reading aloud to them Béranger's songs, or the story of Ruth, or some incident from the lives of the patriarchs of Israel. This little sketch of the painter is thoroughly in harmony with all we know of the serenity and simplicity of his mind. It was from no deficiency of geniality, but from a natural and habitual seriousness that he was known in Delaroche's studio as "*l'homme féroce*." This seriousness originated in his deep sympathy with that mute pathetic appeal, that "cry of the ground," which many poets and some artists have so happily interpreted in their landscapes.

He would speak (says M. Claretie) with indignation of artists "who flatter bad taste and depraved passions for their own profit," and who, in the words of Montaigne, "*artialisent la nature au lieu de naturaliser l'art*." Of his personal appearance M. Sensier gives us a vivid idea from a photograph taken by one of his friends at Barbizon:—"He is standing upright, in his *sabots*, with his back to a wall, the head erect and hair thrown back, the body straight, hat in hand, and his gaze fixed as on something menacing. He might be taken for one of those enthusiastic peasants, the victim of our civil wars, who, though conquered, faces death without fear. This little portrait expresses the whole life of Millet. He was pleased with it himself when I said to him, 'You look as if you were a peasant leader standing to be shot,' and he seemed almost proud of this interpretation." His love of the country was nothing less than second nature. There is a beautiful passage in one of his letters in which he relates how, on the day after the German invasion, he revisited the place of his birth. In eloquent feeling, though

not in passion, it may be compared with the account Berlioz gives of his visit to the home of his youth, at Côte-Saint-André, after thirty tumultuous years. The few years after this journey, and previous to his death, Millet spent in his woodland home. Not long before the end, one day early in January, 1875, he heard in the neighbouring forest of Fontainebleau the cry of a deer being killed by the huntsman; and he remarked, "It is an omen. The poor beast is calling me: I am going to die." A similar story is related of the death of Félicien David. Thus even in its last beat did the heart of this true poet and admirable painter beat true—ever in sympathy with every voice of nature in "the vast earth and ambient air."

It would be difficult to name any artist contemporary with Millet whose temperament offers a more piquant contrast with his than Henri Regnault. Millet's fortitude and calm are singularly opposed to Regnault's restless activity. From the day he left the studio of M. Lamothe, with the now celebrated exclamation, "*Haine au gris!*" on his lips, the febrile impulse that carried him from Rome to Spain and from Spain to Tangiers seemed to gather strength. The effervescence of spirit is repeatedly exhibited in his correspondence. The plans he projected for the future were on the literal and romantic scale of the visions in Gautier's romances. He dreamed of enchanted palaces, lakes of lapis-lazuli, plains all golden, cities of diamond, and all the "barbaric pearl and gold" of the Orient. "*Je veux faire*," he wrote, "*les vrais Maures, riches et grands, terribles et voluptueux à la fois, ceux qu'on ne voit plus que dans le passé. Puis Tunis, puis l'Egypte, puis l'Inde*." Whether this passion for colour and movement, this ebullient life-fever, would have eventually subsided—whether underlying all he possessed anything of Millet's power of giving expression to "the still sad music of humanity"—is now, unhappily, problematical. The miserable and tragic day of Buzenval extinguished all hope of the fulfilment of his promise. In connection with that affair M. J.-B. Dumas relates that, during the siege of Paris, he had learned that the Germans at Sévres had destroyed his father's manuscripts and instruments, and that, filled with a nervous resentment against the enemy, he turned back from his retreating companions to make that "one more shot" that resulted in his death. M. Meissonier has represented him in a brilliant and powerful allegorical sketch, dying at the feet of Paris, and surrounded by a crowd of combatants, living and wounded. This design was executed at Poissy in a house full of German soldiers. Those who have visited the palatial studio of Meissonier, who are aware of the fabulous prices that have been paid for his works, know that he, too,

had to wait for recognition, though the day of success came early, and has proved lasting. There was a time when, we are told, he painted pictures with Daubigny, for five francs the square mètre. One of the first pictures he exhibited, "Le Petit Messager," in the Salon of 1836, was sold for only 100 francs, while for his "Friedland"—a work representing Napoleon at the head of his cuirassiers—American Stuart paid, according to some authorities, 300,000 francs, according to others, 400,000. This picture is quite unique among Meissonier's works, in one respect at least, as it measures above six feet by three.

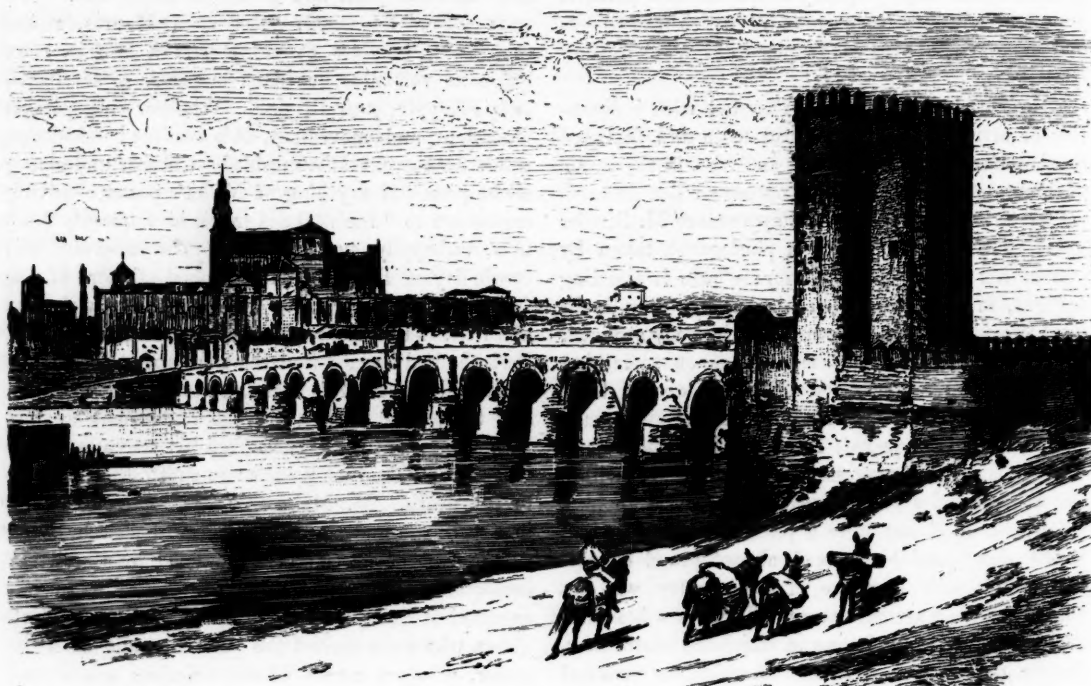
A story is told by M. Claretie which curiously illustrates the remarkably rapid rise in Meissoniers. Seventeen years ago the artist painted a study on panel of his son in the masquerade costume of a Fleming—a subject from Metz— which he sold for 2,000 francs. Hearing lately that it was for sale, he commissioned a friend to buy it, *coûte que coûte*. M. Secrétan, a well-known amateur, being acquainted with Meissonier's desire, bought the little panel for 25,000 francs and presented it to the painter, who, of course, attaches particular value to the friendly gift.

J. A. BLAIRIE.

CÓRDOVA.

IT is said that a certain Spaniard, learned in matters of art, once suggested a use for the decayed city of Toledo. He proposed that the inhabitants should be expropriated, and the former capital of the Gothic monarchy turned into a vast museum. The plan was more heroic than practical, not because Toledo has any particular vitality as a city, but for the excellent reason that the funds needed to carry it out would scarcely be forthcoming. That *falta de recursos*, the eternal want of pence which vexes Spanish public men, has nipped many more promising schemes in the

bud. And Toledo is not the only town in Spain which is fit to be put in a museum or turned into one. Córdoba is in very much the same case—a little more alive perhaps, and not condemned to wither on a rock, but very sufficiently defunct none the less. Its life is emphatically in the past. The modern world has touched it once, and then to its ruin. General Dupont sacked it shamefully in June, 1808. His whole army down to the drummer-boys engaged in pillage, and there were 8,000 *onzas*, which we very improperly call doubloons, in the



CÓRDOVA.—I.: THE BRIDGE.

general's own baggage when he marched away— for the arms of Córdoba are a bridge over water. about £25,000 of loot. It was some consolation for The real one shown in our first picture gives the



CÓRDOVA.—II.: THE DOOR OF THE MOSQUE.

Córdoba that he marched to Bailen—to the most ignominious beating man ever got. He would troop out by the bridge over the Guadalquivir, which is itself a type of the city. In every sense indeed, history of the city in stone. The arches were built by the Arab governor Assam, in 719, on Roman foundations, which is the pedigree of so many Spanish "puentes del Diablo," or "puentes de

Anibal"—bridges of the Devil or of Hannibal, as they are generally called. It is not a little characteristic of the country that these old stone structures are found to stand the terrible winter and spring torrents far better than the spick and span iron railway bridges run up on the cheap and nasty system by native or Belgian engineers. The gate at the town end was built by Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, for Philip II., on the site of the Arab Babu-l-Kantarrah, and is ornamented by relievos said to be by Torrigiano.

The glorious period of the city's history is so far back as to be almost before the beginning of much that is now antiquity. It began with the Abdur-Rahman who founded the Ommayad dynasty in Spain in 756, and ended with the fall of that house in 1036. Córdoba had been great under the Romans, but the Arabs made a clean sweep of their work. What was done by the Emirs and Khalifs of the Ommayad line has been damaged and hacked about, but it has never been supplanted by later builders. In a certain sense Córdoba represents the Mohammedan rulers of Spain more truly than either Seville or Granada. The latter was a city of the Berbers, mere barbarians and parvenus; and in the other the Christian conquerors have done as much or more than the people they expelled. Córdoba was the capital of Mohammedan power in its great and heroic time. It was the chief town of the Moslem during the half-century of anarchy which followed the landing of Tarik and the battle of Guadalete. The first Abdur-Rahman marched on it after his victory over the Emir Yusuf at Mozara, which established the Ommayades in Andalusia. The sacred banner of the dynasty was preserved in the great mosque, and finally lost in a battle under the walls. No army ever marched under a simpler flag. It was only a turban untwisted and knotted round the head of a lance. A certain Abu Sabah improvised it at Colomera in the earliest days of Abdur-Rahman's campaigns in Spain. His descendants had every reason to love and trust the city of Córdoba. At a time when all the rest of their dominion, Christian or Moslem, Arab, Berber, or Spaniard, was in revolt against them, their capital remained loyal. It was the impregnable fortress in which they could await the turn of fortune in safety. The workmen of the town formed at one time their only army. The greatest prince of the line—the Harun-al-Raschid of Mohammedan Spain—began his reign, in the tenth century, as master only of Córdoba and the country round it. This was the famous Abdur-Rahman III., the first of his house who called himself Khalif. The dynasty are generally spoken of as Khalifs of Córdoba; but as a matter of fact the first six princes contented themselves with the humbler titles of Emir and Sultan.

The dynasty had ruled, or made believe to rule, for nearly two centuries before the third Abdur-Rahman called himself Emir al-Mumenin, which the Spaniards corrupted into Miramamolin.

Every school-boy knows—according to a consecrated phrase—the famous passage in the "Decline and Fall" in which Gibbon has described the splendour of this prince, and repeated his melancholy summing-up of the teaching of life. Gibbon did not believe much in Abdur-Rahman's indifference to all his grandeur, and perhaps rightly. Yet if the great Khalif could see even a little into the future he had good reason to be sad. Within half a century of his death his dynasty had gone to ruin. The power had passed to the eunuchs of the palace, and had been violently taken from them by the minister Al-Mansur. A few years further on, and the family of Al-Mansur too had gone to ruin, and with them the power of the Arabs in Spain. Every governor of a town set up for himself, and the savage Berber fanatics crushed them all. Córdoba was besieged, stormed, sacked, and utterly overthrown. The sceptre passed to Seville and Granada, and the ancient capital of Mohammedan Spain, the greatest and wealthiest city in Europe, sank into a third-rate town.

As has been already pointed out, much of the work of the Ommayad princes has disappeared. It was not the Christians but the Berbers who did most of the damage. The magnificent suburb, or rather villa, of Rizzifah, built by Abdur-Rahman III., was so completely destroyed that not even the ruins remain. The mosque was preserved by its sacred character, and has had better fortune. It has been badly damaged, but that at least was by its enemies, and they left something. And yet if the Christians had swept it away they would at least have had this excuse, that it was built out of the spoils of their own churches. The Arab, who was himself no artist—*pace* the general belief to the contrary—was compelled to rely on the taste and skill of other peoples. His builders were Persians, Syrians, or Spaniards. His materials were taken ready made from Roman buildings. "Of the 1,200 monolithic columns, now reduced to about 850," we quote Richard Ford, "which once supported its low roof, 115 came from Nismes and Narbonne, in France, 60 from Seville and Tarragona, in Spain, while 140 were presented by Leo, Emperor of Constantinople; the remainder were detached from the temples at Carthage and other cities of Africa." That, it must be confessed, represents a tolerably sweeping pillage. And the Arab was not particular as to uniformity. Jasper, porphyry, verd-antique—all was fish that came to his net. Neither had he much respect for form. If a column was too long he sawed a piece off, or buried

an end several feet in the ground. When it was too short he made good the deficiency with a heavy Corinthian capital out of all proportion to the pillar. There is not much more originality in the form of the building. It is simply an adaptation of the basilica—an oblong measuring 394 feet east to west and 356 feet north to south. The roof, of larch-wood, was low—only 35 feet high—and was originally quite flat, till in 1713 a certain Valle Ledesma added the present cupolas. One credit the Arab must be allowed. He always insisted that the work done for him should be good. When this wooden roof was taken down the planks, after nearly a thousand years of service, were found to be so sound that they were eagerly bought up by the guitar-makers. The fine dry climate helped them to endure, no doubt; but the greatest care must have been exercised in choosing and drying at the time of building. The arrangement of the pillars into nineteen longitudinal and twenty-nine transverse aisles produces mysterious and weird effects of light or half-light; but it is a style of building which lends itself far more to beauty of ornament in detail than to grandeur of general effect. The general appearance of this fairy-like interior can be judged of from the sketch of the sanctuary El Mihrab which is shown in our last engraving. The strength of the so-called Arab builders—for most modern authorities seem to agree that the architects were really Persians—lay in the ornamentation. Therefore, while the general outward effect of the mosque is monotonous and almost clumsy, the details are generally beautiful. The spandrels and latticed openings of the doors, the elaborate intersections of the upper arches, are delicate and charming.

What the Christian has done to the mosque is tolerably well known. He has blocked up all the entrances but one (which can be realised by the reader in our second picture), and he has built a comparatively modern choir in the middle of the oriental forest of pillars. This barbarism was perpetrated, in spite of the opposition of the town council, in 1523 by Archbishop Alonzo Manrique. It is not often that a Spanish town council has done or tried to do anything deserving the gratitude of artists, and therefore let the ineffectual opposition of the Twenty-Four be recorded to their honour. Justice also requires the admission that it has not been the rule for Spanish prelates to be barbarians in matters of art. No nation owes more to the great ecclesiastics of the past than Spain, and she can afford to forgive Don Alonzo Manrique for the sake of his brother churchmen. It requires an effort, to be sure, and not the less because this choir is not of particular artistic value, and has been itself further spoilt by the fatally copious Churriguera, or at least by rapid

work of his school. The actual barbarian, one Pedro de Cornejo, who died here in 1758, is buried near the Capilla Mayor, and if Vanbrugh's epitaph is not written over him it ought to be. The great tower was recased and rebuilt in the Sixteenth Century by Fernan Ruiz, and now looks more like one of Wren's steeples than like its sister tower, the Giralda of Seville. As our sketch of it shows, it would not be out of place in the Strand.

Outside the mosque the city of Córdoba is not, as compared with many others in Spain, rich in works of art. The mediæval kings favoured Seville at its expense, and the modern princes have neglected it entirely. Henry III. built the gloomy and ponderous tower of the Mala Muerte, and Philip II. caused a gate to be raised; but both the "new kings" of the line of Henry of Trastámara and the Austrian line of Charles V. had their hearts elsewhere. None the less the city had its Christian and mediæval greatness between its capture from the Moors by St. Ferdinand, the King of Castile, in June, 1235, and the end of all things in Spain, about the end of the Seventeenth Century. Its nobles boasted an exceptional purity of blood, and may be justly proud of having produced the greatest of Spanish soldiers, Gonsalvo de Córdoba, the Great Captain. These nobles formed a species of aristocratic republic and governed the city, by their council of "Twenty-Four." In the Spanish novels of the Seventeenth Century "*Un Veinte Quatro*"—one of the twenty-four—is an equivalent term for high-born and most illustrious gentleman. They had whole streets of stately houses, now falling into ruins, and fought their battles out in the streets in the true Montague and Capulet style. Juan de Mena, who has been somewhat magniloquently called the Spanish Chaucer, was a Cordovese, and at the other end of Spanish poetry—in every possible sense at the other end—came Don Luis de Góngora, the most obscure and inflated scribbler who ever took pen in hand. Between the two the town produced Ambrosio de Morales, the honest and laborious but not particularly readable historian. There is a fourth great writer on the roll of fame of Córdoba:—Thomas Sanchez, the Jesuit, to wit. His name has an unsavoury reputation, for he wrote what is said by competent persons to be the nastiest of all books of casuistry, the famous treatise "*De Matrimonio*." Ford knew it—he knew all the things of Spain—and he could not stand it; and what Ford could not stand, the modern reader had very much better leave alone. Córdoba had its fame in art too. Pablo de Cespedes was a native of the town, and its silversmiths were renowned. If it ever had half the industry Spaniards are fond of crediting it with it must have been a busy place. But the authority is dubious. The Spaniard is greatly addicted to con-



CÓRDOVA.—III.: THE HOUSE OF GERONIMO PAEZ.

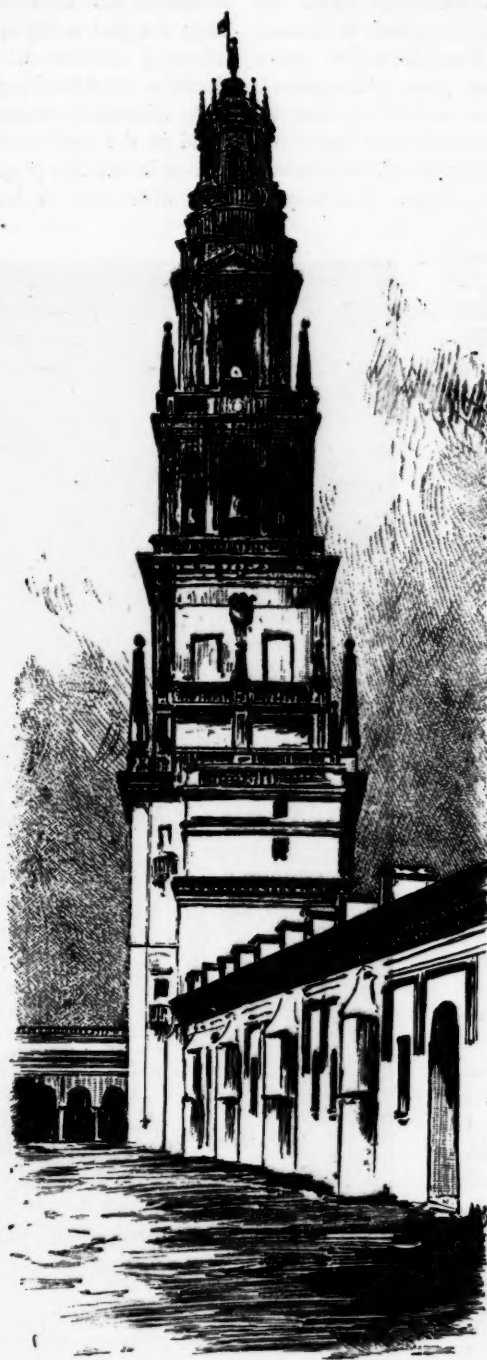
fusing his imaginations and his memories, as he takes his memories for hopes. Whatever its past activity was it is quiet enough to-day — deadly quiet. Boots are to be bought no doubt, but the leather has none of the qualities we associate with the name of Cordovan. Skill in the dressing of leather, together with most other forms of industry, emigrated with the Moors. The Cordovese of ancient days were great tamers of horses, and had a famous breed of their own. The Spanish jennet—a corruption of the word *ginete*—came from the *dehesa*, or breeding-ground of Córdoba. What this race of horses was is not really known. They are probably barbs—or at least a mixture of those animals with the native breed. With a little ingenuity and a little blindness to facts it would be possible to persuade oneself that they represent the pure Arabians of the first conquerors. But unluckily it is on record that the invaders were very ill supplied with horses, and that what they had were barbs. Abdur-Rahman I. rode a mule—and a very old one—at his first battle. In the Middle Ages horses were bred for war and hunting, but as far back as the Seventeenth Century the breed was threatened with extinction. The Spaniard, when he ceased to be a fighter and a hunter, had little need for a good horse. Like the Arab, he has always considered that noble

beast a pure article of luxury. For purposes of business he has always preferred the mule, or even the ass. It was found necessary to prohibit the use

of mules in the time of the Catholic sovereigns, in order to keep up the number of horses. A royal breeding establishment was organised at Córdoba, on the spot where the barracks of the Moorish *Alharas*, the mounted body-guard, had stood. The French, who spoil so much else in Spain, ruined this stud by carrying off the best stallions. Now the Spaniard who buys a horse is quite as likely to go to England for him as to Córdoba. Animals are even brought from Hungary. It is said that the race is chiefly supported by the English garrison at Gibraltar. Our officers find them cheap, and value them for sureness of foot—a very necessary quality in the mounts of the Calpe hunt.

What sort of life do people lead in the midst of all this wreckage of the past? The question is an interesting one, but it is not easy to answer. The foreigner who undertakes to say what the life of the more old-fashioned kind of Spaniard is like had need be a very bold or a very easily satisfied stamp of man. He must be capable of persuading himself that there is nothing there but outside: that when he has looked at the people bringing their meat, fruits, and flowers to market, and there selling them or offering them for sale, has watched the women at church, and the men at the café, he has seen all. That is what most

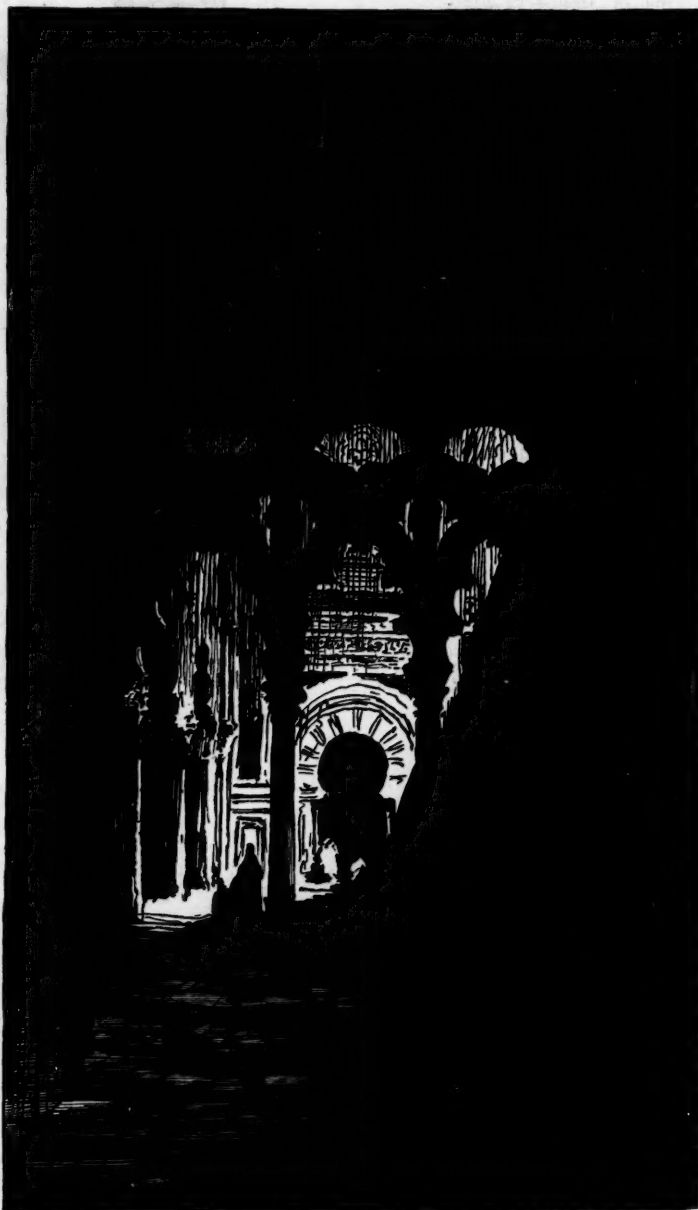
travellers have decided entirely to their own satisfaction. Nevertheless there is a good deal behind the outside, and for the stranger it is nearly as hard to discover the secrets of the



CÓRDOVA.—IV.: THE CATHEDRAL TOWER.

oriental harem. Fortunately Andalusia is not without contemporary literature, and some of those who have escaped have told the secrets of the prison-house. It is no use to look for them in the novels of Fernan Caballero, the only modern Spanish writer much known out of Spain. That very pious and excellent lady had the misfortune to be a German, born in Andalusia, but brought up in an entirely imaginary religious world. Her stories tend to edification, but they are quite false as pictures of life. The body is the body of Andalusia, but the spirit is the spirit of German neo-Catholicism. Any Englishman who wants to know what the life of Southern Spain really is, and possesses the needful Castilian, may be recommended to read either Juan Valera or Pedro de Alarcon, two novelists who are still alive. Both have written novels, and both have drawn careful pictures of the life of to-day. The latter is a Granadine, a native of Guadix, and the former is a Cordovese. They are good Catholics enough not to willingly shock the feelings of their countrymen, and yet both are men of the world who know that the past is the past, and feel that if Spain is not to choke altogether, it must wake up from its sterile self-admiration. When one has read Valera's "Pepita Jimenez" or "La Cordobesa," one fact stands out among the others—namely, that the presiding genius, the household god of Cordovese life, is boredom—heavy, crushing, penetrating boredom. The life of home is monotonous to the last degree, and outside is nothing but small interests and "the infinitely little." The women are shut up and mentally starved. There is one great principle which rules all parents and instructors—namely, that the heart of man is desperately wicked. There is only one way of keeping the young in the straight path, and that is perpetual watching. Whatever they wish for themselves is sure to be wrong. Safety is only to be found in following the traditions. It is almost im-

possible for an Englishman to conceive of the extent to which the process of fossilising the intellectual character has been carried among these people. They are just a little, a very little short of those tribes of savages who have become tattooed in character by hereditary custom—to use Mr. Bagehot's admirable illustration; and the higher they stand in the social scale the more complete has the process been. The people who live in imposing houses and, with more or less right to them, bear great



CÓRDOVA.—V.: THE SANCTUARY.

historic names, are hopelessly fossilised. Most of the town palaces with pretentious doorways, like that of Geronimo Paez—which we have pictured—are indeed empty. The families to which they belong never inhabit them. But of course there is a middle class in Spain and the remains of a nobility. These are the irredeemably ignorant part of the nation. The Spaniard never has been able to bear wealth: he becomes corrupted by luxury, as the good old phrase has it. He has only two ideas of how to use it—one is to hoard it up, and the other is to pamper himself with every sort of lazy indulgence. The consequences are often fatal enough, and summed up in a very popular saying which gives many a family history—"The father a workman, the son a 'caballero' (which is *not* to be translated gentleman), and the grandson a beggar." M. Zola himself would scruple to tell the life of the typical young Spaniard, particularly in the south, who belongs to a wealthy family. The poor have been kept comparatively free by their very poverty. They cannot shut themselves up, for if they do they starve. Hence it is among them that we must look for whatever vitality the town has left in it. Ignorant they are, and stupidly

wedded to old customs, but they have at least the strength to learn. Moreover, what they have kept is the best of the past—not antiquated pride and prejudice, but the picturesque dresses and striking customs. It is not a very healthy frame of mind which is content to see a people stagnating in ignorance and poverty, because they still make an artistic spectacle; but it is something that they still keep a few elements of beauty. Even their rascality is picturesque. In that respect, however, Córdoba must yield to Seville and Granada, which are the true homes of the bull-fighter and the gipsy. Under its particoloured outside it is one of the stupidest of inhabited cities. Dust and dirt and neglect are steadily finishing the work of Dupont's army. There is only one chance for such towns, and it is that the gradual increase of all Spain in wealth will at last produce some sort of discontent with the slovenly ease which satisfies them at present. Perhaps in time Córdoba will wake up to a sense of the fact that it is only a very little above Cairwan. The discovery will be acutely painful, as all such awakenings must; but there is no doubt that it will be exceedingly wholesome.

DAVID HANNAY.

"A DOMESTIC CATASTROPHE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANZ DEFREGGER.

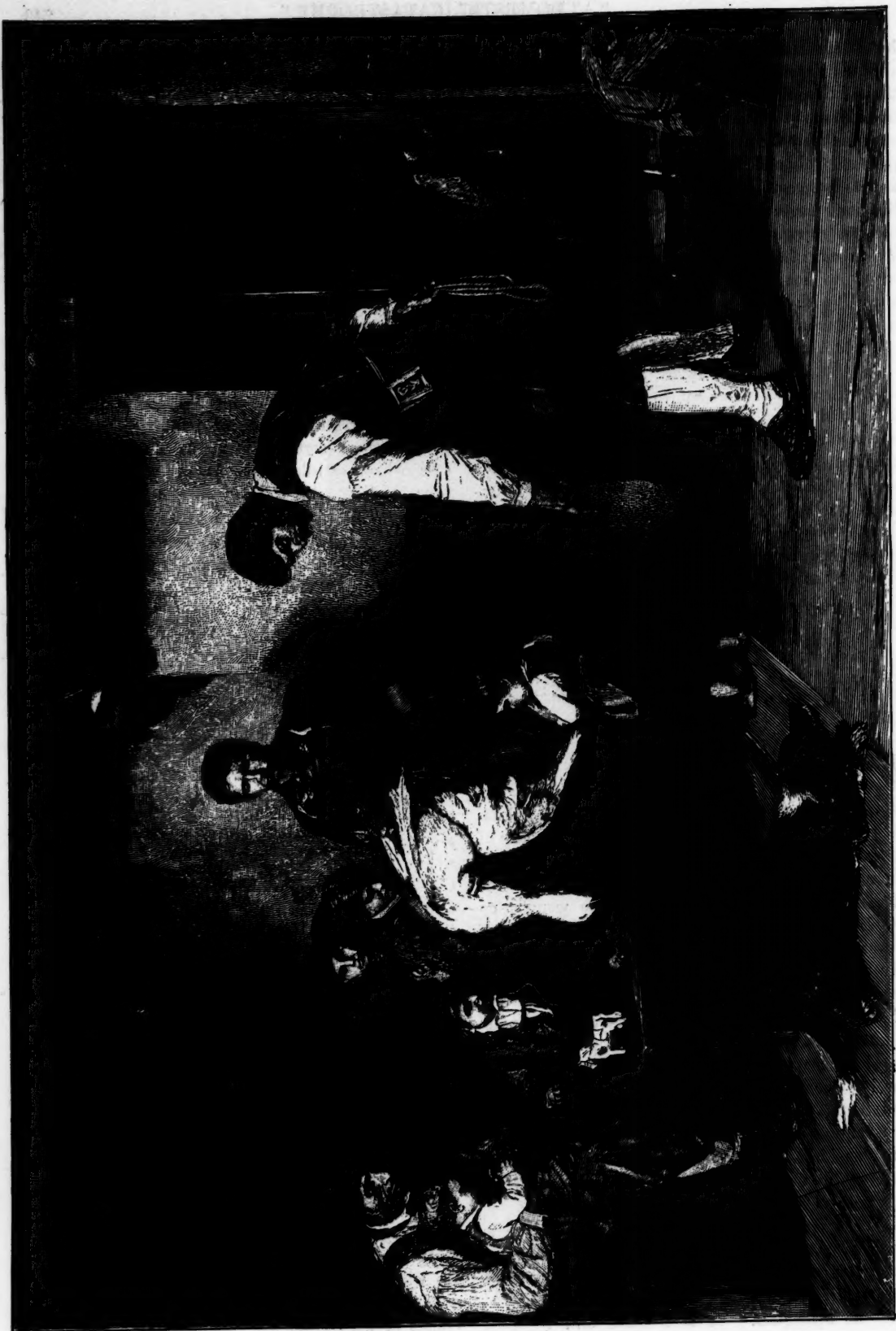
"EVERY dog has his day;" and the crouching creature in Herr Defregger's picture is no exception to the rule. He has evidently had an exhilarating day. He has passed through the four acts of an eventful drama—the Search, the Discovery, the Pursuit, the Capture—and now he has reached the inevitable fifth act—Retribution. The wounds on the fair and flaccid body of his victim, like those of Cæsar, plead eloquently against him. He has no advocate. The executioner holds the rope's end with determination; Justice, in the person of the mother of the family, is stern; and the children are indifferent, if not amused. There is no sophist to expose the injustice of punishment; none to show that the intentions of the slayer of birds were excellent, and that he has been merely possessed with "that last infirmity of noble minds"—the desire to distinguish himself. Sentence has been pronounced—*fiat justitia*, though dogs suffer. He has murdered a goose, and he deserves his fate.

Whatever affection may be felt for dogs, there is no denying that all who have studied the manners and habits of the goose must become for once and aye his friends and defenders. In truth he should want no apologists. It is a noble bird regarded

from any aspect, and well deserves the epithet "rare" so whimsically introduced by his laureate in the ode:—

"O thou rare bird! although thou'rt rare
Uncommon common on a common."

Cincinnatus himself did not deserve more of the Commonwealth than the sleepless sentinel who from the Capitol aroused the sleeping virtue of old Rome. In many respects he may be likened to "poor Yorick." He is a fellow of unbounded humour, if not of infinite jest, and has on many occasions contributed to setting "the table in a roar." Your duck, in comparison, is but "a poor sixpenny soul." He has but to fatten, after a gross, hoggish fashion—to tuck his head under his wing, or go about upon the water rejoicing in a stiff ridiculous tail. For your goose, although he is gregarious, and though collectively he may be defined as a republic, exhibits such varieties of character that there will hardly be found in a crowd two individuals exact in deportment and expression. He will not follow, sheep-like, any leader, be he tame or adventurous. He will explore the stubble like a discoverer, and go far afield; and artists will hardly exhaust their praises of his colour.



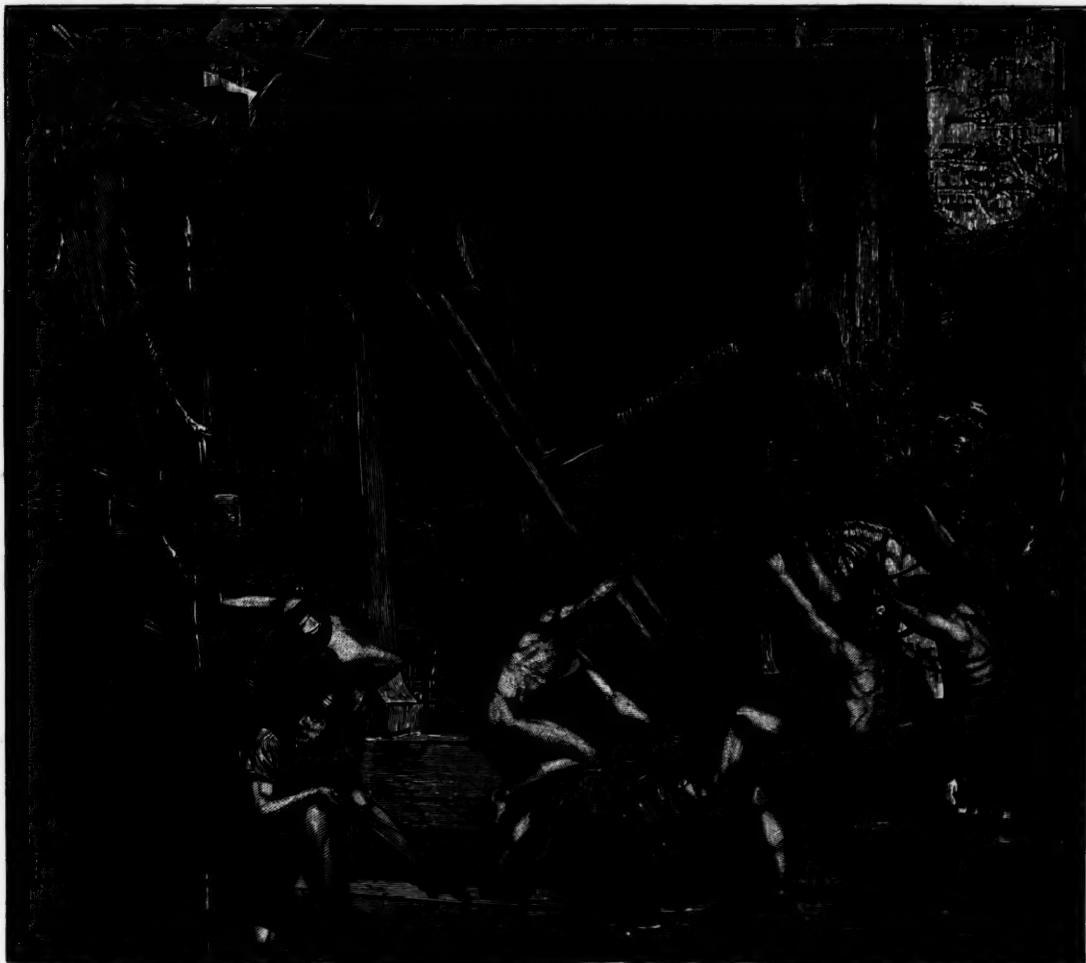
A DOMESTIC CATASTROPHE.
(From the Picture by Franz Defregger.)

EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A.

A VOLUME of "Lectures on Art"—published by Mr. Poynter some three years since—was the most suggestive and interesting book of the kind which has appeared in England during the present generation. Others have written on the same subject with the practised skill of the professional author, and have been able to put what they have to say into better literary form. We have had volumes full of excellent information—generally second-hand, for England does not shine in the path of art-historical any more than in that of theoretical investigation; and we have had pages signed by great names, in which subjective impressions vividly felt have been set forth with enchanting eloquence. But we have

had no works which can be compared with Mr. Poynter's "Lectures" for the width of knowledge and accuracy of observation shown in handling questions connected with practice, and with what I may call the theory of practice. Quite apart, too, from the interest which his volume inspires by the nature and quality of its contents, it deserves the special attention of every student of his work, for the light it throws on his personal predilections, his studies, and his character.

Now Mr. Poynter is essentially a learned painter, and his art demands from those who approach it knowledge at least sufficient to enable them to appreciate the height of his ambition and the nature of



THE CATAPULT.

(Painted by E. J. Poynter, R.A.)

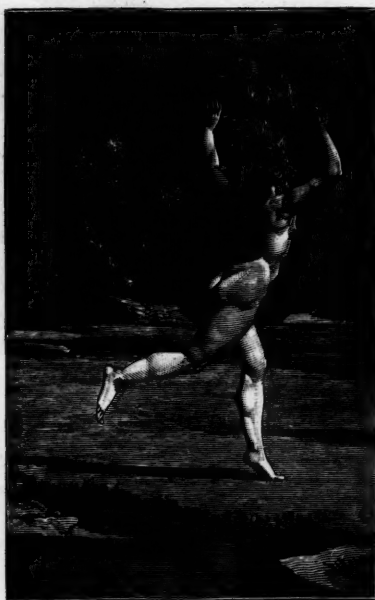
his aims. Only those who have themselves passed through something of the same searching discipline of mind and hand can expect to find pleasure without an effort in such work as his; but to those who courageously strive to put themselves a point beyond themselves, such an effort will be in itself a reward. An instinctive love of that which is strongest and noblest and most beautiful is not, alas! innate in all of us. Early surroundings will often warp the direction of even a fine natural taste; and there are many amongst us—of whom, by the way, Mr. Poynter himself has said some hard things—who are not sure of what they like, who are not sure of what they think beautiful, but who are haunted by the longing to know and desire only that which is so.

To such as these one might say, "Try to like Mr. Poynter's work. Do not be discouraged by a certain lack of softness and grace, and by the absence of the easy charms which flee before the cruel exigencies of a severe scholarship. Take heart, and try to find out whether he does not give you something which you can be sure of liking, and then he will perhaps lead you to love the works of elder masters whose mighty labours are probably repellent to you in your present state of knowledge and of taste." For the work of a modern painter will always be the more easy to understand merely because he is modern: because, however full and complex his art may be, it is at least nourished from sources open to us all. How much of patient toil and anxious looking must go to the forming of eyes which can enjoy the noble archaisms of an Etruscan vase-painting! It is the gift of a day which is lost to us, and sprang from conditions which our imaginations now vainly strive to reconstruct. But the art which arises in the very hour of our own life can have no secrets which we may not share; and in the present instance we find the less difficulty, since to the secrets of Mr. Poynter's work he himself has furnished the clue.

Every word of his "Lectures on Art" is inspired by a profound study and reverence for the works of Michelangelo, the most heroic master of modern times; and we are thus prepared for the character of Mr. Poynter's art, which is markedly grave and learned rather than spontaneous. Just as the French realist cried

out, after long looking at his model, "Je ne vois plus! la nature me grise," one can imagine Mr. Poynter troubled beyond the power of speech or sight when beholding the walls of that Sistine Chapel whose glories he cherishes with constant passion and worship. Now this passion for and worship of the great Florentine has been shared by men of the most diverse aims and character. Blake adored his spiritual power; Reynolds bowed down before the master in portraiture, who let no shred of individual character escape the keenness of his vision; and François Millet—when he reckoned up the strong sensations received in the magic world which opened itself to him in the galleries of the Louvre—declared that from Michelangelo alone did he obtain "complete impressions." It is because his work is always "complete" that each man who has some serious gift or grace may find himself in Michelangelo; and there is one constant element in all he did which makes his art peculiarly attractive to Mr. Poynter. What we call "style," taken in its abstract sense, is a quality extremely difficult to define; but it is incontestably a marked feature of the art of Michelangelo, as it is, indeed, the indispensable sign of all great art. Every work, of no matter what date, which may claim to be a masterpiece of art, is invariably impregnated with it. Whether we turn to the stupendous achievements of classic times, or to the glories of the Renaissance, we shall always find this distinguishing element; and we shall recognise that it is in virtue of its presence that the slightest sketch or the merest jotting of notes from the hand of a master acquires an untold value.

In England, it is only by an effort of reason and reflection that we arrive at a conception of "style;" neither the public nor those who work for the public have, as a rule, any natural taste for it or any instinctive perception of what it means. Both English artists and their English patrons can and do take unalloyed pleasure in an art which has absolutely no trace of the pre-eminent beauty we call style. This peculiar characteristic has been frequently noted by foreign critics; and they have generally attributed it to the fact that art in England has for centuries past been divorced from any connection with the



A FIGURE FROM THE "NAUSICAA."
(Painted by E. J. Poynter, R.A.)

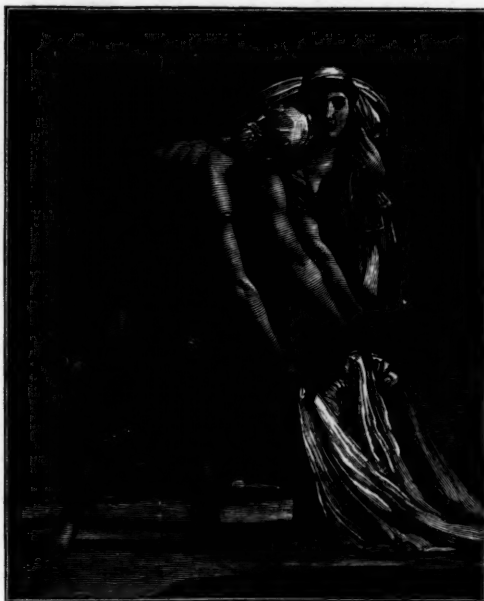
development of great religious and political institutions. To these it seems to have owed the elevated character which it attained in ancient Greece and in the Italy of more modern times; and through these the artist himself became an object of interest to the rulers of the State. In England, on the other hand, this divorce is so complete that the State has very naturally seen no reason for occupying itself with the well-being of artists, nor for interfering with the training of a class whom it could not employ. So that artists from whom all official recognition of the national importance of their profession was withheld have been forced to take the chances of such private patronage as they might secure by their own efforts, and in order to win the notice of those from whom alone they could hope to obtain the employment of their powers, they have necessarily been obliged to feel anxiously for each turn of the popular taste. Art thus exists among us only as an object of luxury, and artists have been forced, for the most part, into the more or less frivolous office of entertaining the leisure of classes whose occupation is amusement and whose interests are purely personal. In portraiture and in the painting of anecdotic subjects the English painter finds that his services are chiefly required: in these two branches of his art he displays brilliant, solid, and often original powers, but the grand quality of style is not his birthright, and such as seek after it are forced to look back for support to the schools of other days and other climes. Thus we constantly find such of the painters of England as are visited by inward promptings which make them ill at ease in the circumstances by which they are surrounded, referring to Michelangelo as the supreme standard, in relation to which they judge of themselves and of their work, since of all the masters of modern days not one has shown in so large a measure the evidences of nobility of style. Thus, too, one who has, like Mr. Poynter, not only an instinctive love of style, but an inborn desire to see that which is noble, turns naturally to that great spirit which knew nothing that was not noble, and whose

every line bears witness to his possession in a transcendent degree of that quality of style denied to lesser men and lesser times.

The desire to see that which is noble is almost necessarily accompanied by some touch of that austerity which comes out very strongly in the portrait of Mr. Poynter which we reproduce from an etching by Legros. For unless one in whom such a desire works is born to exceptional conditions—conditions of which we can now with difficulty conceive—he cannot be satisfied without much conscious putting away of things ignoble, without much painful effort, much of the self-discipline and severity that leave their sign on all it does. And at least until such self-discipline and such rejection of that which is low and trivial have become instinctive by constant habit, the pain of the effort needed will show itself in the manner of all our striving, and will make us seem harsh even when we would be most gracious, so that if we turn even to the illustrations which accompany these pages we shall see at once why Mr. Poynter's work has been rather difficult of access and unattractive to the general public, and also why it is worthy all the honour and attention which the student can bestow.

From the first works exhibited by Mr. Poynter to the last we may trace an uninterrupted sequence of purpose and achievement. If we run over the list from 1864—when he made his first appearance on the walls of the Academy with "The Egyptian Sentinel" and "The Siren"—to 1882—when he exhibited "In the Tepidarium" and "Design for the

Decoration of the Dome of St. Paul's"—we find his career marked by great variety of success, sometimes of course even in relative failure; but we have to note, in failure and success alike, the same dominant intention always directed with virile force to the attainment of the same class of objects. "The Egyptian Sentinel" and "The Siren" were followed by "The Pompeian Soldier" (1865), the "Offerings to Isis" (1866), and the "Israel in Egypt" (1867)—a work by which the painter won his first popular triumph, because, as it happened, the subject told a story which interested an enormous



A GROUP FROM THE "NAUSICAA."
(Painted by E. J. Poynter, R.A.)

audience. For the English public, as I have already said, adores an anecdote or an illustration, and a picture is always popular with them if it vividly presents some already familiar theme—just as a joke to be favourably received by an English meeting cannot be too well worn. Mr. Poynter, therefore, in taking for his subject the Captivity of Israel in Egypt was certain to arouse an outburst of popular sympathy; and his learned presentment of the bondage of the favoured nation under their hard taskmasters not only attracted the attention of all those labouring in the field of Egyptology, but awakened the curiosity of every English household in which the study of the Old Testament was a daily lesson.

But the admiration which his work excited, and which it had deserved by its intrinsic merits, left the artist apparently unmoved; for the merits which assured him regard and honour in his own profession had very little, if anything, to do with the momentary popularity which he had obtained. Strenuously determined on perfecting his own talent, he chose his next subject simply with a view to the further opportunity which it would afford for testing and developing his powers. He set himself to the painting of "The Catapult" (1868; engraved for this article), with the same unflinching resolution to meet every difficulty of conception or execution full-front which he had shown from the first. The story told by this work—which procured the painter's election as Associate of the Royal Academy—was not, however, likely to arouse much

interest in the general public. The fall of Carthage before the brutal energies of Rome was no word of import to English homes, and the suggestions of Mr. Poynter's subject could not carry far with a popular audience; but it proved—and this was why he chose it—a fresh test of his powers. The slaves of Pharaoh appeared in myriad masses cast in strong relief upon their own blue shadows chequered by the glaring

sun; the soldiery of Rome were revealed within the giant womb of the monster engine big with the fate of Carthage, their swarthy flesh glowing from out its protecting shades. The complicated details of the vast machine itself were put on canvas with extraordinary precision, and the problems involved in the working out of its construction had evidently been the subject of deliberate calculation. Every groaning pulley and straining rope, every beam and every weight, was adjusted in accordance with the strictest requirements of the engineering



A STUDY OF A HEAD.

(Drawn by E. J. Poynter, R.A.)

science of the past; and it was again made clear that the artist had in him, not only the stuff of an archaeologist, but much of that peculiar mental fibre which lends itself with pleasure to the treatment of mechanical problems—the fibre which has shown itself conspicuously more than once in the history of art, and that in some of her very greatest men. The putting into motion of this old-world battery, with its strangely tormented system of shafts and windlass, needs must give occasion to the fullest variety of action among those



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

(From the Design for Mosaic by E. J. Poynter, R.A.)

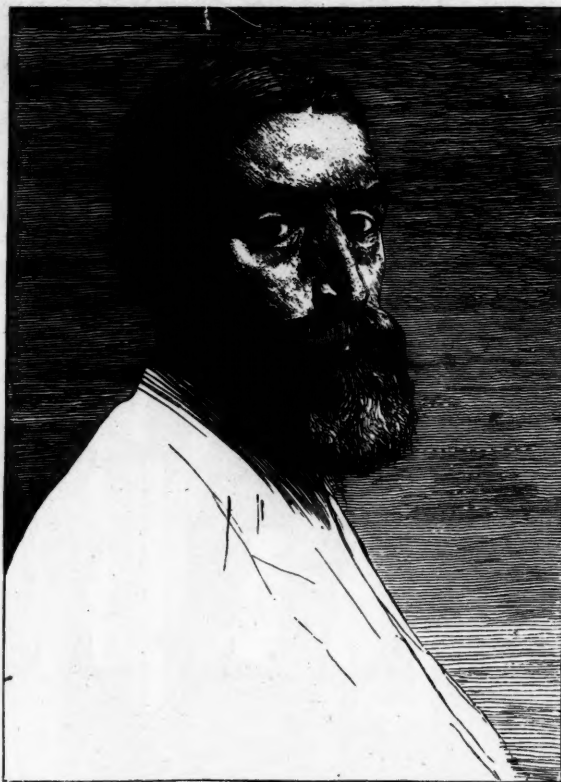
employed upon it; and so we had groups of the strong servants of Rome, stripped to the sun and wind, toiling with an energy which brought up their starting muscles and their splendid thews till the flesh rippled before our eyes like swelling waves beneath the breeze, only with something of a far nobler beauty of playing and changeable line. To the left, in strong contrast, were the harnessed and helmeted archers crouching within the shadows cast by the massive supports of the shed which protected the catapult, and laying shaft to bow in defence of those who worked. The figures of this second group—like those of one or two of the subordinate actors to the right—seemed to show some slackening of the nervous force with which Mr. Poynter had characterised the central personages of his design; and it was remarked by critics that many of the figures were in attitudes of action rather than in action, although less obviously so than was the case in some of his previous works.

Now the power of "drawing movement" would seem, except in very rare instances, to be in some measure denied to men whose main preoccupation is that of attaining high perfection and correctness in draughtsmanship. For, to give the impression of rapid movement, exaggerations always seem to be necessary which are repellent to a steady judgment. Dashes of brilliant suggestion will often render higher service than the most accurate lines of definition, and the very effort to be perfectly accurate will sometimes defeat its own end. Mr. Poynter, dwelling always with great stress of intention on the forms which he seeks to render, does sometimes come short perhaps of producing exactly that impression which he had intended to convey. In this way his "Andromeda and Perseus" (1872) and his "Atalanta's Race" (1876) were disappointing. The thrust from the hand of Perseus, the tarrying of Atalanta, were

moments of action which seemed to demand a certain swiftness of vision incompatible possibly with the painter's other gifts. Yet, with characteristic determination, he has fastened again and again on some fresh crisis of transitional movement; and in this respect, as in many others, his perfect consistency of aim, strong judgment, and tenacity of purpose have enabled him to snatch victory from every apparent defeat.

Let us then—if we would fully realise the advance made by Mr. Poynter in the development of his

powers of design—first examine his "St. George and the Dragon," a careful workmanlike drawing executed in glass mosaic for the Central Hall at Westminster in 1870, and then call to mind the impressive scheme for the decoration of the Dome of St. Paul's which figured in the last Academy exhibition. To judge of the progress which he has made in the perfecting of his powers of draughtsmanship, let us look at the constrained attitude (correctly enough reproduced in our illustration for the purposes of this contrast) of the Roman soldier placing his arrow and his bow in the left-hand corner of "The Catapult," and then turn to the running figure of the boy which we have



EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A.

(From the Etching by A. Legros. By Permission of Messrs. Seeley.)

transcribed—with something of the impetuous grace of the original—from "Nausicaa and her Maids Playing at Ball" (1879); or let us study the "Visit to Æsculapius," fitly honoured in 1880 by purchase for the Chantrey Bequest. Or, again—if we would see how much more easily than of old as well as how much more expressively Mr. Poynter now constructs his groups—let us note the arrangement of the soldiers who stand one behind another to the extreme right of "The Catapult," and then observe the two figures of women wringing and washing linen, our second excerpt from the "Nausicaa and her Maids." And, finally, in face of recollections of the dryness and mannerism of some of his earlier

portraits, let us place his charming study of the head of a girl—bearing date 1882—which combines beauty of line and accurate modelling with lovely suggestions of that ineffable quality which gives what the French call “envelope.”

Looking and comparing thus, we may learn much in many ways from Mr. Poynter. It is always good to dwell awhile with him: especially for those who are inclined (and there are many such) to prize beyond measure the glories of colour, the charms of sentiment, and all such gifts as enhance what we may call the emotional rather than the intellectual pleasures of art. We cannot but be reminded by his work of the value of certain quite other gifts and qualities which he possesses in a high degree—gifts and qualities which are some of the rarest which can fall to the lot of an artist, and which are espe-

cially rare amongst us at the present day. The wide knowledge, the scientific training, which he brings to bear on all he does; the unrelenting tenacity with which he takes a grip of his subject, nor lets it go until he has wrought his will upon it, regardless of all those minor considerations of pretty handling which have first weight with those who in the main desire to please; his great powers as a draughtsman; the spirit and intention which invariably animate his design, may well furnish us with fruitful matter for reflection. And, apart from all the lessons which his art may bring, there are lessons to be learnt from the character of the artist; for no one amongst us now has been more faithful to his gift than he, no one more absolutely consistent in steady purpose, nor more constantly animated by lofty aims.

EMILIA F. S. PATTISON.

ART IN THE GARDEN.—II.

LANDSCAPE gardening affords full scope for the exercise of the most refined imagination. A knowledge of engineering, geology, botany, and horticulture are important qualifications for a landscape gardener, but good taste is one more important still. Science and experience will enable a man to do anything that can be done in a garden, but taste alone can suggest to him what to do. The landscape gardener should treat his subject in the same spirit as the landscape painter, since the principles on which

his art must be practised are precisely the same. The gardener, like the painter, has endless varieties and gradations of form, colour, and light and shade to deal with. The difference between them is, that while the painter has to produce his effects on a small canvas, the gardener arranges his in a space that is sometimes measured by acres; that whilst the one employs a few poor pigments, the other has the numberless hues of nature to combine into harmonies and contrasts; and that whilst the one has to



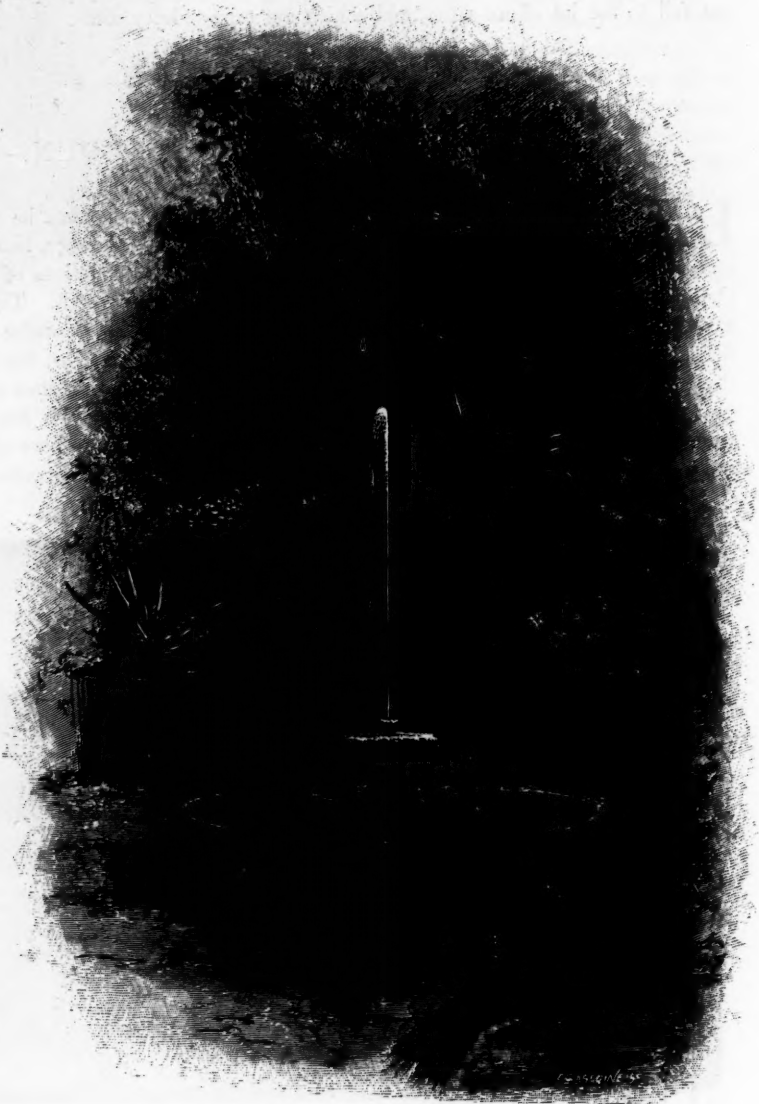
ART IN THE GARDEN.—I.: THE DIANA FOUNTAIN, BUSHY PARK.

content himself with a single definite effect of light and shade, every one of the other's compositions is being constantly varied by the ever-changing and ever-beautiful natural effects of sunshine and shadow. The painter produces his results with his brush and his palette-knife; the gardener gets his contrasts and his gradations by the raising of slopes, the sinking of hollows, the levelling of the surface of the ground, by the planting (or cutting down) of trees and shrubs, by the distribution of lawns and paths, by the massing of flowers in exhaustless combinations of colour, by the use of water, and by the introduction of well-chosen and well-placed accessories.

Roughly speaking, we may say that in gardening our dark tones are formed by the foliage, our middle tints by the lawns and paths, and our high lights by flowers, by architectural accessories, and by water, which becomes our deepest dark when it mirrors overhanging trees in motion or reflecting the sky. These materials, skilfully used, will always suffice to arrange, in any space, however large or however small, an infinity of beautiful living pictures—a sylvan landscape or a classical composition, a bit of wild nature or a dainty miniature—if we only take care to work in the spirit of the place, and never forget that from each point of view some one element must dominate the rest.

Let us take a simple instance in illustration of a broad treatment of light and dark and colour. Many of us, probably, have observed that one of the most unobtrusively beautiful effects of park scenery is that of a grassy amphitheatre—or something approaching to that form—clothed with trees, and rising from the margin of a lake or pool. Here the dominant mass of dark is produced by the trees, repeated in a still darker key by their reflections in the calm water; the lesser mass of middle tint is furnished by the semi-circular sweep of lawn in front, while the high lights consist of the sky reflected in part of the pool or in the silvery gleams that shoot

across its surface, as in the breeze it ruffles. There is great unity of effect in this unbroken mass of the trees, but no monotony, since there is gradation of colour and of light and shade due to the position of the individual trees, which seem from every point of view to recede one behind the other as they approach the centre of the curve, and to rise one above the other towards the broken sky-line. Something like this is the serenely artistic effect of the well-known round pond in Kensington Gardens, encircled by its lofty elms, or of the round pond in the avenue at Bushey Park, shut in by its splendid horse-chestnuts, or of the not dissimilar broad basin in the garden of the Tuileries. Nothing could well be simpler in composition—as our first illustration, of a portion of the Round



ART IN THE GARDEN.—II. : A FOUNTAIN.



ART IN THE GARDEN.—III. : THE CASCADE AT VIRGINIA WATER.

Pond in Bushey Park, suggests—than either of these garden effects; but it matters not whether it be in London or Paris or Teddington, whenever we find ourselves standing by one of these stately arrangements of foliage, water, lawn, and gravel we experience a sense of restful satisfaction which familiarity seems to have no power to lessen. This is art in the garden on a grand scale; but if but of elegant design, the simplest fountain, rising from green turf or golden gravel, and sparkling, as in our second illustration, against the dark foliage of some retired garden nook, fascinates us in just the same way. The secret of all such compositions is the unity obtained by the thorough working out of a very simple idea. A few masses are placed together as broadly as possible, and no detail is admitted which does not help the general effect.

The style and character of the park or garden as a whole must be the first consideration of the landscape artist. It will vary according to the size and situation of the ground. But whether we have to deal with half a rood or with a dozen acres, the quality that we should endeavour before all others to get in planning garden landscape or garden architecture is repose. Nothing the least gloomy or monoto-

nous is at all necessary—far from that; but the great masses of foliage, the broad sweeps of lawn, the direction and curvature of paths and avenues, must all be so disposed as to suggest that we can take our ease in the garden and feel at home.

In reality there are but two styles of gardening—the artificial or formal, and the natural or picturesque. In laying out a small garden we must necessarily confine ourselves to one of these two styles if we want to obtain any artistic result; but in a large garden they may often both be skilfully combined with good effect. Thus the stately symmetry near the house may merge into the suggestive picturesqueness of the landscape garden; and so, in artistic transition, the imagination may be led from the formality of architecture to the freedom of nature. Of the two, the natural style seems more congenial to English taste; but we must not therefore run away with the notion that it is easier to lay out a garden artistically in this style than in the other, the reverse being rather the case, and the old proverb being absolutely true, that the highest effort of art is self-concealment. If a garden is a work of art, we have no impulse to exclaim, "What magnificent trees!" or "What splendid shrubberies!" or "What handsome lawns!" or "What winding paths!" or "What gorgeous flowers!" but simply "What a beautiful garden!"

To lay out a beautiful garden, we must have the general effect of the finished work in our minds before a sod is turned; and having once started the work, we must resolutely carry out our plan, regardless of the advice of friends or the opposition of gardeners. There comes a period during the progress of every work of art, when, having emerged from the suggestiveness of the sketch, and not having nearly reached completion, none but the most experienced can discern in it any foreshadowing of the ultimate effect, and when perhaps even the designer himself is doubtful of the result. But as we work steadily on, we see that our original idea was good, and that any alterations necessary are merely matters of detail that can easily be carried out when once the broad masses have been established. In the finished garden the unity of effect should be so complete, and everything should seem so naturally in its place, that a mental effort would be necessary to imagine anything otherwise.

And how should one set about executing a work of art of this sort? The first thing is not to create difficulties by fighting against nature; our object being to develop to the utmost the particular kind of garden-beauty of which our special spot is capable. Therefore, before adopting any ready-made plan, before even designing one—on paper—for ourselves, we should walk all over our ground, examining its capabilities and its deficiencies from every point of view, learning by heart, as it were, all the irregularities of its surface, so as to turn them to the very best artistic use. Then, unless we are very familiar with the immediate neighbourhood, it would be well to stroll round it, taking careful note of the nature of the soil and of the trees and plants which flourish best in it; and perhaps, in doing this, we may find how, by a little judicious clearing, we may make some handsome mass of foliage or some peep of distant country form part of the apparent background of our own garden. If then, from the windows of the room from which the garden will be chiefly seen, we reconsider everything, we shall have all the necessary information to make a working plan suitable to our ground. The general scheme being settled, the details may be thought about. In designing these, we must bear in mind that the eye must be led harmoniously from one part of the garden to the other, but that when once there—when once any part of the garden has become the whole space within view—we may treat that part as an independent work of art, or as a separate bit of nature, so long as we are careful to do no violence to the general spirit of the whole garden.

Some portion of a large garden ought to be enjoyable in all moods, and be suitable for all seasons. There should be shelter from sunshine or wind, and

wide open spaces, sunny and breezy, to play in; there should be walks and nooks where nothing meets the eye that is not suggestive of repose; and there should be paths amid borders and parterres glowing with the beauty and brilliance of colour. Even in winter a garden may be enjoyable; for on a sunny day, when not a flower is to be seen, it is still a pleasure to stroll along a well-drained path open to the south, and surrounded by the varied foliage of evergreen-trees and shrubs. By artfully taking advantage of the shelter of tall trees, it is by no means difficult to plant out the wind with hedges of evergreens, and to devise nooks and walks that shall be a perfect trap for winter sunshine. As an instance of this, I remember one day, early in February, as far north as Berlin, coming unexpectedly into a little Italian parterre laid out in the midst of the Thiergarten. I felt that I was in a happy oasis of sunshine and spring flowers, having left behind a screen of sheltering trees everything that told of the dreariness of winter.

The effects of light and dark in a garden are due to the grouping of trees, and to the disposition of paths, lawns, and shrubberies; the most brilliant effects of colour are achieved by the artistic arrangement of masses of flowers. But that which beyond anything gives life to landscape gardening is water. So subtle is the fascination of water for eye and ear that it will enhance the attraction of the most beautiful garden or park if only it be introduced with skill and good taste. We must, however, resolutely forego this artistic luxury, should we feel the slightest doubt about the water looking in absolute harmony with its surroundings, or should our supply of water, whether artificial or natural, be insufficient to insure a permanent effect. It may be artistically employed in all sorts of ways. For instance, on a terrace, near the house, it may leap or plash in a fountain, or simply flow into an ornamental basin. A little further off, it may reflect the sky in a perfectly symmetrical pool, surrounded by a margin of stone, with vases of flowers at intervals. Or, encircled only by lawn, its surface may support the spreading leaves and attractive blossoms of the water-lily, and reflect dark masses of rhododendron or arbutus. Or, overhung by tall trees, it may issue from some architectural background, and dance down a succession of steps between vases of flowers; while, in the less formal part of the garden, it may be treated as pure nature.

Often the most we shall be able to manage in this last respect will be a tiny woodland pool or a little meadow pond; but either of these may be made picturesquely beautiful—the one by reflections of trees and rushes and sedges, the other by a few feathery willows, and a mingled growth of sweet-

scented iris, and flowering rush, and tall yellow flags, and purple loose-strife, and meadowsweet. If our garden were in a highland district we might contrive a rocky tarn, or train a stream to tumble naturally over its stony bed; and if there were plenty of water available, we might venture on a cascade, as has been done with very good effect at Virginia Water, as our third illustration shows. Even in a lowland district, and in a clay-country, we may be able to reproduce a small lake, or to suggest that a stream is flowing through part of our grounds. In either case it would help the illusion if a small island, lightly planted with osiers or alders, were introduced near one side. An artificial stream must be so managed that the two ends are entirely masked by a bend planted with trees or bushes, or by a low-arched bridge (of wood or brick or stone—no “rustic” monstrosity will do) half hidden by foliage, as in our fourth illustration; and the actual outlet of the water must be somewhere beyond the bridge, otherwise our artifice will be revealed by the floating leaves or scum that would collect there. However contrived, the stream should appear to come from and flow towards the world beyond our garden, and so offer our imagination a way out of the picture. To obtain a natural effect the banks of all artificial water must be carefully studied from nature. Looking at the banks of a river or a lake, however small, we find that they slope gently down in some places, covered with velvety turf, to the water’s edge; that in others they break off abruptly, showing the bare soil; that sometimes the shore is hollowed out into little bays and shallows; and that here and there the sweeping lines are suddenly interrupted by spits of sand or gravel. All these accidents must not only be reproduced around our artificial water, but must also be positively accounted for by the formation of the adjacent ground, and until that is done we need not think we have produced a work of art.

A formal garden should not be too large—so that it may always be kept in good order and be full of beautiful plants and flowers at all seasons of the year; but a wild garden may be of almost any extent. Too great an expanse of neatly-mown lawn is monotonous in effect—to say nothing of the endless labour necessary to keep it trim; but in the outlying grounds we may have lovely patches of flowery meadow that shall be gardens in themselves. In the spring they may blossom with crocus and cowslip and daffodil; in summer they may be radiant with ox-eye daisies and globe ranunculus and tall spikes of sorrel, with columbines and champions, with all the elegant umbellifere and all the beautiful greys and purples of flowering grasses. And when these have all been mown down, the meadow may glow all over with the golden autumn crocus. If there is a wood, as

there often is at the end of a large garden, we may make little clearings where the sunny banks shall be successively covered with violets and primroses and wood anemones, with woodruff and wood-sorrel, and foxgloves and harebells and hardy autumn cyclamen; and in the wood itself we may have masses of feathery ferns and patches of blue-bells and lilies of the valley. And, by properly preparing the ground and artfully laying on water, we may have a boggy tract that shall be splendid with golden king-cups and tall iris, and reed-mace and spreading king-ferns, and gemmed with the delicate and graceful blossom of Parnassus grass.

In the various nooks and corners that surround a large garden all kinds of pleasant surprises may be contrived, and, as we have seen, here and there a little bit of absolutely natural beauty may be reproduced in all its details. If rock is obtainable in sufficient quantity, there is no saying what picturesque little dells and glens may not be constructed:—something very different to the monstrosities known as “Alpine gardens,” now rather in fashion, all slag and clinkers or angular bits of stone or brick; where the lovely little Alpine plants are stuffed away in “pockets,” and all the charm of their natural growth and half the beauty of their flowers completely hidden. It is strange that while one sometimes sees gardens artistically planned and tastefully planted parterres, always the “fernery,” or “pinetum,” or “rock-garden,” or whatever it may be called, in public and private gardens, is nothing but a horrible medley, prim or bizarre, suggesting none of the beauty of order and none of the careless grace of wild nature. It cannot be expected that every gardener, amateur or professional, should be able to produce a work of art. But surely any one who takes a fancy to manufacture a “wilderness” should not ignore the elementary laws of geology and botany? and surely any one who cares for trees and flowers, and has ever used his eyes in bowery lanes, or over wild heaths, or among mountain meadows, might be expected not to shock every sense of the natural fitness of things?

There is no reason why, with a little taste and a good deal of trouble, we may not make our gardens pleasure-grounds in the best sense of the word, and get from them the purest enjoyment for all our senses. To delight the eye, harmonies and contrasts of colour may be made to succeed one another all the year round. We get them from flowers, from the day when the first snowdrop braves the winds of spring, till the time when the last chrysanthemum hangs its head before the frosts of winter; and in the few remaining weeks they are plentifully afforded by the varied and beautiful foliage of ever-greens. Any one who has remarked the crimson hues of the leaves of some varieties of berberis, the

golden tips of the *Thuja aurea*, the tender purple points of the Japanese juniper, the delicate greenish-yellow of the foliage of some specimens of the *acuba*; or who has watched the effect of sunlight on the bare ruby twigs of the common dogwood, on the orange

of hyacinths and wall-flowers; and these might merge into the summer odours of stocks and roses and lilies and mignonette and heliotrope and sweet-pea. In between the flowers might be bushes of *Daphne laurel* and Persian lilac and snowy syringa



ART IN THE GARDEN.—IV.: A GARDEN BRIDGE.

twigs of the golden osier, or on the scarlet berries of the mountain ash, may form an idea of the colour resources of the landscape gardener, even in the depth of winter. Then, to delight the sense of sound, we may introduce into our garden the plash or ripple of water; or we may plant aspens and pines, and the wind will whisper among their branches; and if we only give them safe thickets, the birds will fill our shrubberies with song. And the gratification we may give our sense of smell is almost unlimited. We may make a garden walk that shall be one long succession of seasonable scents. After the violet and primrose the stronger perfume

and sweet-scented bay; the wall behind such a border might be covered with honeysuckle and jasmine; whilst at intervals the path itself might be spanned by arches of sweet-brier, and perhaps not far away might be an avenue of limes. And then, in this part of the garden, the turf might be composed chiefly of lemon-thyme and dwarf mint, to be trodden into perfume. And on summer nights, why should we not be attracted from afar by some faint delicious fragrance, and, following it, find ourselves suddenly in a solitary nook where, among night-scented stocks, masses of tall evening primroses are yielding up their odours to the moonlight?

BARCLAY DAY.

A LEGEND OF JAPAN.

ONCE upon a time, in the mysterious Middle Kingdom, Ukihira, governor of the province of Mino, fell madly in love with the beautiful Kashiwadé, a lady in his government. His passion was returned, and for a time the lovers were supremely happy. At last, however, the emperor recalled his vassal, and the pair were constrained to part. They wept and sorrowed greatly; but the imperial word was not to be gainsaid, and they knew that henceforth their lives must be divided, and

that for them the pleasure of the world was over. Then Ukihira took a fair white ink-stone and wrote upon it all the passion of an eternal farewell. He placed it in his lady's hands, and departed upon his miserable way. She saw his face no more, and her grief was greater than she could bear. She shut herself up from the world in Hokoubozi, the lonely hermitage, in the mountain Hô; and there, her lover's last gift in her bosom, she wept and prayed her unhappy life away.



SHOHEI AND SAISAKOU IN THE FATAL TOMB.

(Drawn by Fillec Régnier.)

After many generations, the hermitage in the mountain Hô had come to be the habitation of Gokoubo, the wicked and hypocritical priest of Buddha, and of his mistress, the hapless Taori. And not only was the house Gokoubo's, but the ink-stone left by Kashiwadé also. Now Taori's son, the young man Kegi, was outraged at heart by Gokoubo's wickedness, and had sworn to avenge his mother's shame by obliging her seducer to blacken his soul with some damning crime. At last his hour came. One night Gokoubo awoke with a start of terror. He heard a noise as of the chinking of money; he saw before him in the darkness the form of one who seemed to be bearing off a great string of coins; and he took his sword and cut down the robber on the spot. Then Kegi revealed himself and died. Taori, the guilty mother, grew mad with grief; she snatched up Gokoubo's bloody sword and slew herself on the body of her son. And when he saw the evil which he had wrought, Gokoubo took Kegi's string of coins and Kashiwadé's talisman. He tied them both about his neck, and he went out and drowned himself. And Gokoubo, the murderer, and Taori and Kegi, the victims, were all three buried in Hokoubozi, the lonely hermitage.

Thereafter the Fatal Tomb was feared and avoided of all but desperate men. It was ghost-haunted, and beset with terrors; for it had become an Influence, and people prayed to it as to an evil spirit. It was gifted with strange and unholy powers. It gave his wish to him who asked of it; and it avenged itself upon him who forgot his obligation and neglected its worship. To call down its anger was the fate of a certain Assizouki-Kakorouko. He was childless, and he asked a child of it, and his prayer was granted. A son was born to him, and he called him Ikkakou, and afterwards he returned no more to the death-mound at Hokoubozi. But the Tomb at Hokoubozi had a long memory and a longer arm. It transferred its attention from Kakorouko, an old man not worth hurting, to his son, the misbegotten Ikkakou, who was young and strong and powerful. He went out, by his master's orders, to take the head of Sai-Sakou, the virtuous counsellor; and, behold! the Tomb struck with Sai-Sakou's sword, and Ikkakou's head was taken from his shoulders. His death led naturally enough to the confiscation of his goods and the disbanding of his train. His retainers were dismissed to their homes, each one of them with twelve pieces of money in his pouch to carry him on his way and start him in business when he reached his journey's end. Among them there were two whose road was one and the same, and they agreed to take it together. One was the swordsman Shohei, a man prudent, unscrupulous, resolute,

and treacherous; the other, the soldier Tchoské, was gay in temper and generous of heart—the antipodes of his companion in every way. Shohei knew that his twelve pieces would not last for ever, and that his chance in business, with no more capital than these, was not brilliant; and while his comrade sang and told stories, he tramped off his miles in a state of anxiety and mental arithmetic. One day the two travellers came on a couple of hunters, who were disputing over the carcass of a rabbit. Tchoské at once went forward and asked how much the game was worth. They told him, and he bought it on the spot. They departed with so much joy and good fellowship that one of them, the unfortunate Mataichi, forgot his gun. Now Shohei had been thinking for some time that if Tchoské's pay were only his he could put his little nest-egg out at use with an excellent prospect of success. Such is the influence of mental arithmetic on an unscrupulous mind! The sight of his comrade's purse made instant havoc of such scraps of his morality as yet remained; and hardly had the hunters gone arm in arm over the brow of the hill ere he snatched up the gun they had left behind, and with it shot his companion through the heart. Then he threw the weapon away, took the dead man's purse, and made off. Next day Tchoshé's body was found in the highway, and beside it, among the grass, the gun of the hunter Mataichi. The coincidence was irresistibly persuasive. Mataichi was haled away to prison, and there he died, leaving a widow, the sorrowful Mafouzi, and one little boy, at this period of his eventful life called Kitano, to do their work as instruments of retribution.

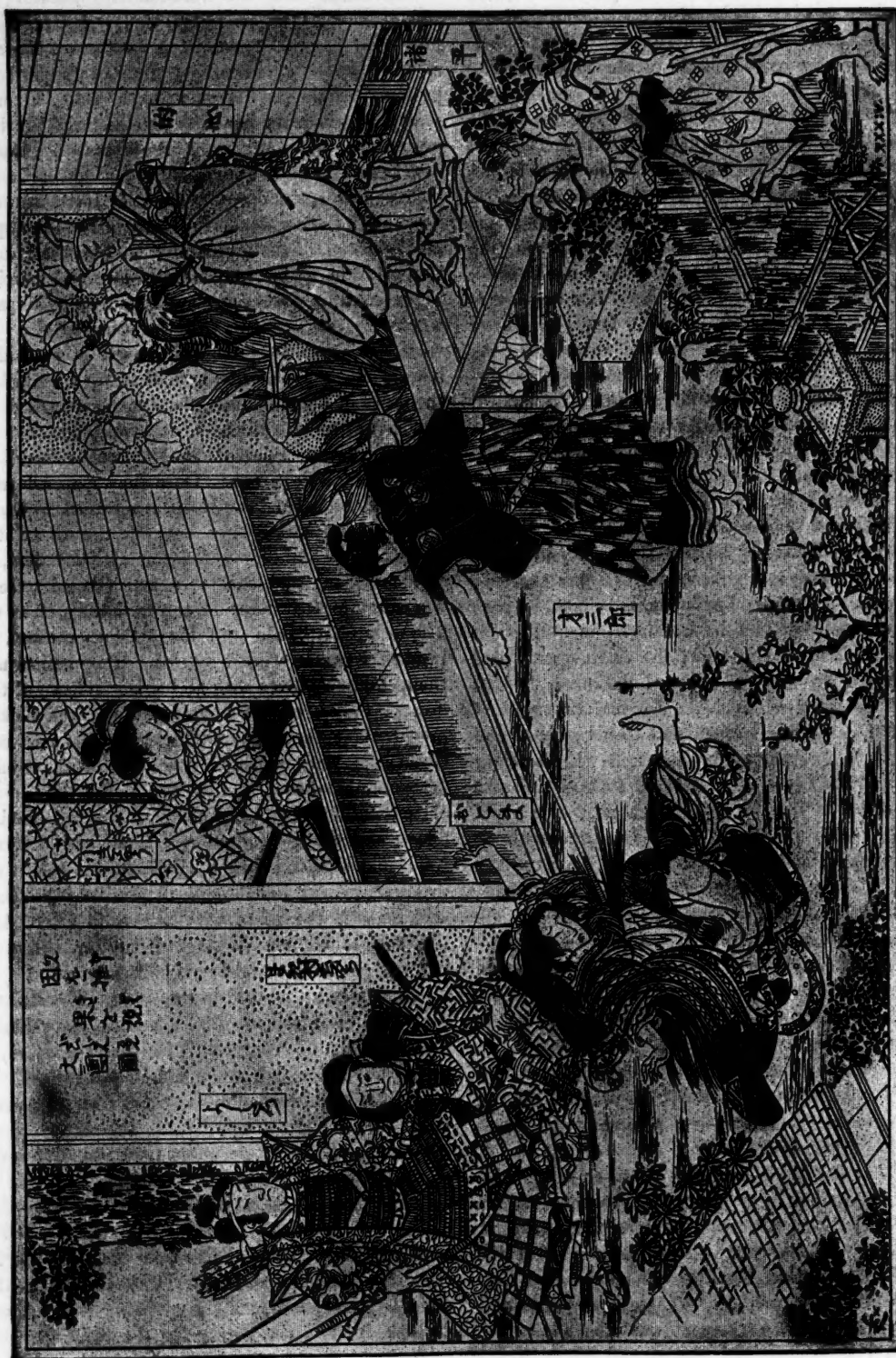
Shohei put by Tchoshé's purse. Upon his own twelve pieces he married, and he set up as a wood-seller, and for a time he suffered as he deserved. His business would not thrive; he made only bad debts, and took no ready money; and to fill up his cup of bitterness, his wife presented him with a daughter on the fifth day of the fifth month. This is the worst of all the days in all the year, for the child who is born upon it is born to work some mischief on one or other of its parents. Shohei resolved to get rid of his daughter at once. He took her out with him, and after a long and tiresome march he left her on a doorstep (so to speak), and returned to his home as secretly as he could. The next thing that happened to him was that the river overflowed one night and swept away not only his stock in trade, but Tchoshé's purse and the twelve pieces it contained, so that he was left a beggar. This circumstance made him a widower. His wife fell ill and died, and in this way was fulfilled the presage of the ill-starred birth which had driven him to crime some months before. Shohei, however, did not lose

heart. On the contrary, he instantly married again, and took to earning his bread as a common woodman in the forest on the mountain Hô.

The doorstep on which the wretched wood-seller had abandoned his infant daughter was the doorstep of the wise, the good, the virtuous Sai-Sakou, the slayer of Ikkakou. He was not rich, but he was noble and he was happy. He and his wife, the amiable Kokikio, received the strangeling with joy; they called her Okoma; they adopted her as their daughter; they gave her for a playmate their only son, the lion-hearted Sai-Sabro. She was an angelic child, but she had a defect: one of her little hands was clenched and would not open. After long study, after searching innumerable treatises and consulting with multitudes of learned authors, Sai-Sakou at last discovered a remedy. If he could but procure a handful of earth from a secular grave, which he might apply to his darling's hand, he was assured that the hand would open instantly, and her beauty would remain without spot or blemish. Such a grave he knew—the grave at Hokoubozi; and thither he resolved to repair. Accordingly he armed himself, put on a disguise, and went forth on his desperate adventure. He was not long in reaching the tomb; but brave as he was, he soon had cause to wish that he had not come. For the mountain roared and heaved; the earth opened and took him down into an abysmal darkness; he felt himself the prey of invisible demons, the spoil of legions of detestable spirits; and to his amazed and terror-stricken eyes there appeared the tutelary spectres of the tomb—the tortured souls of Gokoubo the priest, of Taori his infamous spouse, and of Kegoro, Taori's ill-starred son. In his despair he cried for help, and his cries brought the woodman Shohei to the mouth of the awful pit; and Shohei, like the bold villain he was, descended to his aid. Then all the hosts of the nether world arose against the intruders; and Sai-Sakou drew forth his sword and did battle with them; and Shohei, the woodman, struck at them with his axe; and for a time all was terror and fury and despair. But of a sudden, the two heroes found themselves attacked in the flesh; the darkness lightened; the tumult stayed; and they saw—as in our first picture; while Taori leered at them from behind, and the ghosts of Gokoubo and his victim hung grim on either side of her—that they were grappling, the one with a terrific spider, the other with a tremendous serpent. In a frenzy of fear they hurled themselves at the sides of the pit; and breathless and exhausted they regained the light of day. There they discovered that what had seemed a serpent was only a string of coins, and that what had looked and bitten like a spider was but an ancient ink-stone covered with characters in the handwriting of centuries ago.

Sai-Sakou took the ink-stone for himself; the string of coins he presented to his deliverer. He put away the talisman in a precious case as a rare and notable curiosity; and he applied the precious mould to his nurseling's fist. Okoma's pretty fingers were instantly unclenched; her hand grew fairer and whiter than words can say; and all her beauty was increased tenfold. What is still more amazing, the opening hand let forth into daylight and life two wonderful Green Flies—two specimens, indeed, of the mysterious Sei-Fou, the incarnation of Affinity, the influences of love and marriage. These charming creatures are found only in pairs; where the one is, there will the other be also; and when the wife has harboured herself in a maiden's bosom, and the husband has taken up his abode at the heart of a young man, that young man and that maiden are constrained to be in love. The two enchanting insects released from Okoma's hand had but a little way to fare. Once they sparkled round the chamber. Then one of them returned to Okoma and took refuge in her bosom; the other took possession of Sai-Sabro, the son of Sai-Sakou, the virtuous man; and Sai-Sabro and Okoma were all the world to each other in the twinkling of an eye. The good Sai-Sakou and his amiable consort, the prudent Kokikio, were delighted. They smiled upon their children's loves with all the benevolence of their hearts; they betrothed them solemnly; and Kokikio prepared for them as wedding garments two robes of curious workmanship—two robes with running horses embroidered on the hem. But on the eve of the wedding day, the woodman Shohei came back and demanded his daughter. Tears and entreaties were vain. Shohei had the law on his side; and, in her sleeve the bridal robes designed for Sai-Sabro and herself, the robes with the embroidered hem, the hapless Okoma departed from her home, her troth-plight broken and her happiness in ruins.

Shohei had prospered in the world. The string of coins had made a man of him, and he was a timber-merchant in a thriving way. On the other hand, his crimes had followed him up, and he had suffered. In his walks abroad he had one day met a strange young man, Chomat, the name of him; the strange young man he found to be no other than the only son of his first victim, the soldier Tehoské; to repair his evil deed he had taken the strange young man into his service, to attend upon his boy, Chotaro. Presently, missing some goldfish from his ponds, he had suspected Chomat of theft. Chomat thought it must be foxes; and, his theory being received with derision, he had set a trap for the thief, in which he had caught and slain, not foxes indeed, but the son and heir of his master. After this involuntary crime he had decamped, and had not since been



THE DEATH OF OKOMA.

(Drawn by Félix Régamey.)

heard of. Shohei, left childless and a widower at a stroke (for his wife insisted on dying of grief for the loss of her boy), had for some time remained unmarried—had been content with making daily pilgrimages to the graves of his wife and son. One day, however, on his way to the cemetery, he fell in with a handsome lady, attended by a valiant and engaging squire. It was raining heavily, and the three took shelter in the chapel. Then they fell into talk. She confessed herself a princess—no less a princess, indeed, than the younger sister of Yorinori, the deposed emperor, and Shohei lost no time in proffering his suit and asking her hand. He was accepted, and the pair were presently married. It is needless to say that Tatzki was no more a princess than her esquire was an honest man. She was an impudent adventuress, once the wife of Tchoské, now the colleague in rascality of the swindler Joatchi, the younger brother of Shohei's second victim, the hunter Mataichi. They ruled the timber-merchant's house, looked after his business, took care of his money, and waited for the hour when they could get rid of him, and marry comfortably on their honest earnings. This was the home to which Okoma came.

Tatzki and Joatchi had determined that she should elope with her father's clerk, a certain Kizo. To this end they feigned to carry on a correspondence with Sai-Sabro, and they told Okoma that Kizo was her lover's servant, and so obliged her to be kind to him. Sai-Sabro, however, was by this time a married man. He had forgotten Okoma: the fly Sei-Fou had abandoned him in disgust, and had flown into the bosom of Kizo; so that Kizo was madly in love with his master's daughter. Matters had reached such a point that Okoma had given Tatzki an assignation for Sai-Sabro, and sent him one of the two bridal robes embroidered by his mother as a proof of her faith. Kizo had received the letter and the robe, and had been told to keep the assignation, when, at the

nick of time, his mother arrived in haste upon the scene, and demanded an interview with Shohei. Her name, she told him, was Mafouzi; she was the widow of the hunter Mataichi, falsely accused of the murder of a soldier; her son's name was not Kizo, but Kitaro; years before, after an inundation, she had found a purse with twelve pieces of money. No claim had been made; the twelve pieces were her own; she had come to take away her son, marry him to his cousin Okimi, start the couple in life with her little fortune, and so redeem the family from disgrace. Shohei, dismayed by the pursuit of his double crime, was glad to get rid of Kizo on any terms. The unhappy clerk, still in possession of the robe with the embroidered hem, was handed over to his mother, taken home, and married to Okimi on the spot.



OKOMA SEEKS A WATERY GRAVE.

(Drawn by Félix Régamey.)

Okoma, unable to keep her appointment, remained behind in a high fever, and as mad as a hatter. Kizo, almost as mad as Okoma, could not endure to look upon his lawful wife. He beat her and abused her to such an extent that she lost her wits. One day, in her husband's absence, the poor creature found Okoma's bridal robe, saw that it became her, and danced out in it towards the river. Kizo, returning, found the house turned upside down, the robe gone, and the maniac with it. He ran out and searched, and at last, in the falling night, he saw a woman running down to the water—a woman in a robe embroidered on the hem with running horses. She plunged in—as may be seen in our last picture—and he plunged after her; he brought her to the bank; he found—not his wife, not the maniac Okimi!—but his master's daughter, the beloved Okoma! He took her to his house; he shut her up; he wept, he prayed, he loved; Okoma remained inflexible. Weeks afterwards a corpse was found in the river. The features were unrecognisable, but it was clothed in a bridal robe, a robe with an embroidered hem; and then it was evident to the world that Okoma was dead, and to Kizo that he was a widower. In the end he prevailed over his captive's scruples. She and he were wed; and for awhile there was peace.

Then, all at once, the Tomb grew angry and active. Tatzki and Joatchi, inveigling Shohei to Hokoubozi, with the design of leaving him behind them there for good and all, were themselves precipitated into the pit and slain; and Shohei escaped but to find, from their letters to each other, that the woman had been Tehoské's wife and the man Mataichi's brother, lost all his wealth in another inundation, and was stricken with leprosy. Sai-Sakou, the last victim of Kashiwadé's bequest, performed hari-kari. Then Ikoma, Sai-Sabro's wife, became a haunted woman. She was ghost-ridden night and day, and the ghost was Okoma's. To lay the apparition once for all they took her, on the advice of a monk of great holiness, a certain Teki-Shin, to the ruins of Okoma's house, and there she lay down to sleep, while Sai-Sabro kept watch beside her, lance in hand. That very night a band of robbers descended on the village where Okoma dwelt, and in the confusion she escaped her husband's home, and ran with all her speed to the place where she had been so unhappy. Ikoma saw her shadow on the blind, and shrieked in her great anguish; and Sai-Sabro, rushing out into the darkness, speared her where she stood, and slew her on the spot (as M. Régamey has shown; with Ikoma in the house and Teki-Shin in the middle distance to the right, and the emperor in the foreground to the left). When, after a little while, he turned to look after the spectre, he found his lost Okoma. A dreadful leper (shown in the right-hand corner

of the picture of murder) was weeping and lamenting on the corpse; and in him the slayer recognised Shohei. The recognition was mutual, and Shohei at once prepared to slay in his turn. But Teki-Shin, the monk by whose action all these woes had seemed to come to pass, stepped in and stayed his hand. In all this, he said, there was the hand of fate. He himself was not Teki-Shin, but Chomatz, called the son of Tehoské, but really the son of Yorinori, the deposed emperor. He had become a monk, in expiation of the killing of Chotaro, and he was privileged to explain the whole affair. It was all the fault of Kakorouko. He had asked a son of the Tomb, and had neglected his duty; he had been inspired to build a temple, and he had put the inspiration away from him; and the spirits of Gokoubo, of Taori, and Kegi-ro had felt called upon to revisit the earth and make things generally uncomfortable—Gokoubo, in the body of Okoma; Taori, in the likeness of Tatzki; and Kegi-ro, in the form of Sai-Sabro. This it was which had obliged Sai-Sabro to kill Okoma, played the mischief with Sai-Sakou and Ikkakou, and made a leper and a childless man of Shohei; and it was all an outcome of the eternal law of cause and effect—the law which says that nothing shall be without its consequences, and that there can be no human action which shall remain singular and without results. Shohei was converted on the spot; he became a monk and a follower of Teki-Shin. He was healed of his leprosy, and died in the odour of sanctity; so did Mafouzi and Kizo; so did Teki-Shin himself; while Sai-Sabro and Ikoma contented themselves with living happy ever after, like the mere worldlings they were.

This wild tale is extracted from "Okoma" (Paris: Eugène Plon et Cie.), an abstract in French, by M. Félix Régamey, of the plot and incidents of Takasivi-Bakin's novel, "The Story of a Piece of Silk which is Eighty Feet Long." The volume, which is bound in yellow satin, and is read from the side, is a jewel of production—a work of art in intention and execution and effect. The initials are adapted from the Chinese; all the tailpieces and chapter-headings are transcripts from Hokusai and other famous Japanese; the illustrations proper, some thirty in number, are engraved from free renderings in water-colour of the originals of Chiguenoi. How cleverly M. Régamey has done his work, and how much of the Japanese spirit he has preserved in his graphic translation, the engravings that accompany this article will show. They lack the brilliant and tasteful colouring of the originals—which, by the way, are superbly printed—but even in black and white they are full of spirit and charm. A more successful *pastiche* of Japanese art has not often been produced.

THE SCOTTISH EXHIBITIONS.

IN the present exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy there is much important work from London: the President's "Phryne at Eleusis," Mr. Millais' "Caller Herrin'," Mr. Pettie's "Eugene Aram," Mr. MacWhirter's "Ossian's Grave," and Mr. J. Lorimer's "Chalmers" and "Professor Blackie." Unknown to London as yet are "The Farmer's Daughter" of Mr. Orchardson, and a half-length girl's portrait by Mr. Tadema. The first—of a girl feeding pigeons—is of comparatively small size, and is characterised by the artist's peculiar exquisiteness and refinement of colour. The Tadema, brand new from the artist's studio, shows a dark-skinned, lustrous-eyed girl standing in a richly decorated interior, holding in her hand a bronze Japanese vase filled with great white flowers.

Mr. Reid's "Savonarola"—the prophet-monk in sleep on the floor of his cell—is treated with fitting gravity and simplicity. In Mr. Herdman's "St. Columba" we have energetic action and excellent rendering of varied character. Mr. Lockhart's comedy, "Gil Blas and the Licentiate," is a study in combinations and contrasts of the most potent pigments on the palette; but it is also a study of varied and transient expressions of face and figure. In both respects it is a marked success, though its vividness has not been gained without some forcing of colour. Mr. Gibb's "Last Voyage"—the mailed body of an ancient warrior being borne in his barge to the burial-place of his clan—is thoughtfully conceived and carefully executed, but is wanting in breadth, tone, and unity, in truth of relation between the crowded figures in the boat and their environment of placid sea and rosy sunset. Sir Fettes Douglas, the President of the Academy, is represented by his "Benvenuto Cellini," a work painted many years ago, and "The Armourer," while several delicate and artistic water-colours exhibit his present powers as a landscapist. Sir Noel Paton sends a pleasant and fanciful scene of faëry. From Mr. Hole we have the "Golden Wedding" and a scene from "Henry IV.," both examples of his old manner and ambition; but in "The Night's Catch" his art has taken a new departure, and he paints a coast scene and important foreground figures with much freshness of sentiment and charm of open-air effect.

Among landscape-painters, Mr. George Reid has an impressive rendering of Loch Skene, with a foreground of dark ruddy peat mosses, and patches of snow on the desolate grey hills. Messrs. Beattie,

Brown, Alex. Fraser, David Farquharson, exhibit works on an important scale; Mr. W. D. M'Kay treats rustic figures in landscape surroundings with his accustomed tenderness and quiet truth; while the life of fisher-folk, and the force and beauty of the sea, find masterly expression in the canvases of Mr. M'Taggart. Mr. Lawton Wingate has several small subjects, wanting the importance of some of his former works, but accurate in tone and vivid and direct in illumination. Mr. Martin Hardie exhibits a picture of rural labour in Roxburghshire, full of poetic feeling and a mellow sunset glow. Mr. R. Paton Reid has excellent coast and garden scenes; and in the cool colouring and clear truthful lighting of a large orchard subject by Mr. J. Irving, we see marked results of a training in the Parisian studios.

At the Glasgow Institute is a remarkable gathering of pictures by French and Dutch artists. Corot, Millet, and Troyon among the dead, and such men as Bastien-Lepage, Breton, Frère, Langée, and Blommers among the living, form a tolerably adequate and representative assemblage. Among the works of Scottish painters in which the foreign influence is apparent may be mentioned Mr. R. W. Allan's "Safety amid Danger," a vigorously realised storm-scene with a pier crowded with the spectators of a wreck. In his figure-pieces of country life, Mr. R. M'Gregor has caught much of the quietude and sober harmony of the modern Dutchmen; Mr. James Guthrie renders "A Funeral Service in the Highlands" with French directness and solemnity; while even in the productions of a painter of such established reputation as Mr. George Aikman the traces of a foreign inspiration are becoming more and more clearly marked, to the very manifest gain of his art.

If report speaks truly, several canvases by time-honoured names have been rejected in order to make room for better work. Mr. Lockhart in "His Eminence" has a new picture, a scarlet-robed ecclesiastic standing in a Spanish verandah—a subject possessing an obvious *motif* as a study of splendid harmonies and contrasts of colour; and Mr. Smart in "The Track of the Storm" shows an effective landscape of more than common size and importance. The paintings of Mr. D. Murray are, as usual, fresh and vivacious in handling and original in their selected schemes of colour. He sends an admirable view of Glen Sannox, Arran, but some of his smaller works, like the little scene entitled "Sun-steep'd Noon," have even more of poetry and completeness.

ART-HANDBOOKS.

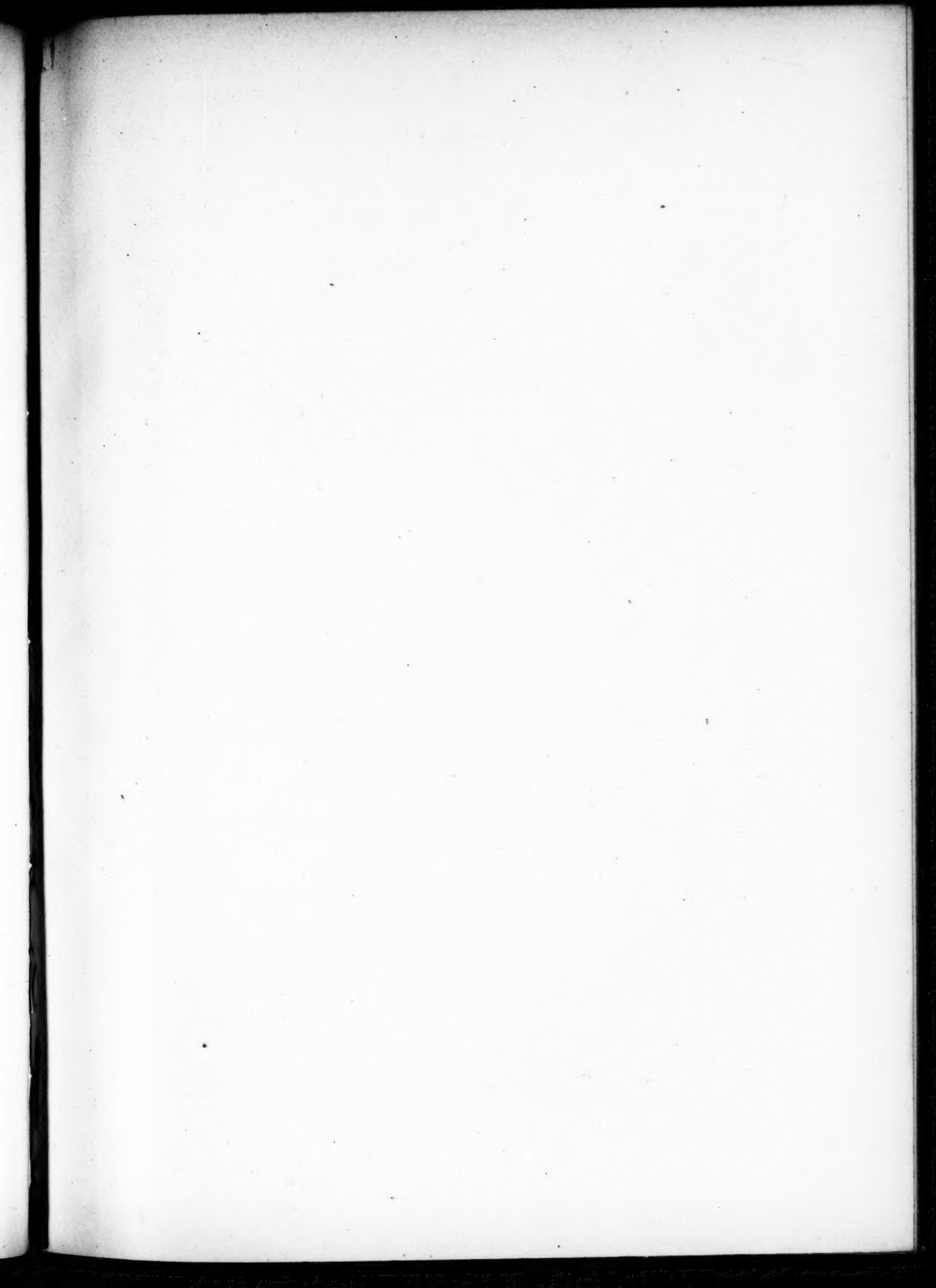
AMONG handbooks pure and simple there are few better than the four new numbers of the admirable "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts," which we owe to the judgment and enterprise of M. A. Quantin: a "Peinture Anglaise," by M. Ernest Chesneau; a "Tapisserie," by M. Eugène Muntz; a treatise on "Les Procédés Modernes de la Gravure," by M. A. de Lostalot; and a history of "La Gravure," by M. le Vicomte H. Delaborde, the accomplished curator of the Cabinet des Estampes. The first is historical and critical; it is a thorough and intelligent work, and has a peculiar interest for Englishmen as a representation, the most complete and the most sincere we know, of the effect produced by the English school upon French art and French criticism. With the other three volumes it would not be difficult to find fault:—to complain, for instance, that in a critical and historical treatise upon etching we should find no mention at all of such an artist as Legros, and no more mention of such an artist as Piranesi than can be crammed into the space of three lines; that in a technical and historical chapter on wood-engraving we should look in vain for such names as Roberts and Linton, and for the criticism of such important innovations as those introduced by the school of modern America. But the work is in the main well done; and the books themselves supply a long-standing want, and fill a very ugly gap in art-literature. They are well written and sufficiently illustrated. They can hardly be too popular. The best, we may add, is probably "La Tapisserie"—the contribution of M. Muntz. In connection with these it will be not improper to mention the two new South Kensington Art Handbooks, published for the Committee of Council on Education by Chapman and Hall—the "Scandinavian Arts" of Hans Hildebrand, and the "Danish Arts" of Chamberlain Worsæe, the learned director of the Royal and Archæological Museum of Denmark. Of these two admirable little books it would be difficult to speak too well. They are clearly and carefully written; they show an absolute mastery of their subjects; they are excellently illustrated. They may safely challenge comparison with anything of the kind in print.

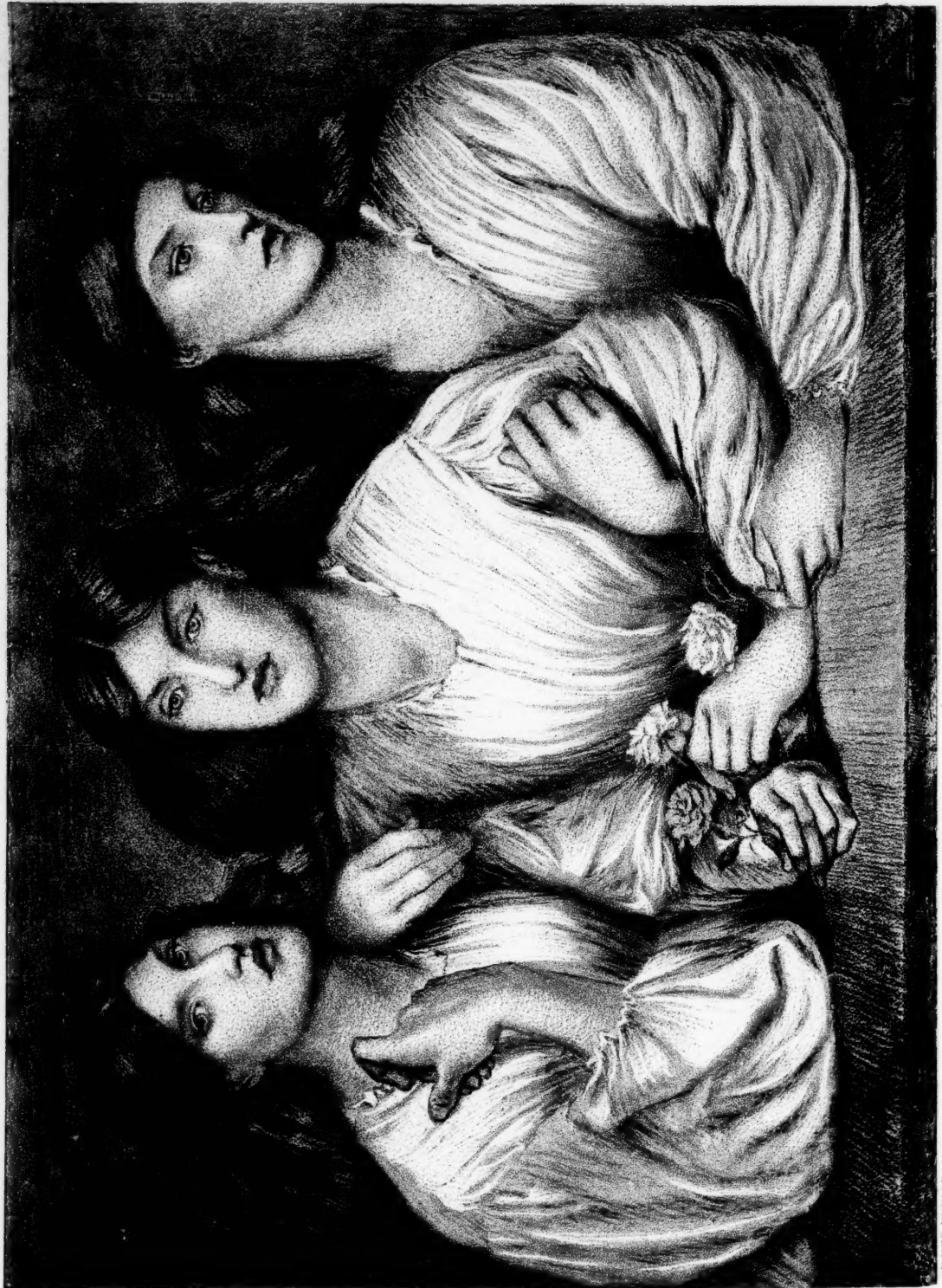
Among the books which have taken the form of catalogues the first place is held by Dr. J.-P. Richter's "Italian Art in the National Gallery," an important and elaborate account of the Italian pictures in the national collection, published by Sampson Low and Co. It is a work of great labour and research, full

of carefully considered facts and scholarly deductions, and absolutely indispensable—in the absence of the official catalogue—alike to students and collectors. On the other hand it is to be noted that Dr. Richter's style is dry and inexpressive, and that his judgments are not always beyond argument or dispute. Thus, he maintains the notorious "Entombment," which many excellent authorities agree in condemning for a clumsy forgery, to be a genuine Michelangelo. The book, we should add, is excellently illustrated. Exception must be taken to the woodcuts, which are extremely unsatisfactory, and to most of the etchings, all of which are borrowed from the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. On the other hand, the twenty-one heliographs that complete the work—the result of a new process—are of singular merit.

A book of a very different order is the fourth issue of "Le Livre d'Or du Salon," redacted by M. Georges Lafenestre, and published by Jonaust at the Librairie des Bibliophiles. It is sumptuously printed and produced—as Jonaust's books all are; and it is sumptuously illustrated—with etchings by Lalauze, Duvivier, Champollion, and half a dozen able craftsmen beside. It contains a catalogue—more or less curtly descriptive—of all the works found worthy of official recognition—the medallists, the honourable mentions, the *hors concours*—in the sections of painting and sculpture at the Salon of 1882. It is thus a complete record of what is best—at all events of what is most successful—in the art of its year. This being the case, it is dispiriting to find that, to judge by such pictures and statues as have been thought worth engraving, the record is one of stuff for the most part not worth recording.

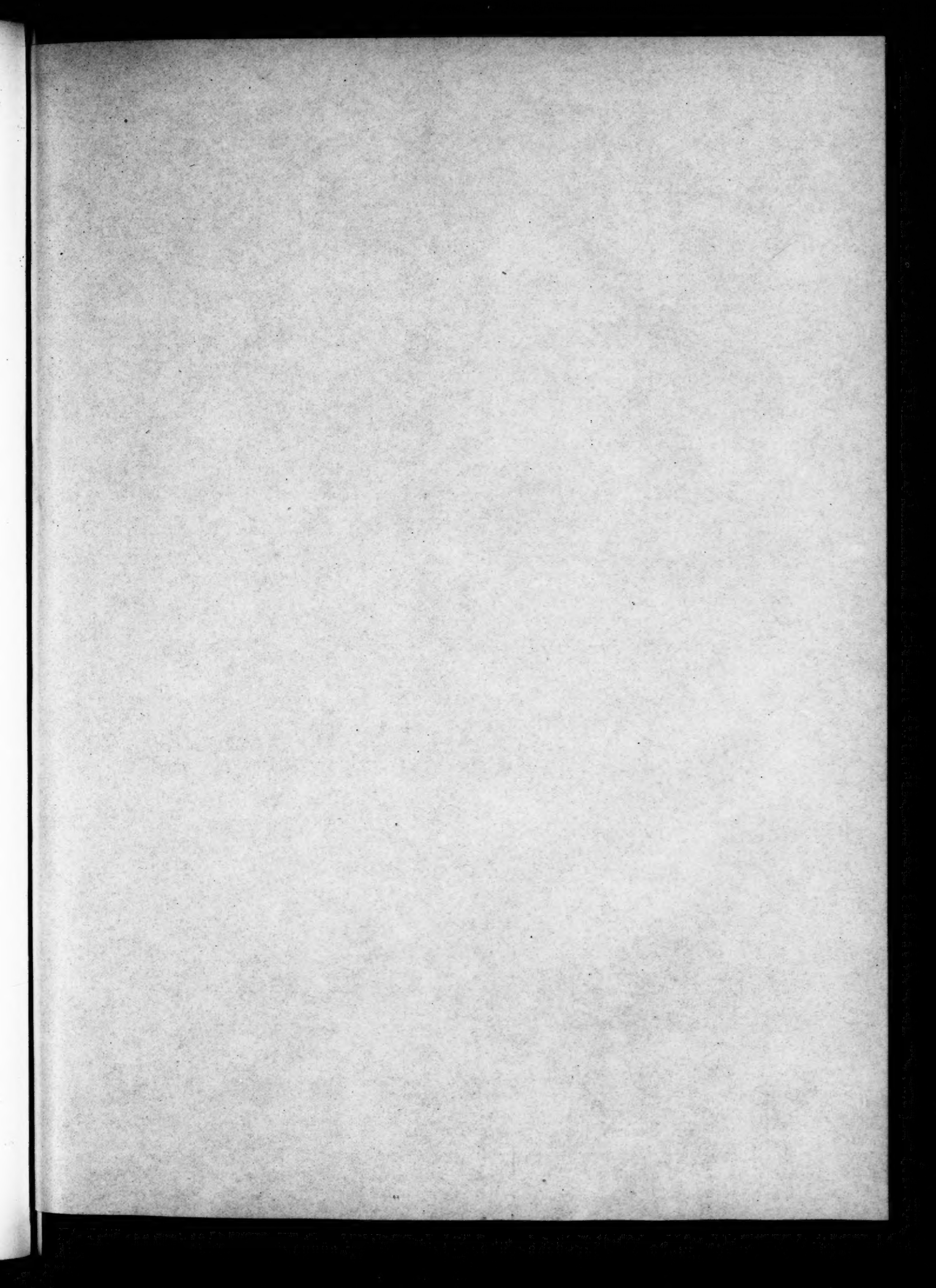
A more even and wholesome delight is afforded by the brilliant series of studies from the works of the members of the Société d'Aquarellistes Français, which is published in Paris by Launette, and by Goupil and Co. in London. The numerous "processes" of the latter firm are employed in the most perfect reproduction of drawings in pen and ink and simple washes. Polychromatic drawings are necessarily treated *en camaïeu*, but the tints are varied pleasantly, as in the "Eventail" of MM. Quantin and Octave Uzanne. The parts at present published include specimens of the refined comedy and fastidious caprice of Henri Leloir, of his less inspired but scarcely less accomplished brother Maurice, of Duez and Detaille, of Français and the late Gustave Doré. Harpignies and De Neuville, two of the greater masters, are yet to come.

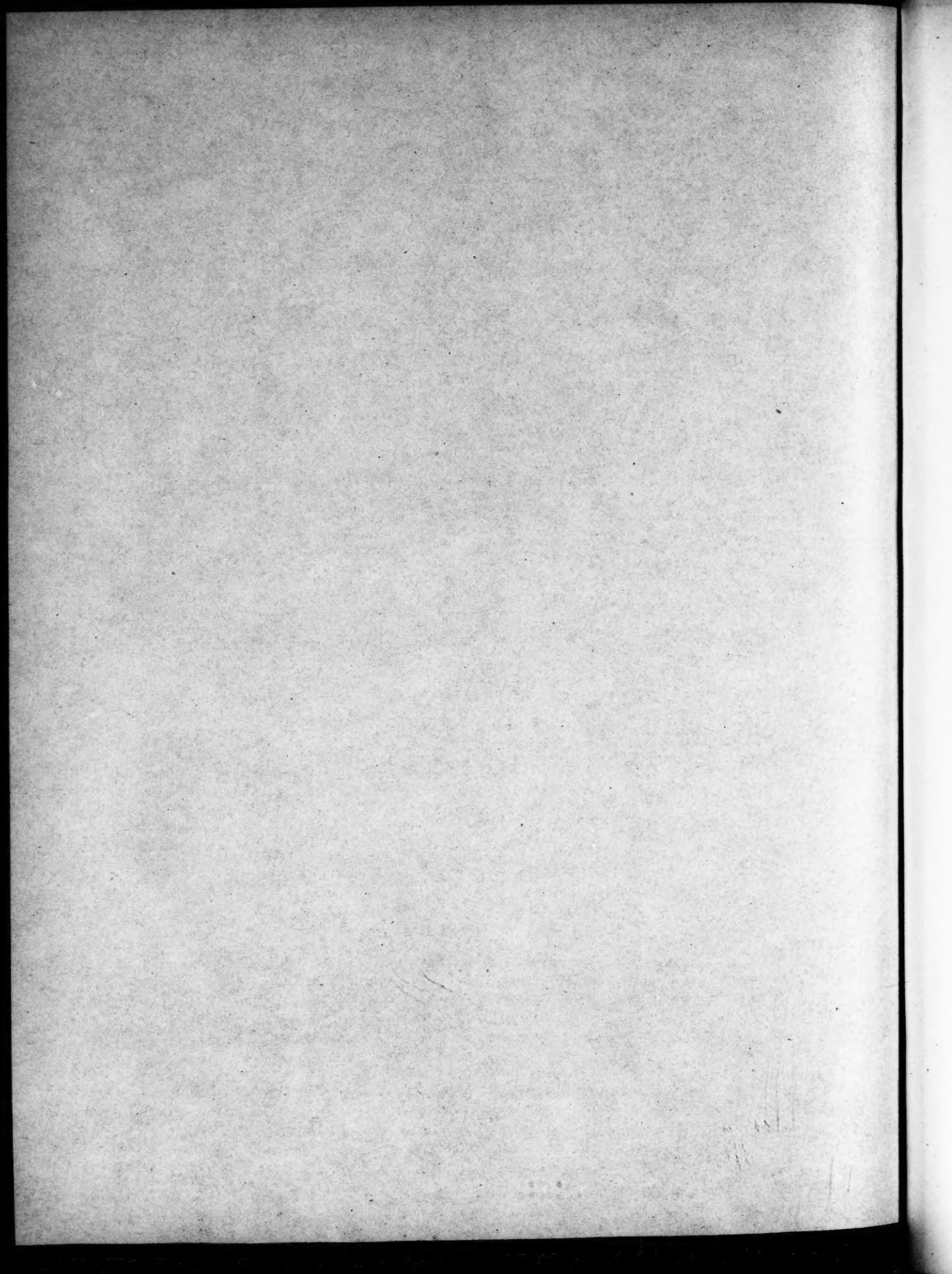




ROSA TRIPLEX.

(Drawn by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. By Permission of Crawford Pocock, Esq.)



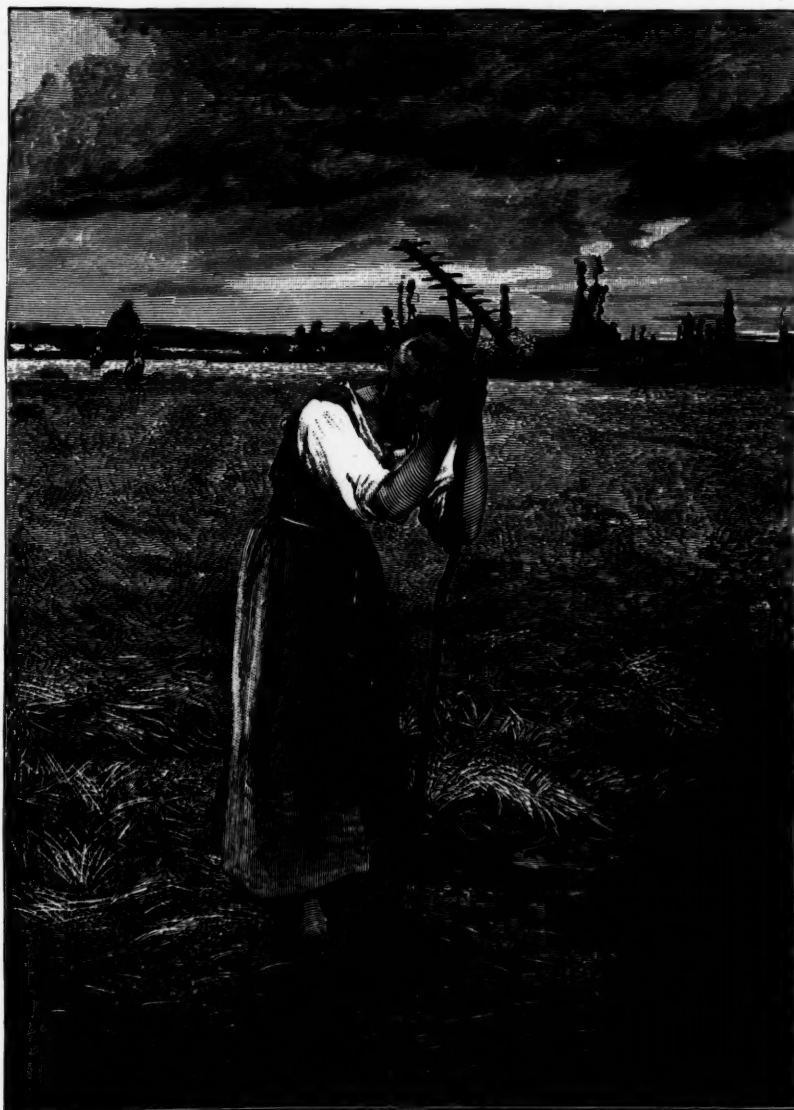


BASTIEN-LEPAGE: PAINTER AND PSYCHOLOGIST.

M. BASTIEN-LEPAGE is not, perhaps, the greatest of living French painters, but he is, at the present moment, considerably the most interesting. It is for this reason of course that he is most discussed. Nearly everything he has done has provoked controversy; and in a *milieu* where the ground of artistic discussion is so well cleared, and its terms so well defined as they are in Paris, controversy about the work of an artist is merely another form of eulogy. Its continuance and animation in the case of M. Bastien-Lepage, too, are very sufficient proof that hitherto he has escaped classification. Indeed his success in this respect may almost be set down as effrontery; for, notwithstanding the various fundamental differences of French criticism, it never really has any doubt as to under what category a painter's work is to be considered. But M. Bastien-Lepage is perplexing, not because of his versatility—there are many painters quite as versatile who arouse no such interest—but because it is so difficult to really get at and fix his individuality. Yet his individuality is the most marked characteristic of his pictures. And this paradox gives his work an interest in addition to that which proceeds from its merits more strictly intrinsic. It need not be added that these latter also must be considerable and incontestable.

This has been true of M. Bastien-Lepage's career from the outset. Conventional categories,

so to speak, never took hold upon him. Some fifteen or more years ago he left his village home at Damvillers, in the Department of the Meuse, to draw under Cabanel, at the École des Beaux-Arts. There he spent two or three years. The rest of his study, which has been unremitting (in France the time when painters merely basked and ripened was over long ago), has been solitary. His studio in general



TIRED.

(Painted by Bastien-Lepage. By Permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth.)

one may easily believe to have been the fields and vineyards of his native province. To have produced what he has, long and intimate observation of Nature, study of her as a model, is manifestly as necessary as "museum work" is to a different order of production. His first picture was a decisive success. It did not get the Prix de Rome, but that it did not was considered a scandal by his fellow-students, who every day laid crowns and wreaths before it, which the authorities thought it necessary as constantly to remove. The picture hangs now in M. Bastien-Lepage's studio. One can understand how it must have awakened the youthful enthusiasm of his fellow-pupils, and how impossible it was for academic judges to give it more than the second place. A "Vision of the Shepherds" was probably never before conceived and executed like this; yet its originality is so direct and unaffected that it could not be rightfully accused of eccentricity. This poise has marked everything M. Bastien-Lepage has since done—the "Saison d'Octobre," the "Mendiant," the "Foins," "Sarah Bernhardt," the "Père Jacques," and other works with which every art-loving public is familiar in misinterpreting reproductions, but which need absolutely to be seen at first hand to be judged aright. Lately he has done a number of water-colours, which mark a nice sense of the different functions of oil and water-colour so far as treatment goes, and of whose conception the same general remark may be made—they are strikingly individual without being eccentric.

It is not only, or indeed mainly, the originality of M. Bastien-Lepage's point of view which is objected to, however. It is his technique. This is less puzzling. One may feel more certain here than in dealing with the painter's psychological side. There are, it is true, many and various ways of rendering natural objects in painting. The entire attitude toward their art of Titian and Rubens, of Correggio and Velasquez, is not more diverse than the respective ways in which they painted flesh, for one example. Still, we all know how common a practice it is for a critic, especially if he be not a painter, to adopt some particular one of the various technical standpoints as exclusively the proper one. English readers certainly do not need to be reminded of this. Mr. Ruskin's worst word for Meissonier, for instance, is that he is "all Holland and Belgium over again." And a recent critic controverts Fromentin in this way, "We should say, rather, that Rembrandt, whatever his merits may be—and we admit that they are many—is a bad chiaroscurist just because he is an extravagant one." It is as with creeds in religion. The question concerns truth. The notion that there are more kinds of truth than one, or at least that truth is so multifarious and elusive as to show herself

differently to different beholders, is not admitted; intolerance is easy, and finally, before one quite knows it, one has called Rembrandt a bad chiaroscurist. How else, indeed, should "schools" of painting develop themselves so quickly, gain enthusiastic recruits, and the hostility of advocates of other "schools," who reproach the new-comers with—it is always the main count in the indictment—untruthfulness? So there is nothing at all remarkable in the ease and freedom with which M. Henri Houssaye, who has written for many years the Salon reviews for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, relieves his mind about M. Bastien-Lepage, when he has occasion to speak of the latter's technique. With a subtlety that cannot be too much admired, he makes Manet the initiator of the group of painters at whose head is M. Bastien-Lepage, by remarking as their main and common characteristic their fondness for diffused light. The difference between Manet and Bastien-Lepage, he says, is that between "un peintre sincère et un peintre habile. M. Manet a semé; c'est M. Bastien-Lepage qui récolte," he continues, and he concludes an outburst nearly as eloquent as it is ingenious by "Le mouvement impressioniste n'est pas une révolution dans l'art comme le fut le mouvement romantique; c'est une contre-révolution. Il restaure le préraphaélisme." It has long been evident that Pre-Raphaelitism was a comprehensive term, and perhaps we ought not to be surprised at finding even the French impressionists classed under it. It is M. Bastien-Lepage's fondness for diffused light, at any rate, which is at the bottom of the trouble. He endeavours to paint what he sees, it is very evident; and it is equally evident that, though everything is lighted with equal intensity, he sees more detail in the foreground than elsewhere in his subject. Accordingly, he elaborates this detail. The result is not always agreeable—immediately, at all events. One is so habituated to a conventional chiaroscuro of some kind as a necessary accompaniment of even the most literal rendering of nature, that to find the pictorial assistance of light and shade so pointedly disdained as it is by M. Bastien-Lepage is something of a shock. Occasionally one has to make a distinct effort to get things into their places; the absence of the customary plainly-marked compass-card of perspective is occasionally disconcerting. But to call such painting an affected archaism is so far from characterisation that it is merely to note a superficial resemblance. "C'est dans cette lumière-là que les Byzantins, puis Cimabué, Giotto, Gozzoli, Rogier Van der Weyden, les primitifs allemands, les Siennois du XIV^e siècle, les artistes de l'ancienne école de Bourgogne ont peint leurs figures plates et plaquées contre les fonds," says M. Houssaye. Nothing could be more misleading. It is by no means the diffused light in the Pre-Raphaelite

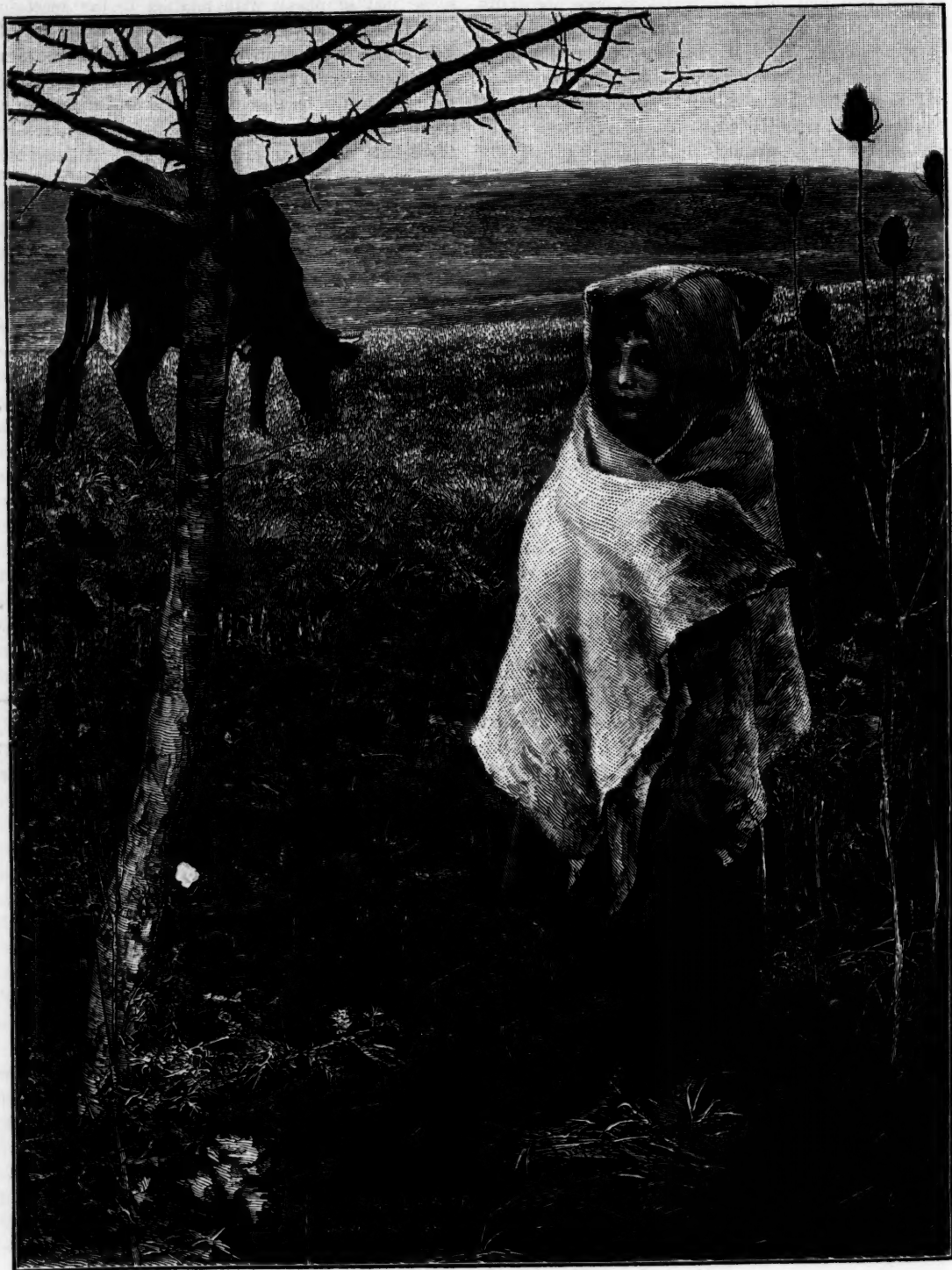
painting mentioned by M. Houssaye that one feels as a limitation, and that constitutes at once one of its gravest defects and greatest charms; it is its absence of atmosphere. And M. Bastien-Lepage would be quite justified in retorting in kind upon his critic, and saying that his criticism, though ingenious, was disingenuous, since he could not be supposed to be ignorant of the pre-eminent importance of atmosphere in painting, or of its absence in Byzantine illumination, or of the possibility of attaining it by a nice discrimination of relative values, instead of by an admittedly factitious *chiaroscuro*.

The salient characteristic of M. Bastien-Lepage's much discussed technique is, not its eccentricity, but its uncompromising realism. It is idle to pretend that he perversely misinterprets the nature of which, so clearly, he is so deeply enamoured. Perversity there may be, if one chooses, in his ways of seeing. How much, or how little, of system there is in his persistent attitude towards his model, is a question difficult to decide and useless to discuss. The painter himself could not settle it. But to say that, however similar the anatomy of his eyes to that of ordinary people's, he does not see what he tries to paint, is the looseness of exaggeration—the uncompromising quality of the work is so marked, its good faith so apparent. No one can have ever observed one of the countless originals of M. Bastien-Lepage's backgrounds, the cold light of a sun hidden behind a monotonous and amorphous curtain of grey mist adding a quality to the already light green of the leafage, and to the never discordant notes of whatever else there may be of local colour in the landscape, and have found the famous artist's sense of reality at fault. His touch is magic in the felicity with which it reproduces the general effect, the landscape essence of the scene; and the way in which the foreground details are caressed and the distance softened and subdued, endues the whole with an intimate individuality as well. It is not only out of doors; it is the north of France—no traveller would fail to recognise it; it is even some particular potato field, some peculiar vineyard, of the Department of the Meuse.

No, so far from accusing M. Bastien-Lepage of untruthfulness, it is in his absolute fidelity to nature that consists the originality of his treatment. So far as we can yet know, it was the last step left to take, the last transformation to work—really, literally, with a submissiveness thoroughly monastic, to reproduce nature. The English Pre-Raphaelites may have had the same pretension, and undoubtedly they pretended that this was the aim of the painters of the early Renaissance; but never at any time before M. Bastien-Lepage was this aim logically carried out. He, and in a less striking degree, and within a narrower range, his followers, illustrate it admirably—

with an excellence bordering on perfection. A natural scene just so placed with relation to the spectator would be visually identical with its copy by M. Bastien-Lepage: deprived entirely of the rectification of indirect vision, on which one always depends though always unconsciously, one would require as much time in the one case as in the other, to resolve the details into their just perspective. At least this may be said of the painter's happiest efforts. And, as if his originality were as varied and many-sided as it is distinct, let us hasten to add that this very excellence, this perfection of achievement, is just what we have to reproach M. Bastien-Lepage with the most. Let us confess it at once: the Anglo-Saxon race, spite of all its panegyrist's may say, has never illustrated the aptness for strict and uncompromising logic which one is always finding in one way or another to be a pre-eminently French characteristic. The English Pre-Raphaelites talked a great deal about the return to nature; this indeed was their *raison-d'être* as a "school." Their American imitators did the same; but how feeble was the result of the movement judged by its own distinctly enunciated standard! The men who really gave it dignity soon began to feel towards nature as the peasant who, witnessing Rousseau sketching, asked, "Why do you paint the tree; the tree is there, is it not?"—and began to use trees and other natural objects to make pictures of. It cannot be doubted that this was logically weak, and it is plain that in just this respect M. Bastien-Lepage and his followers are especially strong. But the result of logically eschewing all "picture-making" is inevitably the loss of pictorial qualities, and it is for their pictorial qualities—their composition of line, light, and colour, their relation of masses to detail, in a word their design—that we have acquired the habit of caring for pictures. That is to say, our feeling towards a work of art, as distinct from the nature which is its material, is directly proportioned to the amount of man, of mind, of design that it contains plus its natural material. But Nature is rarely or never M. Bastien-Lepage's material, she is nearly always in exact strictness his model.

Either in spite of, or independently of, however, his notable lack of design, M. Bastien-Lepage has produced a remarkable number of interesting works since his failure to secure the Prix de Rome. Whatever he does it is impossible to neglect, on account of the striking skill displayed on the one hand, and on the other on account of the serious intellectual elements of the work. One of the most discussed was a union in one frame of two portraits, of the painter's father and mother. It hangs now in his rooms in the Rue Legendre, near the Parc Monceaux, where he showed it me the other day. The



PAUVRE FAUVETTE.

(Painted by Bastien-Lepage.)

whole is in a light key—a Damvillers background, with the clear greens and greys so inevitable in his work; there is as little of the tone and hue as of the drapery and pose traditionally consecrated to the composition of important portraits. The figures are two-thirds lengths, seated and turned towards each other, but a gilt band separates them, so that each is unconscious of the other's presence, and sensibly isolated, and there is thus no resemblance to the familiar device of combining portraiture with *genre* to assist the illusion. Yet the reality of the two figures is startling. One can easily understand that the work caused a lively discussion; scarcely a detail that does not flout some convention if you put it in the category of portrait-painting, where it would naturally fall if—but then, nothing of M. Bastien-Lepage's falls into any category whatever. One readily comprehends, too, the sincerity of the painter's remark made in answer to some suggestion of mine: "Yes, I think a painter should never allow him-

self to become the slave of his art. Not what he can do, but what he wants to do, is his true aim. Sometimes one succeeds in the latter effort—measurably, that is to say—paints a spot as large as your hand that seems about as he would wish to have made it. Well, that is something; but it is not always sure. But to paint simply to show what you can do, to illustrate your skill already acquired!" It is not difficult in listening to M. Bastien-Lepage to account for the essential difference between his work and much that is *à la mode* at present. The strongest desire to do

something beyond former achievement could not here lead him astray. There is something filial in the fidelity of the work in general scheme, in the absence of any extrinsic beautifying, in the way in which the moral as well as pictorial character of the originals is divined and interpreted, something even of devotion in the touch. Evidently, one says to himself, if one has to paint the portraits of his parents,

one had better employ the method of M. Bastien-Lepage. Some of the work, considered as mere handling, is exquisite; in other parts it is as broad. M. Bastien-Lepage has familiarised us with his extraordinary gamut of execution heretofore; but never, so far as we know, has he produced a work of the elevation and dignity of this in interpretation of character. One is inclined to hazard the suggestion that, ordinarily, his practice excludes interpretation, whereas here, owing to the relation involved, the strictest confinement to mere representation must have been guided and quickened by uncon-

scious sympathy. The portraits are at all events unconventional without being eccentric, real without loss of refinement, and profoundly impressive. If as yet the epithet "great" may be applied with sobriety to any work of M. Bastien-Lepage, I should apply it to this. Decidedly, rather than to the "Jeanne d'Arc."

The "Jeanne d'Arc" was, four or five years ago, the sensation of the art year. It had a score of brilliant qualities, but it had also the flaw which is most fatal to a work of large pretensions; it was not simple.



BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

(From the *Bas-relief* by Augustus Saint Gaudens.)

Like all so-called "epoch-making" pictures, its theory, its system, was too palpable. Very likely this way of looking at, and this way of copying nature, may end by triumphing, people said, but at present the change seems too abrupt, the reform too sudden, not to shock us; these theories may be right, but just now they are too evidently theories. After all, one does not look at a picture to be convinced but to be charmed. Still, it is impossible not to honour the attempt made in this immense canvas, and all the more so from one point of view because one can see that its unsatisfactoriness was perhaps inherent in the undertaking. To make realisable the almost miraculous story of Jeanne d'Arc, saturated as it is with legend and sentiment; to define it with the precision of ultra-realism, and rob it of all the accretions of an idealism conventional if you like, but none the less inseparable, is plainly impossible. The painter starts out to represent the Maid as she *must* have been; to give her a Lorraine face, put her in a peasant's garb, and surround her with Domremy local colour, is simple logic; to endue her countenance with the rapt expression of religious ecstasy is at least allowable. Here he must stop if he is to be consistent. But to go thus far is to accomplish very little towards an "epoch-making" picture. So we have the visions seen by the Maid. But the introduction of the visions is as plainly wilful in M. Bastien-Lepage's work, as a conventional representation of the Maid would be; it is simply less conventional. "Ah, but," retort the admirers of the picture, "it is pitiable to be so literal as that. The main thing is to have the essential part of the picture serious and true; can you not admit the visions as graceful and necessary, but after all unimportant, decorations, introduced to give a flavour of poetry to the whole?" The test is, to be sure, there; whether M. Bastien-Lepage's logic stands or falls, the point is, has he succeeded in giving his picture a flavour of poetry, does he in general so succeed? I am perfectly willing to grant as to the "Jeanne d'Arc," for example, that it was important even in painting impossible visions to have them appear in historically accurate costume; only, for me, the result has the look of an optical trick; it goes too far or not far enough, it increases the confusion which the notable absence of organic design causes; it fails, in short, in the bold attempt to create out of hand a striking effect of combined reality and romance. There is, as always, exquisite and masterly painting in the "Jeanne d'Arc;" the face of the Maid is a masterpiece; but the work as a whole leaves me cold.

This is undoubtedly the real obstruction which is felt by his objecting critics in M. Bastien-Lepage's work as a whole. He is not enough in love with beauty, he insists too much on what is ugly in nature, he is too uncompromising in his refusal to adorn in

the slightest degree the most forbidding subject—that is really the feeling at the bottom of much of the hostile criticism which the "école naturaliste-impressioniste" meets with. People have different ideas of beauty, however, and it is not the smallest of M. Bastien-Lepage's distinctions that he has at least done so much towards turning attention from the essential vapidness which under one form or another constitutes the "ideality" of the art that is always popular. After Bouguereau and Merle, after Lefebvre and Cabanel, and even Baudry and Henner, the directness, the reality, the robustness of M. Bastien-Lepage's work come as a great refreshment and stimulus to the jaded sense. One has the same feeling sometimes in coming upon a Rubens at the end of a gallery of Seventeenth Century Italian or French pictures; it is admirably competent work in the first place, in the second it rises admirably superior to the dependence on what is factitious of every description. In one respect, indeed, the comparison is unjust to the modern painter, whose intellectual is particularly delicate and refined, and who never stoops to coarseness himself whatever be his subject.

And this species of fastidiousness brings me naturally to what I take to be M. Bastien-Lepage's chief characteristic, his essential quality, involving of itself his main defect. It is, that his moral attitude towards the world he paints is apparently that of the spectator. It is impossible to say, of course, and it is lost labour to inquire, whether in reality a quick sympathy does not exist between all that peasant life he illustrates so finely and his own susceptibility. The appearance is that he regards it simply as a highly interesting spectacle. One has only to think of the other painter of peasant life *par excellence* to appreciate the distinction here designed to be indicated. No one would doubt that Millet was himself a French peasant; no one would suspect the same of his successor. After passing in review the series which the latter's splendid contribution to modern art forms, one says how intimately the author must have studied this life he depicts so well, how admirably he has caught its picturesqueness and even its pathos. Then one thinks of the "Semeur," or a dozen other Millets. It is not that Millet was more of a poet, and so moves us more; it is that M. Bastien-Lepage does not move us at all. Perhaps the reader will find a trace of a loving touch, of a sympathetic absorption of the painter in his subject, in the "Tired," here engraved. It is certainly as distinctly charming as anything M. Bastien-Lepage has done, but one feels the painter himself as if he were a camera, and almost wonders at the girl's unconsciousness in a presence of such searching scrutiny. By the peasant character illustrated in such works as the "Pauvre Fauvette," which also

forms one of our engravings, he is especially attracted. In the recent exhibition of the Société Internationale in the Rue de Sèze, there was another not so happily executed; and every one remembers the "Foins," which represents two labourers at their noontide rest, one, a man, asleep, and the other, a woman, wide awake and wearing, like the rest, the curious half-conscious half-ecstatic look of protest against misery, and pining for far-off things. This expression, utterly undefinable in words, is perhaps M. Bastien-Lepage's favourite problem. He interprets it to perfection. One would look in vain for anything approaching it in Millet. It is not pictorial, it is not poetic; it is psychological, and his happiness in rendering it is one more proof of the exceeding quickness of his observation. It is something which might haunt another temperament, and compel the development of its potentialities into a great dramatic picture. Has the time gone by for that? Is the art of painting to become, like everything else of the present day, essentially scientific, and busy itself with collecting facts as the only worthy occupation? M. Bastien-Lepage's wild-eyed young peasants are as clearly "human documents" as the characters of Zola. The attitude of these two artists is nearly identical. It is easy to read in the painter's work elements of a more or less distinctly-held credo such as these: "The art of painting has a future before it; it is yet to be developed in the worthiest of all the directions it has ever taken—the illustration of human life, namely, the representation of nature. In its own way it can do this as well as literature, having advantages peculiarly its own. Hitherto paintings have been,

in one way or another, more or less, inventions. Artists have been enthusiasts. Man and nature are outweighed by their own visions and dreams. To the painter of the future such terms as imagination, invention, enthusiasm, will sound fantastic and antique; he will realise that what is needed is poise, observation, the scientific spirit, in fine, to be in harmony with the intellectual movement going on around him." M. Bastien-Lepage recently exhibited in London, and more recently still in Paris, two important pictures of London street-life—a boot-black and a flower-girl—which illustrate the perfection of this doctrine, and in a measure enforce its value—at least to the extent of enabling one to understand the fascination (if the term be not inappositely romantic) exerted by it in practice. If there were ever "human documents" these are they: The "criticism of life" they contain is mordant. The semi-conscious hopelessness that is almost content, the absolute inability to conceive of a radically different position in life for themselves, the spiritless resignation to the Pariah estate, which strike every stranger so forcibly in the faces of the London poor, could not be better set forth in literature than they are here seized and presented in an instant. One may wonder if he chooses when the organic combination of such "documents" is to come, when we shall have the *naturaliste* epic or tragedy. But if M. Bastien-Lepage makes no attempt to give us that, he does nevertheless permanently and powerfully interest us. And perhaps a painter who can do that, at a time when it is a tacit convention that the last word has been said in art, need not care how we define him.

W. C. BROWNELL.

"ROSA TRIPLEX."

DRAWN BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

AMONGST Mr. Pocock's art-treasures, which include a very fine collection of plates from the "Liber Studiorum," are two drawings by Rossetti. One is the fine head of Mr. John Ruskin, exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club; the other, the charming but unfinished drawing, a reduced facsimile of which we give as our frontispiece.

It is easy to see, even in our reproduction—the original is life-size, or nearly—how unfinished it is. The hands, with one or two exceptions, are but roughly drawn and modelled; and much still remains to be done to the draperies on the right. The maiden on the left is the only one of the three that can be called finished. Nevertheless, the charm of the design is fully conveyed, and the heads are complete.

One—the central head—has suffered from neglect. But the others are much as Rossetti meant them to be, and the whole picture breathes that mystical music of line and colour which is his peculiar characteristic.

Few artists, if any, have employed coloured chalks on so large a scale and with such success as he. His skill in the simpler harmonies of colour is never seen to greater advantage than in some of these drawings, in which gold and blue and white and pink play delightful changes. One such drawing, almost perfect in such slight colour-music, is Mr. Valpy's "La Pia." Many show a mastery of brown, a colour for which in his painting one seeks almost in vain. Few who have seen them can forget his studies of Mrs. William Morris and her children, or that

superb one for the head of "Astarte Syriaca," which belongs to Mr. Clarence Fry. If the oil picture of this had been worthy of the design, it would have ranked with Mr. W. A. Turner's "Proserpina:" the highest praise which can be awarded to a Rossetti.

The design of "Rosa Triplex," though not without its symbols and its mystery, is one which requires little literary explanation. In this it differs from the majority of Rossetti's pictures; for he generally aimed at a subtlety of expression the precise shade of which required the aid of symbols to reveal it to the unprompted eye. In this case the name, "Rosa Triplex," and the flowers in the hands of the three fair dreamers tell all that is to be told, or at least all that needs telling for the enjoyment of the design. The colour is very pleasant. The golden heads are relieved against a dark grey-blue ground, and the soft white folds of the dresses are warmed with delicate flesh tones and pink roses. So far as I know, the artistic motive is quite original, and, like many of Rossetti's inventions both in poetry and painting, is likely to be the parent of a thousand copies and adaptations. Three views of the same face have often been given on the same canvas—sometimes prosaically, as in the well-known portraits of Charles I. by Van Dyck; sometimes poeti-

cally, as in Sir Joshua Reynolds's still better known "Heads of Angels." But these maidens are not one and the same. To arrange three different but sympathetic faces, so as to strike as it were a chord of beauty, was reserved for Rossetti. Although these damsels have a far-off look which may be interpreted in many ways, I do not think that while he drew them he thought of anything more terrible than beauty. Their mood is not a merry one; but their light feet have never "walked in willow-wood."

Rossetti is known to have made at least three drawings with this title. The first is assigned by Mr. William Sharp to 1869. What has become of it is not known, but that it was beautiful and highly finished is evident from the photograph lent by Mr. Pocock to the Burlington Club exhibition already referred to. It was more spirited but less spiritual; fuller of mirth though still maidenly; allied in feeling rather to "Jolicœur" and "Belcolore" than "Beatrice" or "Ophelia." In 1874, according to Mr. Sharp, Rossetti repeated the subject in water-colours; and a water-colour drawing, called "Rosa Triplex" and dated 1874, was exhibited last winter at the Royal Academy by Mr. C. W. Mills. In this the type of beauty was again altered, and not for the better.

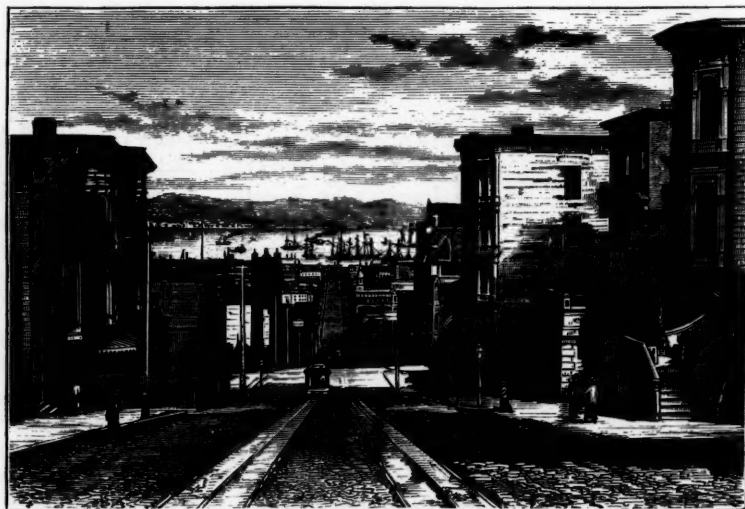
COSMO MONKHOUSE.

A MODERN COSMOPOLIS.

THE Pacific coast of the United States, as you may see by the map, and still better in that admirable book, "Two Years Before the Mast," by Dana, is one of the most exposed and shelterless on earth. The trade-wind blows fresh; the huge Pacific swell booms along degree after degree of an unbroken line of coast. South of the joint firth of the Columbia and Willamette, there flows in no considerable river; south of Puget Sound there is no protected inlet of the ocean. Along the whole seaboard of California there are but two unexceptionable anchorages, the bight of the bay of Monterey, and the inland sea that takes its name from San Francisco.

Whether or not it was here that Drake put in in

1597, we cannot tell. There is no other place so suitable; and yet the narrative of Francis Pretty scarcely seems to suit the features of the scene.



SAN FRANCISCO.—I.: NOB HILL.

Viewed from seaward, the Golden Gates should give no very English impression to justify the name of a New Albion. On the west, the deep lies open; nothing near but the still vexed Farralones. The coast is rough and barren. Tamalpais, a mountain of a memorable figure, springing direct from the sea-level, over-plumbs the narrow entrance from the north. On the south, the loud music of the Pacific sounds along beaches and cliffs, and among broken reefs, the sporting place of the sea-lion. Dismal, shifting sand-hills, wrinkled by the wind, appear behind. Perhaps, too, in the days of Drake, Tamalpais would be clothed to its peak with the majestic redwoods.

Within the memory of persons not yet old, a mariner might have steered into these narrows—not yet the Golden Gates—opened out the surface of the bay—here girt with hills, there lying broad to the horizon—and beheld a scene as empty of the presence, as pure from the handiwork of man, as in the days of our old sea-commander. A Spanish mission, fort, and church took the place of those "houses of the people of the country" which were seen by Pretty, "close to the water-side." All else would be unchanged.

Now, a generation later, a great city covers the sand-hills on the west, a growing town lies along the muddy shallows of the east; steamboats pant continually between them from before sunrise till the small hours of the morning; lines of great sea-going ships lie ranged at anchor; colours fly upon the islands; and from all around the hum of corporate life, of beaten bells, and steam, and running carriages, goes cheerily abroad in the sunshine. Choose a place on one of the huge, throbbing

ferry-boats, and, when you are midway between the city and the suburb, look around. The air is fresh and salt as if you were at sea. On the one hand is Oakland, gleaming white among its gardens. On the other, to seaward, hill after hill is crowded and crowned with the palaces of San Francisco; its long

streets lie in regular bars of darkness, east and west, across the sparkling picture; a forest of masts bristles like bulrushes about its feet; nothing remains of the days of Drake but the faithful trade-wind scattering the smoke, the fogs that will begin to muster about sundown, and the fine bulk of Tamalpais looking down on San Francisco, like Arthur's Seat on Edinburgh.

Thus, in the course of a generation only, this city and its suburb have arisen. Men are alive by the score who have hunted all over the foundations in a dreary waste. I have dined, near the "punctual centre" of San Francisco, with a gentleman (then newly married) who told me of his former pleasures, wading with his fowling-piece in sand and scrub, on the site of the house where we were dining. In this busy, moving generation, we have all known cities to cover our boyish playgrounds, we have all started for

a country walk and stumbled on a new suburb; but I wonder what enchantment of the Arabian Nights can have equalled this evocation of a roaring city, in a few years of a man's life, from the marshes and the blowing sand. Such swiftness of increase, as with an overgrown youth, suggests a corresponding swiftness of destruction. The sandy peninsula of San Francisco, mirroring itself on one side in the bay, beaten, on the other, by the surge of the Pacific, and shaken to the heart by frequent earthquakes, seems



SAN FRANCISCO.—II.: IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.

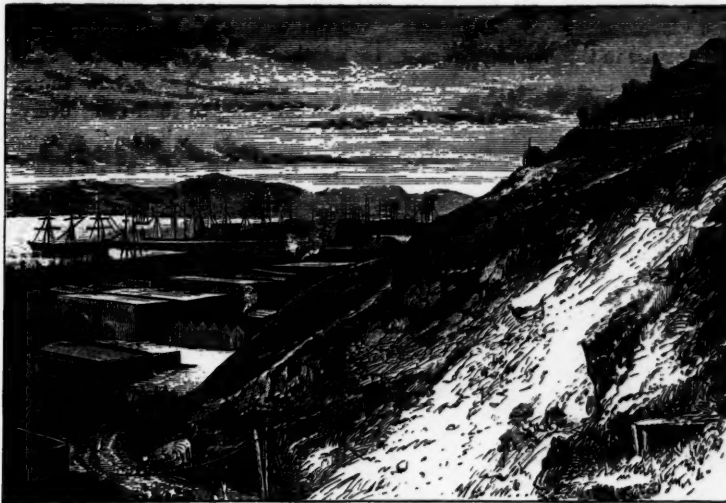
in itself no very durable foundation. According to Indian tales, perhaps older than the name of California, it once rose out of the sea in a moment, and some time or other shall, in a moment, sink again. No Indian, they say, cares to linger on that doubtful land. "The earth hath bubbles as the water has, and this is of them." Here, indeed, all is new, nature as well as towns. The very hills of California have an unfinished look; the rains and the streams have not yet carved them to their perfect shape. The forests spring like mushrooms from the unexhausted soil; and they are mown down yearly by the forest fires. We are in early geological epochs, changeful and insecure; and we feel, as with a sculptor's model, that the author may yet grow weary of and shatter the rough sketch.

Fancy apart, San Francisco is a city beleaguered with alarms. The lower parts, along the bay side, sit on piles: old wrecks decaying, fish dwelling unsunned, beneath the populous houses; and a trifling subsidence might drown the business quarters in an hour. Earthquakes are not only common, they are sometimes threatening in their violence; the fear of them grows yearly on a resident; he begins with indifference, ends in sheer panic; and no one feels safe in any but a wooden house. Hence it comes that, in that rainless clime, the whole city is built of timber—a woodyard of unusual extent and complication; that fires spring up readily, and, served by the unwearied trade-wind, swiftly spread; that all over the city there are fire-signal boxes; that the sound of the bell, telling the number of the threatened ward, is soon familiar to the ear; and that nowhere else in the world is the art of the fireman carried to so nice a point.

Next, perhaps, in order of strangeness to the speed of its appearance, is the mingling of the races that combine to people it. The town is essentially not Anglo-Saxon; still more essentially not American. The Yankee and the Englishman find themselves alike in a strange country. There are none of these touches—not of nature, and I dare scarcely say of art—by which the Anglo-Saxon feels himself at home in so great a diversity of lands. Here, on the contrary, are airs of Marseilles and of Pekin. The shops along the street are like the consulates of different nations. The passers-by vary in feature like the slides of a magic-lantern. For we are here in that city of gold to which adventurers congregated out of all the winds of heaven; we are in a land that till the other day was ruled and peopled by the countrymen of Cortés; and the sea that laves the piers of San Francisco is the ocean of the east and of the isles of summer. There goes the Mexican, unmistakable; there the blue-clad Chinaman with his white slippers; there the soft-spoken, brown Kanaka, or perhaps

a waif from far-away Malaya. You hear French, German, Italian, Spanish, and English indifferently. You taste the food of all nations in the various restaurants; passing from a French *prix-fixe*, where every one is French, to a roaring German ordinary where every one is German; ending, perhaps, in a cool and silent Chinese tea-house. For every man, for every race and nation, that city is a foreign city, humming with foreign tongues and customs; and yet each and all have made themselves at home. The Germans have a German theatre and innumerable beer-gardens. The French Fall of the Bastille is celebrated with squibs and banners, and marching patriots, as noisily as the American Fourth of July. The Italians have their dear domestic quarter, with Italian caricatures in the windows, Chianti and polenta in the taverns. The Chinese are settled as in China. The goods they offer for sale are as foreign as the lettering on the signboard of the shop: dried fish from the China seas; pale cakes and sweetmeats—the like, perhaps, once eaten by Badroubadour; nuts of unfriendly shape; ambiguous, outlandish vegetables, misshapen, lean or bulbous—telling of a country where the trees are not as our trees, and the very back garden is a cabinet of curiosities. The joss-house is hard by, heavy with incense, packed with quaint carvings and the paraphernalia of a foreign ceremonial. All these you behold, crowded together in the narrower arteries of the city, cool, sunless, a little mouldy, with the unfamiliar faces at your elbow, and the high, musical sing-song of that alien language in your ears. Yet the houses are of Occidental build; the lines of a hundred telegraphs pass, thick as a ship's rigging, overhead, a kite hanging among them perhaps, or perhaps two, one European, one Chinese, in shape and colour; mercantile Jack, the Italian fisher, the Dutch merchant, the Mexican vaquero go hustling by; at the sunny end of the street, a thoroughfare roars with European traffic; and meanwhile high and clear, out breaks, perhaps, the San Francisco fire alarm, and people pause to count the strokes, and in the stations of the double fire-service you know that the electric bells are ringing, the traps opening and clapping to, and the engine, manned and harnessed, being whisked into the street, before the sound of the alarm has ceased to vibrate on your ear. Of all romantic places for a boy to loiter in, that Chinese quarter is the most romantic. There, on a half-holiday, three doors from home, he may visit an actual foreign land, foreign in people, language, things, and customs. The very barber of the Arabian Nights shall be at work before him, shaving heads; he shall see Aladdin playing on the streets; who knows, but among those nameless vegetables, the fruit of the nose-tree itself may be exposed for sale? And the interest is heightened with a chill of horror.

Below, you hear, the cellars are alive with mystery; opium dens, where the smokers lie one above another, shelf above shelf, close-packed and grovelling in deadly stupor; the seats of unknown vices and cruelties, the



SAN FRANCISCO.—III.: THE TAIL OF THE SHIPPING.

prisons of unacknowledged slaves and the secret lazarettos of disease.

With all this mass of nationalities, crime is common. Amid such a competition of respectabilities, the moral sense is confused; in this camp of gold-seekers, speech is loud and the hand ready. There are rough quarters where it is dangerous o' nights; cellars of public entertainment which the wary pleasure-seeker chooses to avoid. Concealed weapons are unlawful, but the law is continually broken. One editor was shot dead while I was there; another walked the streets accompanied by a bravo, his guardian angel. I have been quietly eating a dish of oysters in a restaurant, where, not more than ten minutes after I had left, shots were exchanged and took effect; and one night about ten o'clock, I saw a man standing watchfully at a street-corner with a long Smith-and-Wesson glittering in his hand behind his back. Somebody had done something he should not, and was being looked for with a vengeance. It is odd, too, that the seat of the last vigilance committee I know of—a mediæval *Vehmgericht*—was none other than the Palace Hotel, the world's greatest caravanserai, served by lifts and lit with electricity; where, in the great glazed court, a band nightly discourses music from a grove of palms. So do extremes meet in this city of contrasts: extremes of wealth and poverty, apathy and excitement, the conveniences of civilisation and the red justice of Judge Lynch. The streets lie straight up and down

the hills, and straight across at right angles, these in sun, those in shadow, a trenchant pattern of gloom and glare; and what with the crisp illumination, the sea-air singing in your ears, the chill and glitter, the changing aspects both of things and people, the fresh sights at every corner of your walk—sights of the bay, of Tamalpais, of steep, descending streets, of the outspread city—whiffs of alien speech, sailors singing on shipboard, Chinese coolies toiling on the shore, crowds brawling all day in the street before the Stock Exchange—one brief impression follows and obliterates another, and the city leaves upon the mind no general and stable picture, but a profusion of airy and incongruous images, of the sea and shore, the east and west, the summer and the winter.

In the better parts of the most interesting city there is apt to be a touch of the commonplace. It is in the slums and suburbs that the city dilettante finds his game. And there is nothing more characteristic and original than the outlying quarters of San Francisco. The Chinese district is the most famous; but it is far from the only truffle in the pie. There is many another dingy corner, many a young antiquity, many a *terrain vague* with that stamp of quaintness that the city lover seeks and dwells on; and the indefinite prolongation of its streets, up hill and down dale, makes San Francisco a place apart. The same street in its career visits and unites so many different classes of society, here echoing with drays, there lying decorously silent between the mansions of Bonanza millionaires, to founder at last among the drifting sands beside Lone Mountain cemetery, or die out among the sheds and lumber of the north. Thus you may be struck with a spot, set it down for the most romantic of the city, and, glancing at the name-plate, find it is on the same street that you yourself inhabit in another quarter of the town.

The great net of straight thoroughfares lying at right angles, east and west and north and south, over the shoulders of Nob Hill, the hill of palaces, must certainly be counted the best part of San Francisco. It is there that the millionaires are gathered together, vying with each other in display; and you may see by our first illustration something of how they look down upon the business wards of the city. That is California Street. Far away down you may pick out a

building with a little belfry; and that is the Stock Exchange, the heart of San Francisco: a great pump we might call it, continually pumping up the savings of the lower quarters into the pockets of the millionaires upon the hill. But these same thoroughfares that enjoy for awhile so elegant a destiny have their lines prolonged into more unpleasant places. Some meet their fate in the sands; some must take a cruise in the ill-famed China quarters; some run into the sea; some perish unwept among pig-styes and rubbish-heaps.



SAN FRANCISCO.—IV.: OUTLYING BITS.

Nob Hill comes, of right, in the place of honour; but the two other hills of San Francisco are more entertaining to explore. On both there are a world of old wooden houses snoozing together all forgotten. Some are of the quaintest design, others only romantic by neglect and age. Some have been almost undermined by new thoroughfares, and sit high up on the margin of the sandy cutting, only to be reached by stairs. Some are curiously painted, and I have seen one at least with ancient carvings panelled in its wall. Surely they are not of Californian building, but far voyagers from round the stormy Horn, like those who sent for them and dwelt in them at first. Brought to be the favourites of the wealthy, they have sunk into these poor, forgotten districts, where, like old town toasts, they keep each other silent countenance. Telegraph Hill and Rincon Hill, these are the two dozing quarters that I recommend to the city dilettante. There stand these forgotten houses, enjoying the unbroken sun and quiet. There, if there were such an author, would the San Francisco Fortuné de Boisgobey pitch the first chapter of his mystery. But the first is the quainter of the two. It is from Telegraph Hill or the near neighbourhood of North Reach, that our three last illustrations have been taken; but the camera and the graver are unromantic tools, and the strangeness and interest have been somehow lost between the pair. Visited under

the broad natural daylight, and with the relief and accent of reality, these scenes have a quality of dreamland and of the best pages of Dickens. Telegraph Hill, besides, commands a noble view; and as it stands at the turn of the bay, its skirts are all waterside, and round from North Reach to the Bay Front you can follow doubtful paths from one quaint corner to another. Everywhere the same tumble-down decay and sloppy progress, new things yet unmade, old things tottering to their fall; every-

where the same out-at-elbows, many-nationed loungers at dim, irregular grog-shops; everywhere the same sea-air and isletted sea-prospect; and for a last and more



SAN FRANCISCO.—V.: OUTLYING BITS.

romantic note, you have on the one hand Tamalpais standing high in the blue air, and on the other the tail of that long alignment of three-masted, full-rigged, deep-sea ships that make a forest of spars along the eastern front of San Francisco. In no other port is such a navy congregated. For the coast trade is so trifling, and the ocean trade from round the Horn so large, that the smaller ships are swallowed up, and can do nothing to confuse the majestic order of these merchant princes. In an age when the ship-of-the-line is already a thing of the past, and we can never again hope to go coasting in a cock-boat between the "wooden walls" of a squadron at anchor, there is perhaps no place on earth where the power and beauty of sea architecture can be so perfectly enjoyed as in this bay.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



Some-Beauty.

"*MINE* be a cot," for the hours of play,
 Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway,
 Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,
 And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
 And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
 Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
 And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
 And do nought in the world (but Work) by halves,
 From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"
 To watching the cat in the apple-tree.

O Art of the Household! Men may prate
 Of their ways "intense" and Italianate,—
 They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
 To the au delà and the dim remote,—
 Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
 'Tis the Art at the Door that will please the best;
 To the end of Time 'twill be still the same,
 For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

WOMEN AT WORK: DECORATION.



IN the beautifying of the home there are several branches of art which seem especially adapted to the more refined taste and delicate handling of women—such, for instance, as the floral decoration of panels, mirrors, and doors, the painting of tapestry, and the production of artistic embroideries. Since the art-schools have been established there is scarcely a family in which there is not at least one daughter with talent enough to be useful in home decoration. A visit to the studios of some artists in Rome and Florence gives a good idea of how useful such a talent may be made.

At Rome, in the studio of Mdme. Schmidt, *née* Baroness Von Preuschen (born at Darmstadt), are to be seen some masterly floral panels and *portières* in painted tapestry. Many of the German palaces are enriched by her work, and, at Windsor, our own Queen possesses a triptych screen of hers and a panel with sunflowers. Her great decorative picture, "Cleopatra's Chamber," inspired a German critic with the remark that "the Baroness Von Preuschen was the creator of a new *genre*, that of historical still life." Similar in kind is the art of Miss Aumonier, who is already known as one of our best flower-painters by her exhibits at the Dudley, the Grosvenor, and the British Artists. As a designer of floral panels she is not to be surpassed. A tapestry panel now in her studio is a charming and original mingling of ideal with decorative art. The centre, "Spring," is a graceful Watteau-like subject set in floral and ornamental scrolls. It forms one of a projected series of the Four Seasons. Still more beautiful is a "piano back," designed to make that ungainly instrument pleasing to the eye even when placed in the middle of the room. It is a lovely study of olive, browns, and yellows, painted on old gold satin. It represents a lake with reeds, rushes, yellow iris, and water-lilies; a long diminishing flight of swallows skims across the waters in chase of a green-blue dragon-fly. Miss Aumonier is also very successful in her designs for artistic chintzes and wall-papers, a branch of decorative art in which some advanced students in our art-schools might achieve much. Her studio is in the Ladies' Art College, 38, Via degli Artisti, Rome, where Miss Mayor is making a successful effort to found a school of decorative art

under the superintendence of Professor Bruschi, the best master of fresco painting of the day. It is Miss Mayor's ambition to make the college self-supporting; and if sufficient funds can be obtained to purchase the premises, to have the entire decorations done by the pupils themselves. Miss Mayor has also instituted an evening school for the young people who earn their living as models. The students voluntarily undertake their instruction. There is an attendance of between fifty and sixty.

In Florence a young Italian artist, Signorina Linda Rocchi, has attained a very high standard of excellence in floral painting. Nothing can be more poetical than her panel in tempera, the "Coming of Spring"—a low-lying chain of blue mountains, with a flight of swallows shooting across the expanse of sky, each one of whom bears on his outspread wings some one or other of the flowers of spring. Signorina Rocchi has decorated a large mirror with a bunch of natural palm-willows and rushes, which on one side nearly hide the frame. To complete the effect, a branch of willow is painted across the lower corner of the mirror, in which a dove sits in her nest, while her mate is flying towards her across the glass.

Florence, however, boasts in Fraulein Anna Fries, of an artist who has taken higher flights than any of these. Her taste for art is hereditary, her grandfather being a well-known painter at Zurich. The family not being very prosperous, Anna, at nineteen, determined to strike out an independent career, and after a struggle against the fears and prejudices of her friends, she started with her sister for Holland, where she painted portraits, one of her patrons being the Queen of Holland herself. On her sister's marriage she came to Italy, and here the works of the early Florentines fired her with new ambition. She became a good fresco painter, and her hand has adorned many a palace and villa. It became a familiar sight to see the slim young artist swinging in her wooden cradle high in air, as with bold strokes she painted a grand design on some immense façade. One of her most successful achievements is the Villa Aurora, at Careggi, which is rich and harmonious in no mean degree. The designs in *sggraffiti* on the first storey are Roman, the upper part is more Pompeian, and the centre of the façade is enriched with a copy in fresco of Guido's "Aurora." In the medallion frescoes on either side the artist was allowed to be original, and to produce graceful little allegories of "Spring Driving away Winter," and

"Autumn Triumphant over Summer." For a villa near the Porta San Gallo, Miss Fries has painted a very charming ceiling in fresco, with allegorical groups of children representing the Seasons. The conceptions are fanciful and original; the drawing is excellent in its foreshortening to suit the arched roof. One of her best works is the "Marriage of Neptune," painted in half-tempera for Prince Lieven, for a ceiling in Russia. It is an axiom with the artist that a façade should give an idea of what the house contains, just as an overture prepares the mind for the emotions of the opera. She has covered her own pretty villa with *sgraffiti* of artistic significance, while the front of Signor Schemboche's house is adorned with designs emblematic of photography, an allegory of Apollo filling the frescoed medallion on the upper storey.

What these ladies have done for colour Mrs. Freeman, the sculptress (30, Via dell Angelo Custode, Rome), has done for form. Her studio is full of delightful models for rendering home surroundings elegant and poetical. Her model for a chimney-piece, now in the Roman Exhibition, has on the entablature a frieze of babies representing the Happy Hours, and another frieze of Household Genii on the marble fender. Her bronze clock is not less sugges-

tive, the face being surrounded by a garland of exquisitely modelled children representing the Hours. There are weary and sad Hours, busy and joyous ones. The resurrection Hour of new day hovers above as an Angel contemplating a butterfly, and the Angel of Sleep holds the curtain of night. In the studio are some Gothic brackets, a cane-stand supported by three children, and terra-cotta flower-boxes for windows. Mrs. Freeman would render even our pianos beautiful. Her design for one, of a Gothic form, to be executed in carved wood, is harmonious, as is her model of an organ-case representing the Heavenly Choirs in the act of praise. Her models for the stucco decorations of a theatre are also very beautiful. The wife of a well-known American artist and author, she is herself of Italo-French extraction and of English training. Her feeling for art is pure and true. Sculpture, it is certain, has not been generally regarded as an art for women; but although there may be objections to their practice of it in its grandest expression, yet Miss Hosmer, Amalia Duprè, and Mrs. Freeman have shown that in its more delicate phases—especially in that of child-form—nothing can be more fitted for the expression of womanly emotion and tender poetic thought.

LEADER SCOTT.

"VIRTUOSITY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. J. MARTENS.



THE time is the Eighteenth Century; the scene is Rome, or Paris, or even London; the personages are two connoisseurs; the drama is one of virtuosity. The amateur in the chair has picked up a statuette of price, and picked it up cheap; the amateur on his legs is bending over to admire and envy the find. On the table—you may be sure that the artist has done wonders with the table-cloth—is more purchase of the same delicious kind: a Japanese vessel put to such base uses as the holding of flowers; and such a Proverb in Porcelain, such a Jemmy and Jessamy idyll in Pâte Tendre, as Mr. Austin Dobson, a "Horace in biscuit," delights to write about. The heroes of the play are mellow with virtuosity and tobacco. It is evident that they would scorn the modern *Æsthete*, with his daffodils and his cigarette and his green and yellow melancholy, as religiously as though, instead of being their lineal descendant and the heir of all their little follies, he were a creature of another breed. For they are obviously

the children of an imperfect civilisation, and their Theory of Art is miserably inorganic and incomplete. They are quite prepared, in the words of their own delightful poet, to

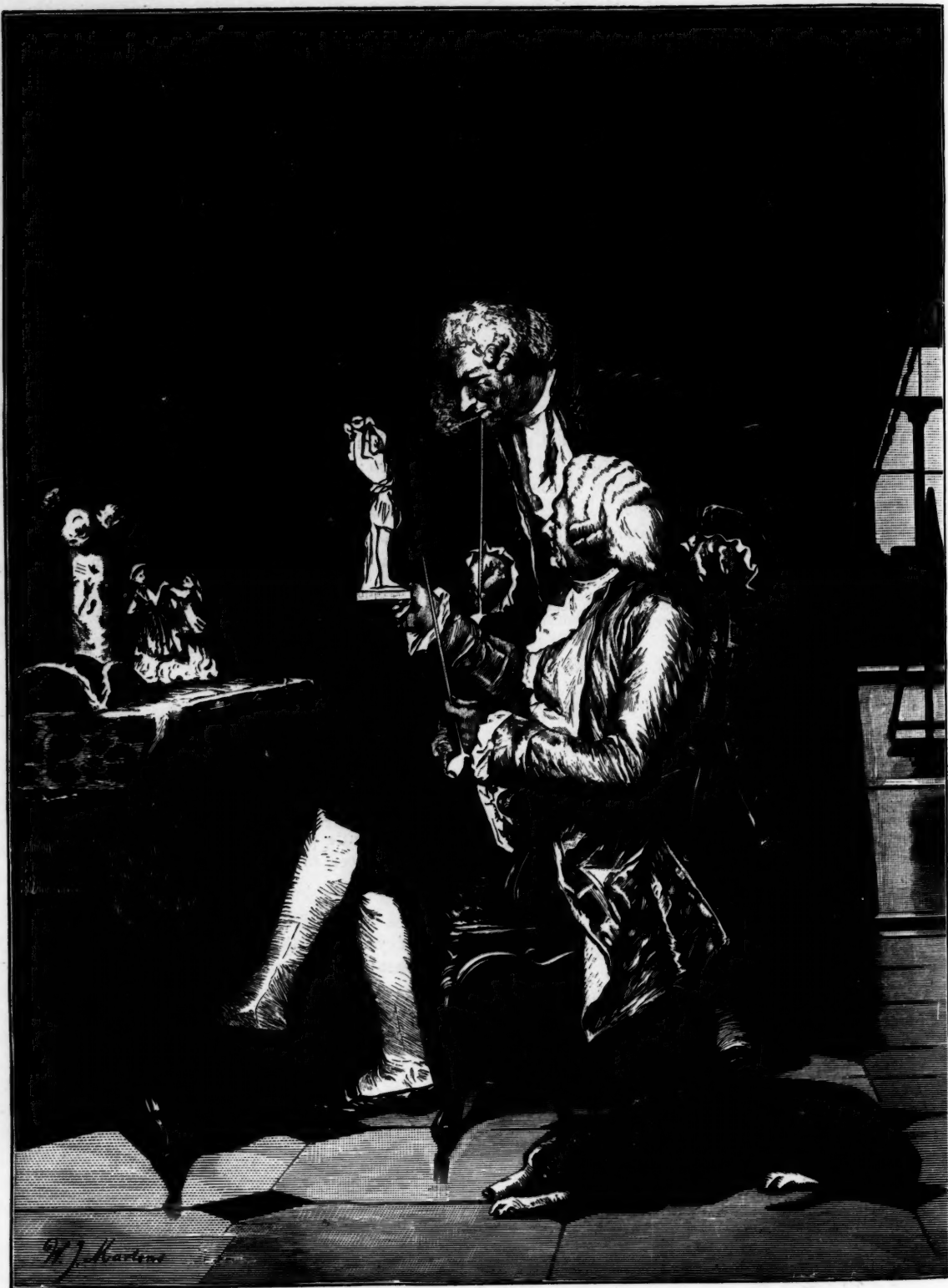
"Grow eloquent on glaze and classing,
And half-pathetic over 'states.'"

But if you bade them "live up to" so much as the least of their treasures, they would probably, so mournful is their ignorance, regard you as some dismal lunatic—a Bedlamite of the arts, a person to be barbered and blistered and chained

"'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,"

till your five wits were mercifully restored to you, and you were capable of reason and a yard of clay once more.

Rightly considered, this is a lesson in sociology. The audacities of one age are the commonplaces of the next. The Connoisseur develops into the *Æsthete*; the Mohock turns Man about Town; the spirit of Fielding becomes the spirit of Thackeray. It is evident that Development and Advance are not always convertible terms.



VIRTUOSITY.

(From the Picture by W. J. Martens.)



PLATEAU: THE RAPE OF THE SABINES.

(Ascribed to Cellini. German or Flemish Work; Late Renaissance.)

MORE ABOUT BENVENUTO CELLINI.

WHATEVER weaknesses may be found in Benvenuto's character, he was certainly quite free from the weakness of undervaluing his own achievements in any direction; and he seems to have been quite as proud of his performances as an artilleryman, as of the great "Perseus" itself. In the year 1527 the Constable de Bourbon, at the head of an army of 40,000

men, composed for the most part of the completest ruffians in Europe, assaulted, entered, and sacked—with every circumstance of atrocity—the city of Rome. Their leader fell at the beginning of the attack. And Benvenuto Cellini declares that it was a ball from his arquebuss which killed him. He—Benvenuto—was near the city wall at the point where

the chief attack was being made. He and his companions were all armed—as most men had to be at that time; and the artist was a practised marksman. Looking through the smoke and dust of the conflict as well as he could, he perceived—I give his own words—"a knot of battle closer and more crowded than the rest. I took aim precisely at one whom I saw raised up above the others: but the cloud of dust prevented me from seeing whether he was on horseback or afoot. Turning to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bade them fire off their arquebusses, and taught them what to do to avoid being hit themselves by those outside. When we had each fired twice, I looked out cautiously from the wall, and beheld an extraordinary tumult among them, and it was that our volley had killed Bourbon; and it was he whom I had seen raised up by the others, from what I afterwards heard."

All the historians agree that Bourbon died from a bullet whilst he was leading his men to the walls with a scaling ladder in his hand. It may therefore well be that Benvenuto's story is true. But the Constable's death was of no service to the unfortunate citizens, as we know. It becoming evident that resistance was vain, and that the besiegers would soon overrun the city like a pack of ravening wolves, Benvenuto and his companions withdrew from the wall and made their way to the Castle of St. Angelo. When they arrived at the main entrance of the fortress, the enemy had already entered Rome, and some were following close at the heels of Benvenuto and his comrades. They just managed to rush into the castle before the portcullis was lowered. Almost at the same moment Pope Clement arrived by the private way from the Vatican, where he had lingered till the last moment, "not believing," says Cellini, "that the enemy could effect an entrance." Benvenuto, being on the battlements, found an unfortunate bombardier who had seen through a loophole his own house sacked and his wife and children massacred, and who in a paroxysm of anguish had thrown down his match, and was weeping and tearing his hair. Upon this he picks up the burning match, and with the help of sundry other bombardiers, turns certain pieces of artillery in the direction where he thinks them most needed, and kills a great number of the enemy. After this feat several of the Cardinals and gentlemen "blessed him and encouraged him greatly." The upshot was that he was made captain of the guns in the castle, and directed them during the whole time of the siege, which lasted from the 6th of May to the 5th of June, 1527. And in the course of this service he performed many doughty deeds. He says quaintly, but forcibly, "All my designs, and my beautiful studies, and my fine talent in playing music, were in the discharging of

that artillery." That is to say that he put the same quickness of eye and hand, the same proud confidence in his own powers, and the same red-hot earnestness and enthusiasm, into this work of destruction, that he put into his artistic pursuits. One incident led to his imprisonment years afterwards. Pope Clement, having well-founded fears as to the safety of the jewels of the Apostolic Chamber, secretly called to him Benvenuto Cellini, and gave him the commission to take them out of their gold settings, and melt down the gold. Benvenuto, the Pope, and a confidential servant shut themselves up in a chamber of the castle, and there the goldsmith unset a vast quantity of jewels of immense value, including those in the papal tiara, or triple crown. The naked gems were wrapped separately in paper, and sewn one by one into the clothing of the Pope and his servant Cavalierino. Afterwards Benvenuto melted down the gold, which amounted to about two hundred pounds troy weight, and carried it to the Pope, who thanked him and paid him twenty-five crowns, lamenting at the same time that he had not the means of giving more. A few days afterwards, the castle was yielded up, the Pope remaining there a prisoner. Benvenuto got out with the famous Orazio Baglioni of Perugia, who escaped at the head of a small band, and reached Perugia in safety.

In 1532 Cellini was forced to fly from Rome by reason of his having wounded a jeweller named Benedetto, by throwing a stone at him in a street brawl. The man fell as though dead; he was, in fact, supposed to be dead. Clement was one of Benvenuto's best patrons, as we know. The goldsmith had done much work for him: among it the medal in his honour which we have copied and engraved. But this was more than he could endure. On hearing of the murder, he ordered the governor of Rome to catch Benvenuto and hang him at once. The wounded man finally recovered, and was as well as ever. But meanwhile Benvenuto thought it prudent to make off, and take refuge in the kingdom of Naples. The incident—amidst the great number of stirring adventures in the memoirs—would hardly have been worth recording, but for a quaint word, which the writer sets down with all imaginable coolness. Describing his journey made on horseback, he says that he had a sum of money on his person, and therefore was obliged to exercise great astuteness and personal valour "in order not to be robbed and murdered, as is the custom in Naples" ("come è il costume di Napoli"). After a short time he returned to Rome. In October, 1534, Cardinal Farnese was elected Pope, and assumed the title of Paul III. The illegitimate son of this Pontiff, Pierluigi Farnese, was hostile to Cellini, who declares that he (the said Pierluigi) tried to have him

assassinated. There is nothing at all improbable in the assertion; for Pierluigi Farnese, created by his father Gonfaloniere of the Church, Duke of Castro, Marquis of Novara, and finally, in 1545, Duke of Parma and Piacenza, was one of the blackest sheep in the very dingy flock of Papal families and favourites. Benvenuto fled to Florence, and thence to Venice (which city he had never yet seen), in company with the Florentine sculptor called Il Tribolo. At Venice the pair were entertained by Jacopo Sansovino, the sculptor (also a Florentine), who lived there in great state, and was architect to the Republic. Sansovino and Cellini did not get on very harmoniously together: perhaps a little because they were both given to some arrogance of self-assertion, and also because Sansovino spoke slightly of Michelangelo. It must be owned to Benvenuto's honour that his admiration for and loyalty towards that great man never flagged or wavered.

After some time passed partly in Florence and partly again in Rome, Cellini, seeing that he had fallen quite out of favour with Pope Paul III., resolved on going to France, where he had reason to expect a very favourable reception from François I. The moment, however, was not well chosen; for in that year, 1537, François was more occupied with wars and rumours of wars than with the fine arts and their professors. On his way to France, Benvenuto passed through Padua, and was there nobly entertained by Cardinal Bembo, who by the way was not yet Cardinal, that dignity having been conferred on him two years later. Here, at Bembo's request, he made a medallion portrait of his host. And he amusingly describes how that, although "eminent in letters and poetry to a superlative degree, of this my profession his lordship knew nothing in the world; inasmuch as he thought I must have finished the portrait, when I had scarcely begun it;" so that he could not be got to understand that such a small thing should require so much time to finish it well. On account of the war between the Imperialists and the French, the only way open to get into France from those parts was by the Grisons. Benvenuto, describing his route, makes wonderful work with the foreign names: so that we read of "Valdistate" for Wallenstadt, "Usanna," for Lausanne, "Grano-poli" for Grenoble, and "Fontana Belio" for Fontainebleau. Altogether this first visit was not successful. The king, although gracious

to the artist, was evidently absorbed in other affairs. Even Benvenuto's patron, the Cardinal of Ferrara, as he calls him (Ippolito d'Este, son of Duke Alfonso of Ferrara) was able to do little for him. So he resolved to return to Italy, being dispirited in mind and sick in body.

He had not long been back in Rome before he was arrested and taken to the Castle of St. Angelo. His statement is that he was accused of having secreted gold and jewels belonging to the Apostolic Chamber, at the time of the siege of Rome, when, as I have told, he was employed by Pope Clement to take the jewels out of their settings. Whether he was really suspected of this, or whether the charge was merely a pretext, at all events it was made an engine for endeavouring to extort money from him; and Pierluigi Farnese it was who tried to get it. His imprisonment in the castle, and his escape from it, are perhaps the best known portion of his life. I cannot here do more than briefly touch on it. As he firmly refused to confess to any malpractices, or to pay a large sum of money, he was shut up in strict imprisonment. At first he was not harshly treated. But after his escape—accomplished by knotting sheets together and swinging himself down from a dizzy height—and recapture, he was put into a cold and filthy subterranean dungeon, where he saw visions, and pitied and admired himself hugely, and suffered much hardship. At length, by the good offices of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, who assured the Pope that François I. much desired his liberation, he was set free. On the 22nd of March, 1540, he set out for France. François treated him very generously, and in after-years Benvenuto compared his liberality with the somewhat mean treatment he got from the Florentine duke, Cosimo de' Medici. The first commission which Benvenuto received from the king was for twelve statues of silver, which statues were to serve as candlesticks for the royal table. They were to represent heathen deities, six male and six female, and to be precisely as tall as His Majesty, whose height, Benvenuto informs us, was about five

feet eight inches. The lodging assigned to Cellini, where for some time he lived and worked, was the famous Tour de Nesle, which belonged to the king, and was by him assigned to the Florentine. Cellini's salary was seven hundred crowns a year, the same as Lionardo da Vinci's; and altogether he was



MEDAL OF CLEMENT VII.: OBTVERSE AND REVERSE.

(By Cellini. In the British Museum.)

very handsomely treated, notwithstanding some quarrels with certain courtiers and dignitaries who for various reasons wished to snub him. It was whilst working at his great silver candlesticks in the Tour de Nesle (of which he usually speaks as the *Piccolo Nello*) that the artist was honoured by a visit from the king and his court:—the King of Navarre and his wife Marguerite de Valois, the Dauphin and Dauphine (Benvenuto's famous countrywoman, Catherine de Medici), the Duchesse d'Etampes (the king's mistress), and all the nobles. Benvenuto was hard at work with all his workmen, on the statue of Jupiter. He himself held a plate of silver in his hand intended for the body of the god. Of the workmen, some were making the head, some the legs, and so forth, after the master's clay model. There was a great noise of hammering and chiselling, in the midst of which the approach of the courtly visitors was unheard. Benvenuto, at work on the silver torso of Jupiter, had just been put out of humour by a little French boy in his employ; and he administered a kick to that luckless youth, which sent him flying across the workshop right into the stomach of his most Christian Majesty. "The king," says Benvenuto, "burst out laughing heartily, and I remained a good deal out of countenance."

Benvenuto made a great many important works for François: amongst others, the celebrated gold salt-cellar (engraved in our first article), which he minutely describes, and which is now at Vienna. He incurred the displeasure of the Duchesse d'Etampes, and, according to his own statement, she influenced

the king's mind against him. He tells a story of the Comte de St.-Paul saying to the king, who expressed some apprehension that the artist intended to leave

France, that if His Majesty would confide Benvenuto to his (the count's) care, he would insure his not leaving France, by the simple method of hanging him. Madame d'Etampes—to please whom the speech was made—laughed approvingly, and said that it would serve Benvenuto right. Whereupon the king smilingly replied that M. de St.-Paul had free leave to hang

Benvenuto Cellini the moment he could find an artist of equal merit to replace him. In the July of the year 1545 he left France, and in the following August arrived in Florence.

From this time forward, with the exception of a brief visit to Rome in the spring of 1552, he did not leave Tuscany again. His own sovereign, the Grand Duke Cosimo, employed him in several great works, the most important of which was the bronze of Perseus holding the head of Medusa, which still adorns the Piazza Vecchia. I do not know in literature a more extraor-

dinarily vivacious and moving narration than that which Benvenuto gives of the casting of the "Perseus." The force, reality, and fire of it are amazing; and yet perhaps there are not two consecutive sentences grammatically correct. The writer abandons syntax



THE NAUTILUS CUP.

(In the Collection of Her Majesty. Ascribed to Cellini.)

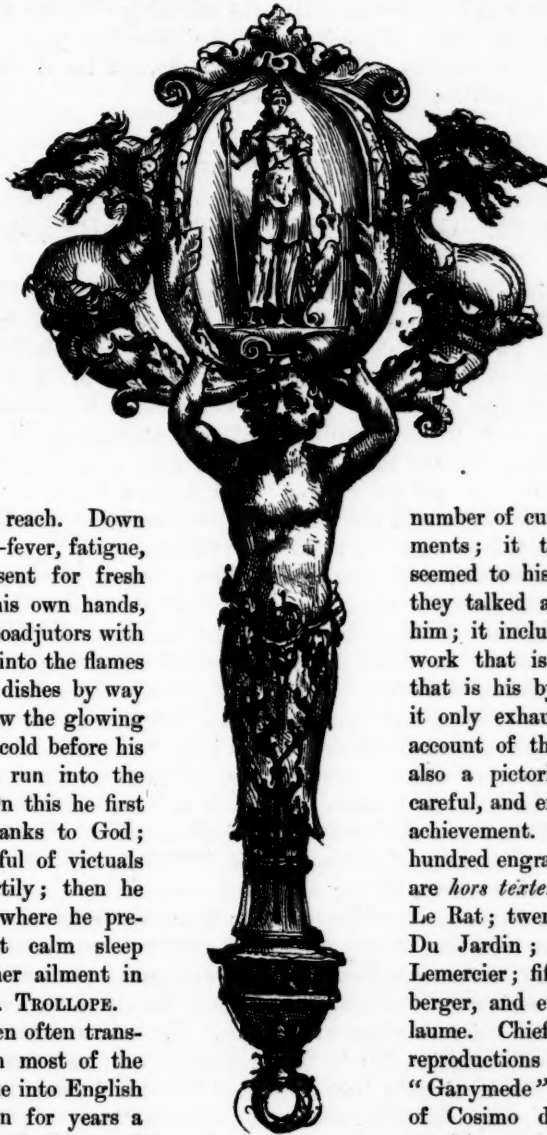
in his breathless hurry, and dashes onward with the gusty, irresistible impatience of a mighty wind. The whole operation of the casting was attended with even more than common anxieties and difficulties. In the midst of it the roof caught fire, and as the shed where the casting took place was in contiguity with the house, the alarm was very great. At length, after several hours of violent labour it appeared as though things were going well. But Benvenuto—worn out with fatigue and excitement—was assailed by a violent attack of fever. He gave minute orders to his work-people, and staggered away to bed, declaring that he felt himself dying. He had not long been lying down when one of his men rushed in, and in a lamentable voice announced that all was lost; that his work was ruined; and that no remedy on earth could be found for the mischief. No sooner had the words reached Benvenuto's ears, than he gave a roar "which might have been heard from here to the seventh heaven," and dashing out of bed, began to dress himself, with blows and kicks and oaths at every one who came within his reach. Down he rushed to the furnace—fever, fatigue, and all forgotten. He sent for fresh wood, he placed it with his own hands, he inspired his trembling coadjutors with hope and courage, he cast into the flames all his pewter plates and dishes by way of alloy; and at last he saw the glowing metal—stagnant and half cold before his arrival—grow liquid, and run into the form like melted wax. On this he first knelt down and gave thanks to God; then he turned to a plateful of victuals on a bench and ate heartily; then he went once more to bed, where he presently fell into a sweet calm sleep without fever or any other ailment in the world. T. A. TROLLOPE.

[His memoirs have been often translated, and may be read in most of the languages of Europe. Done into English by Roscoe, they have been for years a part of Bohn's "Standard Library." Done into French by Leopold Leclanché, and illustrated with nine elaborate

etchings by Laguillermie, they were issued last year by Quantin in a form that makes them not less precious to the book-hunter than they are in themselves attractive to the mere book-reader. The brilliant studies of M. Paul de Saint-Victor and Mr. J. A. Symonds are too well known to need more than a passing reference. The best and most important publication ever produced about the famous Florentine, however, is unquestionably the "Benvenuto Cellini" of M. Eugène Plon. In this magnificent volume (Paris: Plon et Cie, Rue Garancière) the author-publisher presents us with the results of years of study and research—in

Germany, in Austria, in France and Italy, and England, wherever a Cellini, authentic or ascribed, is known to exist. In the brief space at our disposal it is impossible to do more than describe it in general terms, and equally impossible to particularise its many points of interest. It resumes the substance of the memoirs and the "Trattata;" it is enriched with copious extracts from the artist's correspondence; it sets forth a great

number of curious and interesting documents; it tells us what Benvenuto seemed to his contemporaries, and how they talked and wrote and thought of him; it includes a double catalogue—of work that is really his, and of work that is his by ascription only. Nor is it only exhaustive and complete as an account of the man and his life; it is also a pictorial record—authoritative, careful, and exact—of the artist and his achievement. It is illustrated with a hundred engravings, eighty-two of which are *hors texte*. Thirteen are etchings by Le Rat; twenty-five are heliographs by Du Jardin; four are heliographs by Lemercier; fifty are drawn by Kreutzenberger, and engraved on wood by Guillaume. Chief among the Le Rats are reproductions of the "Perseus," the "Ganymede" of the Uffizzi, the bust of Cosimo de' Medici—reproduced on wood in our first article—and the curious portrait discovered by M. Eugène Piot. The author of this last work is un-



DESIGN FOR AN ORNAMENT.

(From a Drawing ascribed to Cellini.)

certain; and the portrait, which is painted on porphyry, may not be Cellini's. M. Plon, however, considers that Cellini's it is, and supports his theory with good argument. Of the remaining illustrations a very considerable proportion are devoted not to Benvenuto himself, but to the scores of unknown artists whose work has been attributed to him. Ewers, drawings, basins, cups, keys, armours, medals, coins, shields, sword-hilts, reliquaries, jewels—M. Plon examines all the doubtful pieces in detail, and as often as not presents us with an elaborate reproduction, in heliograph or on wood, of the object in debate. The volume, therefore, may be regarded not only as a study of Cellini, but as an account, pictorial and verbal, of much of the finest metal-work of the Renaissance. It is to this latter section of the illustrations that we are

indebted for our third picture, in which Kreutzenberger has drawn and Guillaume has engraved the beautiful Nautilus Vase in the Royal Collection at Windsor. This noble piece is in shell and silver and silver-gilt, and is certainly not Cellini's. M. Plon regards it as the work of one of the great artificers in metal of Renaissance Germany. In the fine plateau, engraved for this article, which represents the Rape of the Sabines, he distinguishes the hand of some German or Flemish artificer, of no special note and no peculiar individuality, but trained in an Italian workshop, and possessed of the Italian tradition and a full measure of Italian skill. As for the charming "Design for an Ornament" figured on the preceding page, it is certainly ascribed to Benvenuto, and his it may possibly be.—Ed. MAG. OF ART.]

THE GIRL-STUDENT IN PARIS.



THE decorous, easy-going English schools scarcely prepare one for the rougher, more business-like, and slightly Bohemian "École pour Dames." It is a startling plunge, but the effect is as refreshing and revivifying as that of a cold compared

to a warm bath. Make the plunge, come up, shake yourself all over, and set to work, and all your art-life you will be thankful that you have done so.

Our studio was situated in the Boulevard de Clichy, in the centre of one of the art-centres of the city. Above, beside, all round us, were *ateliers*. As we walked along a door would open, and a couple of young men in blouses come and lean against the door-posts for a breath of fresh air. Models seemed to people the place. The seats under the trees on the Boulevard were filled with Italian girls and boys eating their *déjeuner* between the morning and afternoon courses. They made charming groups sitting and chatting round the Fontaine Pigalle. As we hurried back to our own *déjeuner* we were sure to encounter a broad grin and a flash of white teeth from the negro to whom we gave a week some time ago, or a respectful salutation from the old man whose white beard was going to give us so much trouble in the afternoon, or a familiar little nod and smile from our last child-model, a fascinating imp who would not be still two minutes together.

Work begins at eight o'clock, or a few minutes later, for half a dozen of the most diligent students.

Except on Monday mornings, it is not till after the first rest at nine o'clock that the *atelier* becomes anything like full. But on Monday the pose for the week is fixed. M. Krug is always there, and the model mounts the platform and throws himself into different attitudes until he arrives at one which master and pupils all agree in liking. A white chalk mark is then drawn round his feet or the legs of the stool on which perhaps he is sitting, and we are left to begin.

In the meantime the easels have been placed, and the whole *atelier* is in lively motion, all of us trying to get the view we best like: some objecting to one position as being too like the one we had last week, some wishing for difficulties, others for ease. But at last we are all settled, and the position of each easel and stool having been chalked on the floor with the initials of its owner, work begins. For a time there is unwonted silence, broken only by a few enquiries, such as, "How many heads do you make him?" till the hands of the clock have reached nine, and some one calls time. Then the model relaxes his pose, leaves the platform, and crouches before the stove to warm himself; or later, perhaps, when the drawings are more advanced, he perambulates among the easels to see what we have made of him. Models take an immense interest in their representations, and not unfrequently ask you to give them the drawing you have just done. As for us students, the atmosphere is already growing very stuffy and bad, and we open the outer door of the studio and escape into the courtyard, where we walk up and down in true school-girl fashion, though

many of us may have long passed that age; or we go farther back still and play as heartily as children at ball, or battledore and shuttle-cock, or *les graces*, until some one inside, eager for work, puts her head out of the door and summons us with another call of time. Then back again for another hour, and yet another; and then, perhaps, after the eleven o'clock rest, the studio door opens and our master comes in, taking off his hat with a courteous "Bon jour, mesdames." He takes the place of the student at the nearest easel and goes carefully over the whole of her work, finding out with unerring eye all the faults of proportion in the first blocking out of the *ensemble*. He spends about five or ten minutes with each of the students, and his visit will be repeated morning and afternoon every day of the week.

This, I should add, is by no means the case at all the *ateliers* in Paris. In some of the most famous and best known you may be studying for weeks without seeing a master. This may do for very advanced pupils, who merely want opportunities and material for study, but it is not enough for beginners in the art of drawing the human form. Just at first the differences between the French and English methods seem to overwhelm one with difficulties. At South Kensington you have been obliged to put in the very toe-nails of a cast, even when, with all your eyes, you could not see a trace of them. At No. 11, Boulevard de Clichy, if you ventured on much more evident matters you were sure to hear, "Ne voyez pas ces petites choses." The great masses of shadow must be put in broadly and simply, and the lights left untroubled by shadows. "Clignez les yeux" is a very frequent counsel; and "You must be half blind to be a painter" is quoted to you over and over again by the older students. Perhaps, after four or five weeks' hard struggle, when your turn comes for the daily correction, you may have the happiness of hearing, "Premièrement, je vous dis, je vois beaucoup de progrès dans cette tête;" and the words cheer you on to fresh and greater efforts.

The afternoon work commences at one; but the model then is draped, and as a rule you study the head alone, not the whole figure, some painting and others

drawing it in charcoal. "Fusain" is the fashion just now in the Paris studios, and no one uses crayon. The model sits for four hours as in the morning, with the usual ten minutes' repose at each hour, and at five o'clock we turn our drawings to the wall and disperse to our various *pensions*.

Upon the choice of a *pension* depends in a great degree the pleasure or the misery of life in Paris. Money is not generally over-plentiful with the art-student; and she naturally seeks a place where she can live as cheaply as possible. It is hard to work well all day if she has to return to squalor and ugliness and unappetising food; and such things are only too common. During my three months I made two most unsuccessful ventures after a home. The third, however, was lucky; and I and a fellow-student found ourselves installed in two charming little rooms on the fifth floor, equipped with the special attribute of that floor, a broad balcony. Here on the bright May afternoons we used to give five o'clock tea, inviting all the choice spirits of the studio. In the evening after dinner there was the cheerful little salon to sit in, where there was often very good music, for many of our *pensionnaires* were studying at the Conservatoire, and elsewhere, for the opera. Or we practised our French by a chat with our hostess, or the Swedish girls who were there to see Paris and learn the language. Often our landlady would give us tickets for a concert; and a merry party would walk off through the brightly lighted streets to the Salle de Concert. But we art-students did not very often indulge in such dissipation, for bed at half-past eleven and breakfast at half-past seven is not a very possible combination.

Unlike her London sister, the Paris student has the opportunity of visiting the galleries on Sundays. The treasures of the Louvre, the great examples of modern art in the Luxembourg, the miles of pictures that confuse and bewilder you in the Salon, are all quite free on the art-students' one free day. There is a service at the English church at half-past eight; you can go to that, and then, under the trees of the Champs Elysées, await the opening of the Salon at ten o'clock.

Alice GREENE.

OUT OF DOORS IN SURREY.—I.

THE season matters not. One may study Nature as well in autumn as in spring, in winter as in summer. And if the season does not matter, neither does the place, or one might say still less does the place. A trained eye and imaginative mind can see so much in seeming barrenness that, as we all know,

magnificent pictures have been painted of the sands of Egypt and the rocks of Arabia—pictures that extort, no less by their ideality than by their truthfulness, admiration from all. Beauty is hidden everywhere—in night as in day, in winter as in summer, in the desert as in the fruitful valley. And if rocks

and sands can yield it, there is little fear that we shall fail to find it in green lanes, in meadows wet with dew, under hedgerows and on hillsides. And the beauty of Nature never dies, only changes; she is for ever renewing herself, so that each season has a separate phase of its own, unlike that which has gone before, yet not unlike, and, to a mind with any feeling or understanding for these things, wholly satisfying. "Seek and ye shall find" is as true of the quest for beauty as of anything else; and happy he—a jaded Londoner, for example—who has the

consolation of knowing that the search and its reward may begin almost at his door.

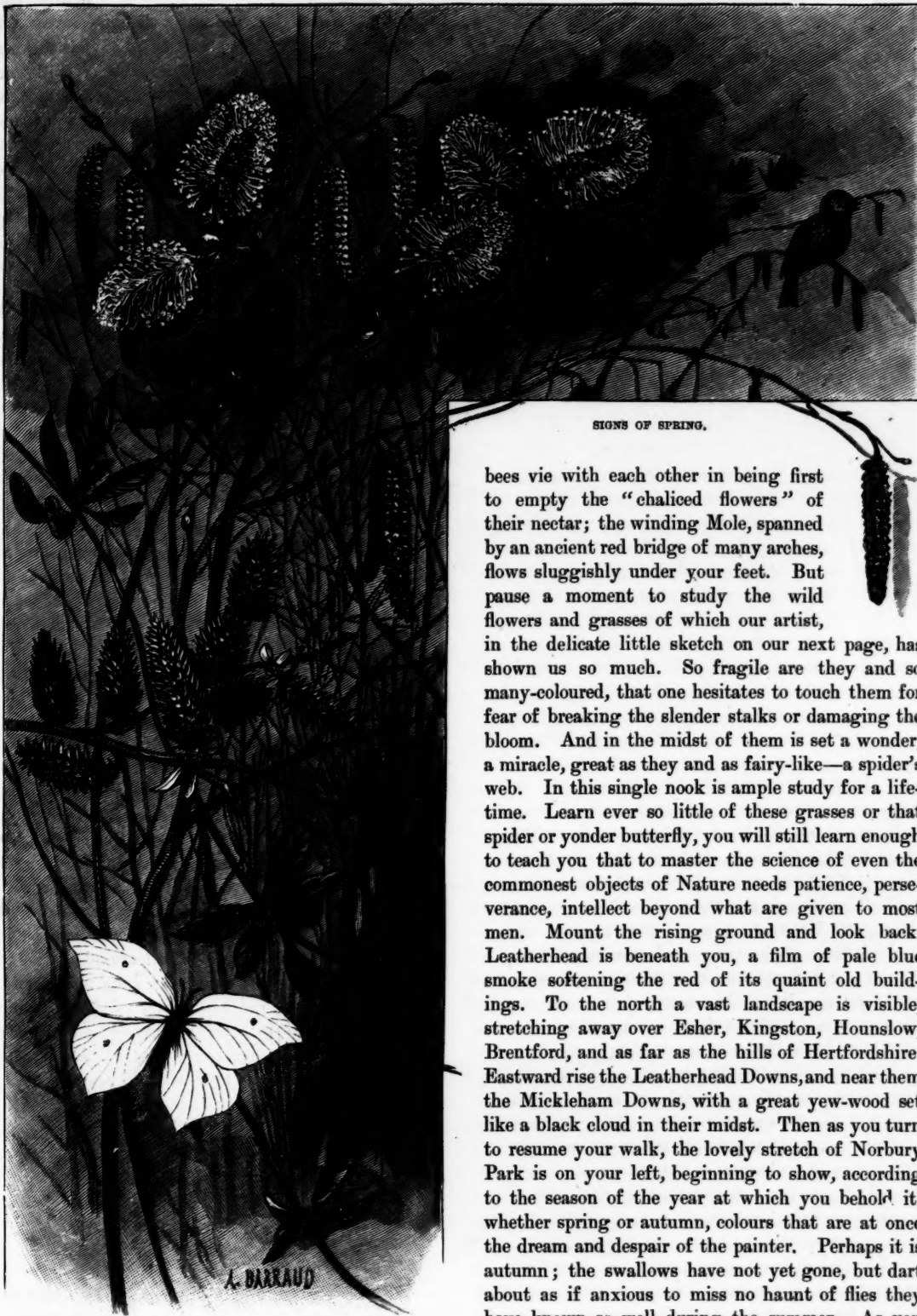
To ask a well-worn question once again—how many of us know anything, for example, of what lies a little, and only a very little, beyond the beaten tracks of railways and high-roads in the neighbouring county of Surrey? Is Kent an open book to all of us—Kent the chosen county of Darwin, prince of naturalists, and of others who find their work and their happiness in the mysteries of the mighty Mother? What do most of us really know of Hertfordshire and its characteristics—dark oak-woods and gentle pasture lands? or of Buckinghamshire, whose countless beech-woods are the delight of the bird-lover? Well, those whose experience is limited to highways must confess that even turnpike-roads are charming enough under happy circumstances. Your thorough-going pedestrian of course scorns them, for they give such easy walking, they are so devoid of interest, so innocent of adventure in comparison with by-paths which very likely lead to the middle of some dismal swamp, the abode of frogs, snails, newts, and other dwellers of the slimy desolation; and grass-grown lanes which may lead nowhere but to impassable barriers, or back, by tortuous ways, to your starting-point. But the thorough-going pedestrian is generally a mere "athletic man in purple stockings"—less concerned to drink Nature's lessons at her fountains than to go in and out among his acquaintance, and tell them how many miles he walked on a certain day, and in how few hours; and we may leave him to his devices. Had he a thought for anything but his own muscular development, he might linger for a little near some swamp, glad even there to learn a lesson.

He might see for himself how such an old bull-frog as is shown in our first picture gets his food, perhaps; or on what quest those dragon-flies hover and dart in and out among the rushes and buttercups; or—and a strange discovery it would be—whether the bull-frog's neighbour the snail is really as solitary as he looks, or whether he has a mate and a home. And the lesson would be wholesome.

There is one turnpike-road, and a well-known one too—that between Leatherhead and Guildford—that may be followed, for some distance at least, and give pleasure at every step. Such roadside grasses as we have drawn for you farther on hang heavy with dew; butterflies and



IN THE SWAMP.



SIGNS OF SPRING.

bees vie with each other in being first to empty the "chalice flowers" of their nectar; the winding Mole, spanned by an ancient red bridge of many arches, flows sluggishly under your feet. But pause a moment to study the wild flowers and grasses of which our artist, in the delicate little sketch on our next page, has shown us so much. So fragile are they and so many-coloured, that one hesitates to touch them for fear of breaking the slender stalks or damaging the bloom. And in the midst of them is set a wonder, a miracle, great as they and as fairy-like—a spider's web. In this single nook is ample study for a lifetime. Learn ever so little of these grasses or that spider or yonder butterfly, you will still learn enough to teach you that to master the science of even the commonest objects of Nature needs patience, perseverance, intellect beyond what are given to most men. Mount the rising ground and look back. Leatherhead is beneath you, a film of pale blue smoke softening the red of its quaint old buildings. To the north a vast landscape is visible, stretching away over Esher, Kingston, Hounslow, Brentford, and as far as the hills of Hertfordshire. Eastward rise the Leatherhead Downs, and near them the Mickleham Downs, with a great yew-wood set like a black cloud in their midst. Then as you turn to resume your walk, the lovely stretch of Norbury Park is on your left, beginning to show, according to the season of the year at which you behold it, whether spring or autumn, colours that are at once the dream and despair of the painter. Perhaps it is autumn; the swallows have not yet gone, but dart about as if anxious to miss no haunt of flies they have known so well during the summer. As you



walk along you see chaffinches busy in the road-way, in plumage of soberer hue than that they wore in May and June. "All the air a solemn stillness holds," for things are ripening to their death, and Nature knows it. Does the straight way of the turnpike begin to pall on you? When you have passed East Horsley you may turn aside to the left. At once you are in an ideal Surrey lane. Tall hedges of bramble and oak stand on high banks covered with autumn flowers and meet overhead. The leaves are aglow with all the colours the richness of the season affords; the air is full of the odours of autumn; through gaps here and there you get cameo-like views of the country on either side lying happy in the golden sunlight; and the wind goes through the branches above with that mysterious sound which, if a man could seize and put it into words, he would be a poet indeed.

The delights of such a lane are even fuller in spring than in autumn. What a wealth of wild-flowers for the botanist! What numbers of newly-

WAYSIDE GRASSES.

some of the remoter parts of Switzerland. Here in these woods a wayfarer may come upon an encampment of gipsies, as did the writer of these pages. One man was sitting in the entrance of a tent made of old and miscellaneous rags. He was clearly not such a jovial fellow as Whyte Melville sings of:—

"We've fowl of many a feather—
A turkey-poult and hen,
A moorcock off the heather,
A mallard from the fen,
A leash of teal, a thumping goose
As heavy as a swan;
He ought to wear his waistcoat loose
Who dines with Gipsy John!"—

but one who was glad by chopping wood to earn an honest penny, and help himself to do battle against

born insects, perfect and beautiful though clothed with so brief a life! Whata heaven of song for the poet! and what chances for the ornithologist to learn and learn and learn! The lark up aloft, the linnet on the bush, the butterfly flitting everywhere, the common weed by the wayside, each living its life with fulness and joy and love—what a lesson! Why, it is worth all the homilies in the world. Such "happy living things" are indeed, as in his second picture our friend the artist suggests, "Signs of Spring," and, as every one feels, brimful of eloquent teaching. At the end of the lane runs a broad green road, with a beechwood on either hand. Some of the trees are large and shapely enough to have charmed the heart of John Evelyn could he have seen them; and underneath, acre upon acre is covered ankle-deep all the year round with their scattered leaves. Evelyn, by the way, recommends that mattresses be stuffed with dried beech-leaves, and declares such beds to be a sovereign remedy against rheumatism; and indeed one has heard of such leaves being used for this purpose in

the damp chills of this secluded spot. A secluded spot indeed! Nothing can exceed the desolation of this part of Surrey, or the mystery that seems to brood over it on an autumn afternoon. There is the veiled sunlight, the blue vapour, the wind in the tree-tops, the pungent odour of decaying leaves; and that is all. Close at hand is a dilapidated farm-house, vine-covered and picturesque, but small and ill-built; the barns moss-grown and rickety, so that the rats and spiders that have made their homes therein seem to have little to fear from man's intrusion. Indeed, just such inhabitants as you see in our picture below may be found in most of the out-buildings of this old farm. There, not often disturbed by the foot-fall of man, they lead happy lives, conscious of their immunity, for the most part, from traps or terriers. Sometimes a wayworn tramp scares them for a little from their accustomed haunts, as he flings his weary body on any heap of straw that the barn contains. Sometimes also the farm-house cat makes their lives a burden to them, as with vigilant eyes and terrible

claws she guards the newly-born kittens lately deposited in a corner. But there seems little other life about this habitation. Everything wears a worn-out look, and is very depressing. Autumn seems here to have made her perpetual abode; all things wear an aspect of decay, and inevitably remind a man of the inevitable end.

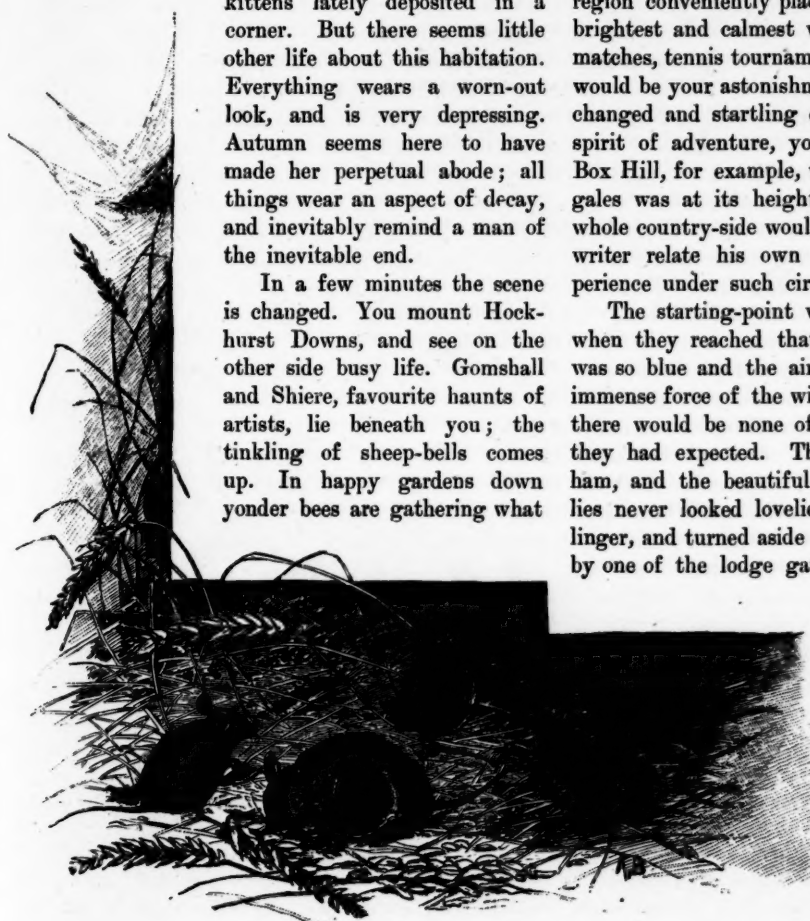
In a few minutes the scene is changed. You mount Hock-hurst Downs, and see on the other side busy life. Gomshall and Shiere, favourite haunts of artists, lie beneath you; the tinkling of sheep-bells comes up. In happy gardens down yonder bees are gathering what

Mr. Barraud calls their "Spring Harvest" (if you chance to be there in May), or (if in autumn) you may see a few drowsy stragglers peering into late roses or tall hollyhocks, hardly conscious of what they are about, perhaps, but happily oblivious of the dark days coming. Plenty seems to have dulled their wits and made them stupid. You lift your eyes and on the right is the famous ridge of Hindhead, and on the left the great spur of Leith Hill. Clouds are flying, and lights for ever shifting; the air stirs your blood, and you are once more on the move, to find at the station a train about to start. In you get, and are carried swiftly off through Dorking and Reigate and Red-hill, through the Merstham tunnel and the Caterham cuttings; you leave the wind-swept ridges of the desolate downs and are borne on until, at Croydon, you begin to smell London air; and then, alas! you are reminded that holidays, especially those taken in mid-autumn, are much like autumn days—they may be bright, but they are very brief.

Or, again: to you who know Surrey only as a region conveniently placed for day-excursions in the brightest and calmest weather, for picnics, cricket-matches, tennis tournaments, or coach-drives. What would be your astonishment if you could see it under changed and startling conditions. If, from a sheer spirit of adventure, you had determined to ascend Box Hill, for example, when one of the late autumn gales was at its height, the transformation of the whole country-side would have thrilled you. Let the writer relate his own and a fellow-traveller's experience under such circumstances.

The starting-point was Leatherhead again; but when they reached that pleasant old town the sky was so blue and the air so mild that, in spite of the immense force of the wind, they began to think that there would be none of that desolation and gloom they had expected. They set out towards Mickleham, and the beautiful vale in which that village lies never looked lovelier. They were tempted to linger, and turned aside into Norbury Park, entering by one of the lodge gates. More richly varied and

charming sylvan scenery than that of this park does not exist in England; but it may be mentioned with a passing sigh that only a part of its beauties are thrown open to the public without a written permission from the proprietor. Once inside the gates, a desire to see that famous group of yew-trees called the Druids' Walk



IN THE BARN.



A SPRING HARVEST.

seized the wayfarers;
but the necessary leave
had most unfortunately

not been obtained. The celebrated grove is probably unique. The trees are of untold age and gigantic size and girth. The branches of one old patriarch reach the ground all round it, and measure two hundred and thirty feet in circumference, and the solitude and gloom of the silent grove are said to be well-nigh appalling. Mr. Jennings, in his delightful book, "Field-paths and Green Lanes," gives a most strikingly suggestive description of this part of the park.

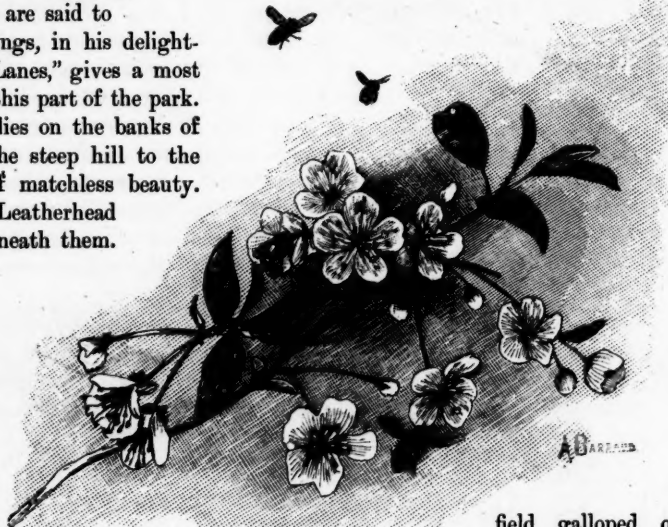
Passing the home-farm, which lies on the banks of the Mole, the travellers mounted the steep hill to the right, and then enjoyed a view of matchless beauty. To the east the little red town of Leatherhead and the vale of Mickleham were beneath them.

Above this latter village rose Juniper Hill, thickly clothed with dark foliage, and the Mickleham Downs. Then came the bold and abrupt elevation of Box Hill, seen to perfection now; then, farther west, dense masses of trees in all the richness of autumnal colouring, the dazzling green of the wet grass in the warm sunlight, the varied contour of the ground;

and, away to the south, glimpses of the distant weald of Surrey and Sussex, completed the picture of an

ideal English landscape. To one standing on this height the gale seemed to be gathering strength. Monstrous drifts of fleecy white cloud were swept over the sky; the wind roared past, and howled in the trees near. Suddenly was heard a dull crash. Down in the meadows beneath an elm had given up the hopeless

struggle, and now lay prone. It was shattered in a moment, and there seemed something almost human in the agony with which, a second or two before it fell, it wrestled with its destroyer. A number of horses in an adjoining



field galloped off in terror and dismay to

the farthest corner, and there formed very much as sheep will form to repel a common enemy. Mount-

ing to the wood, which was on ground still higher, there was startling evidence of what Nature can do when she is roused. Beech, oak, elm, chestnut, cedar, lime, yew, had alike contributed to the scene of desolation and ruin. Open rents in great trunks showed where branches, in some cases as large as the main stem of smaller trees, had been torn away by the force of the storm; the ground was saturated with the rain of the previous night; the air was full of whirling leaves, and the uproar was prodigious and even dreadful. Turning round—for the danger was considerable—the travellers made their way down to Mickleham. Here a pause of an hour was made; but in that hour a change had taken place. Clouds had come up and covered the sky—not the white and shining masses of the morning, but dark ominous-looking drifts—and the air was



A WAYSIDE HILL.

chilly. The village street was deserted—not a soul was to be seen. The wayfarers, emerging suddenly on to the bare side of Box Hill, were blown nearly off their legs. The higher they mounted the fiercer were the gusts, and now that the sun was

hidden the cold was very perceptible. A little shelter was gained when the first box-trees were reached—those on the right—and here a change occurred in the character of the gale. The wind, which had roared past on the open flank of the hill, changed

its voice and now literally shrieked through these bushes. They were distorted and contorted, twisted and tortured into every imaginable form, and as they were now laid flat on the hillside and then, by their own elasticity, rebounded, they seemed like so many scourges in the hand of a giant. When the thick wood of box and yew on the summit was reached, a scene similar to that in the woods of Norbury appeared. The ground was carpeted with the feathery shoots of the yew; tens of thousands of blood-red berries lay about; trunks were straining and groaning and branches creaking; twigs and leaves were whirled in all directions. The view through the gaps here and there was superb—much the same scenery as that of the morning, but how changed! The woods which, three hours earlier, had seemed ablaze with rich and radiant colours, now appeared dull and even sombre. The whole sky was black and overcast except where, westward, streaks of pale light lay on the dark and distant ranges. Leith Hill, with its pine woods, was of

inky hue, while the valley northwards was blurred by flying showers. The descent on the Dorking side was nearly as arduous as the ascent from Mickleham had been. There was something solid in the force of this wind, and reports from every part of the country told us what disaster and havoc it made. It will be long remembered even by those who did nothing more venturesome than force their way over Box Hill when its fury was greatest.

In conclusion, better advice cannot be given to the lover of nature than to make the acquaintance of the little county of Surrey, and even to learn it by heart. Its variety is astonishing. It holds within its narrow compass more than one busy and crowded and withal picturesque town, and countless recesses that have all the solitude and many of the characteristics of a Highland valley. The views from some of the famous hills are such as would surprise even a much-travelled man. One begins to understand something of the spirit of Turner's art or Constable's as, standing on the summit of Leith Hill or Newland's corner, one looks south. Light and shadow

follow each other majestically across the vast weald of Surrey and Sussex, and perhaps, as you turn westward and see mountains of cloud piled up over Hindhead, you may be enchanted with

"All that ideal beauty ever blest
The mind with in its most unearthly mood."

Nor is the county other than deeply interesting to the archæologist. Guildford, Godalming, Croydon, are well known; but less familiar, perhaps, are the old moated houses that are met with now and then. And the botanist may revel in the lanes and woods of Albury, where, in spring, acre upon acre is carpeted with every variety of wild flower. The geologist, too, is happy when he comes upon one of those curious "swallows" in the chalk under which the Mole sometimes burrows—in the region of Box Hill and elsewhere. And the tired city clerk or the toiling barrister may find in the gentle repose of the fields or the lanes, in the woods or on the hillsides, or by such pleasant wayside rillelets as are shown in our last sketch, that peace which the great world of London can neither give nor take. H. E. WARD.

THE LUGANO FRESCOES.



THE lake district of Italy, where the valleys of Monte Rosa and the Simplon slope down to the plains of Lombardy, may fairly be described as the country of Bernardino Luini. He was born at Luino, on the east coast of the Lago Maggiore, whose green hills command a noble view; and from his native place he derives his usual name of Luino Luini. He is said to have been Lionardo da Vinci's most famous pupil. His finest works bear strong traces of that master; but it is doubtful whether he ever came more nearly in contact with him than by attending as a student at the Academy of Fine Arts, founded by Ludovico il Moro at Milan, of which Lionardo was a director. But that he studied the great master both in design and colouring, there is no doubt whatever. He so imbibed his spirit that several of his works have been attributed to Lionardo. There is, however, in Luini's painting a tenderness, a grace, a spirituality peculiarly his own—a special sweetness, a characteristic and individual refinement.

We know but little of the lives of these painters of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. Their inner self speaks to us in their works. We can read there the piety, the simplicity, the courtesy and gentleness, the loftiness and power that moved them: but we long to know something more of the daily life of such a man as Bernardino Luini. Born and bred in the country, and not amid the strife of cities; nurtured among the loveliness of some of nature's fairest scenes, and under the wing of the good priest of the village, we can fancy how, with his love of art and eye for beauty, he grew up the simple, pious, tender soul his works portray him, with wife and children to beautify his path and keep his faith fresh and green.

Lugano is in the Canton Tessin, once part of the Duchy of Milan, but wrested from it by the Swiss, with other of its fairest proportions, in the beginning of the Sixteenth Century. It was still Italy when Luini painted there. Through all these centuries it has retained its Italian character, and is one of the most interesting towns of the lake district. Its situation on the borders of the romantic Lago Lugano is very picturesque. Its steep streets and long galleries of round arches are a good specimen of Lombard domestic architecture. The covered arcades are filled with shops and stands of all conceivable wares and goods, paramount amongst which are ready-

made clothes of every shape and hue. Above the town rises a stately church, the view from which is very lovely. And to all this the vegetation of the surrounding hills, the villas, the vineyards, the gardens, the walnut and chestnut trees, form a rich and varied background.

The Lago Lugano, about twenty miles long and only one and a half broad, is exceedingly irregular—smiling and gentle in its beauty near the town of Lugano, where stand the noble sentinels, San Salvatore and Monte Bré, watching both town and lake; wild and rugged near Porlezza, where the traveller from the loveliest lake of Christendom, the Lago di Como, embarks, after crossing the mountain road which leads from Menaggio; at its highest point commanding a magnificent view of both the large lakes and the two tiny beauties called Piano and Bene; then, finally, attaining a calm, majestic beauty near the southern shore, where the Monte Generoso lifts his head above all his brethren and looks down in quiet grandeur upon the green waters. It has its special beauties, diverse from the lakes of Como and Maggiore; and it reminds you of some of the Swiss, or even, here and there, of one of the Scotch lakes, in spite of the white villages gleaming on the hill-sides. At Lugano you do not often see the dream-like beauty of light and colouring—the vague, sweet softness, and delicate, translucent loveliness—which characterises Italian views. You cannot discover its varied graces all at once. To feel their impressiveness, you must search out the frowning ledges, where the mountain eagle fishes in the dark waters, or soars, with outstretched pinion, till he is lost in the blue above; or you must watch a thunder-storm, when the clouds descend on the craggy shores, and make weird effects of light and shade, as the thunder reverberates from side to side and loses itself in the bend of the lake in angry growls.

And to know all the beauty of the Lago Lugano you must climb San Salvatore, and pass through its paths, shaded by clusters of vine, fig, olive, and walnut trees, between steep banks of graceful cyclamen and blue gentian, to the pilgrimage chapel. Facing the north are the grim Matterhorn and the beautiful outline of the Monte Rosa chain, all gleaming in the morning sun. On the north-west stretches the Lago Maggiore; the river Tresa winds its way through a beautiful valley between that lake and Lugano; while still farther to the west are a crowd of smaller lakes. To the south, in the midst of the rich plains of Lombardy—"the fairest and most memorable battle-field of nations; the richest and most highly cultivated garden of civilised industry"—rises the white marble Duomo of Milan, with its ten thousand statues, like a

distant sail at sea; and to the far-away east may be seen the white peaks of the Bernese Alps touching the very skies. Lake Lugano itself lies at your feet, its steep borders studded with pretty villages, each presided over by its musical campanile, white and lustrous in the pure sun. Immediately below you, on the shore of the lake, is a church you passed on your way to the mountain. It is the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, and here are Bernardino Luini's frescoes. They are some of his latest and finest works, having been executed shortly before his death (about 1530), and they manifest all his virtues and his one great fault.

The church is spanned by an arch dividing the nave from the choir, and this chancel-screen is completely covered with Luini's fresco of the "Crucifixion." Viewed as a picture and as an essay in composition it is disappointing. It has Luini's one fault, of failure in combination. It does not unite as a whole, but is fragmentary in grouping and in action. Luini—like another great painter of the Lombard school, of kindred spirit, Sodoma—failed as a dramatist. Mr. J. A. Symonds says that his nearest approach to a dramatic motive is in this very fresco, where the Magdalene, kneeling at the foot of the cross, has flung back her arms in extremity of grief; but to me the figure seems stiff and constrained. The mounted centurion beside her is a noble study; and I find more dramatic action in the figure beyond, with its passionate appealing gaze at the outstretched Sufferer on the cross. The Christ is scarcely as impressive as you would expect; and there is so much side action to distract, so many groups, each one with its own special beauties, to study and admire, that you do not dwell on the central subject as you ought. The ivy-crowned Genius, sitting at the foot of the cross, is an exquisite figure, while the lovely group of the mother and her children, to the left—one might almost fancy they were Luini's own—are, both in drawing and colouring, perhaps the finest in the fresco. The Virgin swooning in the arms of her friends is less happy. There is a failing in tragic effect, and the group raises but little emotion in the observer's breast, while the St. John is not ideally great. The two figures on the piers of the arch are noble conceptions of St. Sebastian and St. Rocco. Hackneyed subjects as they are, they are treated with an amount of freshness and grace which stamps them as Luini's best work.

It is a wonderful fresco, with all its faults: a work that must have filled the heart and mind of the painter with ennobling thoughts and humble prayers. The upper part of the screen has various compartments, in which are portrayed different incidents in the life of our Saviour. The group of

angels above the cross is very beautiful—particularly in the two fair Presences who rest on the transverse beams; while another emotion is raised by the grotesque little gathering above the crosses of the thieves who have just expired. A good angel receives the white spirit of the Penitent Thief; while the Devil, with all the conventional horror of hoofs and horns, seizes on the wretched little black spirit of the reviler of Our Lord.

We must look at this fresco first; it is so prominent as we enter the church. But there are others for our study, less conspicuous, but more complete in their unity and simplicity, and most lovely in their tenderness and grace. Passing over a half-length of Christ, which is not specially attractive, we come upon a "Cenacolo" which has been removed from the refectory of what was the adjoining monastery, now converted into an hotel, after passing through an intermediate stage as barracks. It is a very fine work, reminding us of Lionardo's renowned "Supper," with which it may well bear comparison. There is much variety and depth of expression in the twelve Apostles gathered round the table, much as they are in the Milan fresco yet without any direct imitation. The St. John and the Judas (with the traditional cat at his feet) are not equal in conception to Lionardo's, but the other evangelists, full of animation and emotion, do not come far behind. There is the same sublimity and ineffable peace, though more of sadness, in the Divine

Figure in the centre, which is not, however, equal to that marvellous head of Da Vinci's, radiant with the repose of the peace that passeth understanding, combined with heavenly majesty and human tenderness.

But the gem of the Lugano Frescoes is the lunette in the side chapel—the Madonna and Holy Child with the youthful St. John—which formerly stood over a doorway in the inner court of the monastery. This picture awakes the tenderest admiration in the sympathetic student. It touches such a chord as must have stirred in Luini himself when he represented the sweet young mother, in all her modesty, nobility, and beauty, and with a spirituality of countenance which Raphael only attains in a few of his exquisite Madonnas—as, for instance, in the Madonna del Gran Duca, in the Pitti Palace in Florence, which greatly resembles this virgin-mother of Luini. The infant Jesus is full of child-like joy—an emotion Luini loved to portray—and turns appealingly for the sympathy, or permission, of His Mother, as he caresses a lamb which he appears to be attempting to bestride. The youthful St. John, already bearing the Cross, points with delight to the game that is going on; while the tender Mother, with arms encircling both children, watches her own precious boy with an expression of the greatest sweetness and love. It is one of Luini's most refined and graceful works, and haunts the memory like a melody of Mozart.

CATHERINE DUNCAN.

"ANDREAS HOFER AT INNSBRÜCK."

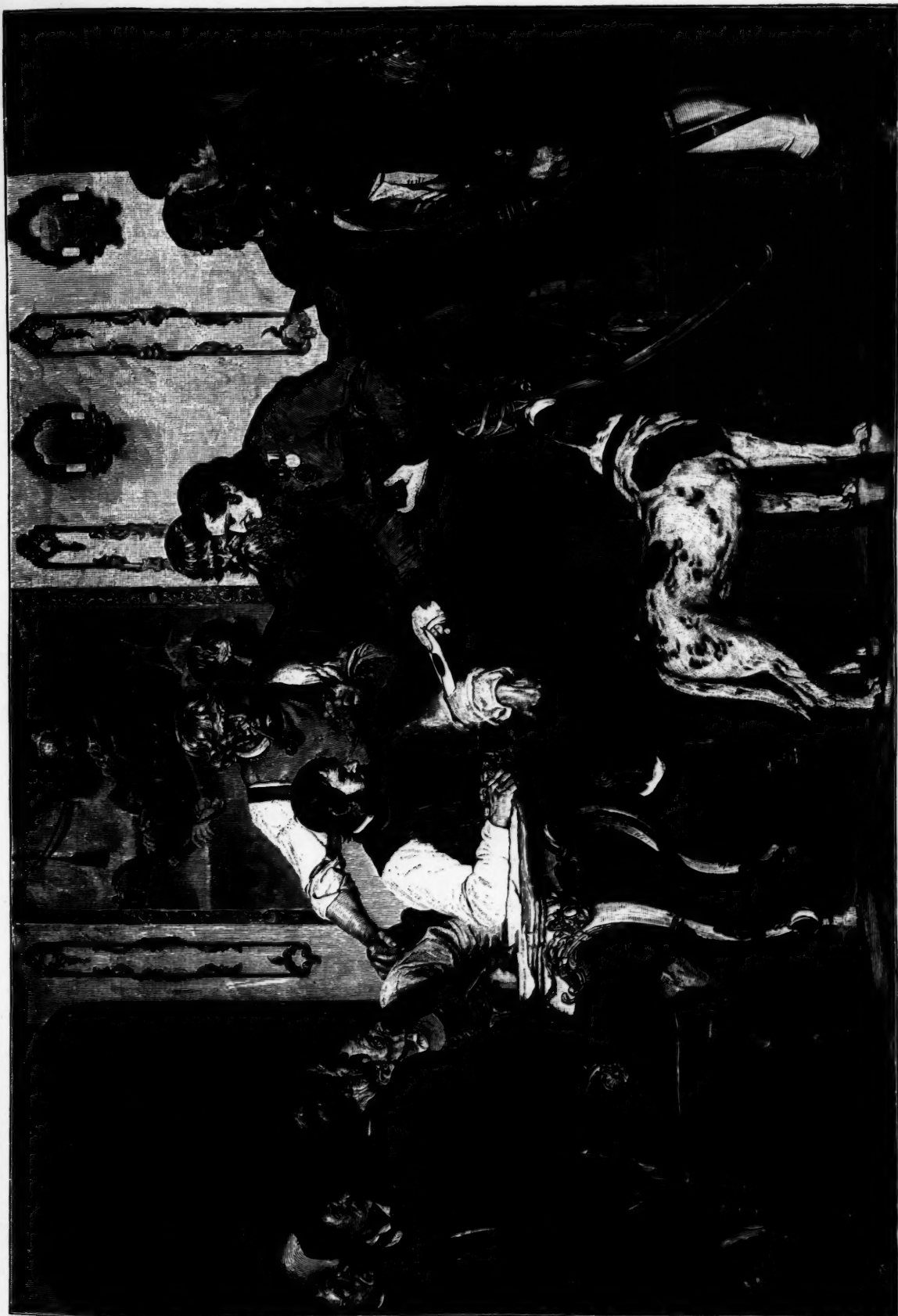
FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANZ DEFREGGER.

VISITORS to the Engadine will recall the Hofburg at Innsbrück. In connection with it, Herr Defregger represents a stirring incident in the eventful career of Andreas Hofer. He is receiving from an emissary of the Archduke his credentials as administrator of the Tyrol. The polished and courtly officer is effectively contrasted with the rough but picturesque figures of Hofer's followers, among whom are his intimate friends Speckbacher, Mayer, and Harpinger, while at the extreme left of the canvas is seen the Judas, Douay, the priest who betrayed him. Hofer is admirably delineated; the strong resolute face and noticeable beard and large frame are conspicuous by the slight and supple Austrian.

The picture represents Hofer at the pinnacle of his fame; it is the climax in a short but brilliant success. He has gained the most splendid of his many engagements; has defeated Marshal Lefebvre

and his horde, and forced him to evacuate the country. This was the 14th August, 1809. Two months later the Peace of Vienna was signed. At the bidding of the Archduke Hofer submitted to the viceroy of Italy, Eugène Beauharnais. All might yet have been well, in spite of the price put upon his head by Napoleon, if he had not been tempted by false news of fresh hostilities and Austrian successes to re-enter into the fray. It is surprising that he should have believed in any possibility of Austrian successes after his melancholy experience of his allies during the summer. Harassed on all sides, deserted by his men, he withdrew into hiding, refusing to take refuge in Austria. Betrayed by Douay, he was hurried to Mantua, and, after a mock trial, he was shot.

Posthumous glory is a happy inheritance; but in these days when the existence of heroes, however



ANDREAS HOFER AT INNSBRÜCK.
(From the Picture by Franz Defregger.)

respectable their testimonies, is doubted (unless indeed they have been our contemporaries), there is some fear that Hofer, in spite of poets, will share the fate of William Tell. Already writers have arisen who are bitter detractors from his renown, and who compare him unfavourably with the peasant leaders of La Vendée. But such authorities are French, and apologists of Napoleon. The next century may witness a burning controversy as to whether such a man as Hofer ever existed—and this in spite of his monument in the Hofkirch at Innsbrück. In connection with this monument, by the way, a singular instance of artistic sensibility is related. One among the competitors was so affected with grief and mortification at the preference shown by the Emperor Francis for the present design that he immediately fell ill and

shortly died. As if in justification of this unhappy man's grief (though not of his death), the statue has been subjected to severe criticism. But the name will live in the Tyrolean valleys as well as in English poetry. His countrymen might apply to him the noble language of Wordsworth to Toussaint L'Ouverture:—

"There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

They are not likely to forget how, in the heavy hour of Bavarian tyranny and French invasion,

"He came like Phoebus through the gates of morn,
When dreary darkness is discomfited."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AS WORKS OF ART.



MUSICAL instruments have been objects for adornment in all ages of art, from archaic times to its most florid development in the Renaissance period. They are, therefore, one of the best illustrations of the culture of every age and country.

Upon them the barbarous tribes of the old world and the new have lavished all the art of which they are capable, and the civilised nations of Europe have bestowed every care on their ornamentation. It would seem, indeed, that musical instruments are fitted to delight the eye of man equally with the ear, and the carver, the inlayer, and the painter have here combined in the exercise of their skill, producing works that are now priceless treasures in the cabinets of art-collectors.

The instruments still in use amongst barbarian nations are ruder in form and construction than any that are represented in antique art. They consist of conch-shells; of whistles fashioned of clay; of bone flutes; of drums headed with shark-skin; and sometimes of a simple kind of lyre. Those of the pipe kind are often designed in the form of animals, and carved in wood and bone; while the instruments of percussion are painted with rude and fantastic devices. Of the animal type are some of the instruments of the Chinese: such, for instance, as the *ou*, which is shaped like a tiger; and the *san-heen*, a kind of

guitar, which, though elegant in shape, is covered with the scaly skin of the boa. Zoological in design, too, is the *meegyoung*, or alligator-harp of Burmah, an instrument in the form of a crocodile, which has glass eyes, and is flamboyant in red and gold.

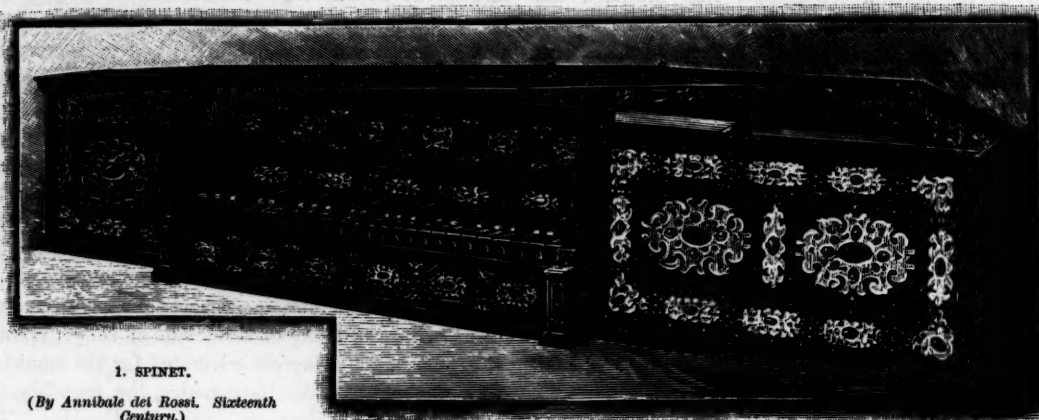
The musical instruments of the ancient Egyptians, the oldest with which we are acquainted, were much more elegant; they were constructed with an evident appreciation of their adaptability to artistic purposes. We are told by Diodorus Siculus that the Egyptians had little knowledge of harmony; but the character and beauty of the instruments depicted on their monuments disprove this statement. They used the single and double pipe, the *nofre*, a species of guitar, and the sacred *sistrum*, the scourge of Typhon—a metal frame fitted with bars to rattle in time with the music. Their chief instrument, however, was the harp, which, as the monuments show, was beautifully shaped, and finished with great elaboration of detail. It was of several kinds; and the player knelt on the ground to the smaller ones, but to the larger harps, as represented in the tomb of Ramses III., he stood up. This monument, I may add, was long known as the "Harper's Tomb," from the fine figures of the royal harpers with which it was painted.

With the Greeks music was a gift from heaven. It was with music that Orpheus charmed the tremendous presences; it was with music that Amphion conjured up the walls of Thebes; it was to Apollo's voice and lute that "Ilium like a mist rose into towers." Every circumstance of Hellenic life, from the cradle to the grave, was accompanied by its sounds; and alike to the merry seasons of seed-time and harvest, to the bacchanals of the time of vintage,

and to the solemn ceremonials that attended the obsequies of the departed, did it render a fitting and sympathetic accompaniment. The gods themselves were the authors of musical instruments—Apollo, son of Latona, and Hermes, son of Maia, goat-footed Pan, and Athenè, the beneficent and the wise; they bore them on Olympus, and they bore them in that marble life they got from the sculptor. It is from this latter source that we learn the nature of those used by the Greeks. The chief of these were the double pipe; the lyre, with its varieties, the kithara, the phorminx, and the chelys; and the psaltery, which was a kind of harp. In form, as might be expected, they strongly resembled those of the Egyptians, from whom they were derived; and like these they were decorated with the characteristic ornaments of the national art. The lyre especially was designed with much graceful scroll-work; but the monuments do not enable us to be precise as to details. There is even less to be said of the instruments in use in Rome. Roman art was inspired from Hellenic culture; the Roman flutes and cymbals were adaptations from the Greek likewise, and do not claim more particular notice here. On the decline of the Roman Empire, and the advent of the hordes of northern barbarians in Southern Europe, musical instruments lost their æsthetic value, and it was long before they reached the standard from which they had fallen. Meanwhile, however, the Persians and Arabians were producing works that may well be compared with any that had preceded them. Their instruments of music are of especial interest, since it is from them that many in modern use have been directly derived. The chief instrument of the Arabians was the lute, *al'ud*, which they got from Persia. Of all musical instruments it is probably the most graceful in form; and, becoming familiar to the western nations at the time of the Crusades, it continued long the favourite instrument of the troubadours. The Arabian, too, had instruments of the violin kind, such as the *kemangeh* and *rebab*, and many others very beautifully formed. As for the instruments of the Middle Ages, both in England and abroad, they were simple in character, so far as may be judged from the representations in manuscripts and painted glass, which are almost their only record. Chief amongst them may be mentioned the lute, the crowd, the harp, and the organistrum; but there were many others, of which Mr. Carl Engel has given much information in his monograph on "Musical Instruments," in the South Kensington Handbook Series. From the conventional representations of them to which I have alluded there is little to be gained beyond a knowledge of their general forms; but it is evident that they were embellished with the characteristic decoration of Gothic art.

But if the musical instruments of the Ancients

and of the Middle Ages were beautiful in form and ornament, it remained for Italy and the Renaissance first to give them the value in art and in ornamentation for which they have been ever since so justly prized. The instruments made in the Italy of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries were probably the finest and the most elaborate ever produced. They are valuable alike for beauty of material and excellence of workmanship. They are the handiwork of men whose names have sometimes come down to us, whose genius and experience surrounded them with pupils, thus founding schools of musical instrument makers in many of the towns of Italy. Rome, Bologna, and Venice were celebrated for the manufacture of the lute, with its varieties, the mandola, the mandoline, the chitarrone, and the theorbo. The lute consists of a pear-shaped body of cedar or pine, with a neck of moderate length, which in those of the theorbo type is double; and the elegance of its form made it a favourite with the workmen in the north of Italy, who were assisted in its production by the skill of German settlers. It was generally inlaid with marquetry-work of tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, and ivory, and its sound-board was adorned with pictures. Prominent amongst Bolognese lute-makers was Lucas Maler, whose works have always been highly esteemed. The mandoline, most poetical of instruments, which has been attuned to many a lover's serenade, was a small kind of lute, generally of the richest and most delicate work. The one illustrated in Fig. 3 is Italian, of last century, and is very finely inlaid. The beauty of the violin is almost entirely a beauty of form, for it is necessarily devoid of ornamentation, which would only impair the quality of its tone. Its manufacture was carried to perfection by the great artists of the Italian schools. It is impossible to depart from the canons of their achievement without deteriorating the quality of the instrument; and therefore the art of violin-making is one of the utmost exactitude. The great Italian makers were the Amati, Stradivarius, and the Guarneri, all of the Cremonese school, whose works, besides the merit of their tone, are prized for the beauty of the lines on which they are built, and for the transparency of their varnish, which gives a lucid depth to the choice wood of which they are made. A fine instrument, at South Kensington, attributed to Gaspar da Salo, another of the most renowned of the early Italian makers, is given in Fig. 4. But if the violin itself was simple in form and pure of decoration, its terminal scroll was sometimes carved with a cherub's head or a grotesque animal. Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, had a priceless Gaspar da Salo which was thus decorated, with a carving said to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini. There are several varieties of the violin, such as the viole



1. SPINET.

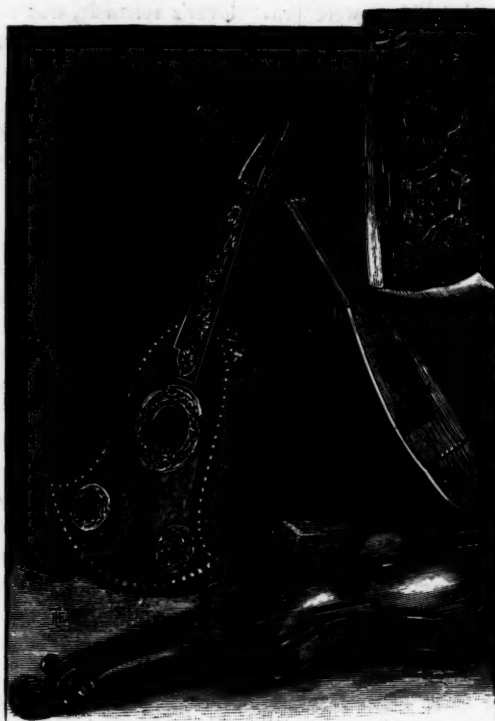
(By Annibale dei Rossi. Sixteenth Century.)

d'amour, the viola di Bardone, and the viola da gamba, in all of which the general form is retained. Of the last kind there is a good Italian specimen at South Kensington, in which the neck is inlaid with a marquetry of ivory, and terminates in foliated scroll-work and in a woman's bust. But Italian artists employed their greatest skill on instruments of the harpsichord class, of which there were several varieties, the predecessors of the modern pianoforte. The chief of these were the clavicembalo, the archicembalo, and the clavicordo. There are some most beautiful specimens at South Kensington. Amongst them is a clavicembalo by Antonius Baffo, of Venice, 1574, which is painted with flowers, and with Apollo and the Muses, surrounded with arabesques. Another has a leather case, stamped and gilt, with a Renaissance ornament and armorial shield. There is also a most elaborate spinet, made at Murano, near Venice, which is said to have belonged to Elizabeth of Bohemia, daughter of James I. This beautiful instrument has a case of stamped and gilt leather, and is decorated within with panels of mythological subjects in coloured glass, and with plaques of silver foliage and enamel on copper. The keyboard

is also enamelled. But the gem of the collection is a spinet by Annibale dei Rossi, of Milan, dated 1577, for which the department gave £1,200. This magnificent instrument is of wood, with ivory in strapwork patterns. It is inlaid with decorative stones, including jasper and agate, and set with pearls and garnets, and there are beautifully carved figures in coloured ivory at each end of the keyboard. It is figured in our first picture. I may add that in Italy the manufacture of wind instruments never

reached the same perfection as that of stringed instruments. Still, the flutes were enriched with much good carving. Of these, a celebrated maker in the early part of the Eighteenth Century was Anciuti, of Milan.

The inspiration of the French school of musical instrument makers was derived from Italy, along with the spirit of the Renaissance; and its productions have much in common with those already described. Their ornamentation consists in a profusion of scroll-work, carving and inlaying, with tempera paintings of mythological subjects and landscape. Many of the instruments made in France are unquestionably the work of Italians, who were settled at Paris in the Seventeenth Century.



2. QUINTERNA. (By Joachim Tielke. Sixteenth Century.)

3. MANDOLIN. (Italian. Eighteenth Century.)

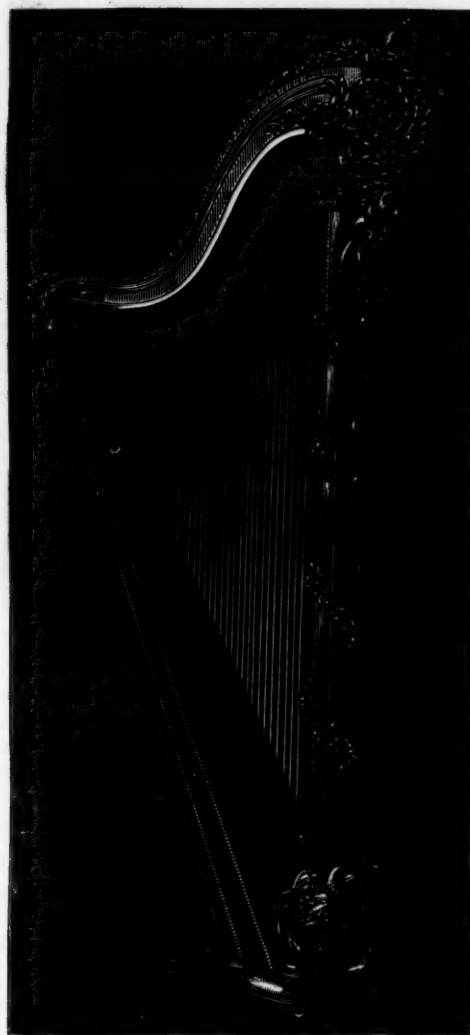
4. VIOLIN. (By Gaspar da Salo. Sixteenth Century.)

The best lutes, as I have said, were made in Northern Italy; but many of the French specimens are of great beauty. Paul Belami was a celebrated lute-maker at Paris in the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, as was also Dimanche Drouyn about the same time. Instruments of the violin type were never largely made in France, and those that were produced there never achieved the elegance and gracefulness of Italian work. It is not uncommon to find the bellies of early specimens carved with classical subjects in low relief or pictured with floral designs. The *vielle*, or *hurdy-gurdy*, a violin-shaped instrument of rustic nature (still to be heard on London stones and along English highways), in which the vibration of the strings is caused by the revolution of a wheel, the modulation being produced by keys, was much used in France in the beginning of last century, chiefly by the shepherds and shepherdesses of the mock Arcadia, then so fashionable. One of the best makers was Varquain, of Paris, one instrument of whose make (now at South Kensington) is inlaid with mother-of-pearl and plain and coloured ivory, the diapered neck terminating in a carved female head. The French were good makers of harpsichords, which instrument they call the *clavecin*. Of these, Pascal Taskin, of Paris, during the early part of the Eighteenth Century, was the most accomplished. His instruments are painted and lacquered with Chinese and Japanese subjects. The manufacture of the harp was greatly advanced in France in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, when it was much used. The pillars of the French harps were generally fluted, but sometimes they were entwined with flowers; and their capitals were elaborately carved. Often caryatides were used to support the neck, and the soundboard

was painted with pastoral scenes or with trophies and flowers. At South Kensington there are two such harps, one presented by Mrs. E. Richards, and another said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette. The latter instrument, which is given in Fig. 5, is painted and gilt; and the pillar, wreathed with flowers and trophies of instruments, terminates in a grotesque mask, surmounted with a cupid, while two birds are carved at the foot. The sounding-board is painted with women playing on musical instruments.

We have seen how German skill was utilised by the Bolognese lute-makers. It is natural to find that the Italian influence is obvious in the musical instruments produced in Germany and the Netherlands. Yet here, even more than in France, elegance of form became of less account than gaudiness of surface, an attribute which

was often developed to an extreme. One of the best makers of instruments of the lute and violin types was Joachim Tielke (1600), of Hamburg; his productions are well shaped and very characteristically decorated. There is a *quinterna* or *chiterna*, in South Kensington Museum, by him, illustrated in Fig. 2, which has a neck of tortoiseshell incrustated with subjects in ivory and set with precious stones. There is also a *viola di Bardone* of his, with an open fret-work finger-board terminating in three lions' heads, while above the bridge are carved figures of negroes. Other celebrated German lute-makers were Ludwig Porgt, of Regensburg; Hans Gerle, of Nürnberg; and the three Tieffenbrückers, Magnus, Wendelin, and Leonhard. Antwerp was a great centre for the manufacture of harpsichords. There the Ruckers, who are said to have worked from 1579 to the middle of the following century, produced instruments which for beauty of material and excellence of workmanship



5. HARP.

(French. Eighteenth Century.)

almost equalled the masterworks of Italy. Germany, too, was renowned for its organs. One of these, a noble Sixteenth Century *organ positive*, or chamber organ, now at South Kensington, is figured in our sixth example. It is Renaissance in style, is painted and gilt; and is pictured, on the inside of the shutters, with tempera paintings of the "Dismissal of Hagar" and "Abraham's Sacrifice." Above the pipes is an open fretwork ornament, with the portrait and armorial bearings

of John George, Duke of Saxony. The influence of the Italian masters was felt somewhat later in England than in Germany and France. We know from manuscripts and reliefs that many varieties of instruments were here in use during the Middle Ages; but until the reign of Henry VIII. they were simple of form and slight in ornamentation. Then, however, flat carving began to be much employed in their decoration. Under the Tudors many instruments of Italian manufacture were imported into England, which became models for native workmen to fol-

low; and their influence is marked in the school of English violin-makers that rose about the year 1600. The Earl of Warwick is the possessor of a curious violin, dated 1578, which is most elaborately carved with woodland scenes, and in which the finger-board, terminating in a dragon's head, bears on a silver plate the arms of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester: a circumstance that gives some colour to the tradition that it was a gift from the queen to her courtier. But the Seventeenth Century violin-makers followed the Italian model in its simplicity, and their chief, Pamphilon, did work that is not unworthy of the inspiration. In the Eighteenth Century the

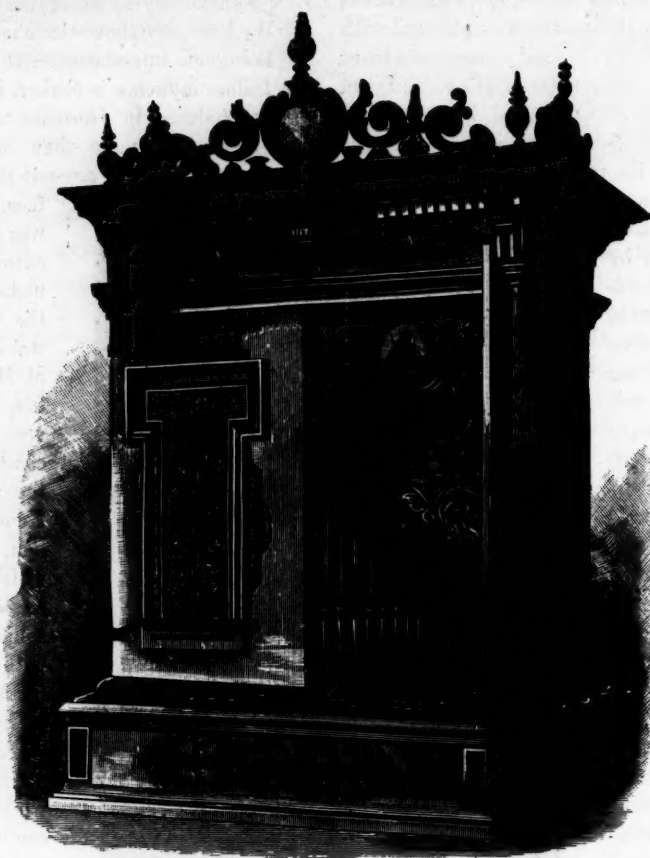
special violins of Steiner, the Amati, and Stradivarius were copied with much success, and the lustre and rich colour of the varnishes used gave the instruments a strong resemblance to the originals. Throughout the Tudor age, however, the most popular instrument was the virginal, on which Queen Elizabeth is said to have been a performer. Its best makers were John Loosemore, Adam Liversedge, and Stephen Keen. Their work is enriched with in-

laying and painting, and is mostly elegant in shape. One of Loosemore's virginals, now at South Kensington, dated 1655, is of oak with a carved stand, and has the inside of the lid painted — rather variously and incongruously — with a deer-hunt, a sea-fight, and Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden; while the falling front is similarly decorated with a landscape, a man fishing, and the presentments of various birds. Sometimes, as in Italy, the virginals and spinet had cases of leather embossed and gilt.

The manufacture of musical

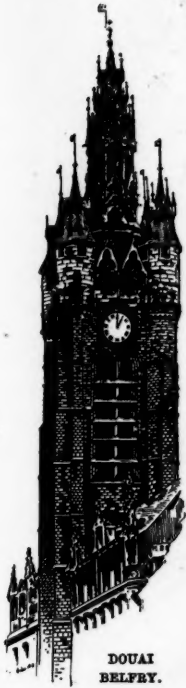
instruments was never so extensive here as in Italy and France. Still, the Age of Anne was fruitful of harpsichords of beautiful cabinet-work, often gilt and inlaid with varied woods in the style of the date; and towards the close of the Eighteenth Century there were in London some excellent lute and violin makers who produced new varieties of these instruments, which were very artistically designed. Of these, harp-lyres, harp-lutes, and guitar-lyres were manufactured by Edward Light and R. Wornum, whose work was decorated with inlaying and gilding. The instruments in use did not differ materially from those I have described elsewhere.

JOHN LEYLAND.



6. CHAMBER ORGAN.
(German. Sixteenth Century.)

ULTIMUS ROMANORUM.



JEAN BOLOGNE, better known as Gian Bologna, is the last great sculptor of the Italy of the Renaissance. He worked in the shadow of Michelangelo, and produced under the impulse of that vast and potent genius; he was the rival and the superior of Benvenuto and Ammanati; and when he passed away, and his example ceased from being an influence and an inspiration in art, the decadence began. Gian Bologna, in fact, is *ultimus Romanorum*—the last of that heroic race of sculptors which has its origin in Niccola Pisano, and whose genius attains its highest expression in Donatello and in Michelangelo. His working life is close on seventy years long. His achievement is colossal in bulk and infinite in variety.

He is the author of the famous doors of the Duomo at Pisa, and of some of the most exquisite little statuettes in the whole range of modern sculpture; his are the "Neptune" and the "Isoletto" fountains, at Bologna and in the Boboli Gardens at Florence, and his the golden bas-reliefs in the Cabinet of Gems; his is the wonderful "Flying Mercury" in the Bargello, and his the exquisite little "Nessus and Deianeira" at St. Petersburg; his the archetypal crucifixes of the Soccorso Chapel and Impruneta and the Pitti Palace, and his the great equestrian "Duke Cosimo" at Florence, and the colossal "Jupiter Pluvius" in the gardens of the Pratolino Villa. He had grace, elegance, vigour, imagination, invention; he was a great artist in decoration; he was one of the most consummate craftsmen of an epoch of craftsmanship. And withal, he was not less excellent as a man than he was admirable and singular as an artist. He was, as one of his contemporaries has said, "the best creature breathing." Of meanness, envy, jealousy, suspicion, hate—the qualities which count for so much in the characters of men like Benvenuto and Ribera and Baccio Bandinelli, and of which we discern the existence in a greater or less degree of violence in the soul of Michelangelo himself—he seems to have been absolutely incapable. Like Donatello, he was careless of money, and greedy of none but honourable fame; he repaid his obligations tenfold; he was

generous to his patrons and his friends; his pupils made their fortunes out of his ideas and designs, while he himself continued poor; he lived but to do good work, to perfect himself in his art, and to be a kindly master and a loyal servant and friend. Characters of this sort, characters in which the moral and the intellectual faculties are in such perfect balance that the impression produced by their consideration is one of generous completeness, are happily not rare in the history of art. Men thus happily endowed were Raphael and Luca Signorelli. On a lower plane than they, and to a purpose less splendid and impressive, Gian Bologna was just such another.

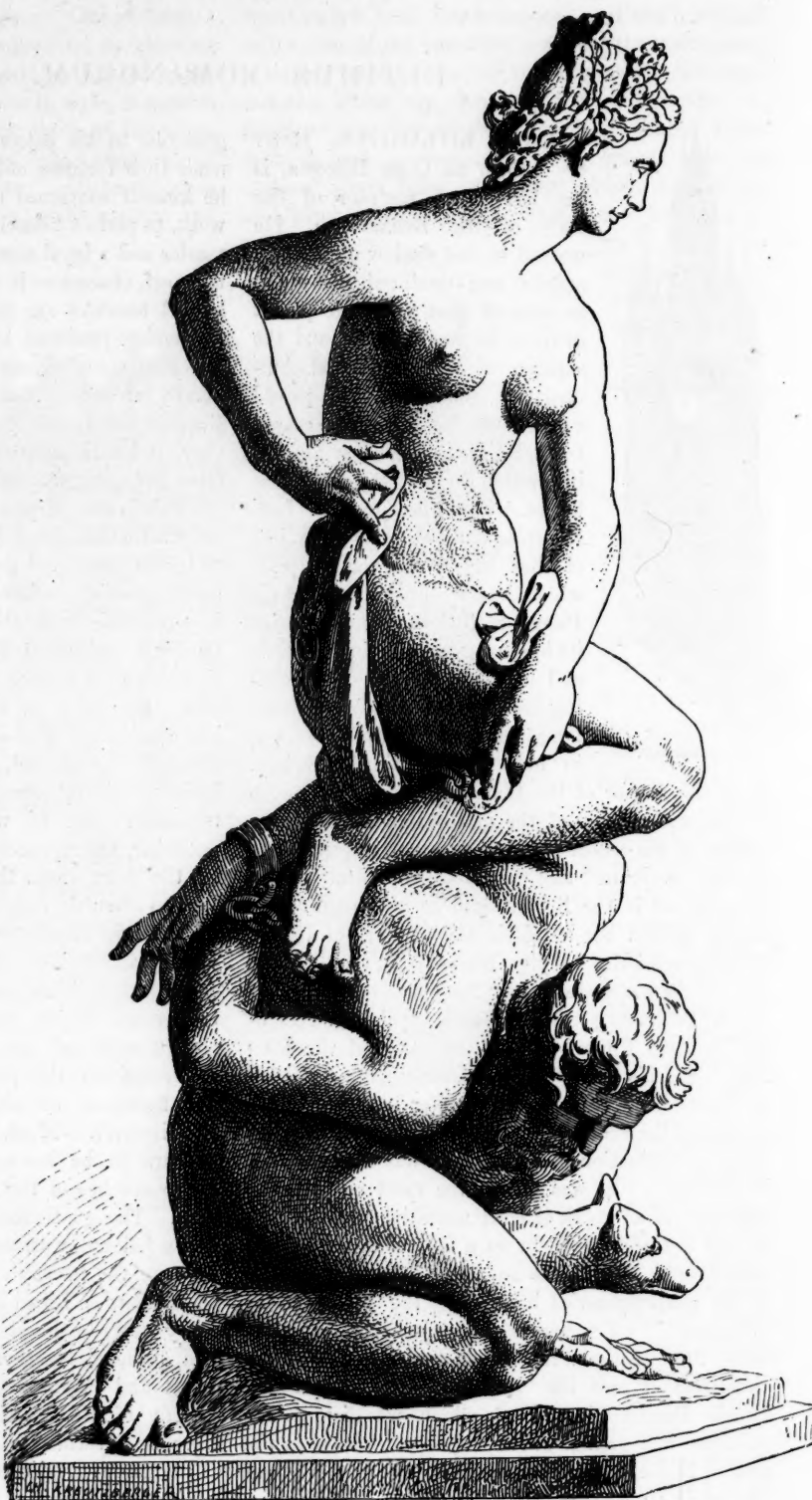
This is the purport of the brilliant study which M. Abel Desjardins* has contributed to the superb "Grands Artistes" series published by Quantin—a series to which we have already had occasion to refer in connection with the "Van Dyck" of M. Jules Guiffrey, and the "Boucher" of M. Paul Mantz. Uniform with these is the work of M. Abel Desjardins. In size it is folio; the paper and type are irreproachable; of the seventy-one illustrations with which it is adorned, twenty-two are produced in heliogravure by the Dujardin process, while the remainder—five of which, by permission of the publisher, are reproduced in this article—are printed in the text from the process blocks that nowadays so often do duty for wood-engravings. It may fairly be described, too, as one of the best numbers in a good series. M. Desjardins writes clearly, elegantly, and impressively; he understands and knows his subject thoroughly; his enthusiasm is always measured and discreet. He is to be congratulated on the production of a contribution to the literature of art-criticism of enduring value and interest. Much of the matter of his work appears to be his own. Much of it he owes to the researches of the late M. Fouques de Vagnonville. This gentleman, a native of Douai, and therefore a fellow-townsmen of Jean Bologne, was moved to write the history of the one great artist born in the shadow of Douai belfry. To this end he devoted many years to the study of the epoch and the man, and gathered together a mass of facts of great interest and importance. M. Desjardins was the recipient of this precious legacy. It could hardly have been turned to better use.

With M. Desjardins' help we shall try to tell our readers something of the artist's life and fortunes.

* "La Vie et l'Œuvre de Jean Bologne." Par Abel Desjardins. (Paris: A. Quantin. 1883.)

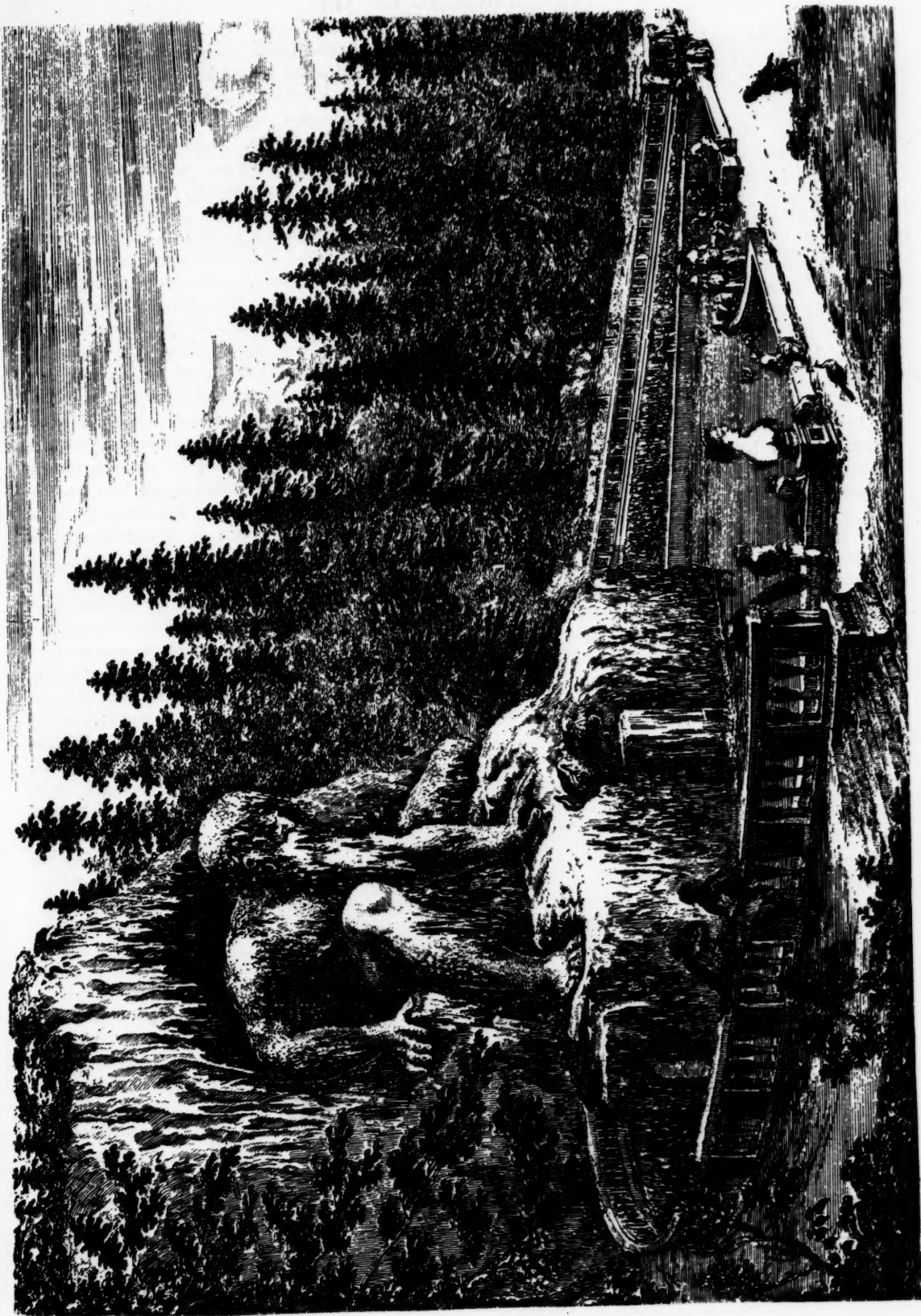
He came of a family of artisans, who were natives of the old Flemish city of Douai; and there, in 1525, he was born. His father would fain have bound him to the law. He would be an artist, however, and at sixteen he went to Antwerp, then illustrious in the presence of upwards of three hundred masters, great and little; and to one of these, the architect and engineer, carver and engraver, Jacques Dubrœucq, he was bound apprentice. They were master and pupil for eleven years; and their relations appear to have been of the kindest. Long afterwards, in 1572, Dubrœucq, who had fortified Mons, was captured with that city by the Spaniards. His old scholar was then high in favour with the Grand Duke Francesco; and at the master's request, Jean Bologne is found making interest with his patron—with what result is not known—to get the prisoner set at liberty.

Dubrœucq had studied in Italy; Italian art had become a living influence in the Netherlands; and in Italy, under a Flemish pope, Adrian VI., all Flemings were in high repute. Like so many famous men of his race, Jean Bologne felt that only in Italy was perfection; and to Italy, as Rubens and Van Dyck after him, he determined to go. He was twenty-seven years old when in 1551, or thereabouts, in company with the brothers Floris, Cornelius and Franz, he started for Rome, and turned his back on Flanders for ever. At Rome he remained two years, producing nothing original, but drawing and copying—in wax



VIRTUE CHAINING VICE.

(From the Group by Gian Bologna, in the Bargello.)



THE JUPITER PLUVIUS.
(From the Statue by Gian Bologna, in the Gardens of the Villa Pratolino.)

and in clay—the noble antiques in which the city abounded. In his old age he loved to tell how Michelangelo had seen and spoken with him. After many months of study from the antique, he was emboldened to model a figure with a view to asking the old man's opinion and advice. He carried his work in fear and trembling (as Blake, with incredible want of understanding, is said to have advised all artists to paint) to the great sculptor's studio, and presented it, as we can imagine, with all possible humility and awe. Michelangelo took it in his mighty hands, crumpled it into shapelessness in an instant, remodelled it with infinite power in the twinkling of an eye, and returned it to the astonished aspirant, bidding him, like the terrible master he was, "go learn to sketch first of all, and keep the finishing till afterwards."

In two years the young Fleming's resources were exhausted, and he prepared to return, by way of Florence, to Douai. In Florence, however, he fell in with the noble Bernardo Vecchietti—senator, scholar, collector—a prince of amateurs, one of the most enlightened and distinguished citizens of his time. Bernardo, seeing that the Douaisian would do better in Florence than in Flanders, obliged him to stay his journey, lodged him in his own palace, gave him money and work and opportunities of study, and presented him to Cosimo's eldest son, Francesco dei Medici, the heir-presumptive to the duchy. In five years Jean Bologne—now Gian Bologna—had become a Florentine artist, known for an admirable craftsman and a good fellow, and well reputed as the author of much good work in bronze and wax and clay. What is more to the purpose is that he had enemies as well as friends, and that to these it was evident that his "trade was with sticks and clay" alone, and that however skilfully he might "thumb,

thrust, pat, and polish" in soft material, a masterpiece in marble was beyond his powers. By the help of Bernardo Vecchietti, who presented him with a right block, he was presently able to prove that they had judged him falsely. Out of Vecchietti's marble he carved (1558) a "Venus" which established his reputation. This was presently increased in a very strange and pleasant fashion. Among the treasures of Duke Cosimo was a block of Carrara marble of extraordinary size. Baccio Bandinelli, a great ruffian but a poor artist, had bought it years before for Cosimo, and had marked it for his own, together with the execution of the fountain—a "Neptune Charioting his Sea Horses"—it was to adorn. In 1560 it was brought to Florence, and excited an immense commotion. Benvenuto, who hated Bandinelli as much as he loved good work and good materials, was incensed beyond measure at his rival's preposterous good luck. He stormed the duke's villa; he insisted, for the honour of Florence, that there should be a competition, as there had been over the Baptistery gates and the cupola of Santa Maria de' Fiori; he claimed the right to submit a marble of his own. The duke was unable to withstand his instances. The competition was ordered; and as Baccio Bandinelli died of grief and rage at the affront received and the loss of his incomparable marble, it was confined to Cellini and Ammanati among the older artists, and to Vincenzo Danti of Perugia, and Gian Bologna,

put forward by Duke Francesco, among the younger ones. The victor was Ammanati, to whom, on Vasari's advice, Cosimo awarded the commission and the marble. Cellini, as we know, was a great goldsmith and a great artist in little things; the Perugian was impossible from the start; and as for Gian Bologna, though to many his *maquette* was incomparably the best of all, the duke would not so much as



GIAN BOLOGNA.

(From the Portrait by Bassano.)

look at it. He had never seen any great work in marble from the young master's hand; and he was by no means anxious to run the risk of being obliged to throw away his marble on an artist in whose capacity he did not see his way to believing. As M. Desjardins notes, however, the apparent failure was in its way a very great success. In a little while the Bolognese were petitioning Duke Francis—whose sculptor-in-ordinary the Fleming had become, at a wage of thirteen crowns a month—to lend them Gian Bologna for the fountain which they proposed to build in the great square of their city: a petition the outcome of which was the famous "Fountain of Neptune" (1563-68); while years afterwards, when his fame was established, and emperors and queens were bent on borrowing him from his master for the adornment of their palaces and squares, he was commissioned to produce the great "Fontana dell' Isoletto," a masterpiece of monumental sculpture, and the lovely "Fontana della Grotticella" in the Boboli Gardens.

Meanwhile, he moved steadily onward, from success to success and from achievement to achievement. He had followed up the "Venus" with a spirited and vigorous group in marble of "Samson and the Philistines," soon to be sent to Spain. Then came the "Fountain of Neptune;" and then, while this was yet in hand, in a block of marble quarried under the sculptor's eye from the mines at Seravezza, and brought down to Florence amid songs and dances and public rejoicings, the admirable group, reproduced in our second illustration, called at first "La Fiorenza," and designed to represent the victory of Florence over her rival of Pisa, but afterwards made abstract and moral, and dubbed "Virtue Chaining Vice." This we have engraved on a preceding page. It was succeeded by the "Flying Mercury," a statue which for boldness and novelty of conception, for airy elegance of effect, for grace, and excellence of modelling, is unique in modern art. As may be seen in our reproduction of one of its aspects, the Herald of the Gods is actually a god, and is actually in such a rapture of motion as beseems his origin and his function. He is treading the winds themselves, for the head beneath his winged sandals is the head of Boreas, on the blast of whose breath, made solid to his foot, he speeds as on the level land. In some such wise he appeared to Shelley's Panthea:—

"See where the child of heaven with winged feet
Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn!"

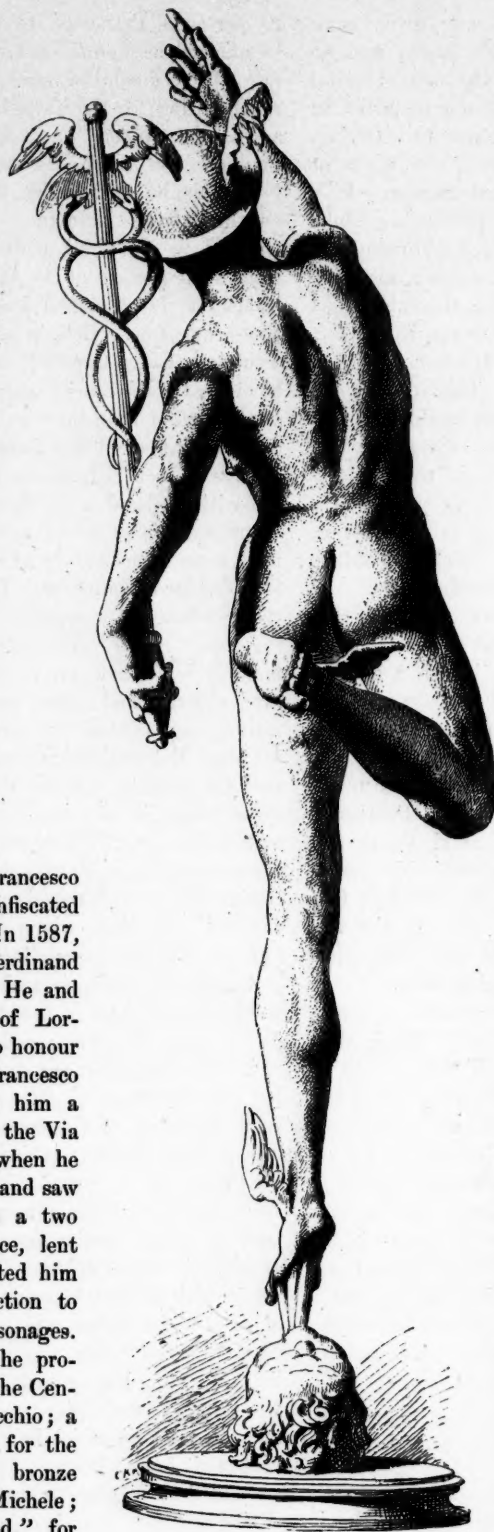
The "Mercury," we may add, completed the artist's reputation. He was made a member of the *Accademia del Disegno*; the Emperor Maximilian, to whom a copy of the statue had been sent, did all he could

to persuade Francesco to send him to his court; he received a commission from the Genoese to decorate the Grimaldi Chapel with statues and bas-reliefs; and for the Cathedral of Lucca he executed a "Christ Arisen," a "St. Peter," and a "St. Paulinus," in white marble all three. In addition to all this, he set to work, for a whim of the duke's, on the "Jupiter Pluvius" (1577-81), the colossus (figured in our third picture) which is still to be seen in the gardens of the Villa Pratolino. Francesco had built the villa and laid out its gardens, which Tasso sang, for the delight of his mistress, the famous Venetian, Bianca Capello; and in a grotto in the park he obliged his favourite sculptor to build up an effigy of the God of Rain some seventy-five feet high. The deity, white-haired and bearded like an allegory of old age, is crouched on one knee, and supports himself with one hand on the living rock. Under the other he presses a great sea-monster, from whose enormous maw there issues a sheet of water, which falls into a semicircular basin below. The villa is now in ruins; the gardens are a waste; the colossus itself—it is sometimes called "The Apennine," by the way—is more or less crazy and wrecked. The style is, however, vigorous and large; and considered as a decorative idea, the work has great and enduring merit.

Gian Bologna's next contribution to serious art was the marble "Rape of the Sabine," an ideal presentment in one combination of Youth and Age and Maidenhood. The young Roman, a man in the plenitude of comeliness and strength, bears off his Sabine bride; and overthrown at his feet crouches the old man from whom he has reft her. The figure of the girl, struggling with outstretched arms and unwilling body, is a masterpiece of beauty and technical skill, and is in some sort a *tour de force* in the way of balance and arrangement, inasmuch as it is poised in air, and is unsupported from within by rods or tenons. The third figure is held to spoil the effect of the group under certain aspects. The young Roman, it is said, was modelled on the lines of a certain Messer Bartolommeo di Lionardo, one of the Ginori, renowned for his surpassing beauty, and called by the people "Il Bel Italiano." Gian Bologna found him at prayers in the church of San Giovannino, and stopped to look at him, so handsome and striking was his presence. Messer Bartolommeo was somewhat disconcerted by his attention, and asked him what he wanted; whereupon the sculptor told his name and function and the work on which he was engaged, and begged him to sit for his Roman. This Bartolommeo readily consented to do; and Gian Bologna paid him his sittings with a superb crucifix in bronze, the work of his own master hand. Like the "Perseus" of Benvenuto, and like Donatello's "Judith," the group,

which was not uncovered until 1583, was housed in the Loggia de' Lanzi; and there it remains until this day.

With the "Rape of the Sabine," Gian Bologna appears to have become affluent. Rich as Francesco was, he had given him no more than five-and-twenty crowns a month for years; and it was not until the uncovering of the group, and not until after repeated remonstrances from the honest old sculptor, that he opened his heart and his purse. Then, however, he bestowed on the Fleming a farm and farmstead at Tizzano dell' Antella, with three fields at Ghizzano and at Quarato del Galuzzo. The gift, which was free of charges, was not a large one, and had cost Francesco nothing, having been confiscated from Giuliano Landi. In 1587, Francesco died, and Ferdinand reigned in his stead. He and his duchess, Christina of Lorraine, knew better how to honour the great sculptor than Francesco had done. They built him a foundry at his house in the Via di Pinti; and in 1593, when he went to Northern Italy, and saw Venice, they gave him a two months' leave of absence, lent him a litter, and presented him with letters of introduction to all manner of noble personages. Returning to Florence, he produced a "Hercules and the Centaur," for the Ponte Vecchio; a bronze "St. Matthew," for the Duomo at Orvieto; a bronze "St. Luke," for Orsan Michele; a pedestrian "Ferdinand," for the Lung' Arno at Pisa; and a crucifix and two candelabra for

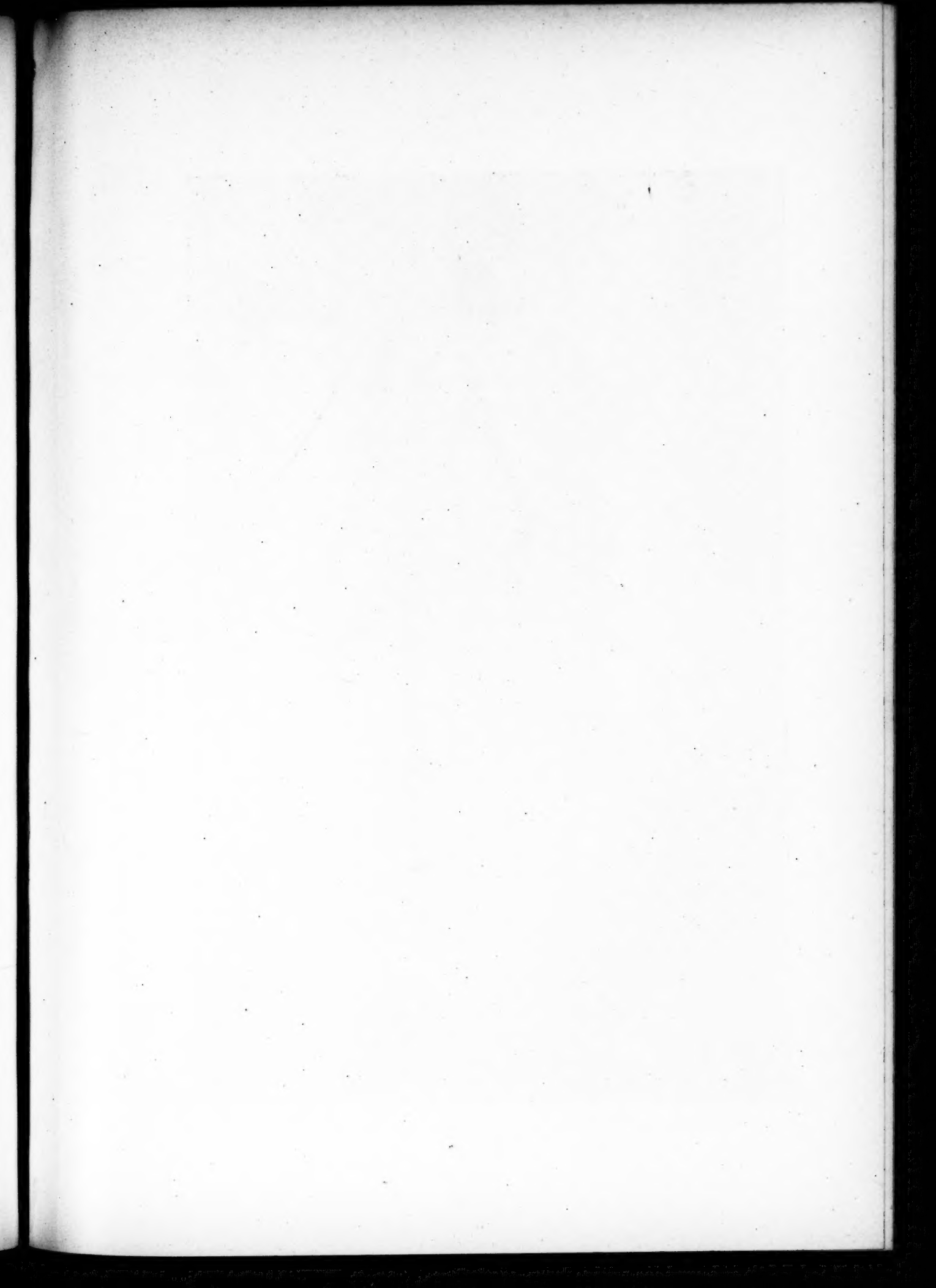


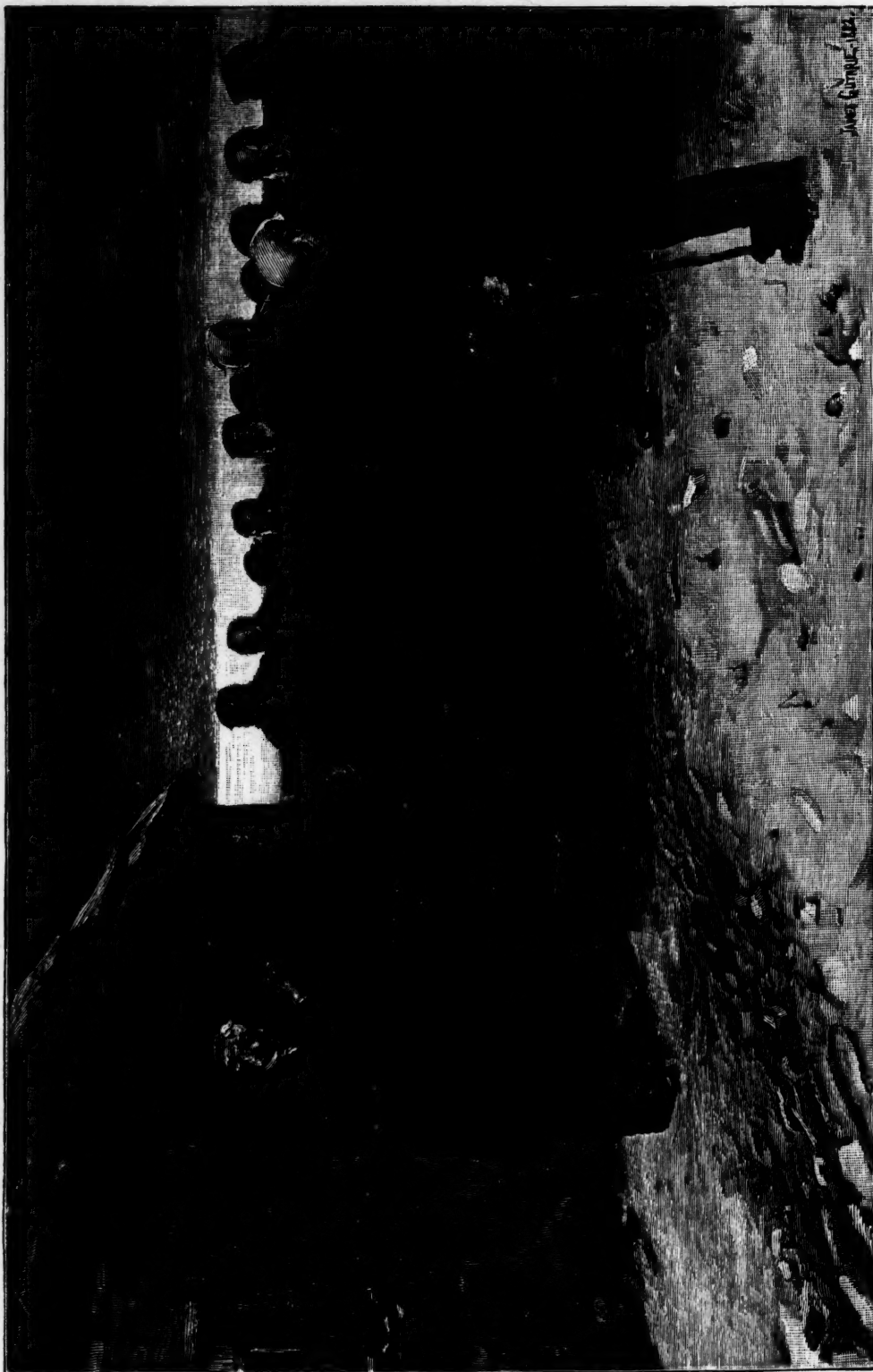
THE FLYING MERCURY.

(From the Statue by Gian Bologna, in the Bargello.)

the cathedral there. Meanwhile, in 1595, he had been commissioned to execute for the same great church, half ruined by fire, a set of bronze doors; and in six years (1601), his pupils aiding, he had produced the masterpiece we know. These works were succeeded by the production to a certain extent of the equestrian statue of Philip III. of Spain, and—at the request of Marie de Médicis—of the famous "Henri IV." which stood for so long on the Pont-Neuf; and by the completion of the Soccorso Chapel, wherein he designed to be buried. He was over eighty years old when he accepted the commissions of Marie de Médicis and of Philip III.; and he lived to acquit himself of neither. Both were finished by Pietro Tacca. The "Henri IV." was melted up in the Revolution; the "Philip III." pulled down in 1873 to make room for a republican monument.

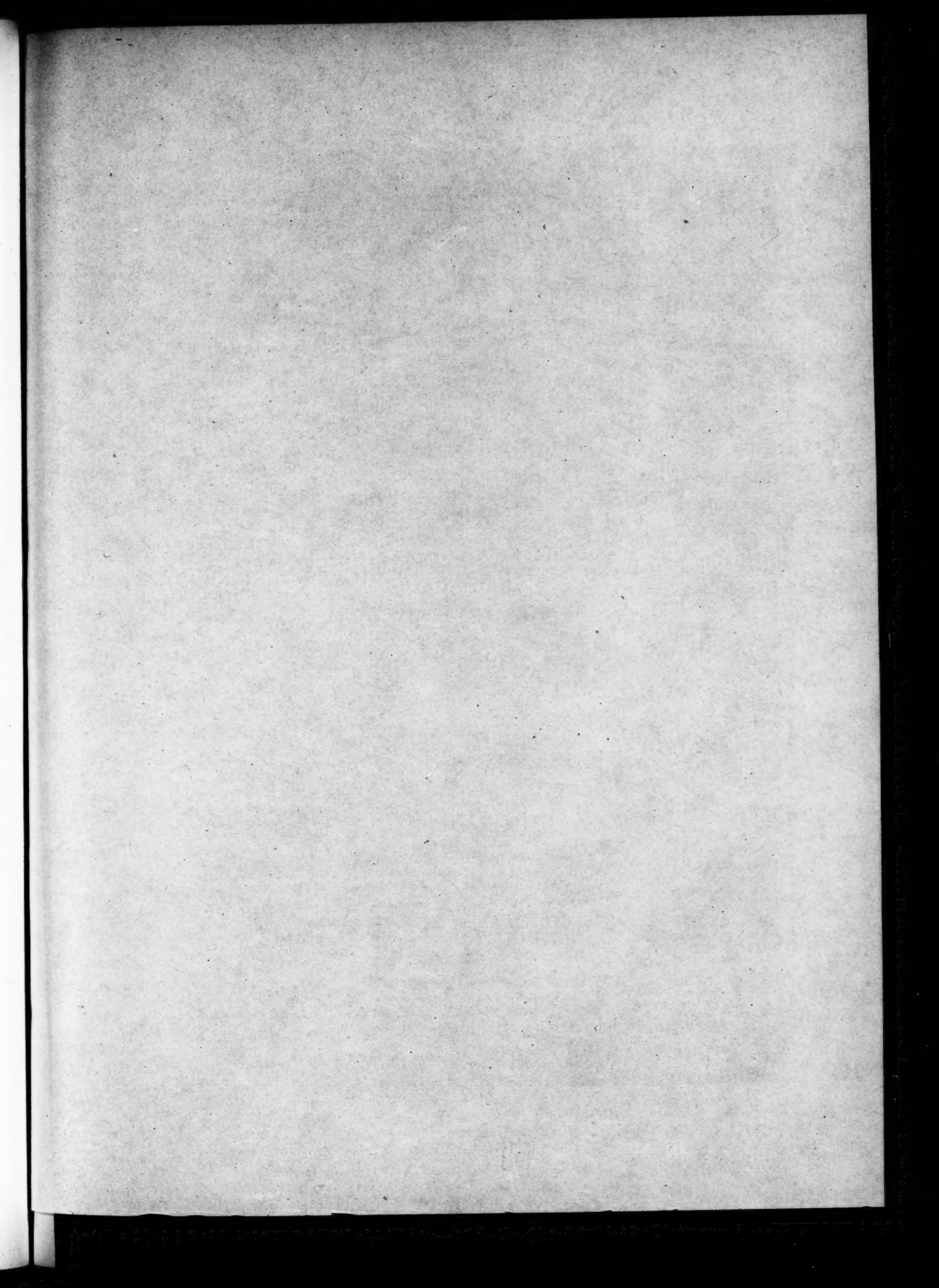
In 1608 Gian Bologna, being then eighty-four years old, expired at his house in the Via di Pinti. He was buried in the Soccorso Chapel. Here is Pietro Tacca's bust of him; another, by Franqueville, is in the Louvre; and in the Louvre is the Bassano we reproduce. In person he was short and stout, and a little lame; but he enjoyed the rudest health, and his teeth were white and even till the end. It was not given to him to equal Michelangelo; and as this was the end of his ambition, he may be held to have been a kind of failure. But it was his to live a long and generous and laborious life, and to win enduring eminence in every branch of the sculptor's art; so that he may be held to have been one of the luckiest, as he was one of the most deserving, of men.

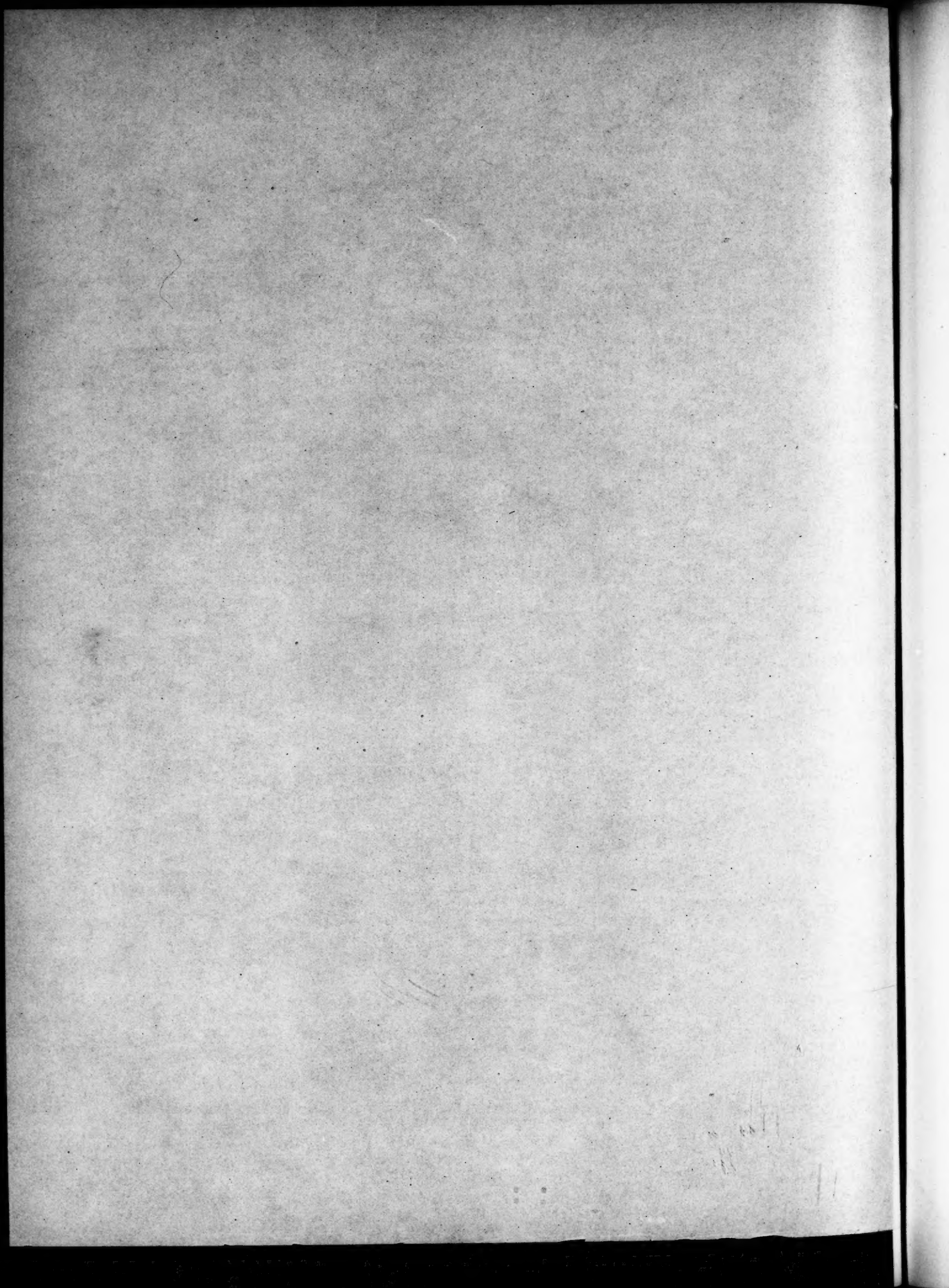




A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.

(From the Picture by James Guthrie. By Permission of John Forbes White, Esq., of Aberdeen.)





A SCULPTOR OF HEROES: MARK ANTOKOLSKY.

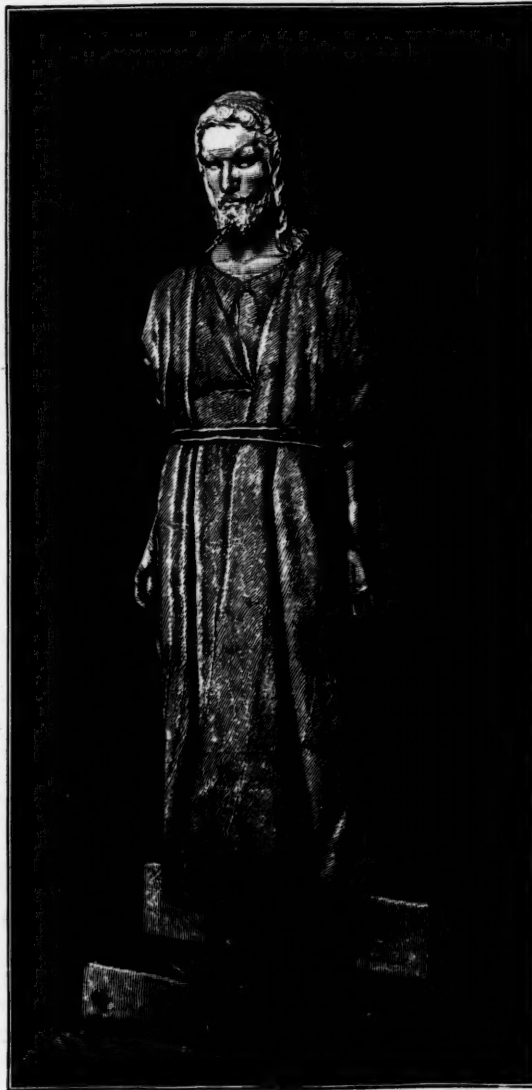
IN a slum in Wilno there lived some forty years ago a poor orthodox Jew with many cares and a large family. All his life long he had struggled with Misfortune, but the stubborn goddess was stronger than he. She felt herself at home in his wretched little hut. She settled there, and kept her wolf continually at the door; till her miserable host was worried off his wits, and looked as though he had run before his time to waste and ruin and decay.

One of his many troubles was his son Mark. He was a lank, awkward, sickly boy, with an intense and thoughtful face. Chalk and charcoal were never out of his hand, and in his passion for making sketches he would forget to eat and drink. He drew on the fences, on the floor, on tables and chairs, and, terrible to relate, on the inner walls of the hut itself. He was often enough in trouble for Art's sake, and compelled to pay in his person—in his ears and cheeks and elsewhere—for the lawless and unreasonable delight he took in her pursuit. But pains and penalties had no effect upon him. He would rub the sore places on his frame with an air of abstraction, and go out and console himself immediately with another sketch. Once, when the Jews were preparing to make holiday, the great brickstove in his father's house had been elaborately whitewashed; it was not much, but it

made the room look clean and cheerful, and it was a source of some pardonable pride. You may imagine the horror and indignation of the elder Antokolsky when, on his return at eventide, he saw on the front of the stove an enormous warrior flourishing a long sword, and as black as charcoal and inspiration could make him. This time the crime was so inhuman and extraordinary as to make the tweaks and slaps and

pinches that were employed for minor offences seem ridiculously inadequate. The injured father took up a stick straightway, and the offending son received the soundest thrashing imaginable. It was well meant, no doubt, but it was singularly inefficacious. Next day he was sketching as vigorously as ever.

His parents were so poor that he had to draw where he could. The commonest white paper was beyond his means; and if chalk and charcoal had not been to be had for the gathering he would have fared but ill. His desire, however, was greater than his necessity; it gave him patience and ingenuity, and it compelled him to succeed. Domiciled under the same roof with him was a bookbinder, who was accustomed to cast forth scraps and shavings into the common yard. These the Jew boy gathered up with all diligence. He pasted them together; and in this way he made himself sketching blocks



CHRIST BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

(From the Statue by Mark Antokolsky.)

and canvases, and could draw without the fear of a pair of red ears. Presently his father began to take his passion for drawing less tragically and with more intelligence; and in no great while, that nothing might be lost and that money might be made as soon as possible, he apprenticed him to a carver. The lad became a craftsman at once, and was able to earn from twelve to fifteen roubles (some twenty-five to thirty shillings) a month, which for a small boy in an out-of-the-way provincial town is an enormous wage. And all the while he stuck to his drawing, and plied his pencil diligently. He was now comparatively rich: he could buy paper and cheap water-colours. His talent and accomplishment got wind; and presently the Governor of Wilno, a certain General Nazimoff, enquired about him, had him up for inspection, took an interest in him, and, finding that his one ambition was to improve himself in his art, and to become a student of the Imperial Academy of Arts in St. Petersburg, gave him a letter of introduction for the capital; and with this in his pocket he went on his lonely way.

The general's letter was almost useless, we are told, and for some time Antokolsky had to fight with poverty as for his life. In a sense he was well-armoured enough; for he had a will of iron, an indefatigable industry, an absolute devotion to art, and a heart and brain as full of ideals as a summer wood is full of songs. But times were desperately hard; circumstances were desperately adverse. Antokolsky had ten roubles (a pound) a month from a certain Baron Ginsburg, it is true; but five shillings a week is not enough to keep body and soul together, much less to study art upon. The Russian Academy of Arts was given over to the devil of pseudo-classicism. The subjects set at the examinations were all mythological; and the students were cramped and hampered into the bargain with all manner of conventionalities and formal rules, without which it was not lawful for art to be or do. Originality, truth to life and nature, the very shadow of realism, were damned as vulgar and degrading. In painting there had been some feeble attempts to break these fetters. But sculpture was the docile slave of formalism, and seemed to exist but for the glorification of the dubious heroes of official Russia. Vitaly, Pimenoff, Tolstoy, Baron Klodt—once considered as stars of the first magnitude—worked almost exclusively on public monuments. Whatever their task and whatever their theme, their attention was directed not so much to the capacities of their subject as art, as to its excellence as an opportunity of paying compliments in bronze to the powers that were. Vitaly modelled the Byzantine Emperor Theodosius and his wife in bas-relief for the Isaac Cathedral in the likeness of Nicolas I. and his Empress. Pimenoff, commissioned to produce an

immense equestrian statue of Nicolas I. for the Winter Palace, represented his Emperor in the shape of St. George, helmed and armoured as a Roman warrior, with bare arms and legs, bestriding a fiery steed, and in the act of spearing the Dragon. All these masterpieces were absolutely worthless from the point of view of creation and conception; all were feeble in execution; all were touched with an inane effeminacy of expression. No doubt there were exceptions to the rule, and happy ones: Klodt's "Krilloff," for example, and the realistic essays of Kamensky, an artist of much talent, who died young. But, in general, the ideals and ambitions of our sculptors were as I have said; and these ambitions and ideals were stronger and more imperious at the Academy of Arts than elsewhere. It is typical of Antokolsky that, in spite of his preposterous environment, he showed himself from the beginning an independent and daring artist.

In 1864 he exhibited his first work, an alto-relievo, a "Jew Tailor." In the teeth of rules and traditions, the subject was presented not in gypsum, not in bronze, not even in marble. It was wrought in wood, as if the author had been a common carver, only anxious to appear a good craftsman, and without any ambition to become an artist. "Who knows?" says the art-critic Stasoff, "it was perhaps this very unassumingness of Antokolsky that won him the medal (second class, silver) he received at the exhibition?" All the same, his work was an outrage upon official art. It represented a lean and hungry Jew, in the cap and caftan of his race, sitting cross-legged in the window of his little shop, and trying hard to thread his needle at the light, and so entirely absorbed in the effort that his eyes, his lips, and every muscle of his face are parties to the transaction. Antokolsky had often witnessed the achievement in the slum at Wilno where he was born, and where he had grown up an artist and a lover of nature. He succeeded in its presentation because he was truthful and sincere. Next year he exhibited a second alto-relievo, this time in wood and ivory. The subject was a country miser counting his money. It took the public by surprise. The reality of the type, the greed and cunning in the face, the truth of gesture, the uncompromising accuracy of detail and costume, were not less novel than astonishing. People at once began to look for something great from Antokolsky; and he did not deceive their expectations. But they had to wait for it. Poverty and affliction were heavy on him; and it was not until nearly five years after that he achieved his triumphant "Ivan the Terrible." This heroic savage, in whom Old Russia is incarnate, appeared to him garbed in his monk's frock, as one set between despair and the hope of grace, between the promises of Holy Writ and the

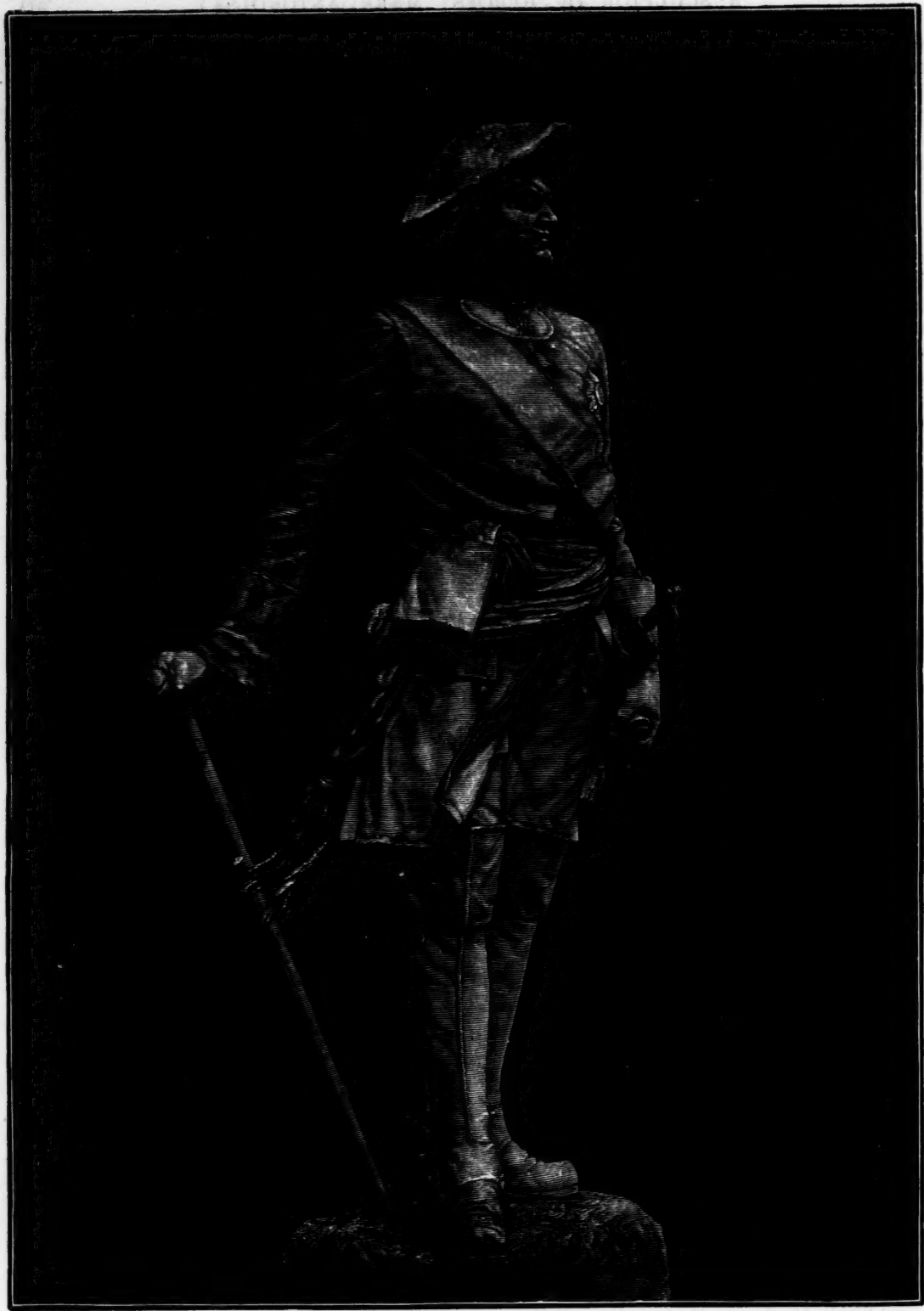
memory of his many crimes, with the Bible on his knee and at his side the legendary sceptre—tall, solid, shod with living steel—wherewith he tested the manhood of his nobles, and beat out the brains of his enemies, and took the life of his son. Thus it was that the great Tzar was revealed; and as Antokolsky sculptured, so have we engraved.

When he conceived this immortal work he was still starving on a pound a month. It would have been mere midsummer madness to think of a studio of his own. He tried to get one in the Academy; but he tried in vain. He then asked permission to work there during the vacation in the sculptors' class rooms; and after a great deal of circumlocution the required permission was granted (1870) on condition that in return for it he mended all the broken noses and maimed hands and lame legs of the battered old bas-reliefs which had been sent in on account of the Academy gold medal. He began to work at his "Ivan the Terrible" with the passionate and indefatigable unrest peculiar to him. He wanted to finish it out of hand, under the impulse of an unique, unbroken inspiration. The incessant labour, the old unending hardships and privations, the miserable circumstances under which he lived and wrought, combined to make him seriously ill. He took a horrible cough, and began to suffer violently from pulmonary hæmorrhage. He was obliged to leave his work, and go home and rest. In a month he was back again in St. Petersburg. There a new grief was in store for him. The class-room in which his model stood, by order of the academical authorities, had been appropriated to other uses, and the terrible Tzar had been parcelled out in fragments, and stowed away in a lumber room under the roof. Antokolsky kept up his heart. He was worn to a shadow with hardship and illness; he had no light to work in, and no room; he was faint and giddy and tired; but he laboured on. And at last "The Terrible" was finished. Naturally enough, the artist's first idea was to show his work to his professors. He was a young man, however; and none of them were interested in his work. Had it been a veteran's, like Pimenoff or Baron Klodt, it would have been another pair of shoes. But it was only Antokolsky's; and they declined to look at it. So the artist went and called on Prince Gagarin, the President of the Academy, and asked inspection of him. The President was very civil, told him that he had long had his eye on him, and that he would be delighted to come and see. He came; he saw; he was conquered. No such work had come from a Russian artist; and he knew it, and was enchanted with the knowledge. Next day he returned with the Grand Duchess Maria Paulovna; she was every whit as much astonished and impressed as the President. "The Emperor must see your

work!" she said in her ecstasy. But to make this possible another sacrifice was required of the artist. He was still under the tiles; at such a height the Emperor and he were practically ten thousand miles apart; and he was requested to cut up his work, and get it carried piecemeal down-stairs and set up in a bigger room on the ground floor. This he positively refused to do. The President was persuasive; the Grand Duchess was benevolently imperious; but the sculptor stood firm. Then, at a sign from Her Imperial Highness, a miracle was operated in the little garret. The floor became covered with exquisite tapestry; fair windows appeared in its walls; it grew glorious with costly furniture and silken hangings; and one evening at six o'clock there was a strange and awful jingle of spurs on the narrow stairs, and in came the Tzar. He looked affably at the majestic presentment of his predecessor; and he honoured the artist with a "gracious conversation:"—"Who are you?"—"Antokolsky."—"Where from?"—"Wilno."—"Very good, very good!" With that there was another strange and awful jingle of spurs, and the Tzar had vanished.

The monarch's visit to the studio of the neglected young sculptor amazed and terrified the representatives of official art. "What have you done?" they asked Antokolsky. "I have done an 'Ivan the Terrible!'" was his rejoinder. Crowds of visitors began to besiege the Academy; and rapturous accounts of the new genius and his magnificent creation were on everybody's lips. The exhibition in fact, though on a much smaller scale, had pretty much the effect of those of Vereschaguin later on. The number of visitors was smaller; but the surprise, the enthusiasm, the sympathy, the interest in the new man, and the new departure were fully as intense. The statue was bought by the Government, and a bronze of it now adorns the Hermitage collection. In 1872 South Kensington endeavoured to obtain a gypsum cast. But Antokolsky was in Rome; the negotiations fell through; and South Kensington is wanting still.

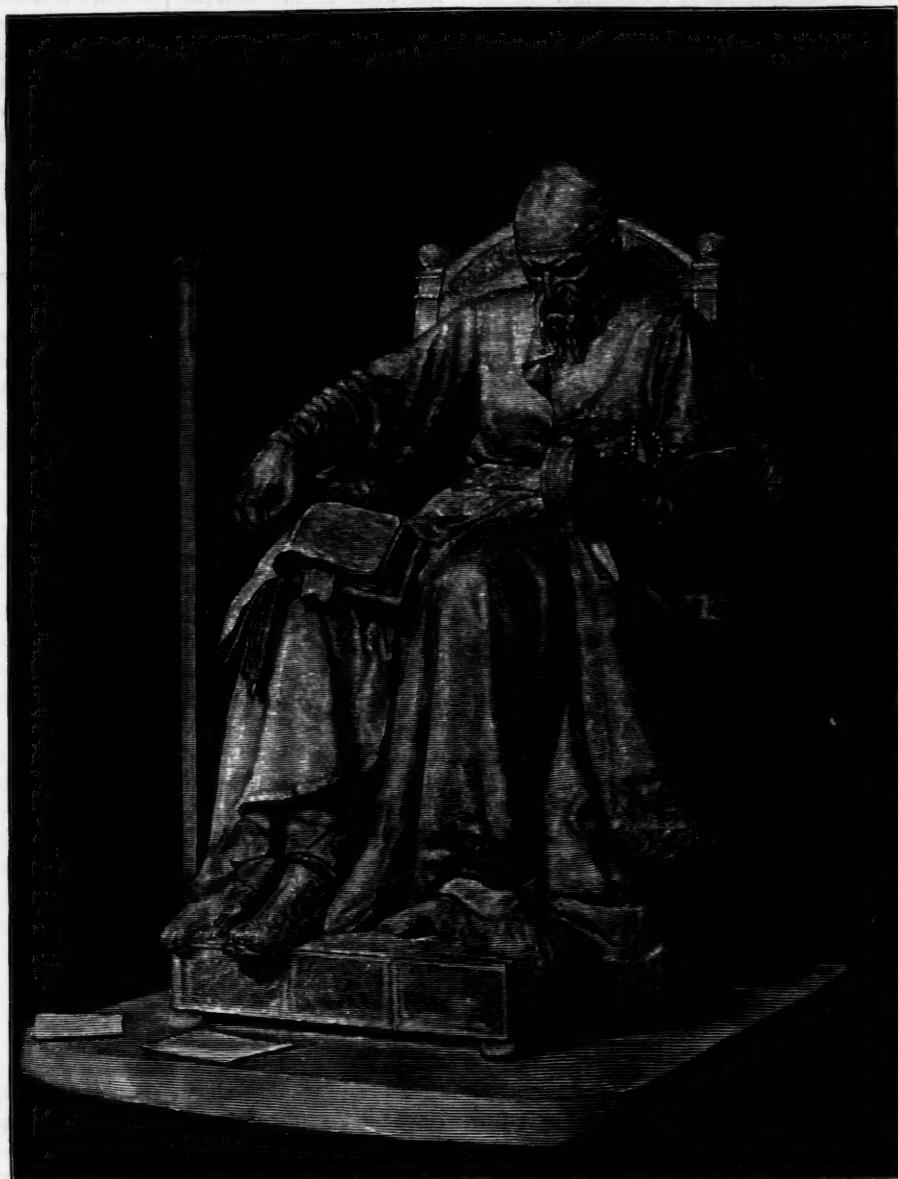
The "Ivan the Terrible" made Antokolsky an Academician, and so gave him a pension for life. He was sent off to Italy at once, as it was feared that his delicate health would break down under the amenities of the Russian climate. In 1872 he exhibited his "Peter the Great," the original of our full-page picture, and in 1874 his "Christ Before the People," a reproduction of which is placed at the head of this article. The great White Tzar, the immortal Builder of Ships, is marching on an enemy. The lines of Antokolsky's figure are instinct with the heroic swagger, the irresistible will, the fiery and indomitable resolution, of his tremendous original. Thus might he have looked when he marshalled his lines at Pultowa; thus when he challenged the



PETER THE GREAT.

(From the Statue by Mark Antokolsky.)

barbarism of his own land and the civilisation of the West. The figure of the "Christ," however, is, as I think, the finer and the more original of the former," he says, "who rose in revolt against the exclusiveness and injustice of the Pharisees and Sadducees, who proclaimed the Kingdom of Truth



IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

(From the Statue by Mark Antokolsky.)

two. The conception is more human and profound; the effect is nobler and more affecting. Antokolsky himself has described his intention, in a letter to his friend Stassoff, and I shall not scruple to quote his description. "I shall make Christ a re-

and Brotherhood and Freedom on Earth for the very people which in its fury and blindness cried 'Crucify him! crucify him!' I have represented Him as standing before the people for whom He afterwards laid down His life, forgiving them, 'for they

know not what they do.'” As it seems to me, his Redeemer—outraged, bound, condemned, His meek head bowed beneath the stupid execrations of the churls He would have lifted to Himself—is certainly the most moving and original in modern art.

In 1875, when in Rome, Antokolsky produced, for the churchyard of Monte Testario, a monument to Princess Obolensky, a young lady whom he had known. She is sitting, in mute despair, on a great square stone at the entrance of her tomb. The conception of the work is strikingly imaginative. The pain, the infinite regret, the speechless sorrow in the sweet young face, are affecting in a high degree. This excellent work was succeeded by a series of achievements in all of which the master-thought is likewise one of defeat and the breaking of life. In his “Death of Socrates” (1876) the hero is shown to us cold and stiff in his chair, his arms inert and pendent, his head fallen forwards on his breast, as his friends and disciples may have seen him after the draught of hemlock. In “Irreparable Loss” (1876) there is presented the bust of a dead boy, pathetic and still on the white pillows in which he is laid. Then comes the “Last Sigh of Christ on the Cross” (1877), a poignant realisation of the supreme agony, the ultimate and consummate pang of the hour upon Calvary. And then the famous “Head of John the Baptist” (1878), couched in grisly and awful quiet on the charger of Herodias, with the broad keen glaive beneath it that has just sliced through nape and throat; the “Baron Ginsburg” (1878), a kind of threnody in marble; and the “Spinoza” (1882), of which more hereafter. I should add that these “sculptured elegiacs,” these material and abiding laments, are no mere illustrations of the primal curse of mortality. In all the dominant idea is one of sorrowfulness and of reproach—is the idea, in fact, which

animates the “Christ Before the People,” and makes the figure not only live for us, but seem charged with heroic and tragical significance. The sculptor’s meaning is but too plain. He has seen that it is the wont of the mob to persecute and destroy its benefactors; and his work is one long descant, in terms of heartfelt melancholy, on the vanity of human effort and the sorrowfulness of human destiny.

Besides these, Antokolsky has produced a number not yet exhibited. The most important is certainly the “Spinoza.” The mighty Jew is represented at the most tragic pass of his life. His writings have been burned by the hangman; he has been twice anathematised: he is utterly forsaken; his last days are upon him. He is a bent and broken man of five-and-thirty—his face rather Dutch than Hebraic in type. He is sitting mournful in a chair, his hands are crossed helpless upon his breast, his knees are covered with a rug. The pen has fallen from his grasp; a half-folded letter—a letter of ill news, no doubt—lies on the floor at his feet. His face is lit with a great and potent thought. All the wickedness and meanness of mankind have not been able to extinguish the light of his intelligence; and you read in his look the words of his device: “Sadly I pass over the malice and injustice of man to serve the only God.” Persecution, slander, hate—all this is nothing to him. His thoughts soar higher, and the sad eyes gaze into space as if they saw the mystery of the future. “Poor, stupid men,” he seems to say, “you suffer and are sorrowful; and yet you are afraid of intellectual liberty and the truth which alone can help and save you!” In this spirit have the world’s heroes lived and died. Antokolsky, essentially a thinker and a poet, has devoted himself to its expression, and has made himself a name and place unique in modern art.

IZAAC PAVLOVSKY.

SCENE-PAINTER AND ACTOR.

THE days are long past when Roscius was a player in Rome and every actor came riding on his ass. The Roscius of to-day rides in a special train or charters a steamer. He is not in himself an abstract and brief chronicle of the time, but he compresses a very microcosm in his portmanteaux. He carries with him cities and temples, gardens and wildernesses, alps and oceans, the sun and moon and stars of heaven. His marbles are of real plaster, his green-sward of real cotton, his forests of real papier-mâché. He may or may not act a play, but certainly he will illustrate it. If he cannot hold the mirror up to nature, he can at least work a magic lantern with

novel and ingenious slides. Shakespeare supplies the text for the pictures, the lecture for the panorama. At other times the drama becomes a species of egg-dance, an adroit flitting in and out among fragile gimcracks. The actor is a sort of educated bull-in-a-china-shop, not destructive indeed, but still less at his ease, awed by the sanctity of crockery. If he does not live up to a teapot, he acts down to it. A breath of passion in such a scene would be as fatally out of place as a tragedy in a card-castle. Life is presented in a glass case labelled “This side up—with care.” Thespis’ cart has become a furniture-van.

Some reformers would like to pass a sumptuary law

for the stage, while some, like Tieck, would even revert to the Elizabethan and Chinese fashion of leaving the spectator's imagination to construct the scenery, with the aid of a placard inscribed "This is a temple," or "This is a drawing-room." All such hard-and-fast theories, however, are the result of that lack of dramatic science—we must accustom ourselves to this awkward word in default of a better—which characterises English criticism. Any fixed rule as to the amount of scenic decoration permissible must necessarily be mistaken. As to the amount, I say, not as to the proportion. The problem is simply to arrive at an understanding of the due proportion which must exist between action and decoration, or more precisely between emotion and circumstance. And here at the outset we meet with the general rule, subject to many apparent but few real exceptions, that the one element must be in the inverse ratio of the other. The stronger the emotion to be portrayed, the less elaborate must be the decoration, and *vice versa*. For the loves of Strephon and Phyllis we require a background from Watteau, but Prometheus not only may but must be chained to the barest rock.

The most obvious inference from this is that the scenery of comedy should be more elaborate than that of tragedy. And the inference is entirely just if only we properly define tragedy and comedy, and remember the tendency of the modern drama to fuse the two. The "School for Scandal," a pure comedy of manners, gives room for unlimited stage decoration. It may easily be ill decorated, but it can scarcely be over-decorated so long as space is left for free motion. And here it is curious to note, whether as a mere chance or as an example of Sheridan's dramatic instinct, that the one emotional passage of the play occurs in what is naturally the soberest and least elaborate scene. This idea of proportioning the scene to the business "then to be considered" is the last which occurs to a modern manager. He gives his scenic artist *carte blanche*, and insists upon each decoration reaching a fixed standard of magnificence. Juliet's bedchamber where she is to battle with the grisly horrors of the tomb shall be as rich, if not as gaudy, as the banquet-hall where she does nothing much more serious than walk a minuet. Indeed, there is a natural tendency to make the more emotional scenes also the more elaborate, for the simple reason that they are usually long.

In a certain sense this modern craze for over-decoration exemplifies rather than contravenes the principle I have laid down. It is precisely because we must put up with a very limited quantity of emotion that we are treated to such lavish displays of stained glass and tapestry. The great actor seeks to concentrate attention upon himself, not by "taking the stage" to the exclusion of his fellows, but by

limiting the inanimate accessories to the strictly necessary. The mediocre performer, on the other hand, is only too well pleased to divert from himself any intensity of attention of which a modern audience may be capable. He will still be the "star" among his fellows on the stage, but he does not grudge the scene-painter a share, and that the lion's share, of his "artistic triumphs." In this word "attention" we have reached the underlying principle of the whole matter. There is in any given audience a certain quantity of attention which may, or rather must, be secured. In the varying means which are taken to secure it lies the difference between greatness and mediocrity. Greatness relies on itself, mediocrity on its accessories. Let us take, as an instance of greatness which few will dispute, Salvini in the fifth act of "Othello." It would be easy to display much erudition, taste, and liberality in the construction and decoration of a Venetian-Moorish bedchamber of the Fifteenth Century. Our greatest artist-archæologists would be delighted to provide designs, which our scene-painters could execute with admirable precision and refinement. The result would be an exquisite interior, upon which critics would lavish columns of description and praise. But the moment Othello appeared on the stage we should find ourselves in a dilemma as to whether he or the furniture should be the main object of attention. Neither could be appreciated without an exercise of our whole available power of mind—which, then, should it be? In the case of Salvini there can be little doubt as to how the scale would turn; but even then the undeniable claims to notice of the architecture and furniture would have a certain distracting effect. At the very best, all the taste and lavishness would be utterly thrown away. With a second-rate Othello, again, the result might be different. In studying the tracery of a window we might fail to notice that such and such an inflexion of voice was an effect of convention and not of truth; the play of colour on the bed-curtains might blind us to spasmodic gesture and "business" clumsily conceived. We might leave the theatre with the impression of having received on the whole a good deal of æsthetic pleasure; and this, it may be said, is a sufficient "plea in avoidance" of my argument. But it is not so. There is one form of pleasure which dramatic art alone can give; another which is peculiar to decorative art. We go to the theatre for the one, to South Kensington for the other. When the theatre becomes a museum it tacitly confesses itself incapable of giving in full that pleasure which is its exclusive property, and so does not completely fulfil its office.

The question demands a volume rather than a few columns for its adequate discussion. There are

all sorts of modifying circumstances to be taken into account. The length of time, for example, during which a scene is to be presented to us is of great importance. In "Forget-Me-Not" the whole action takes place in the salon of a Roman villa, commencing in a tone of light comedy and gradually rising to a strongly emotional climax. Here all possible elaboration may fairly be devoted to the "set," since we have time to make ourselves at home in it, as it were, before we become absorbed in the process of emotions. Again, there is a distinction to be drawn between a drama of personal passion and one which represents rather an historical conflict—between a drama of individuals and a drama of masses, so to speak. "Othello" is an instance of the one, "Julius Cæsar" of the other. Details apart, there was nothing inartistic in the elaboration which the Meiningen company devoted to the latter, for a fair proportion was always maintained between the background and the action to be exhibited against it. I am speaking, of course, merely of the scenery, and not of the famous "Meiningen crowds," which open a totally different question.

Again, it is to be remembered that the modern drama tends more and more to become a drama of background, constructed with the set purpose of reproducing the surroundings of life with minutely detailed accuracy. This form of art is at least consistent in its aim. Taking advantage of material means unknown to the classic dramatists from Shakespeare to Schiller, it strives after effects differing from theirs not only in degree but in kind. The mere change in the illuminating medium is of incalculable significance. With Goethe died the candle-light drama, with Scribe arose about the same time our present drama of gas and calcium. From Scribe are descended, however they may disclaim their parentage, Sardou with his electric bells and Zola with his realistic *lavoirs*, soon to develop, perhaps, into naturalistic slaughter-houses. Strangely enough, too, the new conditions of scenic art acted through Scribe upon Meyerbeer, through Meyer-

beer upon Wagner; so that scenically there is kinship between "Parsifal" and "Nana." We, in England, are mainly affected by the French tendency to construct an action with the deliberate purpose of placing it against a photographic background. One advantage of this method, within due limits, is that it glosses over mediocrity in acting. It is certainly judicious in these latter days to cultivate a style which demands in its interpretation respectable talent rather than resplendent genius. When genius appears it will have no difficulty in finding material to work upon. But let us clearly recognise that this style is not the style of Shakespeare, and that in applying to his dramas modern methods of illustration we are producing an impure form of art. We are decanting old wine into new bottles, and the true aroma is lost in the process. It is as though a painter were to go round the Scrovegni Chapel and paint Turner-esque sunsets or Tadema interiors in the backgrounds of Giotto's frescoes. We cannot return to the rush-strewn, arras-hung stage of Shakespeare's time any more than we can return to Garrick's tie-wig and knee-breeches. But we can surely bear in mind that Shakespeare's drama is not like ours of today, a drama of background. The accessories which form an integral part of the original conception of a play by Sardou were unimagined by Shakespeare. Thus everything which distracts attention from the action as he conceived it, by so much diminishes the legitimate effect; or, in other words, whatever in the background forces itself upon our notice is wrong and out of place. Splendour and meanness are alike to be avoided; a sober appropriateness is what we should demand. Fechter at the Odéon tried the experiment of mounting "Tartuffe" with the rich elaboration of a modern comedy, and the result was disastrous. The Parisians preferred the dingy conventional set to which they were accustomed, and in this they showed more sense of fitness than would have been found in a London audience. I do not plead for dinginess, but I protest against irrelevant and distracting splendour. WILLIAM ARCHER.

KABYLE JEWELLERY.

IN Kabylia the jeweller's art is a very ancient and honourable mystery. Working members of the profession are found in all the tribes; but perhaps the Aït Yenni are the most celebrated for the number and beauty of their patterns, the industry having been concentrated and developed among them. Silver is the only precious metal used; they have never worked in gold. Crucibles for the use of jewellers are made

of a particular kind of clay found in the country of the Aït Yenni, and the paste formed of this clay is mixed with hair to give it greater strength. It is possible that the Aït Yenni tribe owe their pre-eminence in this art to their almost exclusive possession of the clay suitable for the manufacture of crucibles. The operation is commenced by melting down silver coins, especially (if they can be had)

ancient Spanish "douros." For some kinds of jewels the silver is kept pure; for others it is mixed with an alloy of zinc and tin, a sort of barbaric silver which forms a good strong metal, much better for constant wear than pure silver, and capable of receiving a very

on an anvil, and made into plates of different thicknesses; it is also fashioned into wire of various sizes—for rings, chains, and other kinds of ornament—which are sometimes twisted for enamelled jewels. The ornaments may be divided into two



KABYLE JEWELLERY.—I.: A KABYLE BEAUTY.

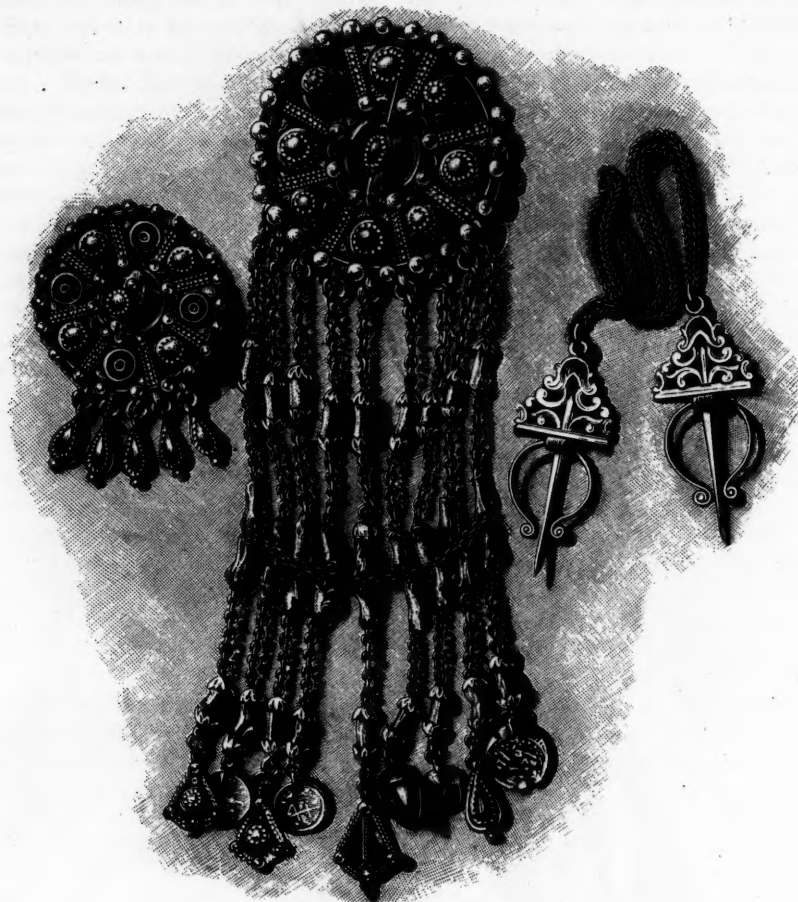
high polish, which, however, is generally reserved for the filigree ornamentation and the little beads imitating pearls—the Kabyles showing their artistic instincts by preferring to keep the flat parts of the trinket either oxidised dark, or covered with coloured enamel. Dealers in Algiers always tell you these jewels are made of "metaille," thereby saving their consciences from the shadow of falsehood.

After melting, the silver or metal is hammered

classes: those enamelled in colours, and those destined only to be decorated with coral, or filigree work made by arranging the twisted wires in countless varied designs on the flat silver plates. The first always have a plaque of metal made in the required shape, on which are fixed twisted wires in the pattern chosen, thus forming a closed-in space intended to receive the enamel, the bits of coral, and the bright spots of metal intended to represent pearls.

The wires are fixed in their places with little pincers, and then made to adhere by means of a solder formed of two parts of silver, one of brass, and one of arsenic of sulphur. This solder reduced to powder is placed around the object to be set; the plaque is then heated; and as the solder melts at a lower temperature than

a second, transparent dark green, due to the oxide of chrome; the third, of light opaque green obtained from bi-oxide of copper; and the fourth, of an opaque yellow which has for a base chromate of lead. Reduced to fine powder and mixed with water, these enamels are spread in thin layers on the beds pre-



KABYLE JEWELLERY.—II : BROOCHES AND PINS.

the metal, the join is easy. The foundation of jewels made by this method must be of silver with less alloy than the solder, or the whole trinket would melt. The common jewels sold at very low prices, which are generally made of brass washed over with zinc or tin, have ornaments so slightly fastened that they are constantly dropping off. To solder silver the Kabyles employ a substance formed of one part sulphur of arsenic, one part bitartrate of potassium, and one part of brass, melted together, to which is afterwards added by a second fusion two parts of silver. The enamels used are bought in Tunis or Algiers, and are of European make. They are four in number: one a transparent blue, coloured with oxide of cobalt;

pared for them; the jewel is then exposed to the proper heat; and the enamel is fixed by melting. This process, by which extremely beautiful results are obtained at a very moderate price, might be easily imitated at home. Pieces of coral are simply fixed in their places with wax, and are fastened there by pressing down the overlapping bits of metal round them. The unenamelled trinkets are as varied as the caprices and fortunes of their makers.

The principal jewels made are double shoulder pins joined together by a chain—often with an amulet in the middle—used for fastening the dress on the shoulders. A Kabyle woman's dress owes very little to the art of the dressmaker. The bodice

is formed anew each morning, by being secured on the shoulders by these pins, which are generally alike (Fig. II.). In our illustrative portrait two patterns are given. They are always very classical in shape; and sometimes the pins are of such large dimensions that one is not surprised to read how the Greek women stabbed a man to death with the pins of their brooches. Brooches are of many different forms and sizes (Fig. II.). The large round brooch with hanging chains and ball pendants is only worn after a woman has borne a child, and even then with a difference. Thus the mother of a daughter wears hers in her bodice, but the proud mother of a son sets hers in the middle of her forehead, with the balls falling over her eyebrows. From this honoured position it is sometimes torn off, and flung in rage and defiance at the feet of the husband, when some domestic difference of opinion has induced him unduly to chastise her. Some brooches present exactly the same shape as those still worn by old Highland women. It is strange how much significance is yet attached to these ornaments; her brooch is the last thing a Highland woman can be persuaded to part with. Ear-rings (Fig. III.) are made of many different patterns. Some are small, to hang from the lobe of the ear; some are very large, to hook over the ear, supported by strings tied at the top of the head under the head-dress. The long dangling chains which always hang from these large ear-rings are decorated at intervals with bits of rough coral and coloured glass beads imported from Europe, and often end in little pointed bits of polished cornelian. Long dangling chains and drooping ornaments are a great feature in Kabyle jewellery, and in that of the Bedouins. The negro replaces chains and beads with long strips of coloured leather and white shells; but the decorative feeling is the same in all these neighbouring nationalities. Even in the beautiful jewellery of the Moorish Arabs you see delicate drooping gold chains and pendent pearls. Waist-clasps are worn of many different kinds. In addition to the usual filigree work they

are sometimes ornamented with silver inlaid on metal. At times they assume such formidable dimensions as to look almost like small shields. Their usual form is round, but many varied and sometimes very elegant shapes are seen.

The turban head-dress is usually made of silk scarves, most commonly black, and twisted into varied forms. The diadems worn, as may be seen by our picture of a Kabyle beauty, are very handsome and original; they are usually made of three plaques of metal joined together by semispheres of bright metal, which have a very striking effect. The plaques are always enamelled and enriched with rounded pieces of coral set in rows, much as in a Jewish high-priest's breastplate. The diadem is placed round the turban-shaped head-dress, and supported in its place by means of small hooks, which fasten on to the top of the turban. A row of various pendants dangle over the eyebrow. Amulets form an important item of a Kabyle woman's possessions; they are sometimes large and square, containing a written charm, usually a prayer from the Koran, and are attached to the side by long chains like a chate-laine (Fig. IV.). Sometimes they are round or oval, and contain perfumes. Bracelets (Fig. VI.) are found of innumerable shapes. Some are made of a band of metal four inches wide, fitted to the arm, and



KABYLE JEWELLERY.—III.: EAR-RINGS.

ornamented with rude *repoussé* work. Perhaps the greatest care and wealth of fancy are bestowed on the necklaces. They mostly consist of charms hung from chains. A large richly-worked amulet forms the centre, with many smaller ones around. No doubt these charms all mean something, and have each a special function in preserving their owner from harm. Toads and fish are common; sometimes we have a butterfly, a vase, a triangle, a flower. Many forms of the cross are seen, perhaps introduced by Christian slaves (who often escaped from Algiers into the mountains), or due to still earlier

Christian tradition. Pistols, daggers, and the conventional sign known as the Hand of Mahomet, often appear; to these are added coral and amber beads, coins, bits of glass or cornelian, bright-coloured pebbles, scraps of mother-of-pearl, or shells,

or even coloured seeds, besides numbers of those glass beads, which commerce has been pouring by boat-loads, in almost an unbroken stream, into Africa ever since the days of the Phœnician merchants.

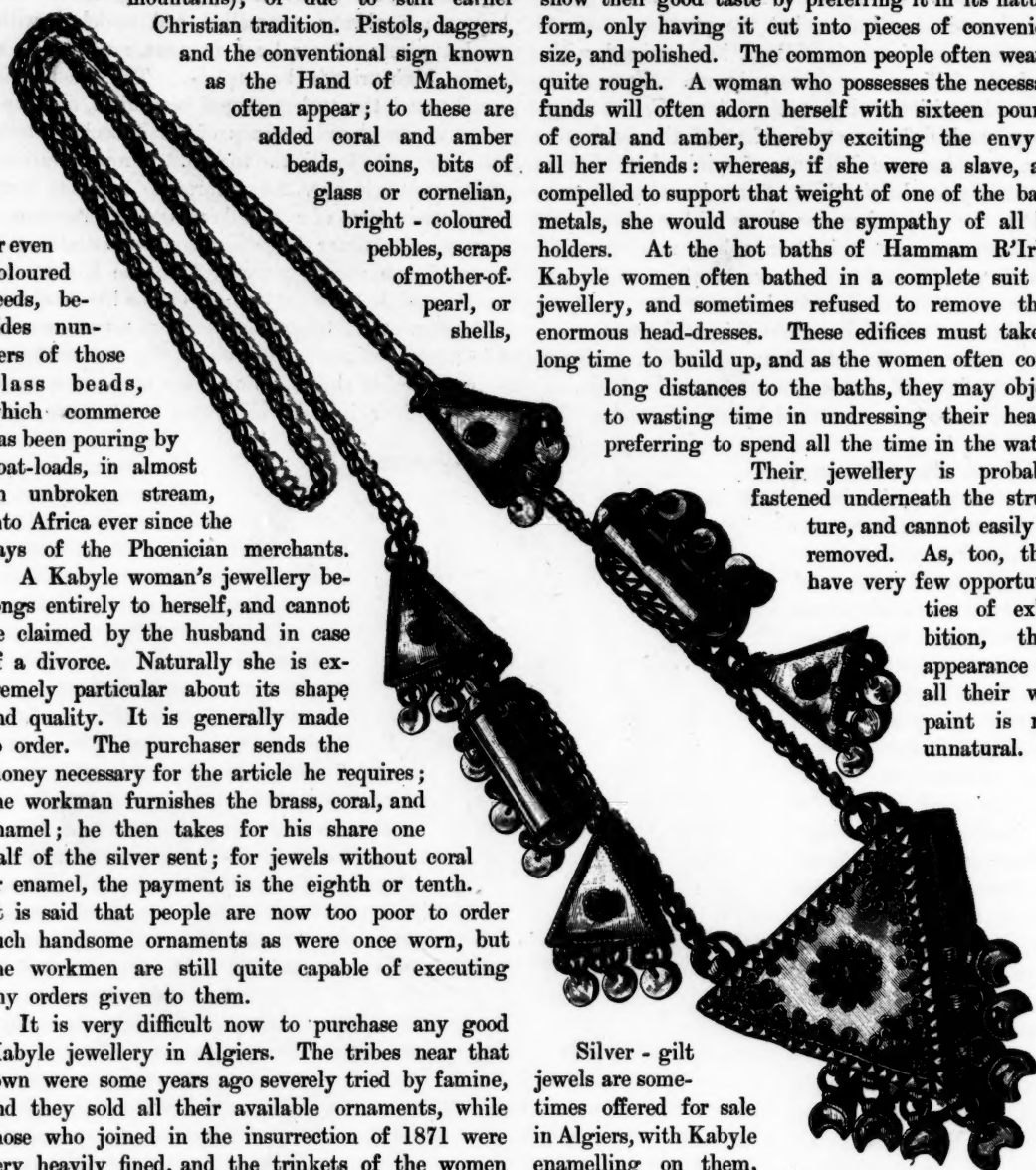
A Kabyle woman's jewellery belongs entirely to herself, and cannot be claimed by the husband in case of a divorce. Naturally she is extremely particular about its shape and quality. It is generally made to order. The purchaser sends the money necessary for the article he requires; the workman furnishes the brass, coral, and enamel; he then takes for his share one half of the silver sent; for jewels without coral or enamel, the payment is the eighth or tenth. It is said that people are now too poor to order such handsome ornaments as were once worn, but the workmen are still quite capable of executing any orders given to them.

It is very difficult now to purchase any good Kabyle jewellery in Algiers. The tribes near that town were some years ago severely tried by famine, and they sold all their available ornaments, while those who joined in the insurrection of 1871 were very heavily fined, and the trinkets of the women were swept away in the endeavour to raise funds sufficient to pay off those fines. A good necklace

(when it can be found) costs about three guineas; a fairly good brooch, and some classical pins, may yet sometimes be picked up in the town; as Kabyle women (like their husbands) are litigious, and will come into Algiers expressly to sell their jewellery, to procure legal advice. Otherwise they will not part with their treasured trinkets, but are often rich in coral and amber ornaments. A merchant has assured me that there are no better judges of both, and that they will not purchase inferior qualities. They do not care about having coral in the form of beads, but show their good taste by preferring it in its natural form, only having it cut into pieces of convenient size, and polished. The common people often wear it quite rough. A woman who possesses the necessary funds will often adorn herself with sixteen pounds of coral and amber, thereby exciting the envy of all her friends: whereas, if she were a slave, and compelled to support that weight of one of the baser metals, she would arouse the sympathy of all beholders. At the hot baths of Hammam R'Irha, Kabyle women often bathed in a complete suit of jewellery, and sometimes refused to remove their enormous head-dresses. These edifices must take a long time to build up, and as the women often come long distances to the baths, they may object to wasting time in undressing their heads, preferring to spend all the time in the water.

Their jewellery is probably fastened underneath the structure, and cannot easily be removed. As, too, they have very few opportunities of exhibition, their appearance in all their war paint is not unnatural.

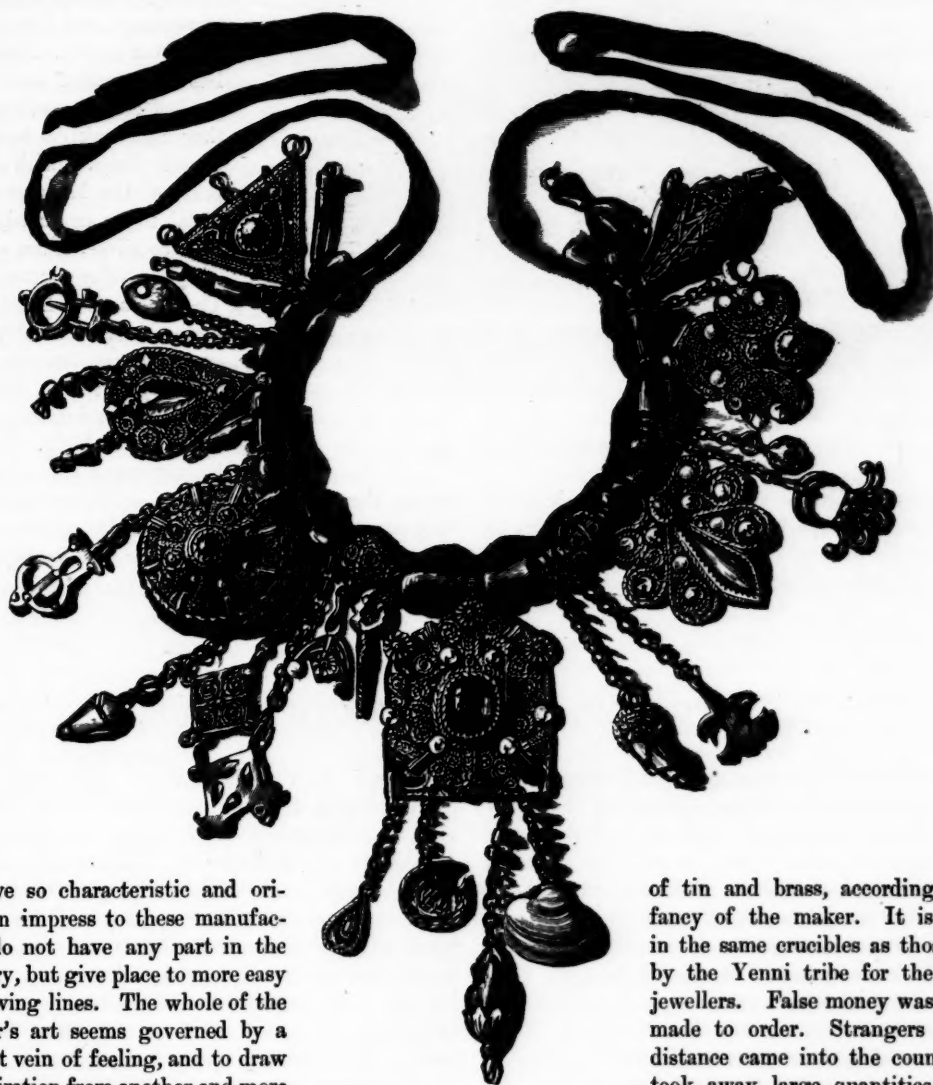
Silver-gilt jewels are sometimes offered for sale in Algiers, with Kabyle enamelling on them, but the ornaments are more Arab than Kabyle,



KABYLE JEWELLERY.—IV.:
AMULET AND CHAIN.

and have probably been made to order. In weighing materials, workmen make use of little scales of European manufacture. The stiff geometrical designs which appear on Kabyle pottery, and woven stuffs,

always found it impossible to copy a head. Their only way of reproducing French money is by casting it in a mould, when the copy is always smaller than the original. The metal used is silver, with an alloy



KABYLE JEWELLERY.—V.: NECKLACE.

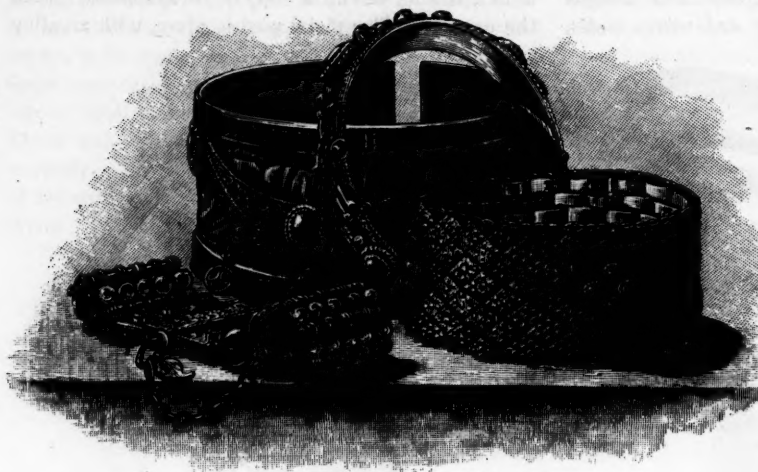
and give so characteristic and original an impress to these manufactures, do not have any part in the jewellery, but give place to more easy and flowing lines. The whole of the jeweller's art seems governed by a different vein of feeling, and to draw its inspiration from another and more educated source. As the jeweller's trade is entirely in the hands of men, while women alone are potters and weavers, it is possible the two sexes are following totally different traditions.

Aït-el-Arba, one of the centres of the jewel trade, is also celebrated for the manufacture of base money. Kabyles have always been renowned for "coining." At one time the fabrication of false money was carried on among them on a very large scale. The coins of Morocco, Tunis, and the old Regency of Algiers were the principal objects of imitation, as the Kabyles have

of tin and brass, according to the fancy of the maker. It is melted in the same crucibles as those made by the Yenni tribe for the use of jewellers. False money was usually made to order. Strangers from a distance came into the country and took away large quantities to put into circulation in their own neighbourhoods. The sale of false money

was permitted in the markets; but the Kabyles repressed with extreme severity any attempt to pass it in their own villages. Any one discovered in such an act was stoned on the spot. The workers, by a singular scruple, never passed their coins themselves, seeming to think they would be dishonoured by entering on such a commerce. Still I have heard of a Kabyle who, seeing some French money, succeeded in imitating it exactly, and then brought it in triumph to show to friends in Algiers.

He appeared quite unconscious of having offended once condemned, and the attempt has not been in any way against the law; but he had to be repeated. The coins were of tin, washed over with a



KABYLE JEWELLERY.—VI.: BRACELETS.

punished—*pour décourager les autres*. It is believed that only one attempt has been made by Kabyles to imitate gold coinage—in 1862; but the money was so light and badly made that the “smasher” was at

among themselves a school of skilful workmen; for they possess the quick, impressionable, artistic nature, and with training and example should be capable of much. Their tools are of home manufacture, and are exactly analogous to ours, but are not so carefully finished. They engrave seals, inscriptions on arms, and so forth. It would be very easy for them to form

MADELINE A. WALLACE-DUNLOP.

AN APOSTLE OF THE PICTURESQUE.

WE are so accustomed to speak with complacency of the almost universal feeling for the beautiful in Nature current in these days, that we are apt to regard it as a modern manifestation and a proof of our superior culture. It is not certain, however, whether it is not as superficial as it is common. The picturesque tourist of the coaching days and the sentimental traveller of the Eighteenth Century possessed more advantages over the gregarious tourists of to-day than our pride will admit. Their conceptions of Nature were unaffected by the prejudices and unrestricted by the theories of æsthetic critics. For them guide books were nothing more than friendly finger-posts that indicated desirable sketching-grounds, or historic mansions, or inns where the madeira was above reproach. Such were safe guides, for they never presumed to dictate to the traveller what he should admire, or to trifle with the sensibility of his epoch. The Picturesque had not suffered from inflexible definition; it was a quality in landscape that was capable of vast amplification in his mind. The early seekers after the picturesque were discoverers, and acquired something of the renown which is now the reward of more excursive

voyagers. In the days when gout was almost universal, and the highways abounded in perils, it was a venturesome undertaking to travel from London to the Hebrides, as Johnson did, or, with Gray, to explore the English lakes. On the other hand, owing to the wilder country and the thinner population, the charms of solitude and repose could be attained with far greater ease than now. Novelty lay, as it were, almost at the traveller's door. Yet in spite of all these incentives to meditative travel, pursuers of Picturesque were few until near the end of the century.

Among the early records of our tourists, the writings of William Gilpin stand alone. He alone, among all his errant contemporaries, sought the Picturesque for its own sake and made the freest profession of his faith. He was the father of the modern tourist. But from a literary point he was far more than this. His works are absolutely contemporary with the earlier movements in our poetry of a return to Nature, and they are sensient with revolt. Between the deadly artificiality of the age of Pope and the passionate sensibility of Wordsworth he is a connecting link. It is impossible arbitrarily to fix

any one period when our literature was throughout infected with a frigid insensibility to the beauty of Nature. But regarding literature as the natural medium for the outflow of that passion for Nature, which reached its culmination in Wordsworth and Shelley, it may be assumed that it was never at so low an ebb as during the literary pre-eminence of Pope. When we find Addison speaking of lakes and woods, and the visual landscape, as "the dead pieces of Nature"—by "dead pieces" he seems to mean what is called "still life"—and when, later, we meet with poems of such deplorable taste as Miss Seward's sonnet on a coffin lid, we realise the revolutionary force of that feeling to which even Gray had given slight and hesitating utterance. Of Gilpin little is known but that he came of an old Cumberland family, and was for many years Vicar of Boldre in the New Forest, and Prebendary of Salisbury. One of his ancestors was Bernard Gilpin, the celebrated divine of the Reformation days. A study of his writings reveals in him a man of notable character, individual in humour, and a shrewd and able critic. The quaintness of his style has been too much insisted upon; it is something inherent to the age of which he was representative, and is no more remarkable than that of Gilbert White and others. It is as the precursor of the Romantic revival in our literature, and as the prototype of our old friend Dr. Syntax, that he forms so interesting a figure. His first work, "Observations on the River Wye, &c.," is intimately associated with Gray. Although not published till 1782, this book is an account of a tour made in 1770, during which year Gray had been touring in the same neighbourhood; and Gilpin, in his dedication to William Mason, refers to this coincidence, and observes of the work that Gray "saw it in London about the beginning of June, 1771." His view of Nature is large and discriminating. He does not stigmatise the mere wildness of the country as "savage," as is the custom of his contemporaries, nor look upon the downs as mountains, in the manner of Gilbert White. The savage grandeur of a landscape had a peculiar fascination for him, which is singularly modern in feeling, and is prophetic of the advent of the Radclyffe school of romance. His habitual tone of praise in speaking of *Salvator Rosa* is highly characteristic of this feeling. The intensity of his hatred of regularity of design, whether in landscape or architecture, is remarkable. He had no feeling for Greek art, yet with all his notable unconventionality of vision, he never confounds the picturesque with the romantic. He observes on this subject, "Certain views do not fall into such composition as would appear to advantage on canvas: but they are extremely *romantic*." Yet this love of

irregular line and wild unkempt nature leads him occasionally into grotesque inconsistencies. Speaking of Tintern Abbey, he says, "A number of gable-ends hurt the eye with their regularity, and disgust by their vulgarity of shape. A mallet judiciously used (but who durst use it?) might be of service in fracturing some of them, particularly those of the cross aisles, which are not only disagreeable in themselves but confound the perspective." Most picturesque tourists will be inclined to think the parenthesis more judicious than the observation. His criticism of landscape is often expressed with felicitous quaintness, as when he observes of the downs about Marlborough, "Nature in scenes like these seems only to have chalked out her designs."

Emulous of the example of Gray, Gilpin made an excursion into the lake districts of Cumberland and Westmoreland in 1772, of which he published an account in two volumes in 1786. *En route* he visited Leasowes, Hagley, the Wedgwood potteries. At Woodstock he had the courage to commend the architect of Blenheim, and observes with much good sense "that if we can keep the imagination apart from the five orders, we must allow that he has created a magnificent whole." He is very severe in his strictures on Leasowes and Shenstone's "adorned farm." While he praises some of the poet's inscriptions he ridicules the frequency of his memorial urns and pensive statuary. He censures him for his lofty ambition to make rivers flow where Nature forbade him. "A cascade or a purling rill should have satisfied his ambition;" for it was useless, he adds, to invite naiads to crystal pools where all was stagnant. His criticism on Lord Lyttelton's place is equally judicious and equally in advance of the taste of his own age. Some of his descriptions of lake scenery are remarkable for their vigorous truth, and are interesting and good in themselves, and not merely because they are the earliest detailed accounts of the district we possess. He commends the beauty of Derwentwater with much feeling, and finds Borrowdale "replete with hideous grandeur." At the sight of a "black-lead mine" he indulges in some grandiose but characteristic reflections on the source of the sketcher's pencil. It is in his dissertations that Gilpin's individuality is often most evinced. Without being discursive, he has also a vein of gossip that is not unpleasing. Like most of his contemporaries, he quotes Virgil very frequently, but, unlike them, he shows alike his discernment and modern spirit, by quoting Spenser and Cowper in illustrating bucolic scenes.

Gilpin made other excursions at intervals, the experiences of which he detailed in many volumes similar in character to the two preceding works. These are all illustrated by aquatints, incapable of

adequate reproduction except in fac-simile. The failure to represent their peculiar effects is signally shown in Mr. F. G. Heath's recent reprint of "Forest Scenery"—encumbered by the way with much superfluous matter in the way of comments and interpolations—where the insipidity of the engravings amply justifies Gilpin's own remarks on the use of the monotint. In this book Gilpin appears in a new character. He has doffed the garb of the tourist and appears in the equally congenial character of a country clergyman, whose special study is woodland scenery. He is a little too didactic, and rather dry in style, but the discriminative power and photographic vividness of his descriptions are often truly wonderful. It is disfigured, however, by an ungraceful pedantry, and has not the naïf charm of some of his earlier works.

In his deliberate search after the picturesque, Gilpin was undoubtedly animated by genuine artistic

feeling. Yet the absence in his works of anything approaching "fine writing" or "gush" is remarkable. His ardour was tempered by the cool critical sense of his age. One of his charms is a repose of style. He writes for no reading public, but addresses a small circle of sober enthusiasts, who, with him, have indulged in the amiable eccentricity of making tours. He little dreamed of the prodigious literature of the guide-books, or of the multitude that would follow his example, without always being emulative of his quiet and philosophy. His vagrant passion for the solitary delights of the country must have been strange in an age so distinguished for its sociability, its lack of enterprise, its delight in artifice and all things artificial, its comfortable sense of the security of watering-places, and its amazing conviviality. His writings undoubtedly contributed towards developing into a fashion what was, in him, leniently regarded as a vagary.

J. A. BLAIKIE.

WOMEN AT WORK: THE SLADE GIRLS.



I.—MEDAL OF CHARLES HALLÉ.

(By Elvior Hallé.)

IT is an undeniable fact that the artistic production of a nation, taken as a whole, is the outcome and expression of its taste and temper. In art, as in other things, the demand creates the supply, and the lower the standard of public taste, the lower will be the quality of the art provided. How far public taste can be cultivated is a very wide question. Could we accept unquestioningly the utterance of a certain gifted author—"The arts are now yielded

to the flat-nosed Franks; and they toil, and study, and invent theories to account for their own incompetence," and so forth—little effort would be made towards improvement. But on the Continent the Fine Arts are made a distinct department in the scheme of Government, and ministers are appointed whose special duty it is to foster and promote their interests; while in England there was, until a few years ago, no official recognition whatever of the needs and

claims of the Fine Arts. A painter, remembered more by his misfortunes and untimely end than by the attainment of his artistic ideal, but whose honest enthusiasm and sound judgment in the cause of art education caused him to be unceasing in his efforts to induce the Government to interest itself in this matter, wrote:—"Professors of Art at the Universities are as much needed as Schools of Design." These words have now achieved fulfilment, and the writings and lectures of Haydon, no less than his personal efforts, have doubtless helped to promote the object so near his heart. The Government have provided Schools of Design all over the kingdom, and at the three chief English Universities a chair of Fine Arts is established. These latter, however, are due neither to the solicitude of an art-fostering Government, nor the combined convictions of academic dons. The munificence of an enlightened and public-spirited private individual, Mr. Felix Slade, has made it possible to maintain a course of lectures on the Fine Arts at Oxford and Cambridge Universities; while in London, owing to a difference in the terms of his bequest, a school has been established for practical instruction, presided over by a professor who is himself an artist.

The Slade Schools have from the first taken up an independent position as regards the method of instruction pursued. Mr. Poynter, the first appointed Slade Professor at London University, came, as it were, to virgin soil. Bringing to his task a practical acquaint-

ance with the Continental methods of teaching, as well as with those of the Royal Academy and South Kensington Schools, and having a strong conviction of the evils existing in the latter, he set to work to graft the good of the French method on to the foundation of the English. I remember listening to Mr. Poynter's inaugural address in the large life

room of the new schools, in October, 1871, in which he explained the principles on which he proposed to direct the work of the students. Here, for the first time in England, indeed in Europe, a public Fine Art School was thrown open to male and female students on precisely the same terms, and giving to both sexes fair and equal opportunities. And it is to the precedent then established that ladies have since elsewhere had the necessary advantages for study placed within their reach.

In 1880 the north wing of University College was enlarged to meet the growing wants of the

students, of whom there are now a hundred and forty. In Mr. A. Legros an able and competent successor to Mr. Poynter was found: one well fitted to carry on the intelligent system of instruction already instituted. But Professor Legros did more than this; he struck out in a line of his own, and his "demonstrations," if they may be so called, are among the most popular and useful characteristics of his teaching. Not content with saying to his pupils, "Do as I tell you," he occasionally takes brush or pencil from their hand and says, "Do as



II.—STUDY IN RED CHALK.

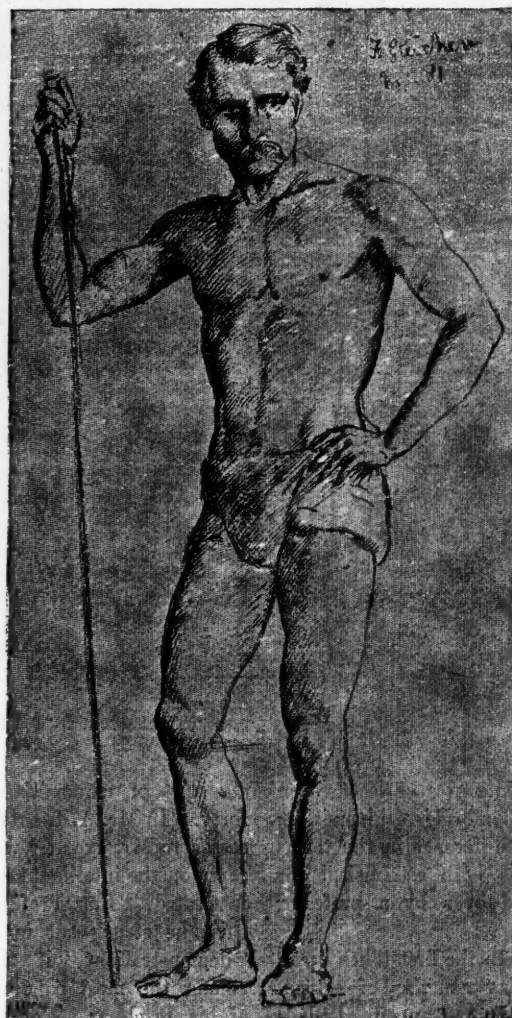
(By Miss A. P. Burd.)

I do." It is an exemplification of the old saying, "An ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept." Not only when going from easel to easel, to correct the students' work, does he sometimes pause and complete a study, the other students grouping round and watching; but on stated occasions a special model is ordered, and the Professor, standing in the centre of the life school, paints a complete study-head before those students who are sufficiently advanced to be admitted to the life class. His method of work is simple in the extreme; the canvas is grounded with a tone similar to the wall of the room, so that no background needs to be painted. With a brush containing a little thin transparent colour the leading lines and contour are touched in; with the same simple material the broad masses of shadow are put in, then gradually the flesh tones are added, the half-tones and lights laid on, the highest lights being reserved for the last consummate touches. In about an hour and a half, sometimes in less time, the study is completed, and the watchers have probably learnt more in the course of that silent lesson than during three times the amount of verbal instruction. It will perhaps be asked whether Professor Legros wishes his students to paint their studies in as short a time as himself? whether they may not be tempted to imitate the quickness and dash, rather than by patient plodding study to acquire the certain facility of the master-hand? Against this there is no surer safeguard than the watchful eye of the Professor and his assistants. Work that aims at being pretty rather than correct, which is showy when it ought to be thorough, which is hasty when it should be careful, calls forth the unqualified

blame of the master, and is, in fact, held up to public obloquy. Ever ready to recognise talent and encourage industrious, honest work, even where no great talent exists, Professor Legros wages incessant warfare against all attempts at pseudo-mastery in his students' work. On the other hand he does require a certain amount of rapidity in what they do. The system of elaborate "stippling" and manipulation which allows the student to take a mental "nap," whilst his hand is busy with bread and point, is not suffered. What is asked is an intelligent representation of the model or cast, with special reference to action, light and shade, tone and general correctness of drawing; and, before the student can relapse into the above-mentioned mental drowsiness, a fresh model, pose, or cast is put before him, a

fresh combination of light, shade, and tone is presented to him; so that his energies are constantly being called into action and kept in exercise steadily. The fact that more is learnt in making several drawings of various figures, in various positions, than in elaborating on one drawing from the same point of view, is quite obvious.

It will be interesting to examine more closely the daily routine. Although no competitive test of proficiency is required from a new student on entering the schools, the Professor examines the previous work of the applicant for admission, and relegates her either to draw or paint from the antique or from the flat, as he considers best for her. In like manner every promotion from one stage of study to another is referred to—and controlled by—the Professor. Auto-types from drawings by the Old Masters are sometimes given to the students to copy; and

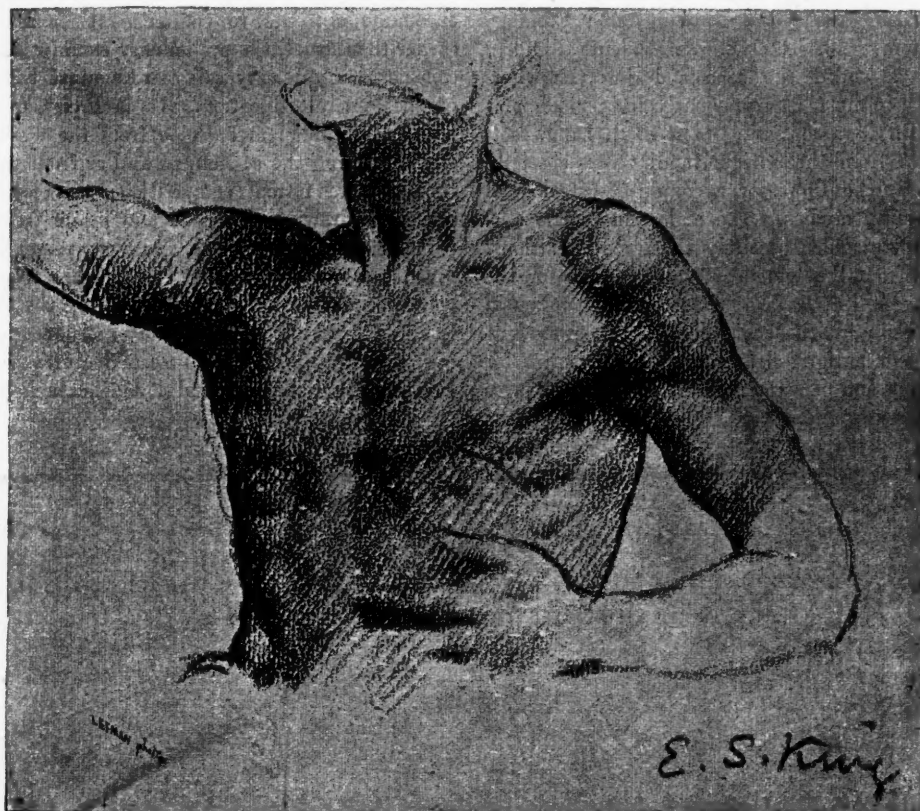


III.—STUDY IN BLACK CHALK.

(By the Countess Helena Gleichen.)

this excellent practice, combined with original work from the life, refines and educates both eye and hand, enforcing the utmost simplicity of handling, together with the utmost expression of form. The life model (figure) sits daily in the two life schools from ten till three o'clock—in the large life studio exclusively for the male students, and in the life room of the ladies, or the mixed class for students of either sex. The latter is pictured in our engraving. The sketch

Saturdays, from half-past three till five o'clock, and every half-hour a fresh position is arranged, suggested by each student in turn, to suit his or her composition. Any student may join this class on payment of model fee of 3s. 6d. per term. Very good, rapid drawings are done during these half-hour sittings. Our second, third, fourth, and sixth illustrations—by Miss Burd, the Countess Gleichen, and Miss King—sufficiently exemplify the style of draw-



IV.—STUDY IN RED CHALK.

(By Miss E. S. King.)

is taken during the afternoon class, when half-hour poses are arranged to assist the students in the composition subjects. In a variety of attitudes, suitable to their work, the students are grouped round the model, and in the right-hand corner a standing figure with folded arms is easily recognised as Mr. Slinger, the Professor's invaluable assistant. In this room, which is well lit and spacious, being 40 feet by 35, and 19 feet high, the Professor paints before the students; the models are grouped to assist in the composition of subjects, given out by the Professor every three or four weeks, and afterwards criticised by him. These models sit every afternoon, except

ing cultivated at them: the direct and simple method of expressing light and shade, power and action, with the least possible technical mechanism. The last illustrates the style of model which sits in the mixed class every day for five hours, so that ladies have ample opportunity for making large and carefully finished studies from the living figure, an advantage which already is—and in the course of a year or two will be still more—perceptible in the increased power and correctness of the figure paintings by our lady artists.

An important feature of the Slade Schools, since their enlargement during Professor Legros' tenure of

office, is the accommodation provided for the etching class. The plates are prepared, etched, and bitten in, and printed on the spot, a press having been set up for this purpose. There are about twenty students in this class, and a prize is offered each session for the best original etching. A list of prizes may not be uninteresting, as it will help to classify the different branches of instruction. Painting from Life, £10; Drawing from Life, £5; Landscape, painted during the vacation, £5; Painting from the Antique, £3; Drawing from the Antique, £2; Composition, £10; Anatomical Drawing, £2; Etching, £5; Anatomy, £3. Only those students compete who have attended the schools during the whole session; they must also previously have made preliminary drawings consisting of a head, hand, foot, and figures from the antique, and, unless specially exempted by the Professor, a couple of osteological and anatomical studies. The male and female students compete under precisely the same conditions, and work from the same casts and models for the competition subjects. Two prizes cannot be taken in the same class by the one student—*i.e.*, a student in the life or antique class cannot take a prize for both drawing and painting; nor, having taken a prize

in the highest class (painting from life), may he afterwards compete in a lower class.

The competition for the Slade scholarships (six in number, value £50 a year, tenable for three years, two of which are awarded each year) is conducted on similar principles. The competitors cannot be over nineteen at the time of the award; they are required to have passed a preliminary examination in ancient and modern history, geography, and mathematics, or one modern foreign language and English. Mr. Slade's object in fixing the age at nineteen was to encourage students to commence their art studies earlier than usual, the preliminary examination being considered a necessary safeguard against the neglect of the general education. It is Professor Legros' practice to judge and decide from the work of the student during the session, as well as from that done in the more formal competition; this latter consists of a drawing of a head and figure from life, a painting from the antique, and a composition from a given subject. The Slade scholars are required to work in the classes of the schools during the tenure of their scholarships, to render any assistance in teaching, and to attend any course of lectures which the Professor shall direct; and he makes a half-yearly



V.—THE LIFE CLASS.

report of their progress and conduct to the Council of the College.

Within the last year Professor Legros — *facile princeps* among modern medallists as among modern

where, though in a lesser degree, advantages which at one time were only obtainable at the Slade Schools. An analysis of the competition lists since the foundation shows that five Slade scholarships and twenty-two



VI.—STUDY IN RED CHALK.

(By Miss E. S. King.)

etchers—has founded a class for the production of medals. Many of the Slade girls evince considerable taste for the work, and a recent competition resulted in the prize being awarded to Miss Elinor Hallé, daughter of the distinguished musician. In her obverse she has, as our illustration will show, produced a good likeness of her father which is also a finely-drawn, vigorously-modelled head; the reverse presents a charming allegory of the Genius of Music.

At the beginning of this paper the exceptional advantages offered to lady students in the Slade Schools were pointed out. During the first years of its existence there were more women than men. Now the numbers are pretty equally divided, owing, probably, to the fact that ladies can now enjoy else-

prizes have been carried off by female students. Bearing in mind that the schools are but now in their eleventh session, and that many of the prizes, such as those for landscape, etching, anatomy, and anatomical drawing, are of more recent institution, the proportion of prizes gained by ladies is not insignificant; and from the ranks of former Slade students many have obtained a position of standing among the artists of the present day: Miss E. Pickering, Miss Kate Greenaway, Miss Hilda Montalba, Mrs. John Collier (*née* Huxley), Miss Jessie Macgregor, Miss Edith Martineau, and Miss Stuart-Wortley having all, for a longer or shorter period, sought within the walls of University College the aids to study denied to us elsewhere.

CHARLOTTE J. WEEKS.

A HERETIC PICTURE.



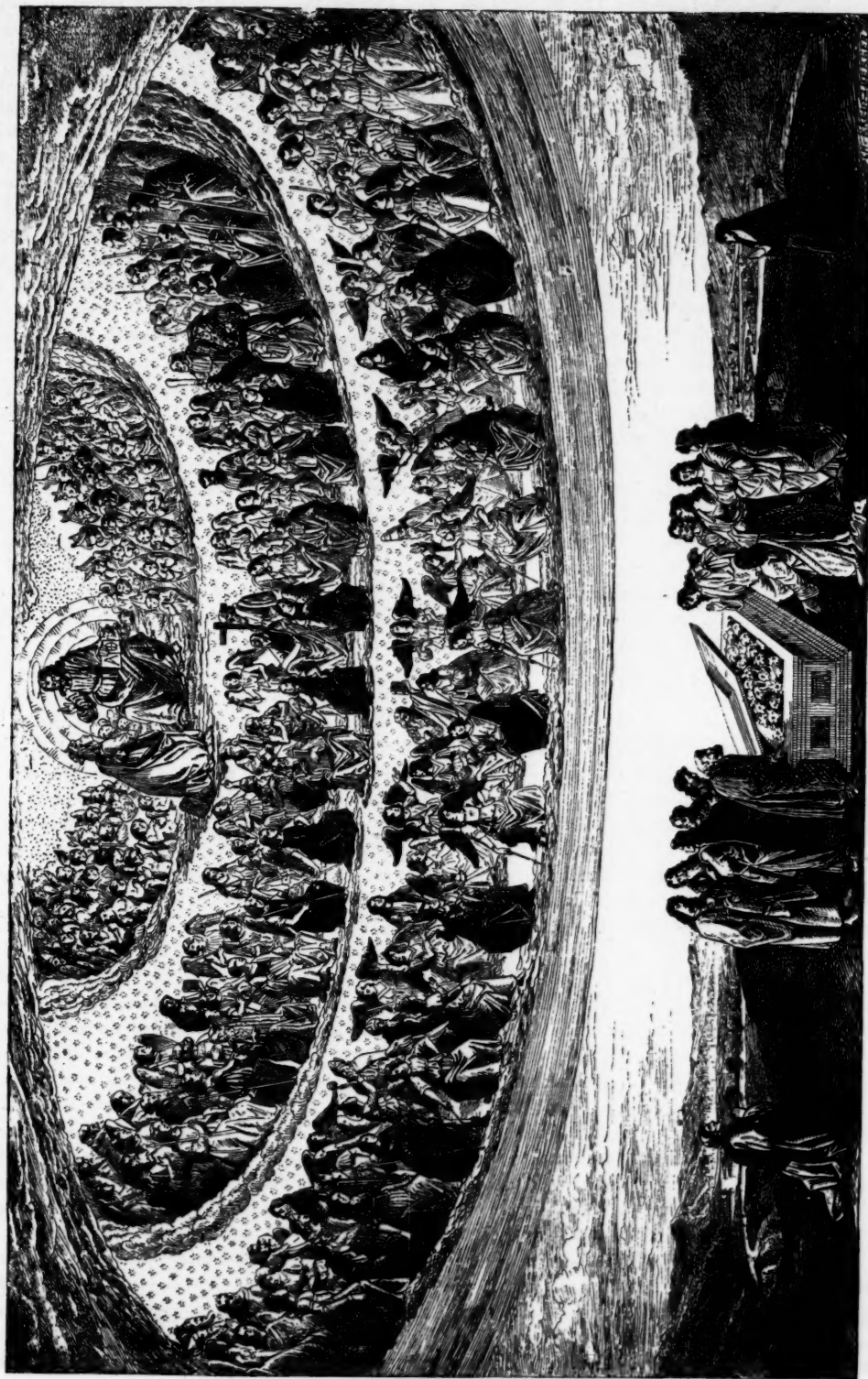
It is not often that we hear of a picture being excommunicated first of all, and then concealed during years from the eyes of the faithful lest it should corrupt them by its heretical quality. Yet this was once the case, and that not in the Spain of the Inquisition nor in Puritan England, but in the Florence of the Magnificent Lorenzo and his Platonic Academy. The work itself was not long ago exhibited at Christie's, with the rest of the treasures from Hamilton Palace, and bought—to the envy of the Louvre and all the great collections of the world—for the National Gallery. It is none other than Botticelli's "Coronation of the Virgin"—one of the most extraordinary works in the whole range of art.

Sandro Botticelli was a highly-gifted and many-sided artist, who painted Madonnas and Greek myths with the same profound spiritual feeling. In later days, becoming an enthusiastic follower of Savonarola, he devoted his art to Christ and the Frate. But, excepting in this instance, we never hear that doubts were cast upon his orthodoxy. Probably no man was ever more guileless of heretical intention than Sandro when he undertook to paint an altar-piece for the family chapel of Matteo Palmieri in the church of S. Pietro Maggiore. The illustrious citizen who entrusted him with the task was an accomplished scholar and an able servant of the Republic. He had lived for some time at the court of Naples as Florentine ambassador, had twice been sent to Rome to confer with the Pope, and had even represented the Republic at the General Council of Ferrara, summoned to effect the union of the Eastern and Western Churches. For this latter purpose, as the Dominican historian Richa shrewdly observes, a heretic would scarcely have been selected; and it is certain that as long as Matteo Palmieri lived, the accusation of heresy was never brought against him. A man of striking countenance and strong individuality we know him to have been, from Rossellino's noble bust (1468), still to be seen in the museum of the Bargello. As a scholar and official of rank he was naturally a friend of the Medici; and, like most of their circle, he was author of several works, chiefly historical and political, among others a life of Niccolò Acciajnoli, founder of the Certosa of Val d'Ema. Once in his life he ventured on a higher flight and tried, as most of us do at one time or another of our lives,

to put into poetry the thoughts which he could not utter in prose. During his residence at Naples he accompanied King Alfonso to the ancient Cumææ, where the sight of Lake Avernus and memories of Virgil's Sibyl inspired him with a poem in *terzarima*, called "La Città di Vita," in imitation of Dante's dream of heaven and hell. To him, too, "nel mezzo del cammin"—in the middle years of his life—on the borders of a dark forest, comes the voice of the Sibyl, telling of all things good and beautiful, and leading him on to look deeply into the mysteries of things eternal and seek with Virgil and Dante to know the universal reason. In her company he journeys through the Elysian fields and the regions of Tartarus, until he reaches the City of God and sees in solemn vision the mansions of the blest. The poem was not published in his lifetime, but was placed in the Medicean Library, and privately circulated among his friends, who read it with admiration. One, Lionardo Dati—the same whose tomb Ghiberti carved in S. Maria Novella—went so far as to write to him, and express the joy he has felt in reading the "Città di Vita," and his deep conviction that it must edify all Christian souls.

Palmieri was naturally gratified by all this; and in his declining years he conceived the idea of making his "City of Life" the subject of a picture to be placed above the altar of his family chapel in S. Pietro Maggiore. In this parish he lived; and in Richa's days his house was still to be seen, with Rossellino's marble bust above the door and the Palmieri arms, a palm-tree between two lions rampant on a scutcheon in the wall. The painter whom he chose was Sandro Botticelli, at that time—about 1470—at the top of his fame. His love for Dante was as great as Palmieri's own. He illustrated the "Commedia" as none has illustrated it before or since, and wrote commentaries on its text; while his wonderful "Sibyls" show how well he could enter into the mystical meanings and ambitions of such a poet as his friend and fellow-worker, Matteo Palmieri.

Together the two men planned the composition of the picture, a sketch of which accompanies this note. The influence of Dante is as apparent as in the poem. The altar of the Palmieri chapel was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; and it is her coronation which is here represented, in the presence of all the hosts of heaven. Below, the Apostles look with awe and wonder at the empty tomb,



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN.

(By Sandro Botticelli. Drawn in Pen and Ink from the Picture in the National Gallery.)

where lilies have blossomed; and in the background the towers of Florence and Pistoia, as they looked in the days of Botticelli and Palmieri, rise in the midst of a rocky landscape. The redeemed are gathered round the throne in three circles. There are the blessed spirits, denizens of the city of heaven, the great multitude which no man can number—the mystic rose which Dante saw revolving in radiant rings round the light of God.

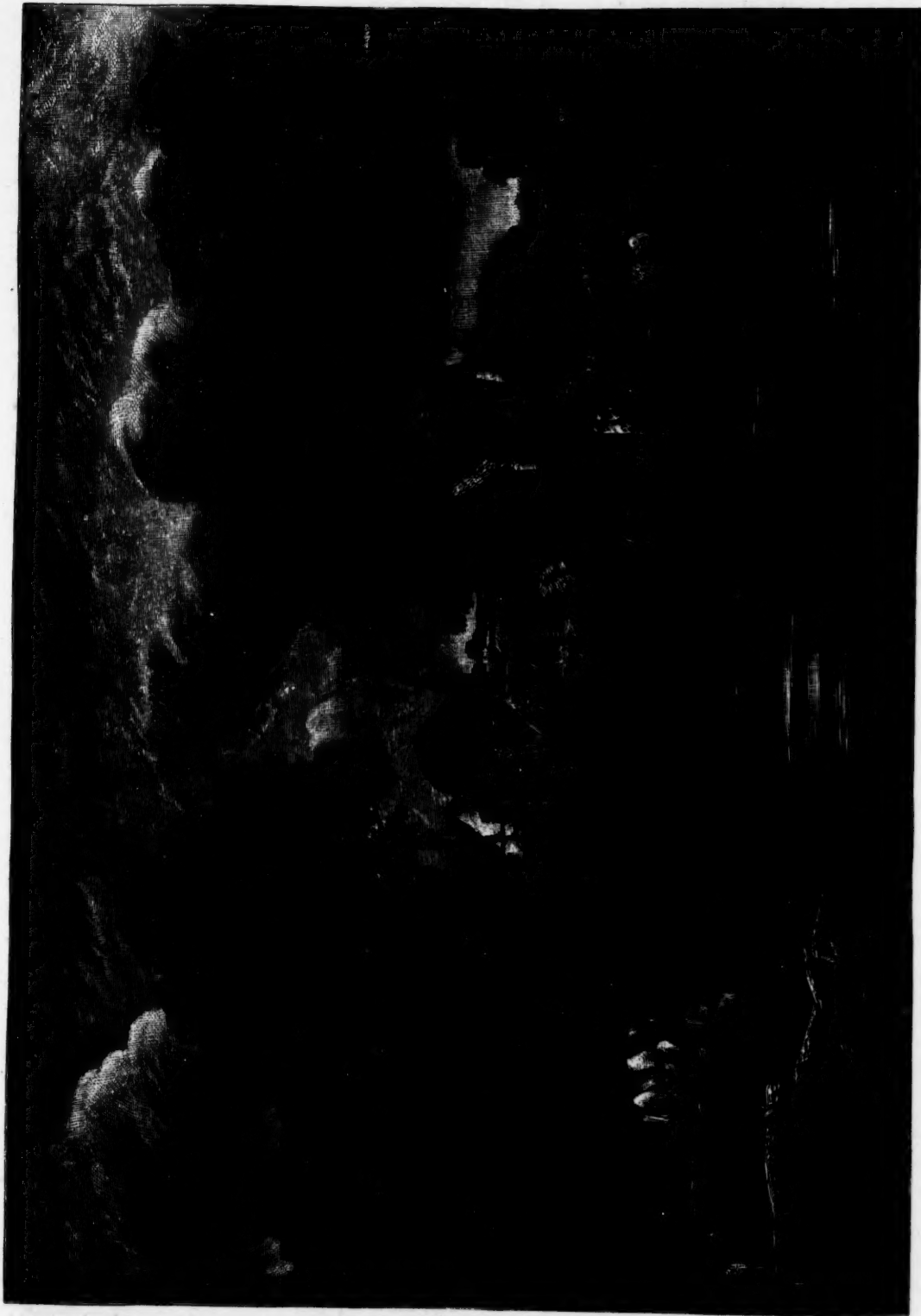
"Vedi nostra Città quanto la gira." In that white-robed company angels bear a leading part, angels with fair human faces and tender human love in their eyes, who mingle with the rescued souls, and tune their golden lyres, or look up to God in the rapture of heavenly beatitude. According to Palmieri, those angels who remained neutral in the strife with Lucifer were degraded from their high estate into the bodies of men. Now the gate is opened once more; heaven is restored to them; and their old companions welcome them as brothers loved and lost. Their varied attitudes and movement were the admiration of all Florence. Palmieri, too, was pleased; since, as you may see, he caused his own portrait and that of his wife, Niccolosia di Agnolo di Serragli, to be introduced in the foreground, kneeling and worshipping—remote in the far corners—on either side the tomb. Nor did any one in Florence dare a word against the altar-piece when it was placed in the chapel for which it was destined in the church of S. Pietro Maggiore.

Five years afterwards Matteo Palmieri died—an honest citizen and good Christian to the end. His memory was honoured with a public funeral. All the chief magistrates were present, and an oration was spoken by his friend Alamanno Rinuccini over the bier where he lay, with a crown of laurel on his brows and his poem on his breast. The orator made special allusion to his dead friend's pilgrimage into the realms of the unseen, and rejoiced to think that his spirit was now for ever happy in the city of his true home. But a little later there was a marked change of opinion. The "*Città di Vita*" was published, and fell into the hands of certain slanderous persons, who were envious of the dead poet and the living painter, and who began to detect dangerous heresies both in the matter of the poem and the subject of the picture. It was discovered that Palmieri's principal theory—of the neutral angels being compelled to animate the bodies of men, and so become mortals—was a heresy invented by Origen. Some went further, and discovered many of the errors of the heresiarchs Pythagoras and Arius. Worse than all, the doctrines of the poem had been embodied in the picture, which hung above an altar, and had thus outwardly received the sanction of ecclesiastical authority. In vain was it pleaded on behalf of poet

and painter that no such guilty intention had ever entered into their minds; that, as Padre Richa suggests, this was purely a poetic dream and no theological speculation. It was in vain that friends brought forward the known integrity of Matteo Palmieri's life in defence of his faith. The voice of calumny proved irresistible. The poem was prohibited; the altar of the Palmieri chapel was laid under interdict; the picture itself was covered from the eyes of men. Sandro meanwhile had gone to Rome to paint in the Sistine Chapel, and we do not hear what he said on his return. But bitter memories of slanderous tongues were no doubt in his mind when many years afterwards he painted his famous picture of "*Calumny Triumphant over Innocence*," and Truth silently appealing from man's judgment to that of heaven.

Richa, writing in the last century, gives a full account of this curious incident, and tries hard to vindicate the altar-piece from the taint of heresy, although he thinks it necessary to add, that if the charge were really true the excommunication was just. After his time the picture was removed from its original position and, like most of the others in S. Pietro Maggiore, passed into private hands. A certain Luigi Riccieri sold it to a foreigner, and thus it came into the Duke of Hamilton's hands, and remained for many years at Hamilton Palace. Dr. Waagen describes it minutely, and when, in the winter of 1873, it was first exhibited at Burlington House its beauties attracted universal attention. Finally, at the Hamilton Sale, in June, 1882, it was won by Mr. Burton, after a sharp contest with the Louvre, for 4,500 guineas. It has suffered considerably in the vicissitudes which it has undergone, and many of the figures have been retouched. But were its actual condition even worse, its acquisition would be still inestimable, not only on account of its curious history, or as being the largest tempera painting which Botticelli ever executed, but because it reveals in a rare degree that peculiar mysticism which was so remarkable a feature of his genius. Its presence in the National Gallery affords the student an opportunity of comparing it with the "*Nativity*" which Botticelli painted in his last years, after the death of Savonarola. Professor Colvin has pointed out the evident connection that exists between the two. Palmieri's mystic dream had lingered, perhaps unconsciously, in Sandro's breast to reappear again in this "*Nativity*." Here, as in the "*Coronation*," is a rapture of receiving and arriving. Angels welcome mortals with joyous embraces, telling them as they cast their arms about them that at last their yearning is satisfied, and that one strict fellowship of love unites the heavens and the earth.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.



THE WHITE HORSE.
(Printed by John Constable. By Permission of E. Fox White, Esq.)

THE "WHITE HORSE:" A NOTE ON CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE'S influence is a leading factor in the sum of modern art. In his special field of landscape he fathered a revolution of treatment and technique. He founded a tradition which, if for the moment it seems buried under all manner of follies and eccentricities and imperinencies, is still in some measure a living force, operating through remote and unsuspected channels, it is true, but operating, and not likely to die yet awhile. It was left to aliens to discover, and to acknowledge with that imitation which is the sincerest flattery, his glory and his strength. Except by a few people of the stamp of Archdeacon Fisher, Constable's genius was never properly felt in England during his lifetime, and even at this moment it is anything but universally accepted. He lived at a period when art was either scholastic or purely romantic. In his time English painters did one of two things—either they sat meekly on the stool of ineptitude, or they rushed headlong down the hill of poetry. Between these extremes there was little room for Constable. His conception was too natural and simple; his method—so unlaboured, expressive, indefinable, above all so original—annoyed critics and painters alike. In an age of white-lead, and—as Constable himself called it—"dado painting," the beauty of English pastorals, the glory of English trees, and the intangible mysteries and fleeting splendours of English skies, could find acceptance only of a few. Mr. Ruskin, bursting with enthusiasm for Turner, had but to speak of Constable to be perfectly unjust. And Mr. Ruskin is of Constable's time as well as ours; his influence and teaching span the gap between; and the misguidance of his utterances is now visible in the doubts which still prevail. Claude and Constable were jugulated before the statues of Turner and Harding; and it is only now, that is after forty years, that the world is beginning again to realise that Claude was a greater than Turner, and that Constable was not only one of the most expressive landscape-painters of any age, but that he is in some sort the father of modern landscape, and one of the living influences of modern art.

But if Constable, like his contemporary Berlioz, met with scant favour in his own land, like Berlioz he made his mark abroad. In 1824 several of his best pictures were exhibited in Paris, and created an impression both deep and permanent. The lovely valleys, the homely farms, the winding, wooded lanes, the fresh and dewy fields of his beloved Suffolk did

more than amuse Paris at its gayest and giddiest; they melted, as he foretold they would, the "stony hearts" of the French painters. At that time there were only three English artists spoken of at Paris: Wilkie, Lawrence, and Constable; and of these Constable certainly was chief in the Parisian mind. The impression made by his works, indeed, is quite singular in art-history. Delacroix, then in the flush of his mighty youth, after seeing "these landscapes by an Englishman," went home and entirely repainted his famous "Massacre de Scio." The Classicists accused Constable of carelessness, but were fain to acknowledge the truth of his effects. A number of artists proposed to purchase the pictures and deposit them in a place where all might have access to them for study. The French critics, of course, were very angry with the French artists for admiring him. But the painters stuck to their man, and in a year or two the Prefect of Lisle invited him to send these pictures for exhibition there.

In response to this invitation, Constable sent the "White Horse"—the original of our engraving, exhibited last year at Mr. White's Galleries, in King Street, St. James's, and still in his possession. Bought by Archdeacon Fisher, it is in some points the most important and remarkable of all Constable's works. In its realisation of the inconstancy of delicate light and shadow under the shower-cloud and tender sunshine of an English summer morning, it is unique. Probably no better painter of swift effects of atmosphere ever lived; and it is doubtful if even he ever painted the mystery and shifting radiance of a showery sky and atmosphere as he has painted them here. But Constable had a true imagination, and it is visible in this exquisite effect; in the spontaneous and natural gesture of the cattle nibbling the bushes on the far bank; in the patient, sleepy, dignified quiet of the horse on the barge, in the movement and mystery of the water; in the mass and richness and nobility of the trees. In some sense the picture is a valuable lesson in painting; in another it is a fascinating riddle. If you want to learn handling, study the trees, the cattle, the water, the horse. In the case of the trees and the cattle, you can see to a great extent "how it's done;" in the horse you can actually count the brush-strokes, and note the perfect precision and mastery with which each touch is made to do all that is possible and necessary. In the water, too, the sweep and direction of the handling are obvious. But here begins the inscrutable, implacable riddle: these depths and shadows and transparencies

and reflections, these subtleties of tone and wonders of colour—how were they got? Constable himself probably could not have told; though, contrary to general belief, his method was as scientific as it was original. However, here they are, to charm us with their beauty and simplicity, to inspire us with their manly strength and truth. It is, indeed, no wonder that the "White Horse" did Constable "great credit at Lisle." It gained for him honourable mention in the Prefect's speech, and, better still, a gold medal. It was a new departure in sentiment and style; it strengthened and completed the effect produced in Paris; and Dupré, Millet, Rousseau, Corot, became possible forthwith.

Of late the Constable tradition has become much clouded. French painters, not content with wisely assimilating some of the many sterling qualities of

the English master, presently became mere imitators of his manner, and from that the descent to caricature was easy. Then individualisms and eccentricities crept in—the little foxes that spoil the vines. Nowadays, the young English landscape-painter, if he does not fritter away his energies in unscientific vanity at home, spends his life in learning to imitate the brazen insincerities of the latest French school. He does so because he is told that French landscape-painting is the best. But the point which he ought never to have missed is that nearly all that is good in the best landscape art of modern France is due to Constable, and that the only way to learn and assimilate it is not by imitating the mannerisms of latter-day jesters, but by drinking at the fountain-head—the works of the great painter himself.

HARRY V. BARNETT.

A FRENCH CATHEDRAL CITY.

IT is a curious circumstance that France, so interesting and so near at hand, has been neglected more than most countries by the ordinary tourist. He goes to Paris and some other large cities as a matter of course; but it rarely occurs to him to

deviate from the beaten track and visit some of the smaller cities as he would do either in Italy or Germany. And yet France abounds in towns offering much of interest, especially to the lover of architecture: towns, moreover, some of which possess that



NOYON.—I: THE TOWN.

charming feature characteristic of Italian cities, of having a distinctly marked individuality of aspect. The north especially has suffered from this neglect. By common consent it has been pronounced flat, uninteresting, and fertile; and common consent deter-

Hollow can be so near the noisy capital. The very railway seems afraid of disturbing its venerable slumbers, and discharges its passengers at a little distance from the town proper, which is approached by a public garden and an avenue of chestnut-trees that



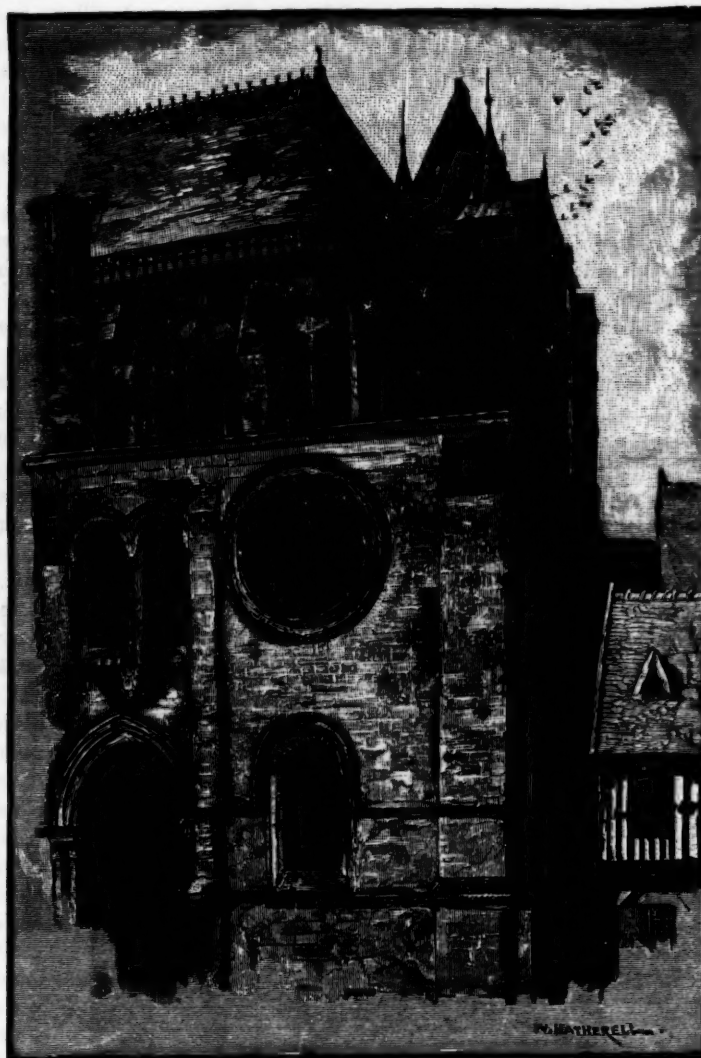
NOYON.—II.: THE MARKET-PLACE AND HOTEL DE VILLE.

mines the movements of the ordinary tourist. But every now and then a man is found with intrepidity to step out of the prescribed groove. Such a one will find himself well repaid if he turns his steps towards the little city of Noyon, in the department of Oise, only a couple of hours distant from Paris, whose kitchen needs, indeed, its fertile lands help to supply. It is difficult to believe that this Sleepy

enhance the pleasing tranquil effect produced by the whole place. But Noyon, though it is old and asleep, bears about it no signs of decay. On the contrary, as our first picture, of the main street and the Grand Place, will show, everything looks most substantial and prosperous. It is a hale old age in which it is rejoicing, strong, though averse from exertion. The houses are large and massive. Some of them have

louvre roofs, giving an Eighteenth Century character to even the most modern portion of the city; but most of them are topped with warm red tiles, on which colonies of pigeons nestle and strut and coo, secure against disturbance. Walled gardens are a

chemical products is carried on at Noyon. If this be so, certainly its evidences are not disagreeably prominent, as in most manufacturing places. The only evidence thereof is perhaps to be found in the one little hostelry, where can be seen the ubiquitous and always



NOYON.—III.: THE NORTHERN TRANSEPT AND THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

special feature of the town. Wherever it is possible to peep through a grating or an open doorway, a charming garden, exquisitely tended, will be revealed. But inhabitants the place apparently has none, though you may read in Joanne that it has six thousand. The streets are all deserted; there are no signs of people about; the town looks as if neither work nor play could be done in it. And yet this same Joanne tells us that a fairly flourishing trade in

odious *commis-voyageur*, clearly the only traveller with whom the hostel-keeper was familiar, for, I remember, he appeared uncertain into what category to place a common tourist like myself. And yet, straight in front of this comfortable tavern, rises the object that should attract visitors from far and near, were it only better known.

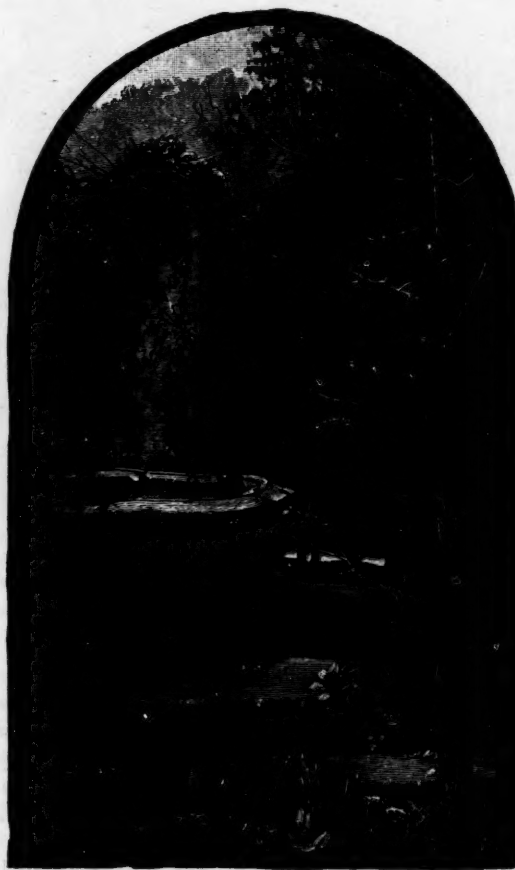
For slumberous little Noyon boasts a cathedral, which is a very undiscovered gem, an archæological

and architectural treasure. It is the most beautiful and most complete monument remaining in France, or indeed elsewhere, of the transition from the Round to the Pointed style. It must not, of course, be compared with the great cathedrals of Paris, Rheims, or Amiens. When it was built such vast edifices were undreamed of; but in its own way it yields the palm to none of these. The exterior is unfortunately so built up that only the eastern end and west front are free to view; indeed, it is not possible to see even this west front properly, for no distant vista can be obtained. A farmyard has been built all round it, and only from beyond a barn can you see (as in our last sketch) its two tall, somewhat austere towers. This west front, dominated by these two square towers almost devoid of ornament, is plain and severe. It possesses a narthex, which juts forward slightly, and from this three doorways open into the church, corresponding to the three aisles of the interior. They have lost the statues and bas-reliefs with which they were once adorned; indeed, this portion of the church in no way prepares you for the beauties to be seen within. This is rather done by the eastern end that faces the hotel and main street, which here opens out into a pretty green Place, which at the time I saw it was gay with laburnums and lilacs in full flower. Truly impressive is the first sight of this eastern end, with its simple nobility, its grey aged look, as it abuts upon the grass and flowers. It tells its own history, too, pretty plainly, showing clearly by its massive simplicity, its heavy buttresses, its circular arches, that it owes its existence to Romanesque influences. And yet withal there is a lightness and grace in the mode in which the five lateral chapels are attached to the apse, and the manner in which this is indicated outside, that is less severe than pertains to Romanesque. The western front being somewhat on the out-

skirts of Noyon, the church is most commonly entered by the transepts, of which the two doorways also give upon the Place. Almost adjoining the northern transept—figured in our third illustration—stands an old wood and plaster house, once the Bishop's Palace, now the depository of such portions of the monastic library as have escaped the fury of war and pillage and the insanities of revolution. It would have required more time than I had at my disposal to discover whether any treasures had been preserved.

Entering the cathedral, the first thing that strikes you is that the same admixture of conflicting modes of thought that characterises the whole exterior also prevails here. The first impression—something of which is faintly shadowed in our fifth picture—is one of surprise mingled with admiration. The *coup-d'œil* is not overwhelming, as at Amiens and other places; nothing imposes, but everything charms. From the first moment the beholder is attracted to this church, which strikes the eye so unusually. For it has two unfamiliar features—it

is built in four storeys, and it is triapsal, the transepts as well as the choir ending in a semicircle. The effect of this latter arrangement is most beautiful; and the whole pile, though massive, is far lighter and more graceful of aspect than the unmixed examples of Romanesque style. The unfamiliar storey is known as a tribune, and runs immediately above the nave at the point usually occupied by the triforium. It is a lofty gallery, a style of building quite peculiar to this part of France, and not often seen even here. It appears to have been used in order that the people might witness thence the grand pageants of the church or the mystery plays enacted on its floors. Above this runs the usual triforium, and above this again a tall clerestory. And here, looking at the forms



NOYON.—IV.: IN THE CLOISTERS.

assumed by the arches of these storeys, we can behold the strange struggle of styles that was going on at the time the church was built. It is also pretty evident which will carry the day. The manner, however, in which the round and pointed arches are disposed at Noyon is perplexing, and ruthlessly overthrows the dicta of specialists who would have it that architectural changes, like biological ones, consistently follow the laws of evolution. For here are arches that might date from 1600 surmounting arches that must date from 1200. The round arches ought, of course, historically, to be at the bottom, as indicating their earlier construction. Yet here the nave and the tribune are pointed, while the triforium and clerestory are round. And even so, the matter is not simple; for a look down the nave shows that it is composed of alternate massive piers and isolated columns—an arrangement such as was common when the Romanesque was dominant, and architects had not yet learned to combine lightness of aspect and strength. And the very existence of the tribune itself, although its arches are pointed, shows that it belongs to that period, for it is excessively rare in true Gothic buildings.

Very grateful to the eye is the arrangement of these storeys—the arch of the nave becoming doubled in the tribune, quadrupled in the triforium, and then again relapsing into the double form in the clerestory. This, together with the admixture of styles, produces an effect of beauty difficult to describe. Moreover, the round arches incline slightly towards the more elegant Saracenic horse-shoe. The Byzantine

influence has also impressed its character upon the choir, whose columns and capitals bear evident traces of this mode of thought, while in the five shallow chapels that open out behind the choir apse is some ancient glass which tells the same historical tale.

The church, it would appear, was rich in painted glass until the Revolution, when the glass was remorselessly smashed, and the fane for some time converted into a Temple of Reason. Time, wars, and anarchy have also effaced almost all traces of the monastic buildings attached to it. There only remain on the south side the skeleton of what once was the episcopal chapel, and on the north some fragments of what must have been small but elegant cloisters. Time and want of money are the cause of their decay. The Government of the First Empire, appealed to for aid to preserve them, had no funds for such works of peace. What stands are seven bays, lighted by mullioned, pointed, and decorated arcades. A tangled garden occupies the rest of the site, whose enclosing walls are still upright. The centre is occupied by an old well, a glimpse of which may be caught in our fourth



NOYON.—V.: THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL (FROM THE WEST END).

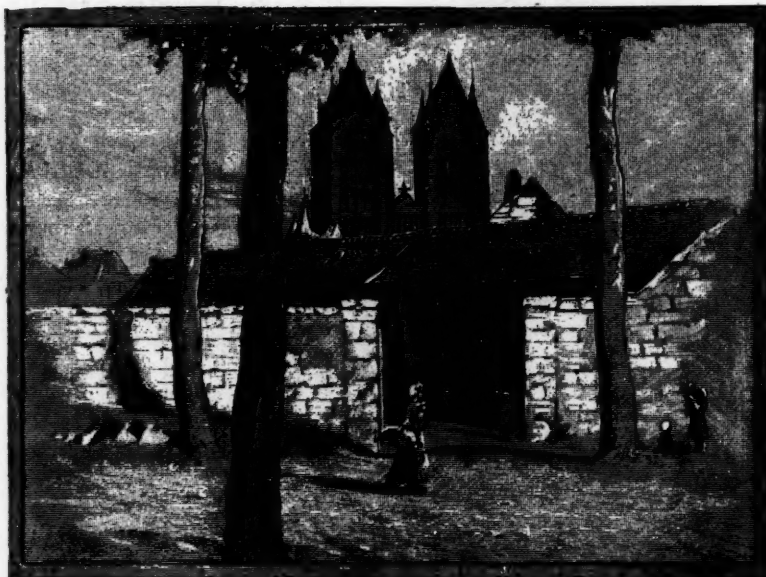
illustration, surrounded by broken statues of saints. It would appear as if this were the lumber-room of the cathedral. A pell-mell of carefully trained and tended fruit-trees, wild silver birches, sombre fir-trees, trailing vines and creepers, springing from out a carpet of rank grass, buttercups, daisies, hemlock, and nettles, gives the place a half-deserted, half-cared for, wholly poetical look.

These cloisters date from 1230. The rest of the church is said to have been commenced in 1150, and

completed about 1200. The edifice, however, occupies the site of one, if not of two earlier buildings, in one of which Charlemagne was crowned. Noyon, indeed, has always had some historical importance. It was besieged by Julius Cæsar, was converted to Christianity by the young Roman patriarch St.

the aid of 4,000 English soldiers and 500 English horse. Here, too, were born Jacques Sarazin the sculptor, and John Calvin. The reformer is Noyon's most famous son; but Noyon is not proud of him. A local historian very amusingly tries to demonstrate that he came of a bad stock: that his father, who was

apostolical notary, appropriated his employer's wealth; that his grandfather, too, was a man of little worth; and that young Calvin himself was a wretched creature. But there seems no reason to give credence to these statements. The house in which he was born has been pulled down: it is said in hatred of the renegade. Indeed, excepting a Renaissance Hôtel de Ville—sketched, from the market-place in front, in our second picture—much changed within and much mutilated without, there remains little that is really old in Noyon, excepting always the cathedral. The outlines of the walls that encircled the Roman town



NOYON.—VI.: THE CATHEDRAL TOWERS.

Quentin, and became the site of the bishopric of the famous St. Eloy, the goldsmith to Clotaire II. To this day Noyon disputes St. Eloy's especial patronage with Bologna, though why he became patron of the latter place, seeing he never entered it, is not quite evident. Here Chilperic was buried, and here Hugh Capet was elected King of France. During the wars with the English, Noyon suffered much, as also during the time of the League. It was then that it harboured for some days the Earl of Essex, who had been sent hither by Queen Elizabeth to offer Henri IV.

can still be traced, and fragments of antique stone and brick are to be seen in a few cellars. But these merit no attention. The great, the real attraction of the place is the cathedral, and truly it well repays a visit. It will not be easy to find a monument more interesting and charming at the same time; for, notwithstanding the severity of its style, the epithet charming is not misapplied. It is one of those edifices that the beholder sees has been built from the heart in earnest faith, and hence it appeals to the heart and goes straight to it.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

STORIES IN TERRA-COTTA.

IT will be necessary one day to write the history of the Schools of Art, and the rise of the decorative potteries at Lambeth will be an important incident therein. Then fitting praise will be awarded first of all to Mr. F. Sparkes, the first master of the school. Then also the name of Mr. Henry Doulton will be remembered with honour as the wise and generous capitalist and employer of labour, who set

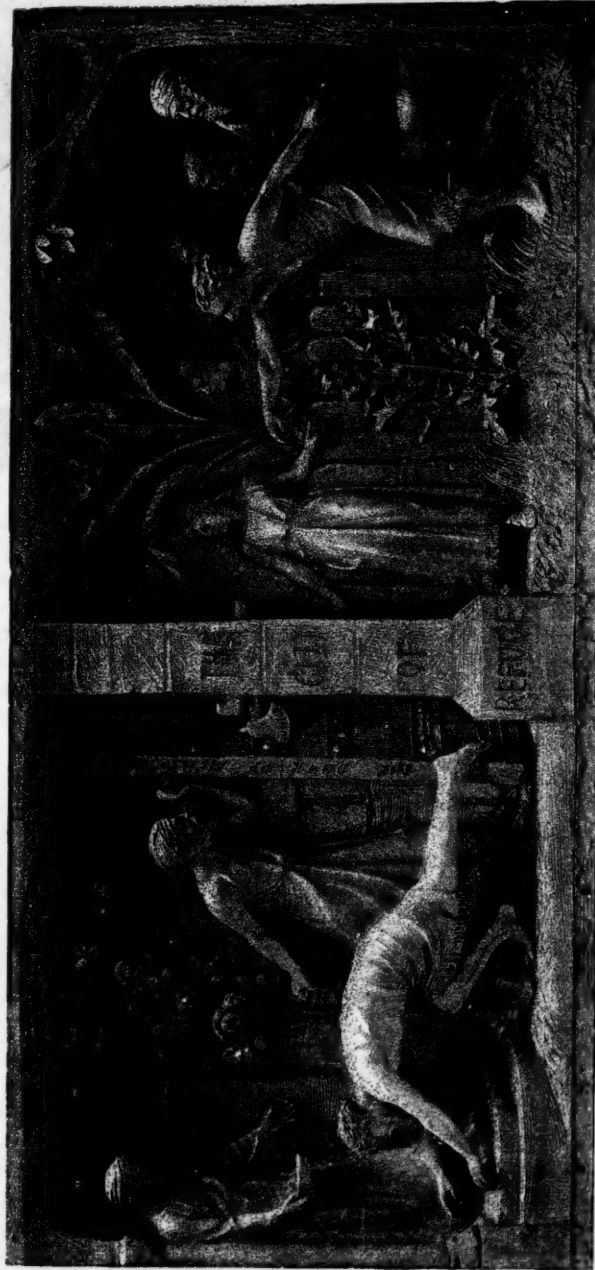
himself to stimulate the production of beautiful things, taking good care not, as others have done, to assume the merit of the brains and imagination he could command, but to give honour where honour was due, so that the names of his artists go everywhere with his own. The present article is concerned with only one of many. That one is George Tinworth.

This strange and powerful designer began life as

a wheelwright's son, and knew not only the pinch of poverty, but the harshness of a father. He knew also the love of a mother who encouraged his artistic impulses, and bred in him that religious enthusiasm which has been the main inspiration of his art. Working nightly for years at the Lambeth School of Art, after hard days at tinkering carts, he acquired, under Mr. Sparkes, a thorough knowledge of modelling, and, after gaining several prizes, entered the Royal Academy Schools in 1864. There he won the second silver medal in 1865, and the first in the antique school in 1867. In 1866 he exhibited at the Royal Academy. Next year, his father dying, Mr. Sparkes introduced him to Mr. Doulton, whose pots were then more useful than artistic. With him he has stayed ever since, taking no little share in the development of the famous pottery, and finding by degrees an increasing field for the exercise of his peculiar talents. Here he moulded in clay those vivid scenes, suggested to his imagination by the Bible, which are the truest expression of himself. Here he designed the beautiful reredos of York Minster, the panels of which have from time to time appeared at the Royal Academy, and all the works which form the exhibition in Conduit Street which is the theme of this note.

Such knowledge of the figure as he obtained in his studies under Mr. Sparkes and at the Royal Academy, such decorative ingenuity as has been developed by his experience as a potter, have aided him greatly in his more ambitious efforts; but his strong creative faculty has nevertheless acted with less regard to the fundamental distinctions between graphic and plastic art than might have been expected in one so soundly trained. This artistic perversity may be roughly compared with that of an author who interrupts the flow of prose with a lyric lilt, or writes verse without a careful selection and arrangement of words. It renders absolutely valueless a good deal of clever modern sculpture. But it does not render Mr. Tinworth's work valueless, because he has a true imaginative vision which makes itself felt in spite of technical errors, and is of higher human interest than all scholastic accuracy. Oddly as it may sound, it is not as a sculptor that he claims

our special attention, but rather as a dramatic seer with plastic instincts. As a poet he is near Bunyan, as a designer near Hogarth. The latter he resembles much, not only in his humour, but in the strong



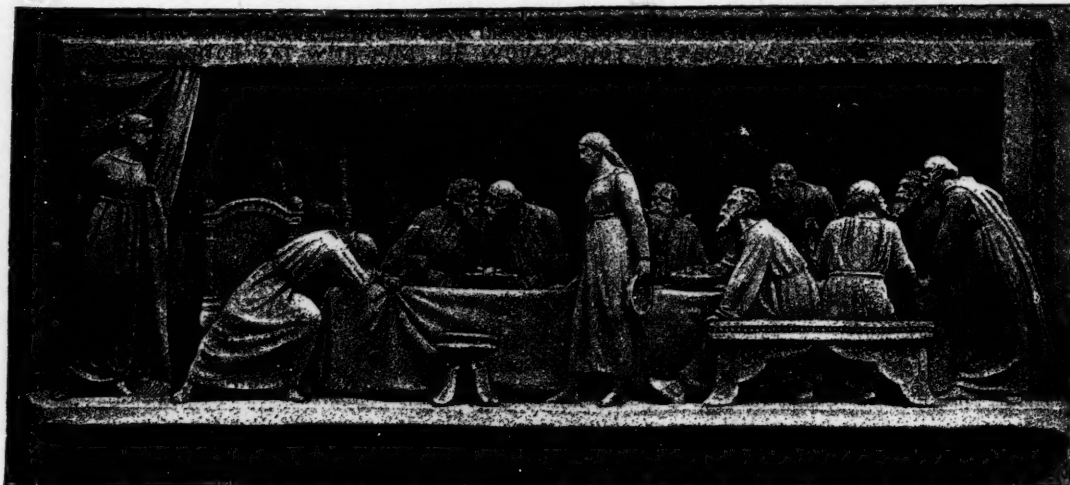
THE CITY OF REFUGE.
(From the Terra-cotta by George Tinworth.)

literary quality of his works, which would often be unintelligible without written explanations.

His works, the greater and the less alike, are quick with human life and character, his conceptions are forcible, his invention is unfailing, and his impulse

is always individual and sincere. In the pictorial telling of a story he has few rivals; the fulness and vividness of his representations are limited only

absolutely necessary to the expression of the central idea; but his anxiety seems to be rather to put in as much as he can without absolutely obscuring it.



THE DISTRESS OF HEROD.

(From the Terra-cotta by George Tinworth.)

by the means of his expression, and these he forces with extraordinary success to perform services to which their nature is not apt. Most artists do not, and rightly, attempt such feats; but even if they are right and Mr. Tinworth is wrong, it is impossible not to admire the ingenuity with which he overcomes or goes near to overcoming the natural stubbornness of his materials. In his rendering of the Agony of the Garden, for instance, he contrives to represent with great force the solemn gloom of Gethsemane—an effect altogether foreign from the nature of sculpture. In "The Brink of the Hill" he manages to suggest the vanishing of Christ's figure, although it stands there in solid palpable clay before us. Such enterprises by artists untrammelled by conventions are always interesting. However unsafe, too, they may be as examples, it is to such defiance of established rules that some of the most precious of human achievements in art are due.

Mr. Ruskin has well described Mr. Tinworth's mind as "full of fire and zealous faculty, breaking its way through all conventionalism to such truth as it can conceive." Now the truth he conceives comes generally embodied in crowds of figures with abundant realistic and symbolic accessories. His imagination does not concentrate the truth into an isolated figure or group worthy of undivided attention—it takes a comprehensive, almost a panoramic, view of dramatic events. With most artists who deal with subjects of high spiritual significance, it is a predominant care to eliminate every item which is not

He is probably the first who, in representing the Adoration of the Magi, thought it necessary to state strongly that there were other visitors in the inn, unconscious of the eternal moment, and among them a common mother with a common baby. In another panel the soldier who is twisting the Crown of Thorns has pricked his finger, and is sucking it with a woeful expression much enjoyed by his comrade. In "The Tribute Money," children are looking into the fish's mouth in the hope of finding another coin. All these touches are characteristic of the very peculiar tone and temper of Mr. Tinworth's mind, which from its want of certain sensibilities—such as reticence in facial expression, a blindness in respect of what to others is ludicrous and pathetic, and a deficient perception of the relative artistic force of the parts of his own conceptions—has filled his compositions with apparent faults; while it has enabled him to give us a fuller and more popular dramatisation of Biblical events than would otherwise have been possible to him. Leaving out all questions of right or wrong in art, and taking one of the panels in which the dignity of the central figure suffers most from the collision with its rude realistic surroundings—"The Entry into Jerusalem"—I doubt whether on the whole such a probable picture of the procession has ever been designed. Artistically, the Christ has not half the force of the ass's colt on which He rides; but as a picture of swarming human life and varied emotion, in richness of incident and completeness of its *mise en scène*, the thing is really astonishing.

In this and in most of the larger panels the main fault is that the most striking figures are often found playing secondary parts. In the "Going to Calvary" the interest centres neither in Christ nor Simon the Cyrenian, but in the thieves, especially the unrepentant thief. In the "Barabbas" again the robber is far more effective than either the Christ or the Pilate. In the "Preparing for the Crucifixion" the attention is diverted from the otherwise noble impersonation of Christ to the clever figure of the soldier engaged in hunting a pin among the folds of his girdle. In "The Descent from the Cross" the soldier with the shears occupies the attention too much; while in all the larger panels what lives longest in the memory is the vigorous group of soldiers dicing at the foot of the cross.

This will partly indicate why we have preferred to illustrate Mr. Tinworth's invention by a few of his less elaborate works. It is in these that the true force of his imagination is shown most purely, inasmuch as they are comparatively unencumbered with his luxuriant growth of minor fancies, and less disturbed by incongruities of sentiment. As a specimen of his studies from life and his more purely sculpturesque feeling, the low relief lent by Mr. E. W. Gosse, the writer of the admirable preface to the Catalogue of the Conduit Street exhibition, would have been an excellent addition to our selection. Of his imaginative panels, I could have wished to add "The Taking of Samson," a design of exceeding force with a well-conceived figure of the treacherous Delilah; "The Brow of the Hill," for that wonderful suggestiveness of which I have already written; and "The Raising of Lazarus" and "The Last Supper," for the freshness of their conception.

In "The Remorse of Judas" the action of Judas is passionate in the extreme, and is well contrasted with the indifference of the chief priests and elders. The suddenness and severity of his repentance, and the impetuosity with which he seeks to rid himself of the wages

of his sin, are truly conveyed in that prostrate figure of despair. You hardly need to know that the wretch went out and hanged himself. "The Dismissal of Hagar and Ishmael" is an instance of the fulness with which Mr. Tinworth is determined to tell his story. Hagar and Ishmael, Sarah and Abraham and Isaac, all fit in, and he has found room besides for three trees and the tent, a well, a bucket, a jar, a cock, and a basket of bread. Although the distress of Herod at the request of Salome is often marked by the old artists, his "exceeding" sorrow has never, as far as I know, been shown so strongly as in our second panel. Notwithstanding the presence of his guests, the Tetrarch buries his head between his arms and grasps the table-cloth convulsively. This work shows how inadequate sculpture in small is to represent slight distinctions of expression. No amount of labour could give much distinctness of character to bearded heads of this size. The shades in the hollows of mouth, eyes, and nostrils reduce them to masks. In "The City of Refuge" the potency of Mr. Tinworth's imagination is far better exemplified. Whether in ink or paint or terra-cotta or marble, a design like this could not fail to be effective. The Woman outside the door is in the way; we could dispense with the head above the Avenger's arm; the design would gain greatly by an uninterrupted space between the Avenger and the door. Otherwise I can find no fault with this energetic and pregnant conception. Mr. Tinworth had no need to write "Justice" on the hatchet-blade. His tale for

once is completely told without text or symbol.

It is perhaps useless to speculate as to the future development of Mr. Tinworth's genius. It is easier to point out, as I have done, the reasons why the way in which he exercises his natural endowments is not satisfactory than to state how they might be better employed. His strong perception of character would seem peculiarly to fit him for a depicter of modern life; but, on the other hand, an imagination and

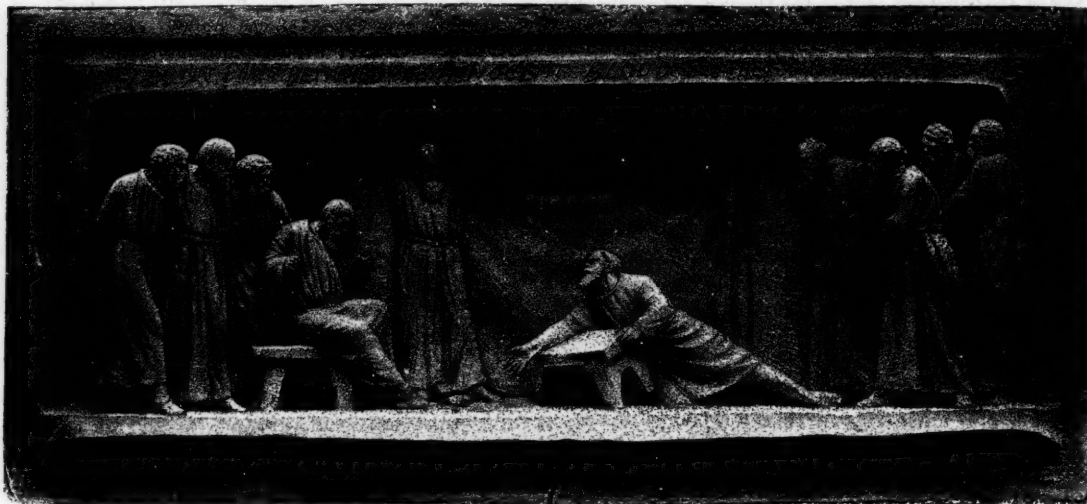


THE DISMISSAL OF HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

(From the Terra-cotta by George Tinworth.)

an intellect so fed upon the Bible might find such a career poor and cold. One would like to see what he could do with the paint-brush and the

individual and remarkable part. Each step towards the cold clear heights of intellectual art would lift him further from the raciness, the homely vigour,



THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.

(From the Terra-cotta by George Timeworth.)

etching-needle; but in his case nature and accident seem to have elected for him somewhat authoritatively his means of expression. Mr. Gosse looks for his future development in the direction of pure or purer sculpture. But though much might be expected from this direction of his talent, it seems to me that it would tend to a tearing asunder of his complex gifts, and the leaving behind of their more

and the human sympathy of his natural self; and if we should lose a humorist we gain a sculptor. We may well be content with him as he is—an original and thoroughly English designer, none of whose faults are without redeeming qualities, and whose vivid vision, fervid feeling, and strong grasp of character are far more valuable than any amount of featureless orthodoxy. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

CURRENT ART.

IN his largest work of the present year, "The Night's Catch," the original of our first engraving, Mr. Hole has taken a fresh departure, and has dealt more directly than has been his wont with nature and with present-day humanity. The landscape has been studied on the shore of one of those lochs of the Western Highlands, which have been made familiar to southern readers by the vivid descriptions of Mr. Black—lochs enclosed on three sides by green slopes and rocky mountains, and opening out on the fourth to the ocean. The distant landscape and the folded hills are lying bathed in a dim haze, the peace of night still covering them as with a mantle; the quiet-coloured sky above is marked with faint, rosy clouds; and the sun sheds a broad path of brightness over the sea. Two fishing-boats

have come in, among the yellow-brown sea-weed. One sailor is leaving his ship, stepping carefully along the narrow plank. In the foreground, on great masses of sloping rock, a bare-legged, bare-headed boy is pouring out the brilliantly-tinted contents of the single basket which contains the whole of "The Night's Catch," watched rather ruefully by the grave bronzed fisherman, who is pulling off his tarpaulin coat, and by his companion sitting on the stones beside him, with knit brows and a still more anxious face. The figures of these fisher-folk have manifestly been studied from the life. They are excellent in drawing, their attitudes have been well caught, and their rough seafaring garments are given with unwonted vigour and truth of texture. The same accuracy of study is visible

in the carefully rendered forms of the foreground rocks; there is a pleasing truth of relation between the figures and their landscape surroundings; while there is thoughtful and poetic sentiment in the contrast between the beauty and effortless quiet of Nature, her numberless ongoings of life proceeding with their wonted and majestic calmness, and the fret and stir of the human life beneath, with its worn faces, its petty anxieties and cares.

In his "Highland Funeral," which we have engraved as our frontispiece, Mr. James Guthrie presents a pathetic episode of humble life, seen amid a dreary aspect of nature, and beneath a subdued effect of waning light. Perhaps "A Scottish Funeral" would have been a better title, for there does not appear to be anything specially Highland, distinctively Celtic, in the physique or physiognomy of its various figures. It might be the funeral of a worshipper in that Annandale meeting-house which Carlyle has described. The head of an humble house has passed away, and his friends and neighbours have gathered together to pay him the last honours. The company has proved too numerous for the little cottage room; so the coffin has been removed into the open air, and rests on a couple of chairs in front of the door; while round it the strong-limbed, stern-faced peasants listen bare-headed amid the snow and beneath the chill darkening sky of the late winter afternoon to the prayer of their white-haired minister, who stands beside the dead with the last soft radiance of the sky resting on his aged face. They are grave

time-worn men, and their grimness contrasts with the fresh tearful face of the child, some near relative of the dead, which appears near the coffin. In the picture, as conditioned by its subject, there is manifestly little scope for grace of line and form, for the introduction of colours lovely in themselves and lovely in combination. The charm of its technique lies in the truth, decision, and force with which the faces have been modelled; in the quietude with which the blue-blacks of the costumes pass into the browns, and these again into cool, low-toned greys; and in the rightness of relation between these dark sombre masses and that space of sullied snow and of russet and wan yellow sky against which they are relieved. An excellent "unity in variety" has been attained by the differing attitudes and faces, harmonised by the one expression of devoutness which gives even the more commonplace a certain dignity and nobility. In its earnestness and solemnity the picture, which is thoroughly national in sentiment and effect, rises to the rank of real religious art.

"The Little Ones First"—the original of our second reproduction—is one of eight pictures contributed by Mr. Edgar Barclay to the present exhibition in the Grosvenor Gallery, where it is well hung in the First Room. It belongs to a class of out-of-door *genre* which always wins the admiration of a large section of the populace. Its incident is pleasant, homely, and not without humour; to hundreds it will recall memories of similar, possibly identical, moments in a country life. This maiden



THE NIGHT'S CATCH.

(From the Picture by W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A. Royal Scottish Academy, 1883.)

indeed has many prototypes, though in them the sense of justice probably does not produce so sentimental an expression as Mr. Barclay has given her. She is posing to us with a duck, which by the way seems very quiet and comfortable—which looks, in fact, as if it liked it. The girl, however, does not watch the fluttering, squeaking, chirping little yellow ones at their enjoyable meal, nor does she chide the grown-up bird in her arms for being rude and greedy, and old enough to know better. Instead of doing either or both of these things—perfectly natural, be it observed, in a healthy and unsophisticated girl—she gazes at us in a kind of dream of mist and feeling and moonlight. Notwithstanding this anomaly, however, Mr. Barclay's picture will find its admirers, and plenty of them. The heroine's sentiment may be a thought artificial, and the duck may seem too fond of being nursed; but the ducklings—after all the most interesting objects in the picture—are very life-like and lively. The work, too, has some charm of tone and colour, and on the whole the impression it leaves is pleasant, if not particularly strong.

Mr. Arthur Melville has travelled much and studied hard in the East, whence he has lately returned with a goodly collection of pictures and sketches. From the Red Sea and Egypt, from India and the Persian Gulf, he has brought home many varied impressions of scenery and human life. Sapphire seas and golden sands, Arab boats and British steamers, grave sheikhs and lithe fishers of pearl, stately palaces and solemn temples, have each and all fascinated Mr. Melville, as they have fascinated other artists before him, as they will fascinate the world so long as the Orient, its cities and peoples and traditions, shall exist.

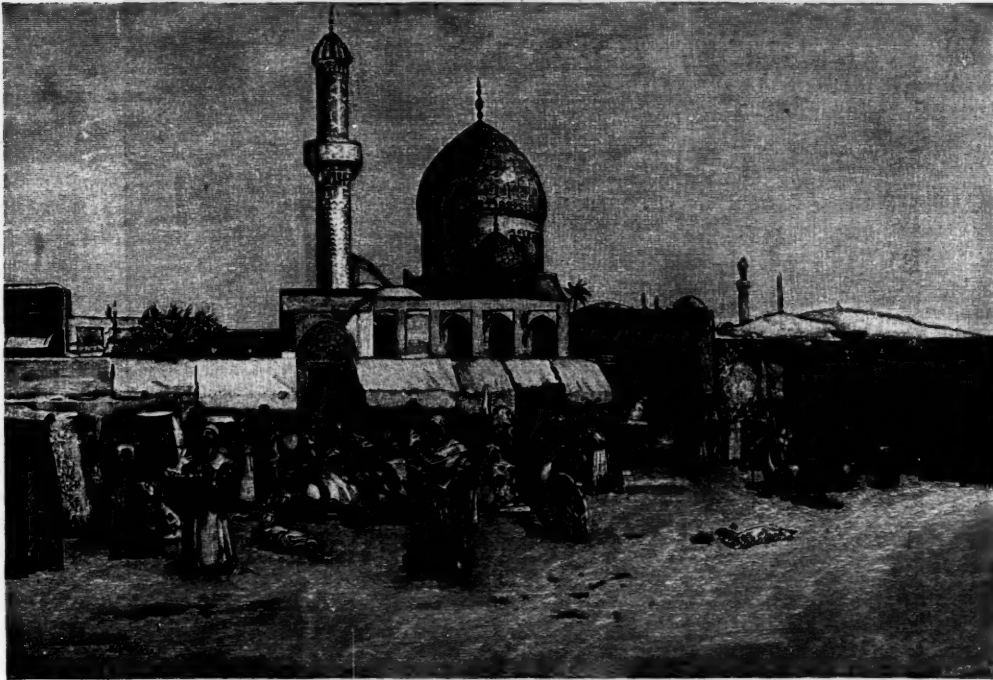
And of all Eastern sights and wonders, the old-world life and architecture of Baghdad—the city of Haroun the Great, and Giaffar and Mesroure the Eunuch, the scene of the glorious Arabian Nights—seem to have best riveted Mr. Melville's attention. There he made many sketches, and one of these, exhibited in the much-abused exhibition of the Dudley Gallery Water-Colour Society, is reproduced in our third engraving. As we have already remarked in our note on the exhibition, it is a very clever drawing. It must be said that as a whole the work lacks brilliancy, and that the execution is not completely expressive. The picture, however, is an impression; and so regarded, it must be commended for its admirable qualities of tone, of colour, of suggestiveness. The sand of the foreground, the domes and minarets of the famous mosque, with

their tiles of shimmering purple and blue, are admirable in texture; the figures, if somewhat too sketchy to be entirely satisfactory, have plenty of character and gesture; the colour generally is at once harmonious and varied, the tone well balanced throughout. But, even regarded as an impression pure and simple, Mr. Melville's picture seems a little wanting in the very important quality of light. The call to prayer takes place in the full radiance of noon, and noon at Baghdad is a brilliant hour indeed. The peculiar colour effects produced by the glare of Eastern sunlight are suggested with dexterity and considerable truth; the roofs and awnings, the costumes of the crowd, the sand and the walls and the matting—the whole paraphernalia of an Oriental street scene, with their splendid contrasts and subdued harmonies—are in some measure determined; but the light which



"THE LITTLE ONES FIRST."

(From the Picture by Edgar Barclay. Grosvenor Gallery, 1883.)



THE CALL TO PRAYER.

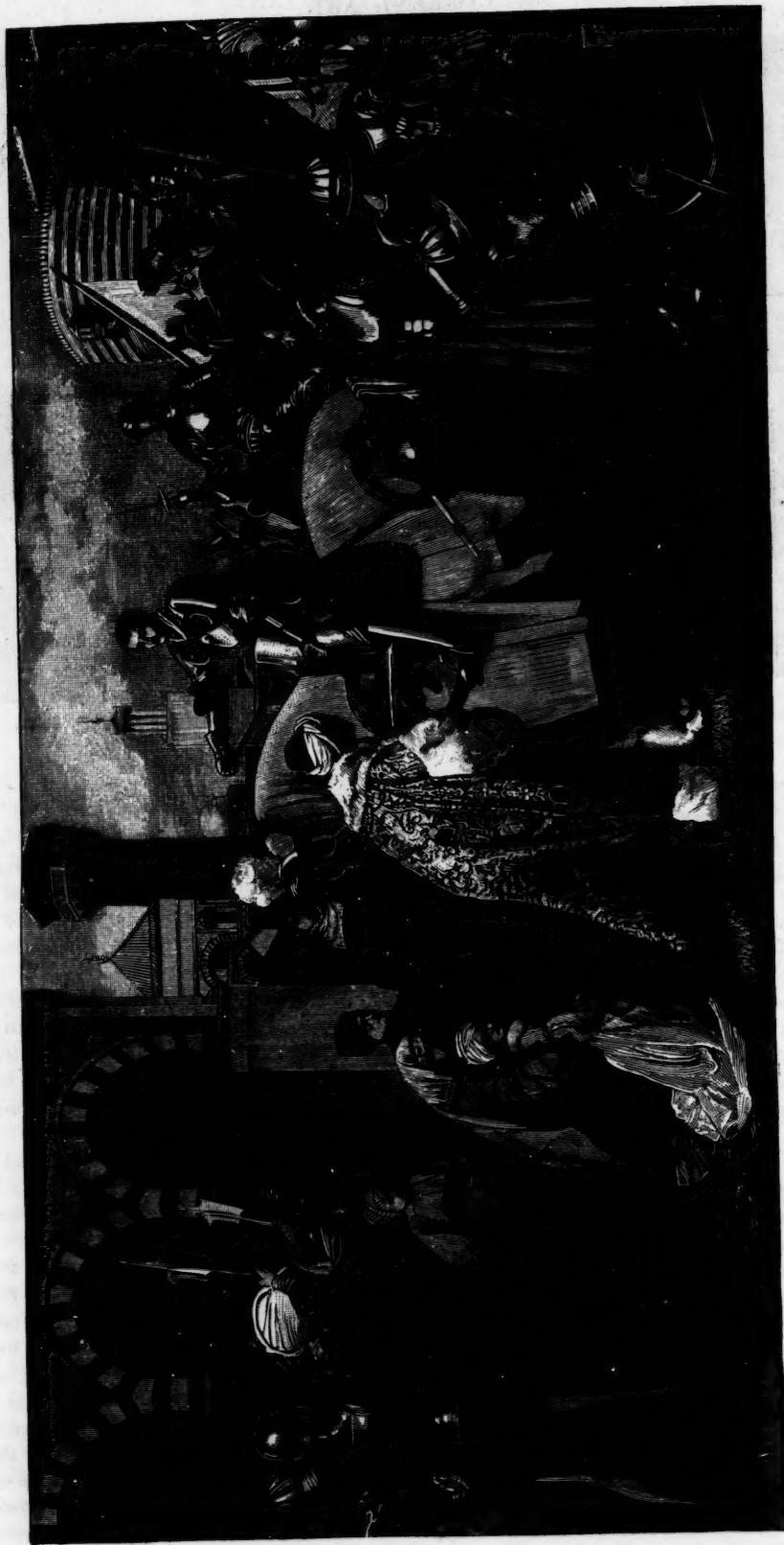
(From the Picture by Arthur Melville. Dudley Gallery, 1883.)

transfigures these things, and makes even the shadows luminous, is absent. In failing here, however, it is only fair to add that Mr. Melville fails in excellent company. Older and more experienced painters than he have come hopelessly to grief in attempting Eastern sunshine. At the best, success in realising an effect so difficult is limited; but there is every reason why Mr. Melville, who is young and anything but unambitious, should produce something more akin to nature than this.

In "The Surrender"—engraved on our next page—we have one of those *tableaux vivants* of old time which have gained for Mr. J. D. Linton so considerable a reputation. It is one of a series depicting the life and works of a Sixteenth Century soldier, and it presents the hero in the act of receiving, from a conquered leader, the keys of some stronghold won "at point of fox;" his captives—old men and young men, and maidens and knights—all marshalled to receive him, and his soldiers trooping valiantly at his heel. Like most of his other works, it is a success of archaeological knowledge and technical accomplishment. In invention and imagination it is not extraordinarily impressive; in varied textures, in accurate realisation of material surfaces, it is, as need scarcely be said, remarkably complete. Armour and ermine, silk and velvet and lace, the sheen of sword and shield, the glitter of jewels, and

the gleam of sunlit spear and burnished helm—all these are treated with commendable and scrupulous regard for fact; and it goes without saying that architectural form and colour are realised with as much care and patience as the panoply of the conqueror's charger, or the richly-wrought garment of the personage who surrenders the keys of the fallen city. Considered as a composition, the merits of Mr. Linton's new work appear somewhat conventional; considered as a picture, it is found to tell us not much that is new. But it pleases with its bright and harmonious colour, and it compels admiration by its excellent handling.

The water-fly or water-flea is an insect of such peculiar temperament and habit as to make its name an appropriate and useful epithet of contempt. It is found all over the world. It lives in shallow waters; it flutters gaily on the surface in the morning, and in the evening it hops and leaps there with a kind of aimless and conceited sprightliness; but in the heat of the day it retires to the bottom of its pool. Under the microscope it is, we are told, a beautiful object; for "its whole interior organisation" is visible through the transparent outer covering. Modern science thus confirms the attribution of our ancestors. For the water-fly was long an emblem of emptiness and vanity. Shakespeare uses it in this wise more than once, notably in



THE SURRENDER.

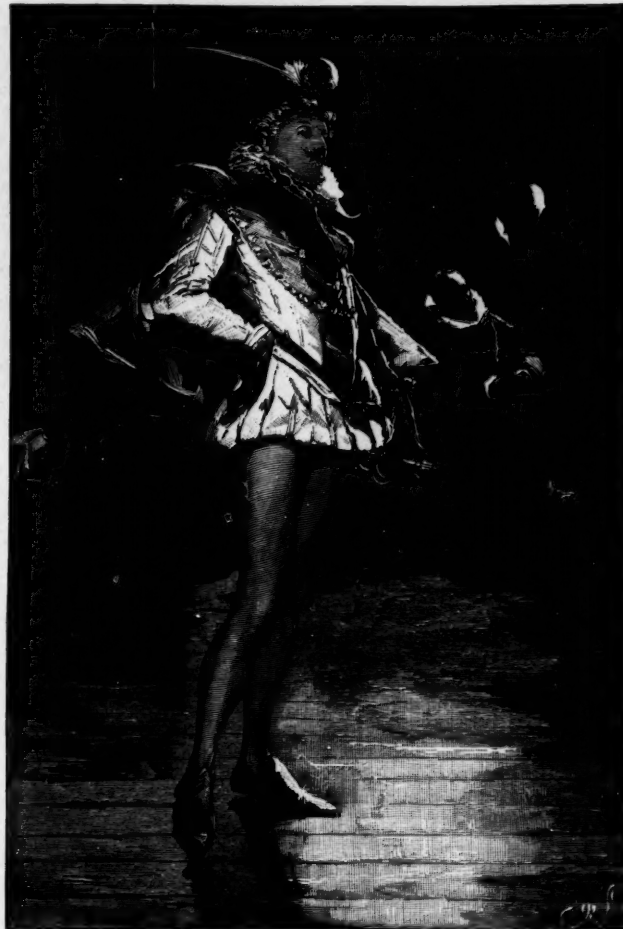
(From the Picture by J. D. Linton. Royal Academy, 1882.)

"Troilus;" and Mr. Pettie has taken a phrase from "Hamlet" for the title of his very clever picture. The words—"Dost know this water-fly?"—occur in the second scene of the fifth act, and are addressed by Hamlet to Horatio, on the entrance of Osrick. The picture, however, is not a presentment of the scene. Clearly those frilled and courtly gentlemen in the background are not the Prince of Denmark and his friend; they are intelligent nobodies—senators, courtiers, what you will—invented by the artist and adroitly introduced here for incident, for colour and effect. And this water-fly, this "idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk," this "tassel of a prodigal's purse," is not Osrick, but Mr. Pettie's admirable notion of a mediæval *petit crêvé*—some Scottish Fastidious Brisk, it may be: the kind of creature who lives for us, a fly in amber, embalmed in the lusty and brutal humour of Ben Jonson. He is preferable by a good deal to his modern prototype. His costume is picturesque and graceful; feather and frill, doublet and hose, and princely sword, are all superior to the curly hat and stand-up collar, the tight trousers and the crutch-stick of his successors. They, indeed, are representative of a period of machinery, and baccarat, and the humour of Offenbach and Hervé, the morality of Zola and the lesser Dumas, the art of Schneider and Thérèse and the irresistible Bernhardt; he, on the other hand, is an outcome of an age of heroism and romance. He is a "diminutive of nature," no doubt; you may even remember with mixed sorrow and anger "how the

poor world is pestered with such," and, with Hamlet, feel "'tis a vice to know him;" but it is impossible not to have some measure of admiration for him. His foppery, his "whole interior organisation" of vanity and futility is patent; but his self-sufficiency is so masterful and final, his bearing is so overflowing with a sublimity of conceit, that he commands amused approval though he deserves contempt. As

to the technical merits of Mr. Pettie's work—which was, ere it went to the Academy, on view for a short time at Mr. White's Galleries in King Street, St. James's—we need say little. In character and gesture it is as good as anything he has given us; in colour and handling and light and shade it shows his best ability; in humour and imagination it stands higher than most of his work.

Our last illustration reproduces something of the vigorous humour, the sturdy swagger and strength of the great bronze which Mr. Boehm has executed—for presentation to Tavistock town—for the Duke of Bedford, and of which, by the donor's permission, a replica will be set up on



"DOST KNOW THIS WATER-FLY?"

(Painted by John Pettie, R.A. Royal Academy, 1883.)

Plymouth Hoe. In its way, which is a way of prose and rather realistic romance, the statue is an excellent piece of work. The attitude is easy and natural; the gesture is happily conceived and happily executed; the characterisation is large, abundant, original; in the matter of modelling and design there is much to notice and to praise; the effect of the whole is singularly cheerful and impressive. So might the great admiral have stood before the matchless Oriana, even Elizabeth the

Virgin Queen, when she sat and questioned him of his voyage about the world; so might he have stood to receive the citizens of Plymouth when he returned from singeing the beard of His Majesty of Spain; so might he have confronted the valiant Lord Howard, and turned to win the historical game of bowls, having time, as he said, both to play that out and to beat the Spaniards afterwards. Probably the sphere and compass, which a little spoil the general effect and are not altogether free from the reproach of conventionality, are superfluous in fact, as they are certainly of dubious import in art. For Drake, though he sailed round the globe, and was an expert and valiant seaman, was not, it would seem, a scientific navigator. He had a good deal of the privateer (between whom and the pirate there is only the difference of a syllable or so) in his composition, as well as something of the hero; and a Radical editor of the period—

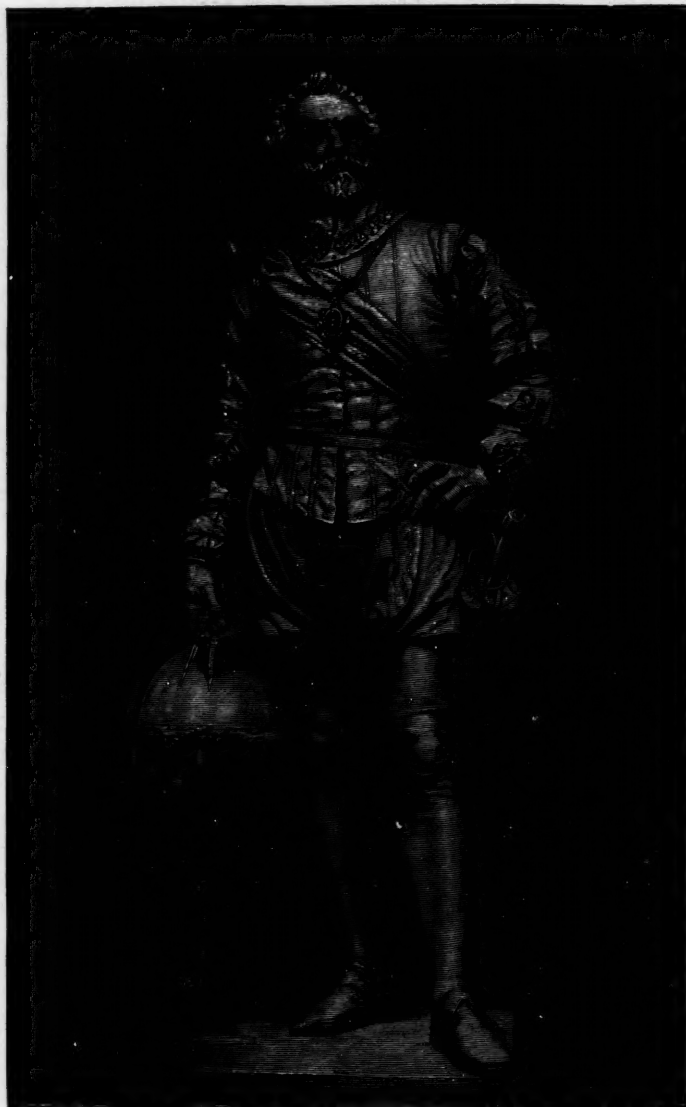
if such creatures of principle and argument could have existed in the "spacious times" of Elizabeth—would certainly have clamoured for his head. But, as Mr. Walter Pollock has taken pains to show, he was a true and loyal Englishman, a determined anti-Spaniard, a wise and daring commander, and as good a Protestant and excellent a citizen as his age can

show. It was with a noble pride that, after the ruin of the Armada, he could rebut the vaunts and lies of Spain, and tell how, for all "their putting in print" "the number of soldiers, the fearful burden of their ships, the commanders' names of every

squadron, with all other magazines of provisions," as "an army and navy irresistible and disdaining prevention," they did not, "their great, terrible ostentation" notwithstanding, "in all their sailing round about England, so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheepcote on this land." And afterwards, with Hawkins dead, and his fleet a wreck, and his last adventure turned to a piece of desperate disaster, he could perish of a broken heart. England had need of him; he served her well; she will know to honour this lasting witness to his fame.

In this place it will be con-

venient to note that the sculpture of the year is not remarkable. In the Academy, one of the best things is Mr. Onslow Ford's life-size statue of Mr. Irving as Hamlet. Mr. Thornycroft's "Miss Sassoon" and Mr. Gilbert's "Study of a Head" are excellent. So, too, is Mr. W. B. Richmond's bust of his wife—perhaps the best sculpture in the Grosvenor Exhibition.



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

(From the Statue by J. E. Boehm, R.A. Royal Academy, 1883.)

THE EXHIBITIONS.

AT Burlington House there is, as usual, more good work above the line than upon it. The gathering is of higher and better general quality than usual. It includes no picture of heroic intention, and for any touch of genius—a gesture that goes to the heart, an expression that moves to tears, a view of nature or of human life that is a revelation of some mysterious source of emotion not hitherto made visible to man—you would look in vain. It abounds in cleverness; in work that is manifestly sincere, and that is good as far as it goes; in pleasant and popular sentiment; in honourable evidences of technical accomplishment, accurate observation, diligent study, and sustained and laudable effort. But it is obvious that a golden mediocrity is the general fortune of our painters, and that, so far as we have got, the picture of the year is not in the Academy, but at Messrs. Goupil's, and is signed, not "Millais," nor "Holl," nor "Leighton," but "Théodore Rousseau."

In portraiture, it is fair to add, the exhibition is exceptionally rich. The honours of the year are divided between Mr. Frank Holl and Mr. J. E. Millais. With a good "General Lord Wolseley," and others of less interest, the former painter sends a "John Bright," which takes rank with the best work of the English school, and which, considered merely as an achievement in the representation of modern costume, is really surprising. The latter contributes, among others, an admirable portrait of Mr. Hook—frank, vigorous, imposing, true; an excellent "Lord Salisbury;" and, in "Une Grande Dame"—a tiny beauty, in a mob-cap, and lace, and a wonderful frock, and with a green parrot on her finger—one of the prettiest and sweetest pictures of childhood painted in modern times. Mr. Herkomer's "Herr Richter" has technical merit, and renders fairly well the solid and simple strength of the original; but the hands are meaningless and poor, and the superhuman size of the thing—for Mr. Herkomer has taken to painting portraits larger than life—conveys an impression not of vigour, but of affectation. The artist's "Sir Richard Cross" is on the whole better, but it is touched with the same eccentricity. Mr. Collier's "Professor Huxley" is better, we think, than the "Darwin" of last year. Mr. Oules is excellently represented; his six contributions are all good pictures and good portraits. Mr. Watts's single picture, an essay in the arrangement of different reds, is, on the contrary, a disappointment; it is not agreeable to see, and it contains a curtain which is as badly painted as need be.

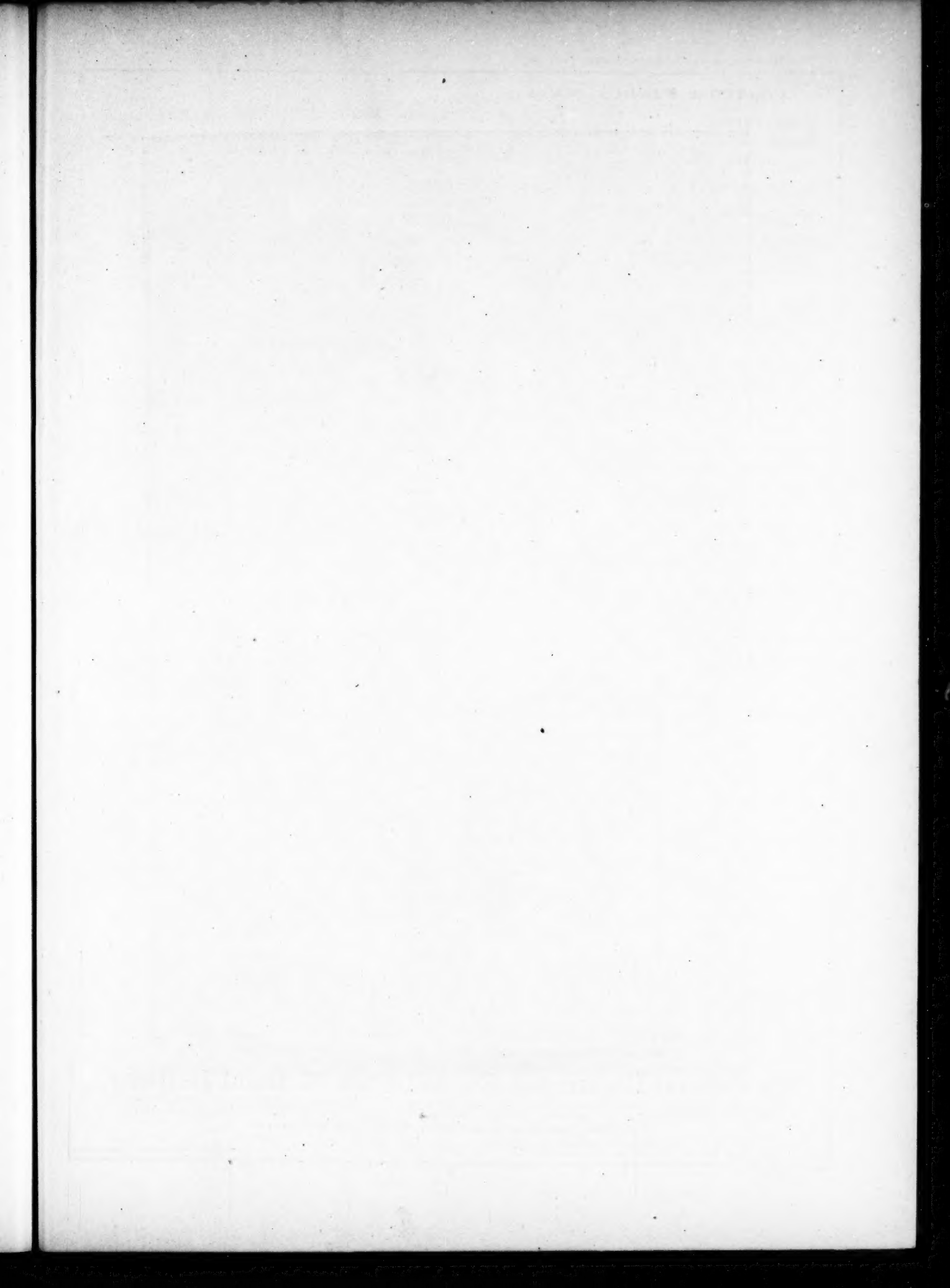
One of the most striking among the figure pictures is Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Too Late:" a romantic presentment—somewhat in the manner of Sir Frederick Leighton—of the Foolish Virgins, mourning and slumbering, in the light of a thin moon, without the gate. Its technical accomplishment is considerable; it offers some good and imaginative colouring; it is sufficiently sound and natural in sentiment. To Mr. Poynter's very remarkable "The Ides of March" we shall refer later on. Mr. Orchardson's "Voltaire" is exceedingly skilful work. The room, the dinner-table, the textures, the attitudes and expressions and costumes of the Duc de Sully's guests, the flowers, the glass, the wine—all are most intelligently conceived of and most successfully treated; but the heroic figure, the Voltaire after the cudgels of De Rohan's lackeys, is not much more than clever, and the picture is a trifle ineffective in consequence. The President, who is not so ambitious nor so interesting as last year, is represented by a decorative frieze which is not particularly decorative; by "A Vestal," which is perhaps his best picture this year; by "Kittens," the effect of which is that of a piece of still life; and by "Memories," a single figure which may be compared with "A Vestal." The best of Mr. Pettie's three or four is, as it seems to us, the "Water-fly" of a couple of pages back. Mr. Reid's "A Spill"—a huntsman after a tumble in a turnip-field—is well painted, full of character, and with a good open-air effect. Mr. Macbeth's "A Sacrifice"—a girl selling her red, red hair—is not extravagantly agreeable; his second exhibit, "The Signal," is charming. Mr. Waller's "The Day of Reckoning" may be looked at with interest and with pleasure; Mr. Millais, in "The Grey Lady," has produced some excellent craftsmanship and a true imaginative effect of colour. Mr. Seymour Lucas, in "A 'Whip' for Van Tromp" and "My Country Cousin," is much the same as usual. Mr. Prinsep is seen at his best in his "Titian's Niece." Mr. Briton Riviere is more than usually imaginative and vigorous in his picture of the "Swine of the Gadarenes;" is very human and natural in his "Old Playfellows" and "The Last of the Crew;" and is really humorous and true to fact in his "Giants at Play," which introduces us to one of the most delicious bull-pups ever painted. Mr. Yeames, Mr. Marks, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Morris, Mr. Crowe are as they have always been; Mr. Fildes, in "The Village Wedding," has produced a popular picture; Mr. Frith, in "The Private View," has little to say, and says that little rather ill; Mr. Lockhart, in

"Cardinal Beaton at St. Andrews" and "Alnaschar's Fortune," is obviously skilful and conventional. M. Fantin, in "L'Étude," is brilliantly clever. Mr. Guthrie, in "To Pastures New," Mr. G. H. Boughton, in "Suspected of Witchcraft" and "A Dutch Ferry," Mr. Glindoni, in "An Audience," Mr. Alma Tadema, in "The Way to the Temple" and "An Oleander," Mr. Van Haanen, in "The Mask Shop," Mr. E. J. Gregory, in a picture of "Drawing-Room Day in Piccadilly," may all be studied with pleasure and with profit. On a higher plane, and touched with finer qualities, is Mr. Maynard Brown's "The Last Look." It represents a poor woman, a baby at her breast and a company of children at her skirts, looking farewell at the coffin of her dead husband. In gesture, character, sentiment, it is admirable.

To pass to the painters of water:—Mr. Hook is represented by four pictures, three in his best manner. Mr. Colin Hunter has, in "Lobster Catching" and "A Pebbly Shore," two pictures of great merit and enduring charm. Mr. Brett, as it seems to us, has never done so well—has never been so true to nature, so sound in art, and so free from a suspicion of vulgarity—as in "Welsh Dragons" and "These Yellow Sands." In "Between the Showers" and "Calm Before a Storm"—especially the latter—Mr. Henry Moore is seen at his best and freshest and most veracious. In "Oyster Dredgers" Mr. Hemy puts himself on a level with the best living painters of water; as does Mr. Wyllie, in his "Toil, Glitter and Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide," an excellent picture of the London Thames. Of the landscapes the finest are certainly Mr. W. B. Leader's "Parting Day"—which is out and away the artist's best work—and "Green Pastures and Still Waters," and Professor Costa's exquisite little canvas, "The Mere." There are scores beside—good, bad, indifferent; but these three seem to us the best.

At the Grosvenor Gallery the show of pictures is of only average quality and interest. The mediocrities are largely represented; the neo-medievalists have mustered vigorously; the best is not of surpassing excellence, and on view there is not a little work on which all comment would be wasted. The picture of the year is of course Mr. Burne Jones's "The Wheel of Fortune." It is conceived with a kind of elaborate intensity of romance, and it has admirable qualities of drawing and modelling and expression. But it presents an epitome of the painter's many mannerisms; its sentiment is too personal and peculiar to be generally attractive; if it is epical in subject, it seems only quaint and eccentric in treatment and effect. Much the same may be said of the famous painter's other contributions: "The Hours," which is rich and beautiful in colour, and remark-

able in the rhythmical charm of its scheme of line; "An Angel;" and the "Philip Comyns Carr," the saddest and intensest portrait of a little boy that ever was painted. Mr. Watts's four pictures of the four Horsemen in "Revelation" are heroic and very nearly successful; his "Knight" is quite excellent; in "The Rain it Raineth every Day" he has done admirably in colour and gesture and expression. Mr. Millais, on the other hand, is far below his highest—in his "Duchess of Westminster," his "For the Squire," and his "Master Freeman" alike. The best of Mr. Herkomer's many portraits, of men and women, old and young, is probably the "Joachim;" the best of Mr. Richmond's, which are curiously unlike each other in sentiment and style, and make you think of everybody but the painter himself, is assuredly the "Mrs. Mirless," though the "Miss Davies" and the "Mrs. Frederick Harrison" are both very striking; the best of Mr. Holl's is certainly his simple and vigorous "John Tenniel." Mr. Collier's "Three Sisters" has great merit—in colour, characterisation, handling, and effect; and so, in a way of its own, has Mrs. Collier's "An Artist at Work." Among the essays in *genre* and romance, special mention may be made of Mr. Reid's "The Yarn"—a very clever and pleasant work; Mr. Macbeth's skilful and novel "Sheep-Shearing;" Mr. Hale's "Psyche before Venus"—a translation of Morris into goodish Carolus Duran; Mr. Boughton's "The Peace-Maker"—the best thing in Dutch life and landscape he has done; Mr. Julian Story's "Un Peu de Musique;" and Mr. Clausen's "Winter Work" and "Hay-Time," two simple and earnest pictures of labour in the fields. Mr. Hemy's "The Ferryman" and Mr. Henry Moore's "A Tide Race" take first rank among the water-pictures; Mr. Bartlett's "Summer-Time on the Lagoon" comes next. Among the landscape-painters Professor Costa wins as he pleases, with "Old Kensington," "Morning on the Hills at Branzi," and "The Alban Hills at Evening:" all three exquisite in colour, full of poetry, touched with real distinction. After him come Mr. Keeley Halswelle—with "Evening Mists" and "Royal Windsor;" Mr. Ernest Parton, with a pleasant picture of twilight; Mr. Mark Fisher, with several good Mark Fishers; Mr. Bloomer, with his pretty and simple "Farm in Brittany;" Mr. North, with "Apples;" and Mr. Hennessy, with "A Pastoral" and "With the Birds." We have only space to add that Mr. E. J. Gregory contributes some brilliant studies of Venice as it is; Mr. Van Haanen a neat and dexterous study from the nude; Mr. Alma Tadema a not very remarkable portrait; Mr. Nettleship a most unpleasant picture of a blind lion, not artistically good, we think, and painful enough to be repulsive, we are sure. The rest must needs be silence.





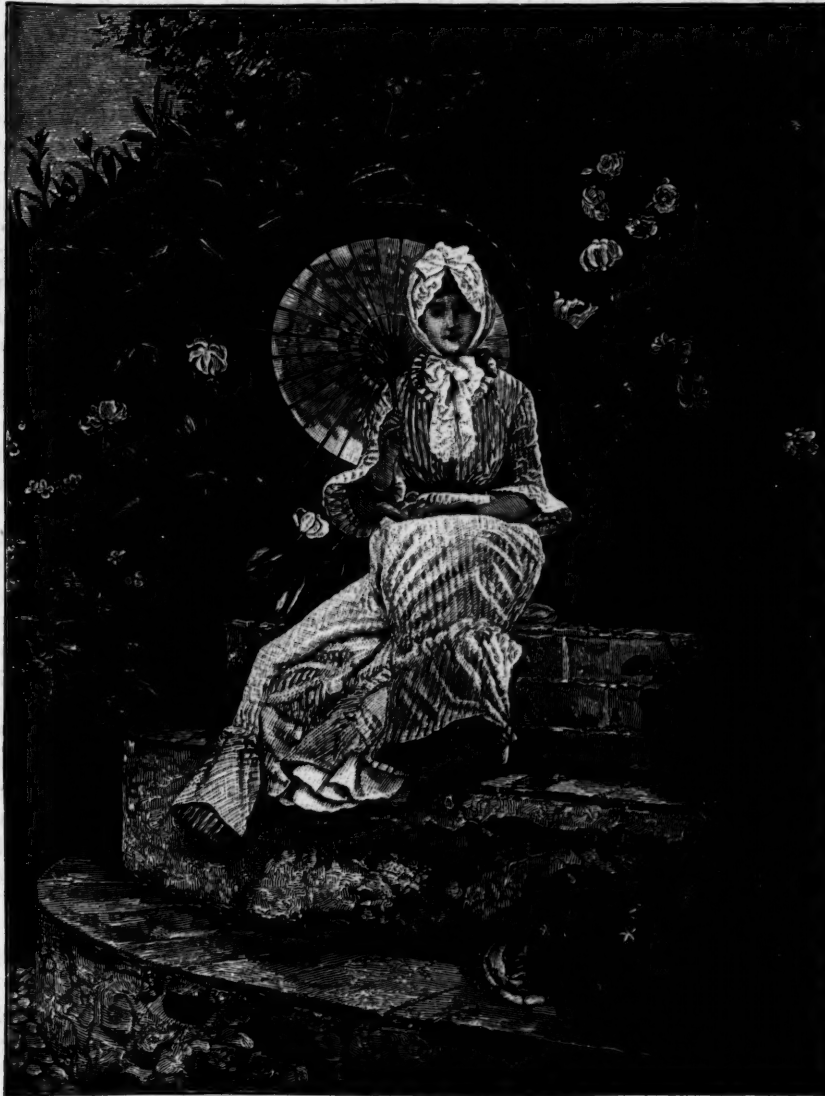
HENRY IRVING AS HAMLET.

(From the Statue by E. Onslow Ford. Royal Academy, 1883.)

A PAINTER OF PRETTINESS.

GEORGE ADOLPHUS STOREY—the artist of “Viola,” “My Lady Belle,” “Little Buttercup,” and a score of graceful and charming fantasies

pictures, and that he only of his kin has been favoured by this second muse, it will be obvious that his talent is, to say the least of it, original,



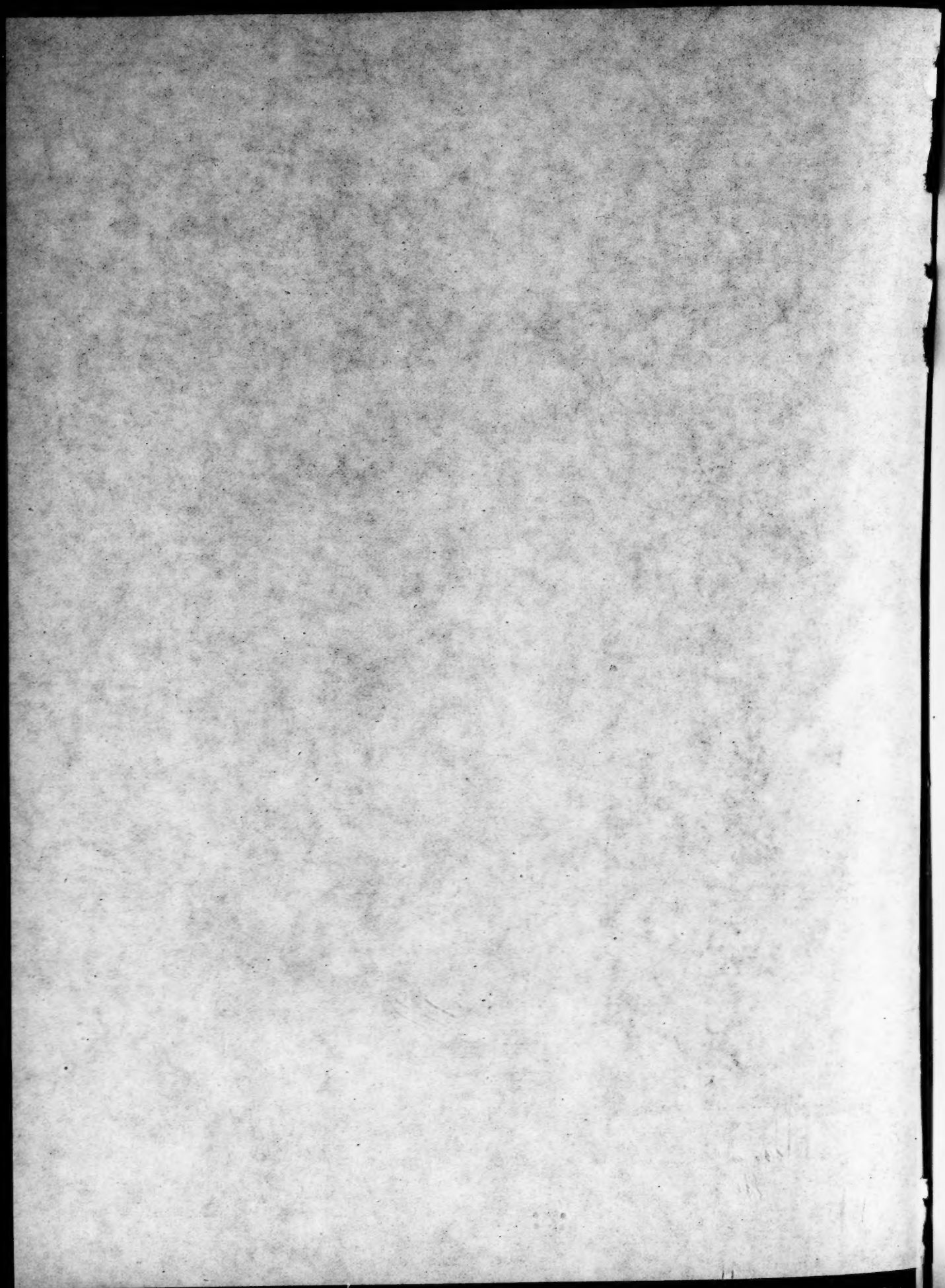
LILLIES, OLEANDERS, AND THE PINK.

(Painted by G. A. Storey, A.R.A. By Permission of A. S. Dixon, Esq.)

besides—in a family of eight, was the only one with a taste for art. His parents, too, were altogether unconnected with it, directly or indirectly. If I add that he writes as well as paints, and produces quaint and pretty verses as well as quaint and pretty

and that the why and wherefore of his possession are not easily perceived.

But to the many who enjoy his pleasant work, it is of very little consequence whence he derives his talent. Oddly enough, it flourished side by side with

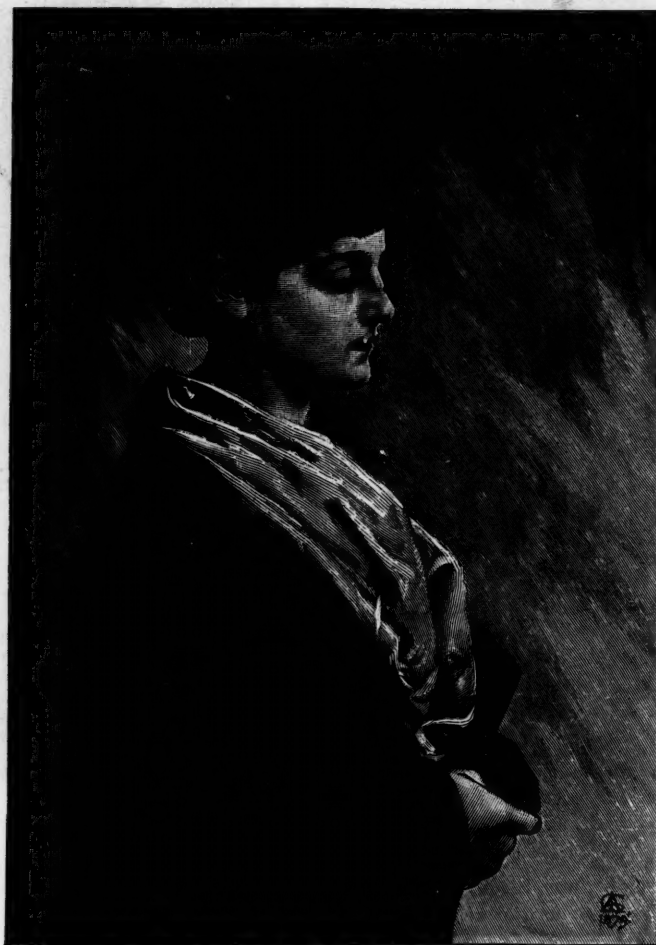


a love for mathematics. Contrary to almost all precedent, Mr. Storey, when a youngster, was intensely fond of calculation. Nor is this all. Still further to invert and turn topsy-turvy the received ideas as to a painter's quality and progress, he was, in 1852-53, a fairly successful exhibitor at the Royal Academy—two years, that is to say, before he entered, in 1854, as a student there. He was at this time twenty years old, having been born in London in 1834. He had begun as a schoolboy; for he won a tiny silver palette as a prize for painting in oils, and at nine years old he showed his turn for art by trying his hand at modelling the heads and limbs of horses, in the studio of M. Belines, the sculptor. All the while, as his love for mathematics had in nowise declined, and as he gave both time and attention to their study, it was deemed expedient that he should have a couple of years in Paris, under M. Maraud, mathematical professor at the *Athénée-Royale*. There he remained from 1848 to 1850, passing much more than his leisure in copying pictures in the Louvre, under the guidance of a well-known teacher, M. Jean Dulong. Here was laid the groundwork for that delicate and sensitive technique by which his work is distinguished.

On his return to England he went into an architect's office, and wasted many precious hours over elevations and plans. Disgusted, as it would seem, by this vain attempt to practically unite his several loves, he finally entered Mr. Leigh's School of Art in Newman Street. Messrs. Calderon, Marks, and others, of what is called

the "St. John's Wood School," were his fellow-students; and in their company he has worked and flourished ever since. At first, his interests were somewhat too many and too varied. He produced much, and achieved but little. The mere titles of his pictures show how long it took him to settle down to any special class of subject. Thus his first exhibit in the Royal Academy (1852) was "A Family Portrait;" it was followed in 1853-54 by a "Madonna and Child," a "Holy Family," "Sacred Music," "The Widowed Bride," "The Bride's Burial," "The Annunciation." In 1864 he exhibited an historical picture, which brought him a good deal of renown—"The Meeting of William Seymour with Lady Arabella Stuart at the Court of James I., 1609;" and next year another of the same class, called "The Royal Challenge"—of our Eighth Harry playing at single-stick with a peasant. After this, however, his

themes grew less ambitious; and at Mr. Gambart's Gallery, in 1866, he gave us, in "Children at Breakfast," the first of those domestic subjects—which are at the same time portrait pictures—in which he has been so long and so brilliantly successful. It was followed in 1867 by "After You," a quaint and exquisitely-painted bit of character. The backgrounds in both were painted at Hever Castle, then—all royal as its traditions and its past had been—the summer house of a kind of co-operative society of artists. Very delicate and subtle characterisation, too, marked Mr. Storey's exhibits in 1868: the



VIOLA.

(Painted by G. A. Storey, A.R.A.)

"Shy Pupil" and "Saying Grace;" whilst in 1869—the year in which the new galleries at Burlington House were opened—he came forward as the author of three more pictures, which still further increased his reputation. This was now established beyond dispute, and the positions he won in the public esteem by his "Sister," "Going to School," and "The Old Soldier," fully justified the excellent places they obtained on the walls.

The decade which has swept by since then must be one full of satisfaction to our painter as he glances back upon it. It has brought him, deservedly, within the sacred circle of Royal Academy Associateship (for he was elected A.R.A. in April, 1876); it has enabled him to fulfil all those promises which he began to make when, in 1866, he struck out a line for himself; and it has given him time to develop that leaning towards the Dutch school of the Seventeenth Century—always more or less manifest in his work—upon which he has grafted much delicacy and beauty, at the same time investing it with all that indulgent sym-

pathy with human nature which every one who knows the man himself is aware that he possesses in a very large degree. A kindly consideration and tenderness for our little foibles and weaknesses always peeps out from the fun which he delights in extracting from them; and as this is entirely free from everything that is bitter or sardonic, so is it absolutely devoid of the very faintest tincture of vulgarity. Mr. Storey's satire is so good-natured, and the manner in which it is applied so happy, that offence is impossible. It is obvious that he may have profited in this, as in many artistic respects, by the teaching and advice of the late C. R. Leslie, R.A., whose friendship he acquired at the outset of his profes-

sional career. Much of his appreciative interpretation of character is Leslician, whilst his technique is based upon the best foreign teaching. These remarks are more or less applicable to all his work, from "Children at Breakfast" and "The Shy Pupil" down to his last exhibited picture. He is seen at his best in "The Duet" and "Only a Rabbit" (in the Royal Academy, 1870), "Rosy Cheeks" and

"Lessons" (1871), "A Lovers' Quarrel" and "Little Buttercup" (1872), "Scandal," "Love in a Maze," and "Mistress Dorothy" (1873). These last-mentioned three works attracted particular attention, the third of them leading to those marked successes in life-sized female portraiture which have become so conspicuous a feature of the painter's present reputation, and of which we present our readers with two excellent examples, in the "Viola" and the "Lilies, Oleanthers, and the Pink."

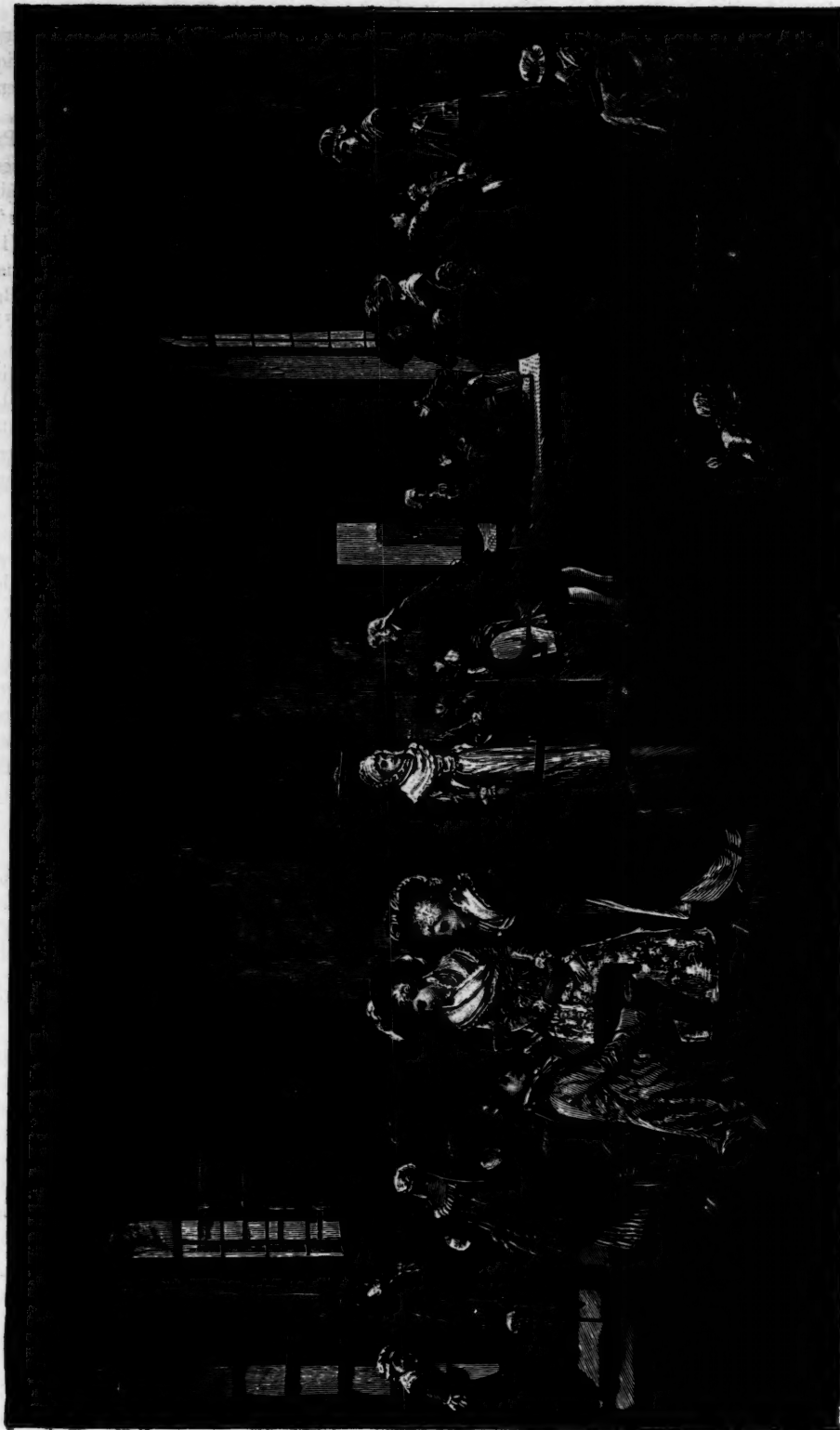
And *à propos* of his skill as a portrait-painter, he tells an amusing story of one of his early experiences in this capacity during a visit to Madrid, which he made in



STUDY FOR "MY LADY BELLE."

(Drawn by G. A. Storey, A.R.A.)

the year 1863. He was commissioned to paint the portrait of one Don Juan Moreno Benitez, Governor of Madrid. Some noble friends of his Excellency became so interested in the progress of the picture, that they, in order to watch it, used to inundate the artist's studio with their company, and, being idle themselves, were the cause of idleness in him. Hence he found it impossible to complete the work within the appointed period for sending it in to the forthcoming exhibition, where the Dons were most anxious it should appear. They exerted their influence, and obtained for the painter an extension of time, and by this means he was just able to complete his task a day or two before the exhibition

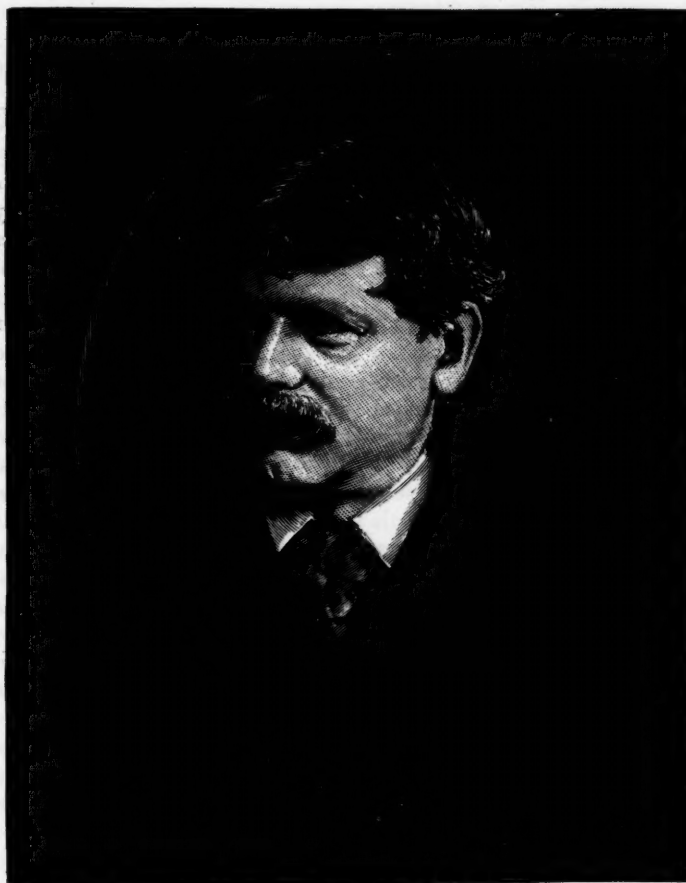


THE OLD PUMP ROOM, BATH.

(Painted by G. A. Storey, A.R.A.)

opened. The portrait, however, was so badly hung that its aspect was a grievous disappointment to all concerned. The powers which had procured the first privilege were now evoked again, and an appeal was made to the Minister of the Interior, who, looking upon the matter as one of grave importance, wrote to the President of the exhibition, and the picture was eventually taken from its bad position and placed in a

mont," also portraits in another style, added largely to his fame; and "Grandmamma's Christmas Visitors," the fourth of his combinations in that year, lent afterwards, as an engraving, immense attraction to the Christmas number of the *Graphic*. Two life-sized portraits, and "Caught," and "The Whip Hand," together with, in 1876, "The Dancing Lesson," and "My Lady Belle"—a study for which we reproduce—



G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

(From a Photograph by Fradelle.)

post of honour. "Imagine," says Mr. Storey, "an outsider and a foreigner under similar circumstances bringing similar pressure to bear on Sir Frederick Leighton, and with a like result!"

But to return to 1873. "Scandal" showed our painter's love of sly humour and domestic old-world quaintness, whilst "Love in a Maze" exhibited an additional trait, in the skill with which the landscape background was treated. Again, in 1874, "The Blue Girls of Canterbury" was a striking example of his combination of subject and portrait pictures. "Little Swansdown" and "Dame Octavia Beau-

carry us, in 1877, on to another highly excellent production, namely, "The Old Pump Room, Bath," in which the extent of our artist's versatile powers is seen at their very best, as a reference to our full-page reproduction of it will show. "Sweet Margery," "Portrait of a Lady à la Rubens," and two other portraits in 1878; two more portraits, "Orphans," "Lilies, Oleanders, and the Pink," in 1879; together with "Following the Drum" and "Daphne" in 1880; and "The Connoisseur" and "Sunflower" in the current year—complete the list of the more important of his published works. How much besides

he has produced in every sort of medium—water-colour, etching, black and white—I cannot pretend to say.

More than once reference has been made to Mr. Storey's powers as a poet; and the pretty double meaning which is sometimes conveyed in the names by which he christens his pictures, together with the quaint and charming lines which he frequently attaches to them in the catalogue, give us a clue to

what we may expect to find in "Homely Ballads and Old-fashioned Poems," the title of his little book of verse. It is full not only of pretty dainty conceits, but of that kind, genial sympathy with human nature which is so marked a characteristic of the man, and which appears, if not as powerfully at least as pleasantly, beneath his pen as beneath his brush, notwithstanding the modest estimate he gives of himself in his preface. W. W. FENN.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING FOR PICTURE GALLERIES.

MOST people know that there are two distinct methods of lighting by electrical means: the arc system, giving that peculiar form of illumination which is generally called "electric light," and the incandescent system, which gives a light more like the best forms of gas or oil lighting. In considering the subject of how best to light our picture galleries by electrical means, we may well begin by considering which system gives the kind of light best suited to our purpose. I unhesitatingly say that the arc system is really the best from this point of view. I know that to most people—I have myself been subject to the illusion—the light from an arc lamp is hard, cold, ghastly; objects look strange, women look like corpses, their dresses look hard, cold, and ill arranged as to colour. In truth, the light from an arc lamp is not a ghastly blue, but a pure white; it cannot be distinguished from the light reflected from a white cloud in the north: the light of all others most liked by painters. It in no way alters colours from the shade and tone which they have by day. This is proved to demonstration by the fact that haberdashers and silk-mercers can match—so that the match will stand by daylight—the most delicate shades by the aid of the arc light, and by no other kind of artificial illumination. The reason of the prejudice against this beautiful light is not far to seek. We have all been accustomed to a very yellow form of artificial light, so that our brain automatically applies a correction to what we see whenever we know that we are looking at objects illuminated by artificial light; and this correction is still made with the arc light, although it is no longer required. After a few evenings spent in a building lighted by it the illusion disappears, and we are able to enjoy the delight of daylight by night. But until the public at large have been trained to like, instead of hate, the arc light, it would be extremely unwise to introduce it into a picture gallery. We must, therefore, fall back upon the incandescent plan.

There are many lamps on this system which are

now before the public, and they show great differences in the quality of the light they give. The first point in lighting a picture gallery is to carefully select the lamp which gives the whitest light. There is as yet no chance of finding an incandescent lamp giving so white a light as to give rise to the illusion produced by the arc lamp. The whitest light attainable is almost white enough not to produce serious modification of strong colours. I should, however, think that those lamps which give a decided yellow or even slightly orange light would never illuminate pictures so as to produce a satisfactory effect upon a trained eye. In arranging, it would be well, if possible, to conceal the lamps themselves from view. It is always well that the actual source of light should be invisible, and it becomes of even greater importance when incandescent lamps are used. The reason is, that as yet they are curiosities to most people, who delight in staring at them, and thus fatigue their eyes so much that if afterwards they looked at pictures they would probably see them covered with black shifting images of the carbon filaments used in the lights. Probably one of the best forms of illumination will be obtained by a string of lamps near the ceiling, some feet from the wall, with a screen behind them painted white with some dead-surfaced pigment, and sufficiently deep to hide them from the spectator. A good effect would be produced in the case of a large picture by placing before it, at a distance of about two feet, a large frame blackened on the side next the spectator, and studded all round on the side next the picture with small incandescent lamps. It must always be borne in mind that a better effect, and indeed more light where we want the light, is often to be got from several small lamps than from one large one. Thus, it is often better to employ four five-candle lamps than one twenty-candle lamp.

The reasons why this form of lighting should be introduced without delay into picture galleries appear to me to be very strong. First, if the arrange-

ments are carried out properly, there is *no danger from fire at all*. Then, the lamps being hermetically sealed, no gas or vapour escapes into the air, so that neither pictures nor frames can suffer; whilst the air of the gallery remains fresh and pure. And lastly, the heat thrown out is so small that they may be put as close as may be necessary to pictures, walls, or drapery. To get the best possible lighting, it would be unwise for the director of any picture gallery to select any "system" for himself. He should apply to some competent electrical engineer, who is not tied down to the use of any particular patent or patents, and get him to supply all that is wanted. Nor need he fear that any great expense will be incurred should the first arrangement be unsuccessful. Almost endless arrangements may be tried if the main "leads" or conductors are intelligently placed, at but little more than the cost for the labour of shifting the lamps from one form of grouping to another. This has been practically proved in certain private houses, where redistribution has been practised from day to day, until the right arrangement was hit off.

The question of working expense is one of some importance. It will be generally necessary to use some form of engine and a dynamo machine at the gallery itself, and the interest on the capital thus expended must add to the cost. But even then it would be quite possible, by using a gas engine, to light the gallery at something under twice the cost of gas-lighting. Where there is spare steam power on hire hard by the cost would be much less. And any director who was fortunate enough to find natural water power near his gallery would probably be able to light his pictures electrically at much less than the cost of gas. Even where the cost is double that of gas, the safety from fire, and the length of time that ceilings and decorations will last without renovation, would most likely more than cover the difference in price. As to the mechanical power required, it is estimated that up to about thirty lights, one horse-power is required for each ten lamps of sixteen candle-power each; above that limit rather more lamps can be kept shining for each horse-power.

The cost of production of energy varies. For natural water-power it is nothing. Large steam-engines only consume between two and three pounds of coal per horse-power per hour; small steam-engines are less economical. The gas-engine, which does not require skilled attendance, costs in working about one penny per hour per horse-power. Gas-engines, however, have this disadvantage, that the larger ones require about two men to start them. Of course, if after a private set of plant has been set up a lighting company brings its mains near the gallery, the problem will have to be solved whether it is cheaper to produce the current on the premises

or to put up with the loss on the sale of the plant and take the current from the company's mains. The solution of this problem involves the price which the company proposes to charge. If the companies should be so ill advised as to charge the maximum price to be found in most of the provisional orders, or any price but little under this maximum, it will be much cheaper in the long-run to erect every man his own gas-engine and dynamo, and generate his own current. I assume that the lights are only used for four hours a day all the year round, the economy of home manufacture increasing with the number of hours during which the lights are used, and farther with the number of lights to be used. So that the picture gallery with some hundreds of lights would be lighted at a cheaper rate per light than a private house with twenty or thirty lights.

As soon as the present prejudice against the arc light is overcome, should there be no light of the same quality to be produced by other means, arc-lighting will have to be adopted. Now arc lights of less than several hundred candle-power are not likely to be produced economically at present—about eight hundred to one thousand candle-power is the smallest arc light worth considering. Just now we can only get a sufficient diffusion of light by giving up the use of the direct rays and by using light reflected from a rough white surface. The loss of light by this method is very great; but it must be remembered that about two hundred candle-power per horse-power is all that has as yet been obtained in practice from incandescent lamps, whilst one thousand to fifteen hundred candle-power per horse-power can easily be obtained from arc lamps. But before arc lighting can be applied successfully to the illumination of pictures we must not only get rid of popular prejudice, but the lamps themselves must be improved. With the exception of one or two new types, which are as yet on their probation, arc lamps give a light which is unsteady in quantity and variable in colour. Should progress not lead to the extinction of the arc system by improvement in the incandescent system, arc lights of perfect steadiness will be produced. There would still be precautions to be taken before introducing them into art collections. Ordinary arc lamps burn in the surrounding air, and pour into it oxides of carbon, which are bad to breathe, and measurable quantities of ozone and nitric acid, which have a strong tendency to spoil metals and colours. An arc light loses but little and gains much by being shut up in an hermetically closed lamp; but very few of these have been devised, and as this is so, the risk of exposing works of art to the fumes of an arc lamp is one which ought not to be run.

It may, perhaps, be noticed that up to this point I have said nothing about the so-called semi-incan-

descent systems of electric lighting. My reason is that I could better discuss them when considering pure arc lights. All semi-incandescent lights depend partly on small voltaic arcs, and have, in consequence, the defect of throwing off vapours of a more or less deleterious kind, and lend themselves less readily than pure arc lights to being shut up in closed globes. Whether we take the Joel, the Werdermann, or the beautiful and cheap Lampe-Soleil, we get a very steady light midway in economy between the pure arc and pure incandescent systems; but as a rule the

light is rather yellow. Unless I am greatly mistaken, in a very few years, as incandescent lighting gets more economical and arc lighting more steady, these semi-incandescent lights will be selected out of the struggle for existence. Even at present, for picture-lighting purposes, they cannot be easily arranged to give light by reflection; and as to get them to work economically they need to have a rather high candle-power, I confess that I think it would be difficult to get a good uniform distribution of light by their use. GORDON WIGAN, M.S.T.E.E.

THE PLANTIN-MORETUS MUSEUM.

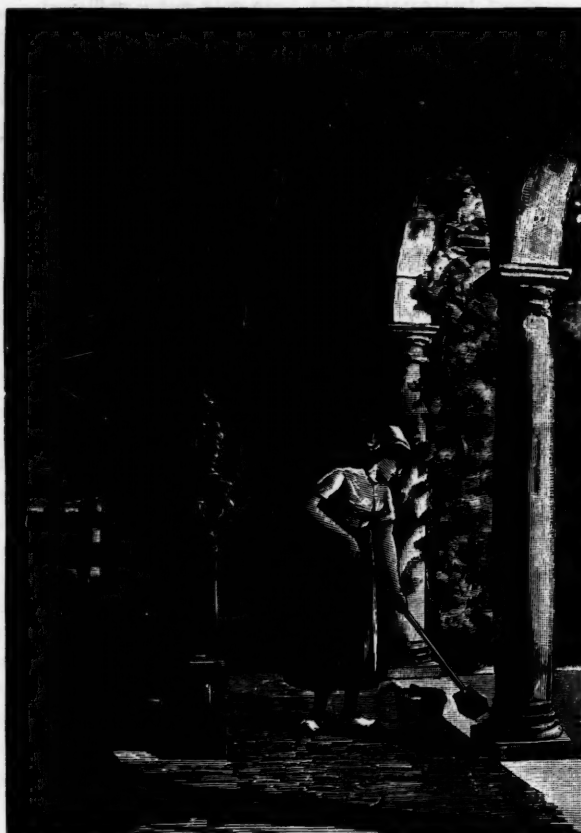
THE opening of a new museum in one of the towns most visited by English travellers is a matter likely to be of considerable interest to all lovers of art. On August 19, 1877, the Musée-Plantin at Antwerp was first thrown open to the public; and since that date the arrangement of the collections has gone steadily on. It is now finally completed; so that it is high time to call the attention of the travelling public to one of the most interesting and instructive monuments to be found in all Belgium.

For the Musée-Plantin is unique. Other towns have their picture galleries, their collections of antiquities, their libraries, their famous churches, palaces, and town-halls; but none, save Antwerp, can show a house which is the monument of the industry of a single family, whose members were engaged throughout three centuries in the printing of books and engravings. Within its walls you may not only find specimens of the printer's art

in all stages of development; you may watch the growth of his methods and the evolution of his machinery. You may see the old types and the old presses with which books, now almost priceless, were printed in the Sixteenth Century, when old men were still living who could remember the time when there were no printed books at all. You may see the

ancient wood-blocks from which the prints were pressed that adorned these aboriginal volumes. You may examine a world of copper-plates designed and engraved by famous men of old. You may see the drawings which Rubens furnished, and the letters he wrote about them, and the receipts for payment which he signed. In fact you may follow the whole process of development of what is certainly the most marvellous industry of modern times—that industry which has changed the face of Europe, and revolutionised its social fabric—from the days of its painful infancy to those of its tyrannous age.

For my facts



THE PLANTIN-MORETUS MUSEUM.—I.: THE STAIRCASE.

about this notable family of printers I am indebted to the excellent Catalogue and "Handbook" of the museum, written by its learned keeper, M. Max Rooses. Christopher Plantin, the founder of the house, was born in 1514 of humble parents dwelling at Tours, or in its immediate neighbourhood. As a child he was taken to Lyons, where he was sent to school; and afterwards his father brought him to Paris, and left him there—with a small sum of money—to continue his studies. The lad was soon left to his own resources; so he went off to Caen and became apprentice to the printer, Robert Macé. "We never had anything of our parents," said he, "save charges and expenses." In the Norman town he married a wife and found the great friend of his boyhood, Pierre Porret. This is an outline of the true story of Plantin's early years. Legend tells another tale—how Plantin and Porret were sons of an illustrious sire, whose misfortunes reduced his family to beggary; how the two lads, not to compromise the glory of their ancestors, adopted plebeian names, and set forth to earn a livelihood by the labour of their hands; how Plantin became a printer and Porret an apothecary; and all the rest of it. But, in this case, as in so very many others, Legend is a liar.

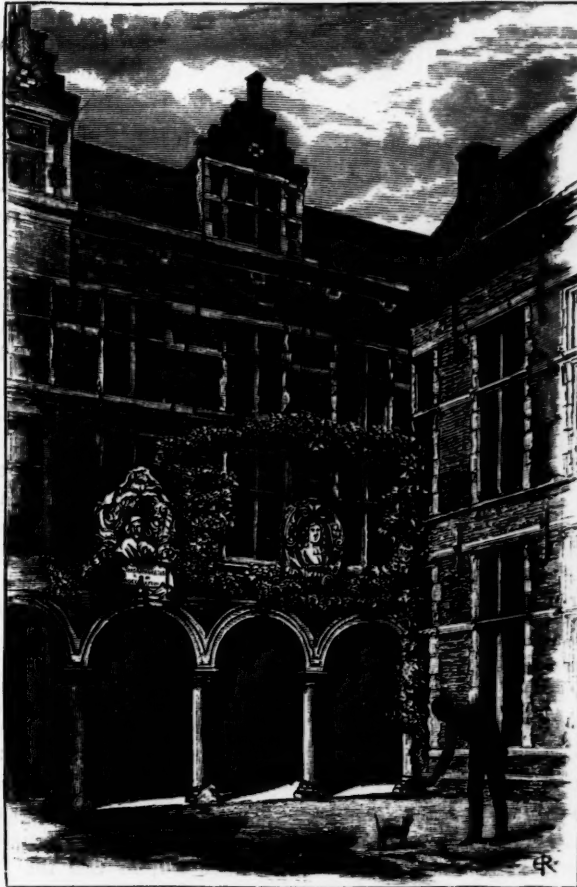
It was not, however, as a printer that Plantin first earned his fame, but rather as a bookbinder and maker of caskets. He was one of those artists in leather whose works have now become so rare and so priceless—the artists of whom such writers as Mr. Lang can never speak without emotion. In the practice of this noble craft he lived four years in Paris. It was not till 1549 that he first established

himself at Antwerp. The famous city was to owe him something of her fame. He soon became known in his own line as the best workman in the Low Countries; but the Destinies had a great change in store for him. One day—so runs the story—he finished a casket which had been ordered from him by no less a personage than Gabriel de C  ayas, secretary of King Philip II. of Spain. At night he sallied forth to take

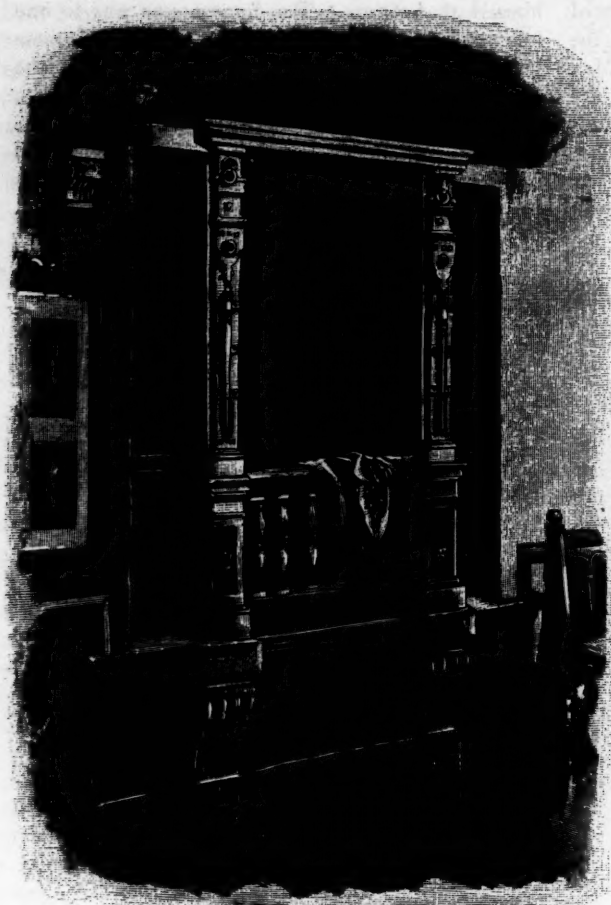
it home; but unfortunately some drunken revellers mistook him for a gallant musician of whom they were in search, and before the mistake could be rectified, Plantin was run through and crippled for life by the sword sticking in his body. For some days he lay at the point of death; but fortune favoured him, and he lived. He gave up his *maroquinerie*, which involved physical exertions too trying for his ruined frame, and returned again to his printing.

In the preface of "*La Institutione di una Fanciulla Nata Nobilmente*," which bears Plantin's name and the date 1455, he states expressly that this is the first book he ever published. For seven years he went on

working quietly enough in a small way, and then his ill-luck smote him with a new stroke. By order of the Duchess Margaret of Parma his house was searched; three of his workmen were arrested and condemned to the galleys; and he himself found it advisable to run away to Paris and spend a year there, to escape prosecution for heresy. As a matter of fact, I may add, he seems to have been orthodox enough. He was at one time a disciple of Henri Nicolaes; but the substantial advantages to be derived from the protection of Cardinal Granvelle and the patronage of the Spanish court were enough to



THE PLANTIN-MORETUS MUSEUM.—II.: THE COURTYARD.



THE PLANTIN-MORETUS MUSEUM.—III : A BALCONY.

deter him from any deviation from the path of the religion prescribed by the State.

In 1563 Plantin returned to Antwerp, and associating himself with certain capitalists, started on the most visibly active period of his life. He was enabled to employ a good many workmen, and greatly to extend his operations. Assisted by advances from the King of Spain, he undertook the publication of the Royal Polyglot Bible in five languages. The work was commenced in 1568, and finished in 1573, after Arias Montanus, who corrected the proofs, had been to Rome to obtain the Pope's approbation for it. The sole right of printing Breviaries and Missals of the version authorised by the Council of Trent had been granted to the Pope's printer, Aldus Manutius. Plantin obtained this right from him, as far as the Low Countries were concerned, by payment of a royalty of one-tenth, from which payment, however, he was afterwards released. The boldness which he showed in accepting, one after another, undertakings of great magnitude and involving very large outlay,

is exceedingly noteworthy. Had he lived in a less turbulent epoch he would probably have accomplished even greater things. As it was, no man ever struggled more valiantly than he against an almost continuous stream of ill fortune. He relied upon the promises of the King of Spain and the prosperity of the town and country in which he dwelt. At the critical moment both failed him. The Spanish monarch was as low in funds as the printer himself, and was absolutely unable to pay him the promised subsidies. The industry of the towns of the Low Countries was paralysed by the hideous war which finally ruined their trade, and hurled down Antwerp from her place of commercial supremacy. Along with all other tradesmen within the walls, Plantin was a great sufferer by the terrible sack of Antwerp in 1576. He was forced to reduce his staff, and to diminish the size of his premises by one-half.

One cause of the buoyancy of Plantin's fortunes may be traced to the far-reaching nature of his connections. He used to frequent the Frankfurt fairs in person, or to send his future son-in-law, John Moretus, in his stead, to sell books and receive orders. He had a branch house at Paris. Driven for a time from Antwerp by the war, he set up a shop in Leyden, which was afterwards managed by another son-in-law. By these and the like means he valiantly waged his wars upon fortune ;

and if he did not die victorious, he at all events never succumbed. He was never free from pecuniary embarrassments, but he managed to keep himself from being overcome by them ; and in the midst of disturbances which ruined the wealthiest nation in the world, he laid the foundations of a fortune which his descendants still enjoy.

Christopher Plantin died without male issue in 1589, and left his business to be carried on by his son-in-law, John Moretus I. (born 1543, died 1610). The originality and vigour of the founder did not appear in his successor, who preferred the safe and lucrative work of printing books of devotion, of which he retained the monopoly, to the risks and honours attendant upon the publication of classical authors or scientific treatises. But under his son, Balthasar Moretus I. (born 1574, died 1641), a new impulse was given to the business, and all manner of valuable works were published. Balthasar was the friend of all the eminent men of his day. Rubens painted his portrait, and the portraits of his family

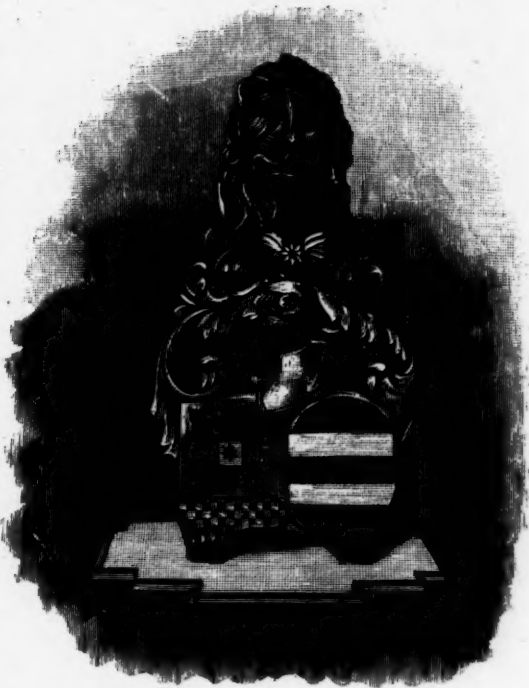
and of some of the great people of the times, and these pictures form part of the collection that adorns the walls of the museum. Balthasar II. (born 1615, died 1674), the next head of the house, was a man of far less enterprise. Long before his day it had become, I may note, a settled family arrangement that the business should descend as by entail, and not be sold or divided on a tenant's death. Thus the whole plant and materials—together with the library, records, books, and archives of all kinds—descended from father to son, son-in-law, or nephew without break till just the other day. Balthasar II. was a millionaire, and was the last of the enterprising printers of his house. His successors contented themselves with the enjoyment of the easy income they derived from the sale of the religious works of whose publication they retained the monopoly. Balthasar III. (1646—1696) was ennobled by the King of Spain. He was succeeded by his two sons in turn; then came a grandson, Francis-John (1717—1768), and after him the conduct of the house devolved upon his four sons in succession. It was the son of one of these who sold the house and all that it contained in the year 1876 to the municipality of Antwerp.

With the growing influence of the family grew the house in which they lived and worked. Christopher Plantin, in 1576, had gone to live in what was then Martin Lopez' tenement. A part of it fronted a garden which communicated with the Marché du Vendredi; this part it was that he retained after the sack of Antwerp, and of it he purchased the free-

hold. The name of the house he called the Golden Compass, from his own trade-mark. At different times parts of the garden were built upon and sold; and these were finally bought back again and added to the main establishment. In 1761 the house as it now

stands was completed by the erection of certain buildings and of the front facing the market-place. It was not merely a printing-house; it included the residence of the master and of

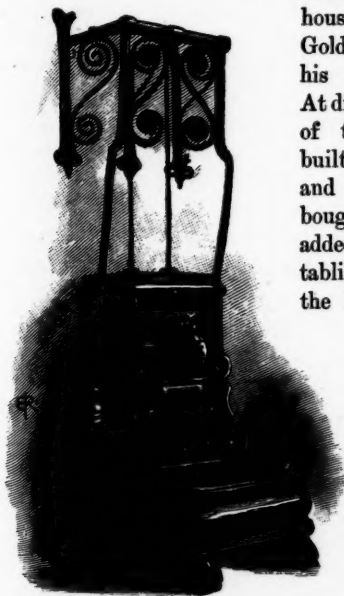
most of his workmen. It contained a beautiful library, a room for the archives, a printing-hall, chambers for the men employed as correctors, a room for the work



THE PLANTIN-MORETUS MUSEUM.—V.: COATS OF ARMS.

of the type-founding, a shop, a counting-house, and so forth. The house possesses some considerable architectural pretensions. Its style reminds one strongly of our own Elizabethan. There are the same stone-framed windows, the same arcades, the wealth of panelling, the stately galleries. Our second illustration gives a vivid idea of the solidity and picturesqueness of the building. The first cut shows the staircase (put up in 1621) in the principal entrance. Upon the newel of the staircase are the boldly carved armorial bearings, represented in the fifth illustration, of Balthasar III., ennobled in 1699, and his wife, Anne-Marie de Neuf. The second illustration represents the north side of the courtyard, wherein stands the pump (blue marble and bronze) which is figured later on. The busts over the arcade are those of Balthasar Moretus II., erected in 1683, and Balthasar Moretus IV., erected in 1730. The bust of John Moretus I., in our sixth illustration, is on the south side of the courtyard. The balcony, pictured on the preceding page, separates two of the galleries of engravings, and is a good example of the woodwork of the Flemish Renaissance.

In converting the house into a museum, and preparing its contents for exhibition, the authorities have done wisely to preserve, as far as possible, the



THE PLANTIN-MORETUS MUSEUM.—IV.: THE PUMP; SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

original arrangement of the whole. The visitor enters at the principal door, pictured in our first illustration, and as he passes through the different rooms of the building he need experience but little difficulty in peopling the rooms in imagination with the crowd of busy workers whose toil has made the place illustrious and immortal. He sees the cases of type all ready for the compositors; the presses all waiting for the pressmen; the desks set for the correctors; the library prepared for the students. He finds the shop well stocked with books that might be actually for sale, the shopman alone being wanting. The two central objects most likely to attract his attention are presses which perhaps have felt the hand of Plantin himself. During his most busy and successful period the famous printer had work for no less than twenty-two presses. Some he was forced to sell; but he and his descendants preserved these two as a memorial.

The lover of old books will soon find his way to the library. There are manuscripts, some of which were used as copy for the press; there are early editions by other printers purchased originally as models; and there is a fine collection of one hundred "Éditions Plantiniennes." Among the

manuscripts are some of considerable value and antiquity; but others written expressly for Plantin by scholars of no slight renown are of course especially worthy of note. Among the early printed books the work of almost every one of the famous printers of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries is represented, some specimens being of the utmost rarity. For the lover of painting there are the portraits of Christopher Plantin and his wife, of the father and mother of John Moretus I., of Arias Montanus, of Justus Lipsius, who had a room in Plantin's house, and of John Moretus I., all by Rubens. There are likewise portraits of most of the descendants of John Moretus down to the last head of the family.

Of letters and designs for the illustration of books by Rubens and other great artists there is likewise store enough. Many of the designs were engraved and printed; and, of these, plates and

impressions are in a gallery apart. One room is occupied by glass cases full of engraved blocks. There are many sets of elaborate initials, besides woodcuts for books on every subject. One of the most remarkable series is for a book of botany; it stands far in advance of the ordinary botanical illustrations of preceding years. W. MARTIN CONWAY.



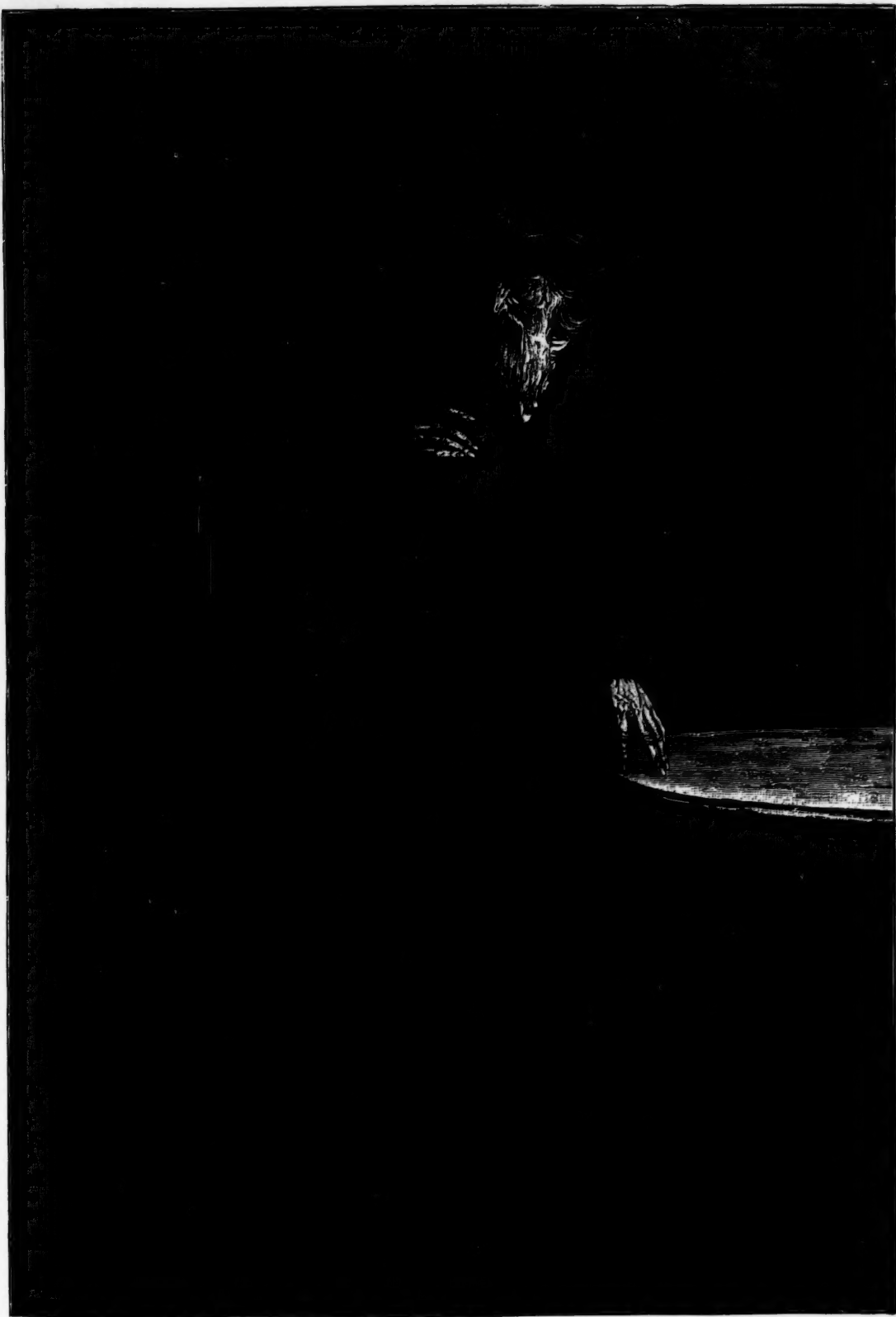
THE PLANTIN-MORETUS MUSEUM.—VI.: THE BUST OF JOHN MORETUS I.

"A ROYAL MARTYR."

FROM THE PICTURE BY STRUYS.

FEW historical characters have more thoroughly set chroniclers by the ears than Christopher II., sometime King of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. By some writers he is represented as a polite and erudite monarch, the liberator of the peasantry from feudal tyranny. To others he is a bloodthirsty

monster, "the Nero of the North." Herr Struys, in his picture of the king in the prison of Sonderburg, seems to have adopted the popular view. Christian is perhaps speculating on the interference in his favour of the Emperor Charles V. and the King of Denmark. But Gustavus Vasa knows the



A ROYAL MARTYR.

(From the Picture by A. Struys.)

value of his gaol-bird; he is too dangerous to be set free. He is certainly not prepossessing, after Herr Struys. He has a dark expression of cunning, and the aspect of a subtle-souled conspirator. His career was highly eventful. After his invasion and conquest of Sweden in 1520, the capital held out for some time, until through his ally, the Archbishop of Upsal, an armistice was agreed to. Then followed the accusation of the archbishop, involving the nobility of Stockholm in a plot against the king, who promptly beheaded ninety notables. Christian, after this summary act, carried away six hostages,

Gustavus Vasa being one. How Gustavus Vasa escaped from Copenhagen, worked in a mine, led the Swedes successfully against Christian, and became King of Sweden, are familiar facts in history. Equally well known is the story of the revolt of Christian's Danish subjects, and his flight to the Netherlands. During his nine years' exile he knew Erasmus, was painted by Albert Dürer, and visited England, Germany, and other countries, soliciting help. Finally he landed in 1532, in Norway, with an army of Brabanters and Dutch, was routed at Aggerhaus, and imprisoned. He died in 1559.

GREEK MYTHS IN GREEK ART.—IV.

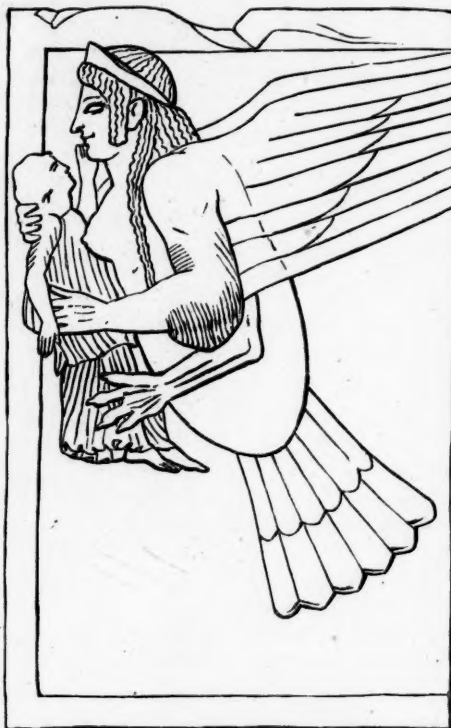
DEATH AND THE UNDERWORLD.—I.

"FOR them shineth below the strength of the sun while in our world it is night, and the space of crimson-flowered meadows before their city is full of the shade of frankincense trees and of fruits of gold. And some in horses and in bodily feats, and some in dice and some in harp-players have delight. And among them thrive all fair-flowering bliss, and fragrance streameth ever through the lovely land as they mingle incense of every kind upon the altars of the gods."

Such is the dirge which Pindar sang, when, more than four centuries before the Christian era, a Greek hero went to his rest. Such a dirge, full of glad hope, of bright unclouded faith, must have cheered the hearts of the mourners, as in the gloom of the morning before the rising of the Sun-God they laid the dead man in his grave. But a faith so firm, a vision so clear, was not won in a day. In Homer's time the thought of death was a dark foreboding; men clung to life in the warm sunlight, and shrank with childlike terror from the gloom of the world below, where none but ghosts "swept shadow-like

around." It was only by degrees that from the poet's fancy, the philosopher's reasoning, and the good man's honest conviction, there arose the vision of the Happy Isles, the Elysian Fields, the land where the just are for ever blessed. Upon the causes which resulted in the calm temperate faith of the

Greeks, the reasons of its limitations, its analogies and contrasts with the faiths of other and less gifted nations, time will not allow me to enter. I purpose to do no more than examine a very few of the many funeral monuments which Greek art has left us, and to gather directly from them some notions, inadequate but true as far as they go, of the Hellenic attitude of mind towards death and the world hereafter. It is of the utmost importance that we should go straight to the sources themselves, whether literary or monumental; because so many theories have been propounded as to the faith of the Greeks in these matters, that we are in much danger of learning rather what they might have thought, or ought to have thought, than what they actually did think,



DEATH AND THE UNDERWORLD.—I.: A DEATH-GENIUS BEARING A SOUL TO HADES.

(From a Tomb, in the British Museum.)

feel, and express. Moreover, the conceptions of the Greeks, as of all races capable of development, were modified by such frequent fluctuations of thought and feeling—they were so ready to assimilate from without as well as to mature from within—that we must note carefully every indication of time and place, and not credit one epoch or one race with the hope and the aspiration that were the offspring of another.

In our first picture we may see how, to the fancy of very early days, the dead was borne to his home in the underworld. It is taken from a tomb in the Archaic Room of the British Museum. It is a monument full of mystery, a standing problem to archaeologists. In its own severe simple manner it is as beautiful as it is mysterious. From the frieze which surrounds the top of the whole tomb, brought to us from Xanthos, in Asia Minor, we have figured only one slab; to discuss the other scenes would carry us too far into the field of difficult discussion. But to every student of Greek art in our Museum this tomb should be the object of his first visit. If he looks once, there is no fear but he will look again, so great is the charm both of its style, so haunting is the riddle of its meaning which none yet has fully read. Fortunately, its date may be fixed with some approach to accuracy. Xanthos was destroyed by the Persians in B.C. 555, and such a monument would scarcely have escaped demolition; it must be placed, therefore, not earlier than the middle of the Sixth Century. Marks of archaic style abound. The eye of the face, seen in profile, is drawn full, the mouth has the set sweet smile, the hair is stiff and conventional, and the drapery of the small figure falls in simple parallel lines. Such characteristics gradually disappear in the Fifth Century B.C. Some of the mystery of the general design clings to the slab we have chosen: the bird-woman is a Death-Genius, the tiny figure she so tenderly bears along is a soul going to the underworld; thus much is certain. This Death-Genius is the prototype of the Christian angel. She is so tender, so womanly, that we do not like to call her a Harpy, though she is swift and strong; she is so soft, so beguiling, we would fain think of her as a Death-Siren, one of those gentle ministrants of Queen Persephone who comfort them who mourn, and teach the souls below to chant the lore of Hades. This Soul seems glad to go. She raises one tiny hand to smooth the angel's chin; she has no fear of the strong, sharp claws which clasp her for protection, not for hurt; she seems like a lost child caught close again to its mother's breast. The little soul-figure is suggestive of thought among the early Greeks. They imaged to themselves the soul as an *eidolon*, a small copy of the living man, a tiny shrunken thing. Sometimes on vases it escapes from a dying man's mouth (for is not the *spirit* the breath?) as a

small winged figure. Life in the upper world was warm and bright and glorious; to the ancient Greek his body was the great substantial reality, the soul a thin weak essence. Later, when the race had grown to manhood, and life seemed sometimes a burden and a struggle, Plato could call the body a clinging, hampering, unreal prison-house, from whence the glorious soul was one day to be emancipated. Later art and later thought never seem to have laid aside this idea of the winged messenger, dear to Christian as to Pagan association. Perhaps there is in all mythology no conception at once more enduring and more lovely than this of the strong-winged Genius, mighty to traverse sea and air and land, who without struggle or shock, without haste or tarrying, bears away the timorous soul to a new place of rest and safety. To us the hybrid form of the ancient messenger, the bird with the face and breasts of a woman, may seem strange, at first perhaps even repulsive. But to the Greeks it was familiar; they had borrowed it from the East, the land of quaint symbols; and when we see its meaning, if even only in part, we shrink no more from the quaintness of its utterance.

In our second illustration we come upon the winged messengers of later time and different function—more graceful, scarcely more beautiful, but full of fresh meaning. And here I must pause for a moment to consider the vase from which our drawing is taken. In some previous papers we have had to deal with a number of vases of various periods, in which we found, roughly speaking, that the early style of decoration consisted in black figures on a red ground, the later in red figures on a black ground. In the present picture we meet with a vase of quite a distinct class. The shape is already familiar to us; it is that of a *lekythos*, or oil-flask, a tall vase with a narrow neck, suitable for dropping out the liquid in small quantities. The ground of the vase is painted white, the neck is decorated with a beautiful pattern well worthy of note; the body of the vase is occupied by the lovely design figured in our second engraving, no longer executed in monochrome, but with the free use of at least three colours—dark red, brown, and yellow. The body of the figure to the right is red, and so are the ribbons that adorn the tomb in the background. The hair of both figures is mingled yellow and brown. Very frequently on vases of this character a fine bright blue appears. How much of the colouring once laid on has been lost through time and exposure it is hard to say; the effect of what remains is still very charming.

These white *lekythoi* with the polychromatic designs were made, it is supposed, at Athens; they are found also in Italian tombs, but were imported from the centre of manufacture. The style of the drawing upon them is for the most part exceedingly fine.



DEATH AND THE UNDERWORLD.—II.: THE MINISTRATIONS OF SLEEP AND DEATH.

(From an Attic Lekythos, in the British Museum.)

In a previous paper I noted that Greek vases are uniformly found either in or near tombs; but I also noted that the subjects designed upon them were drawn from mythology in general, and were not of specially funereal character. The case with these Attic *lektythoi* seems to be different: we find a certain uniformity of subject, mostly having reference to death and the tomb, and we can scarcely fail to draw the conclusion that they were made either for funeral purposes, such as anointing the dead, or for burial. The present drawing is a case in point. In the background is a funeral stele, or grave pillar; about it are bound the *tæniæ*—the ribbons or sashes with which the friends of the dead man loved to adorn his tomb. In front the hero himself is borne very gently to his rest. He is a warrior we know, for on his stele a helmet is painted, but the fight is over, and his Death-Angels lay him to sleep. There comes to our mind, and still more there would come to the mind of the Greek, the story of a warrior of old time, beautiful Memnon, who fought with Achilles, and perished; and his mother Eos, the Dawn, sent two gentle Wind-Gods, two Zephyrs, to bear him to his far-off home in Lycia. Some have seen in these very figures on our vase the likeness of two Wind-Gods; and because the figure to the left hand seemed older, and his hair somewhat unkempt, they fancied Boreas, the north wind, had come to help the younger Zephyr.

There is yet another hero of whom Homeric story tells that he was borne swiftly and gently to his grave—Sarpedon, who fell before Patroklos. When

Zeus above beheld the hero fall, because he loved him he thus gave command to Apollo—

“Go now, dear Phœbus, cleanse from the black blood
The body of Sarpedon, mine own seed,
And bear from fight; and lave in river flood,
Anoint and clothe him with immortal weed.
Go give him to those ministers of speed,
The twin-born Sleep and Death, who with quick tread
May take and lay him down in Lycian mead,
Where friend and kinsman may adorn his bed
With pillar and fair tomb, such honour have the dead.”

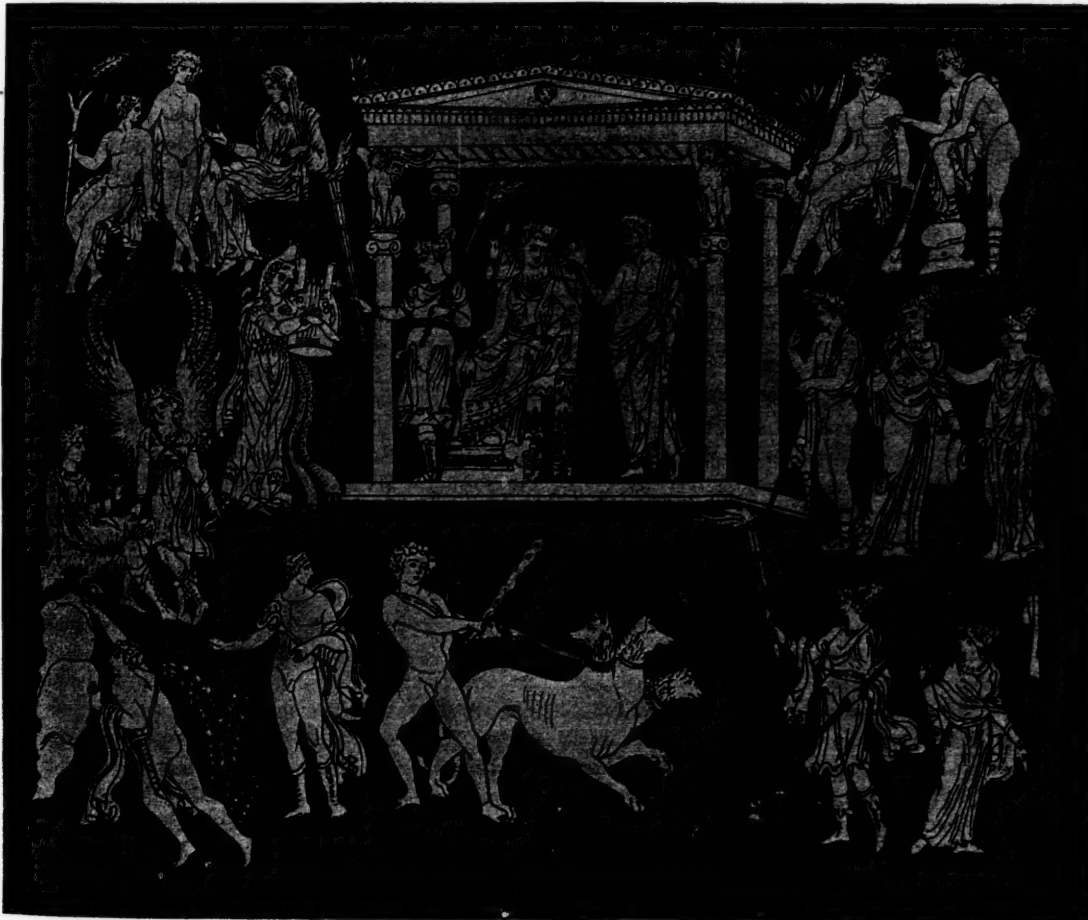
I have quoted these beautiful words, not because I believe that the scene represented on our *lektythos* is the burial of Sarpedon, but rather because we have in Sarpedon's fate as it were the mythological prototype of a scene often before the mind of the Greek: the scene of death and burial, whose ministers, for heroes and mortals alike, are Death and his twin brother Sleep, Thanatos and Hypnos. Sleep was the younger of the twins, the figure to the right. He it was who softly closed the heavy eyes; and this soft closing was symbolised in thought and in its artistic expression by the folding of wings. In the Bronze Room of the British Museum there is a beautiful head of the sleep-god Hypnos; small wings are attached to his temples as if to show the drowsy nodding of sleep. Hypnos himself, Homer tells us, disguised himself as a night-hawk.

When Sleep has laid the hero to rest, then comes his elder Thanatos, the figure to the left, and they two lay the dead man in his grave. Until lately the functions of Thanatos and Hades, the two

Death-Gods, were much confused. Professor Brunn, in a very interesting tract (*"Troische Miscellen,"* iii.), has clearly shown that it was the special characteristic of Thanatos that he is the god of the physical side of death. Thanatos lays the body in the grave; Hades receives the soul in the lower world. We have already seen a Death-Genius, a ministrant of Hades or his bride Persephone, bear away a soul in its arms; we now see a similar death ministrant lay a tired body in its resting-place in the world above. When Herakles fights with Thanatos to recover Alkestis, it is not to the shades below that he must go to find his foe, but to the grave in the upper world. When the tortured Philoktetes would fain find relief from the physical pain that wracks him, it is to Thanatos, not to Hades, that he cries to ease his stricken body—"Thanatos, the Healer, sole physician of pangs incurable." It is then no passage of the soul to the unseen world that is here figured, but a

lovely picture of bodily rest; it is the drooping of tired eyelids, the soft shadowing of black sleep-wings, the laying to rest of the warrior in his well-won grave. By our Lycian tomb-relief, it is less religious, but even more human and pathetic. Such a picture is for all time, and our nation is rich that possesses it.

This figure of Thanatos, god of the funeral tendance of the body, of the rites of burial, brings us to a prominent feature in Greek thought as to death. To us in modern days it may seem but a slight matter where or how lie the bodies of our dead; we ask rather, in Christian phraseology, whither the soul has departed. But to the Greeks it was otherwise. The body was all-important; between it and the soul there was some undefined, intangible connection. If the body remained unburied, the soul knew no rest. Nay, more, offerings of meat and drink brought to the grave could somehow avail to



DEATH AND THE UNDERWORLD.—III.: ORPHEUS IN HADES.

(From an Amphora, at Carlsruhe.)

cheer and hearten the strengthless shade in Hades. This connection lies at the root of many ceremonies and superstitions otherwise inexplicable; and particularly it explains the punctilious care bestowed

Egypt, where the dead were rowed to their home across the Sacred Lake. Anyhow, Homer knows nothing of him. When Odysseus must voyage to Hades, he makes the journey in his own black ship; a wind from the goddess Circe speeds him on his way across the deep-flowing Oceanos; he pays no fare to Charon. But in the Fifth Century B.C., when Polygnotos, the great painter, decorated the Lesché at Delphi with scenes from the underworld, the grim Ferryman is installed with due honours. There the river Acheron flows; in its ghastly waters are dank reeds and dim fishes; and across the stream Charon is ferrying a maiden and her lover. In vases dating like the present, somewhat later than the time of Polygnotos, and in the same style—of polychrome on white—Charon is a not infrequent figure, and in the popular religion he is still more familiar. Before the body was borne to earth, pious relatives placed in the dead man's mouth a coin to pay the boatman,



DEATH AND THE UNDERWORLD.—IV.: THE PASSAGE BY WATER.

(From an Attic Lekythos, at Athens.)

on the funeral rites. Upon their exact performance it was the firm conclusion of early ages that the welfare of the dead depended. When Odysseus fares down into Hades the first soul who has speech of him is the soul of Elpenor, his comrade, whom he had left "unwept and unburied" on the island of Circe; and the boon that the luckless ghost begs, nay commands, is that his body may be burnt aright with his armour, and a barrow piled, and his oar planted thereon. No doubt, as time went on, the convictions of early times became mere matter of traditional reverence, but a reverence always alive and deep-rooted in the religious Greek nature.

In our last picture a more familiar figure awaits us. It is the ancient ferryman Charon. There was a passage to the lower world by water as well as land. A boatman is nearing the shore; he leans upon his pole; a curled line simply indicates the wave below, a few reeds the marshy coast. A maiden is waiting; she must cross alone, it seems. She stands very simply, with her head slightly drooping; there is no gesture of terror. The drawing is from an Attic *lekythos* now at Athens. The style and date seem to be about the same as the one I have just described; but the drawing is far inferior. Still there is much simple grace about it. The figure of Charon, I must note, is foreign to early literature and early art. He may very possibly have been imported from

lest he should strand his fares on the hither side. Such a coin, still clinging to the jaw-bone of the dead, you may see in the British Museum; but the sight is more curious than beautiful, and may well be taken on trust.

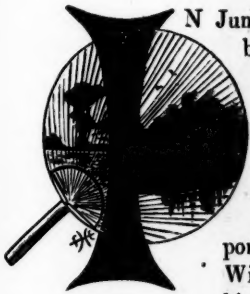
We have watched the soul in its passage by land and water; let us see what, in the fancy of the vase-painter, awaited it in the underworld. The design in our third engraving is taken from a vase in the museum at Carlsruhe, one of those large *amphores de luxe*, of a late style of decoration, found so frequently in the tombs of Lower Italy, and hence known as Apulian. It might date about 300 B.C., or even later. In the centre is a small temple-like structure, very characteristic of this period of vase-painting. Early art, in indicating the dwelling either of gods or men, was content with a simple symbolic pillar; later art, which has witnessed the triumphs of painting and the illusions of perspective, desired, even on the surface of a vase, some effect of distance. How unfit such effects are in decorative design the eye notes at once. Within the temple is seated Persephone the queen, and by her side stands Hades, to whom all men came; both carry sceptres. At the entrance of the temple stands a young Erinys or Fury with lighted torches, for the shades below are dark and dreary. Two more Furies, of peaceful aspect, are grouped to the left hand of the picture. They have

ceased their dread labours for a time to listen to the lyre of Orpheus the priest-poet. He stands near the palace of Persephoné, in long, flowing sacerdotal robe and Phrygian mitre. He is the central figure of the mystical Orphic faith, of whose doctrines we know but little. In the lower plane of the picture are some familiar figures. Here Sisyphos suffers that hardest of torments, that torment which comes only to the damned—the pang of fruitless labour. Odysseus saw him in Hades striving to roll the mighty rock to the top of the hill, and ever as he reached the brow it drove him back and rolled down again to the plain—the “pitiless thing!” Close by the centre of the lower row, as if to point the contrast, is Herakles, the hero of triumphant labour, the man who conquered death and Hades, who dragged Cerberos, the “hound of hell,” away to the upper air. Hekaté lights him on his way with her blazing torch. On other vases of similar Apulian style we might, did space allow, note other familiar figures: Tantalos, tortured by fruitless desire, as Sisyphos by bootless toil; Ixion, bound for ever on the torturing wheel. They reflect clearly enough, though with little added beauty of conception, the popular mythology of the

day. A few noted traditional criminals are there for warning, but their sufferings are nowise emphasised. There is little to stir emotion, nothing to shock taste. If I except the figure of Orpheus, there is scarcely anything which can definitely be called religious. We shall be still more struck with this child-like simplicity of the Greek conception if we read, in the eleventh “Odyssey,” the descent of Odysseus into Hades. There is no classification of criminals, not even such a rough-and-ready division as Virgil attains to in his sixth “Æneid,” still less the elaborate system of the “Divina Commedia.” In Homer’s time even Tartaros and Elysium are not differentiated, and save for the presence of the three great typical criminals, Sisyphos, Tantalos, and Ixion, we might conclude that all share alike. In the picture that Polygnotos painted in the Fifth Century B.C., a few criminals of more general import are added, and a group of the “uninitiated” carry water in leaky vessels—a symbol which marks a distinct advance in religious conception. But to the end Greek thought was characterised by the absence of that moral sanction of rewards and punishments which has been called “other-worldliness.”

JANE E. HARRISON.

THE TAUNTON BUST OF FIELDING.



ON June, 1762, when Andrew Millar, bookseller, “over against Catharine Street in the Strand,” published, in quarto and octavo, the first complete, or ostensibly complete, edition of the works of Henry Fielding, it was accompanied by a portrait drawn from memory by William Hogarth. Of this, in the biographical essay prefixed to the first volume—an essay to which not a few misconceptions regarding Fielding are plainly traceable—Mr. Arthur Murphy gives the following account:—“Considering the esteem he was in with all the artists, it is somewhat extraordinary that no portrait of him had ever been made. He had often promised to sit to his friend Hogarth, for whose good qualities and excellent genius he always entertained so high an esteem, that he has left us in his writings many beautiful memorials of his affection: unluckily, however, it so fell out that no picture of him was ever drawn; but yet, as if it was intended that some traces of his countenance should be perpetuated, and that too by the very artist whom our author preferred to all others, after

Mr. Hogarth had long laboured to try if he could bring out any likeness of him from images existing in his own fancy, and just as he was despairing of success, for want of some rule to go by in the dimensions and outlines of the face, fortune threw the grand *desideratum* in the way. A lady, with a pair of scissors, had cut a profile, which gave the distances and proportions of his face sufficiently to restore his lost ideas of him. Glad of an opportunity of paying his last tribute to the memory of an author whom he admired, Mr. Hogarth caught at this outline with pleasure, and worked with all the attachment of friendship, till he finished that excellent drawing which stands at the head of this work, and recalls to all, who have seen the original, a corresponding image of the man” (pp. 91-2). It is further stated by Nichols (“Genuine Works of Hogarth,” iii. 350) that, according to a certain Dr. Wavell, of Barnstaple, the lady referred to was Mrs. or Miss Margaret Collier, possibly the Miss Collier who figures in Richardson’s correspondence as the friend of Fielding’s sisters. She had, says Nichols, “a happy knack of taking the likenesses of her friends, which she cut in paper with her scissors, and slightly shaded with pen and ink.” Another version of the origin of Hogarth’s drawing—for there is more than

one—is, that Garrick “dressed himself in a suit of his old friend’s clothes, and presented himself to the painter in the attitude, and with the features of Fielding.” Upon the face of them, neither of these stories

(as has been justly urged) have managed more cleverly than usual if he contrived to pass himself off for a man above six feet high. But a more express contradiction to both accounts is furnished by two of



W. Hogarth delin.

HENRY FIELDING.

James Basire sculp.

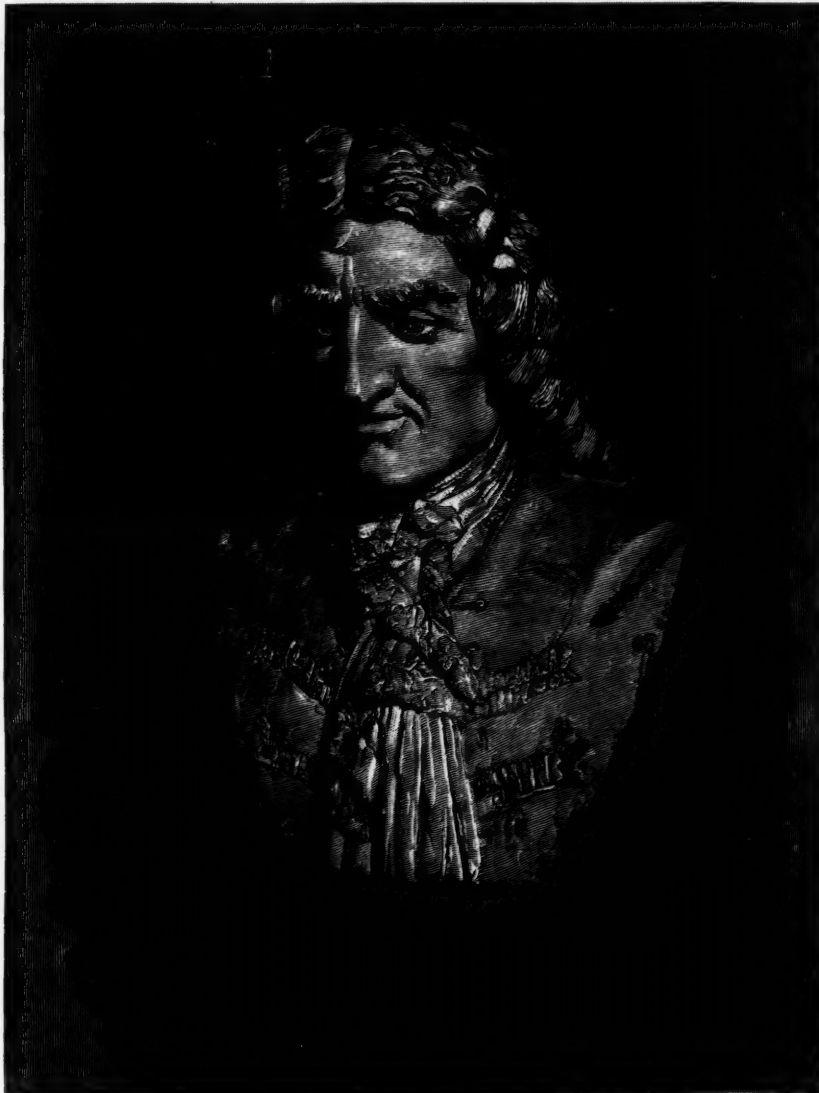
(After Hogarth and James Basire.)

is very credible. As regards that of Murphy, it is inconceivable that an artist with the wonderful eye-memory of Hogarth should need the stimulus of a *silhouette* to enable him to reproduce features so strongly marked as those of Fielding; and as regards the Garrick version, exceptional as “little Davy’s” powers of mimicry would seem to have been, he must

Hogarth’s biographers. George Steevens, whose words are reproduced through every edition of the “Biographical Anecdotes” down to 1808, says, “Mr. Garrick, however, we can assert, interfered no farther in this business than by urging Hogarth to attempt the likeness, as a necessary adjunct to the edition of Fielding’s works. I am assured that our artist

began and finished the head in the presence of his wife and another lady. He had no assistance but from his own memory, which, on such occasions, was remarkably tenacious" (ed. 1781, page 131).

piece to his works, sketched this from memory" (iii. 291). When it is added that both Ireland and Steevens were well acquainted with Hogarth's representatives, it is plain that their statements must be



HENRY FIELDING.

(From the Bust by Margaret Thomas.)

John Ireland, in "Hogarth Illustrated," is no less explicit. After speaking of the Collier and Garrick stories as "trifling tales to please children," he goes on: "The simple fact is, that the painter of the 'Distrest Poet,' and the author of 'Tom Jones,' having talents of a similar texture, lived in habits of strict intimacy, and Hogarth being told, after his friend's death, that a portrait was wanted as a frontis-

regarded as conclusive, although they have been strangely ignored by Fielding's biographers, who, from Watson to Lawrence, have been content to repeat Murphy's improbable account.

Besides this posthumous pen-sketch by Hogarth, no trustworthy representation of Fielding is known to exist. There is, indeed, in Hutchins's "History of Dorset," an engraving after a miniature, which is

still in possession of the novelist's descendants. But this is too obviously derived from Hogarth to give it any real value. Hogarth's sketch, therefore, remains the sole authentic portrait; and although it does not date from Fielding's lifetime, both Steevens and Ireland concur with Murphy in attesting its fidelity as a likeness. Apparently it was rapidly executed (a fact which makes Murphy's decorative circumlocution the more ridiculous), and it was excellently engraved in fac-simile by James Basire, who added the border and ornaments, shown in the accompanying copy. So fortunate was his reproduction of the original handling, that Hogarth is said to have mistaken an impression of it without the frame for his own work. The legend describes it as "Henry Fielding, *Ætatis XLVIII.*" It must, in consequence, be assumed to depict Fielding in 1754—the last year of his life—probably as Hogarth had last seen him. At this date he was broken in health, and prematurely old. He had severely tried his magnificent constitution in his youth; he was a martyr to gout; he had lost his teeth; and he had been dangerously ill in 1749. Of the handsome student from Leyden, who burst upon London in 1728, full of life and vigour, and eager to compensate himself by Momus and the Loves for the lectures of the learned Vitriarius, little could have survived but that "happy cheerfulness which" (he says) "was always natural to me." As he grew older, his courage and fortitude became more evident; his intellectual faculty remained clear and untroubled; but physically he was a wreck.

In modelling the bust which is here engraved, Miss Margaret Thomas has manifestly given careful consideration to these points. While generally faithful to Hogarth's indications, she has abstained from any attempt at a too literal reproduction of his sketch.

She has sought to recall, not so much the doomed invalid of the "Voyage to Lisbon" as the Fielding of middle age—the Fielding of Bow Street and "Tom Jones," to whom experience had brought dignity without embittering his humanity. From the very nature of the case, her work is ideal in character; but it is largely conceived and simple in treatment. If, in the circumstances, it is impossible to claim for it the convincing verisimilitude of a copy from the life, it is equally impossible not to feel that it very successfully suggests that mingling of humour and gravity which was native to the great genius, who was at once the creator of Parson Adams and the energetic magistrate and philanthropist who wrote the "Proposal for the Poor." It is a Fielding, in fine, which, while it sufficiently complies with contemporary tradition, also commends itself to our expectations and our intelligence.

Miss Thomas's bust is a commission from Mr. R. Arthur Kinglake, J.P., of Taunton, brother of the historian of the Crimean War. Its ultimate destination is the Taunton Shire Hall, where it will take its place with the busts of Locke, Blake (the admiral), and some other Somerset worthies whose effigies already decorate that provincial Prytaneum. The ceremony of unveiling it, in July, will probably be performed by the United States Minister. Mr. Lowell is known to be an ardent student and admirer of the "Father of the English Novel;" and it is only natural to assume that all who are with him in this matter—and surely they are few indeed who are not—should be looking forward with delighted interest to the oration which he will deliver. That it will do full justice to its subject, exacting as that subject is, there can be no doubt.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Sonnets on two Frescoes by Signorelli.

I.—THE RESURRECTION.

*I SAW a vast bare plain; with, overhead,
A half-chilled sun, that shed a sickly light;
And all around, till out of reach of sight,
The earth's thin crust heaved with the rising dead,
Who, as they struggled from their dusty bed,
At first mere bones, by countless years made white,
Took gradual flesh, and stood all huddled tight
In mute, dull groups, as yet too numb to dread.
And all the while the summoning trump on high
With rolling thunder never ceased to shake
The livid vault of that unclouded sky,
Calling fresh hosts of penitents to take
Each his identity; until well-nigh
The whole dry worn-out earth appeared to wake.*

II.—THE BINDING OF THE LOST.

*IN boundless caves, lit only by the glare
Of pools of molten stone, the lost are pent
In countless herds, inextricably blent,
Yet each alone with his own black despair,
While, through the thickness of the lurid air,
The bat-winged fiends, from some far, unseen vent,
Bring on their backs the damned in swift descent,
To swell the crowds that wait in silence there.
And, lo, the Binding of the Lost begins,
By ape-like fiends, each with a snaky cord,
That strains the limbs and saws the naked skins;
While rises up from each dim writhing horde,
Which, still unnumbered, gradually thins,
The first vague roar, Hell's first wild useless word.*

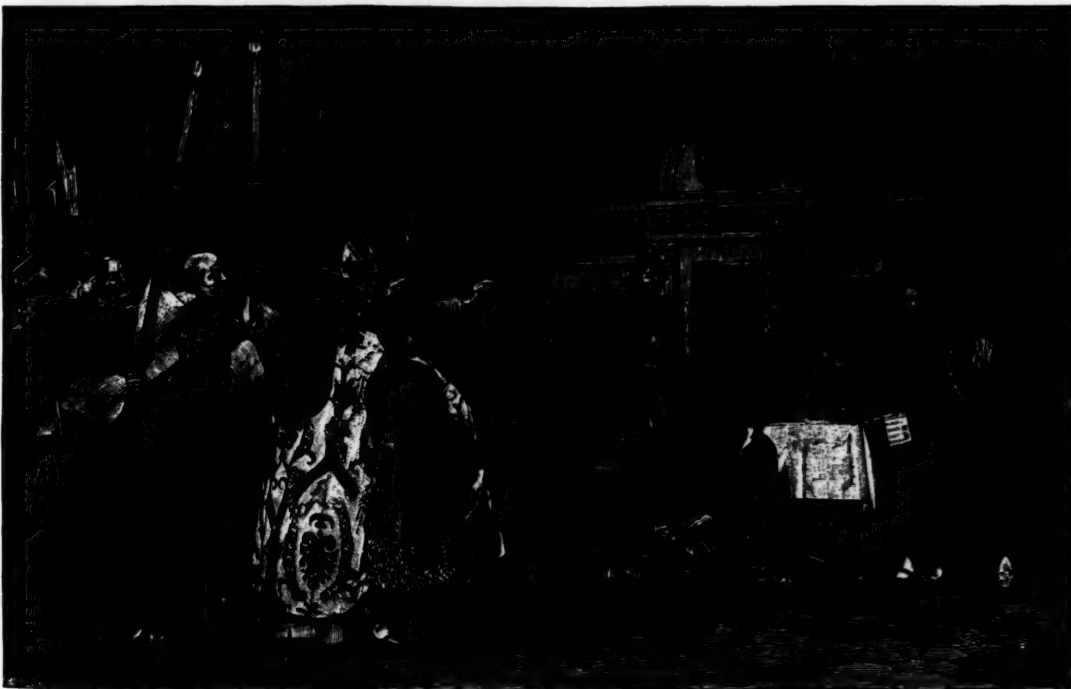
EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

CURRENT ART.



THE statue of Mr. Irving as Hamlet, by Mr. Onslow Ford, which we have copied and engraved as our frontispiece, is the cleverest essay in English portrait-sculpture of its year. It is well and skilfully modelled; the actor's keen intelligent face and nervous and expressive hands are admirably portrayed in it; as a presentment of character and gesture it is of enduring merit. And this is by no means all. It is to be noted that in a statue, and especially in such a statue as this, very much depends upon the choice of moment. Mr. Ford, who would seem to know his Lessing well, has wisely avoided an attempt to fix any of those moments of fleeting and piercing passion which abound in "Hamlet." The same objection which would apply to the representation of these in sculpture would, if in a less degree, apply also to the choice of, to take an instance, any of the moments in the prince's scene with the players, which, as given by Mr. Irving, is charged

with a finely balanced mingling of courtliness and familiar speech, a mingling so fine and so dependent on delicate and momentary shading that even Mr. Ford might be hard put to it to seize and present its impression in marble. Now the moment actually chosen is just the one which expresses the essence, as a German commentator might call it, of Hamlet's being—the thoughtfulness, the incertitude, the princeliness, the sorrow. The pose of the figure, the nervous air of the hand as it rests on the arm of the chair, the fervent bend of the head are all composed as only an actor of the highest intellect for his art can compose them. In the whole aspect, depending on a suite of fine details, of the figure, there is a strange suggestion of the many moods and passions of that entrancing personage, as to whom all of us who have ever thought on the subject at all believe that we know more of the heart of his mystery than do our neighbours. This, indeed, is a distinguishing point in Mr. Irving's genius and method. In whatever degree and in whatever part he may or may not hit just this or that point of execution, there is always this truth underlying what he does—that from his own point



THE ADMONITION.

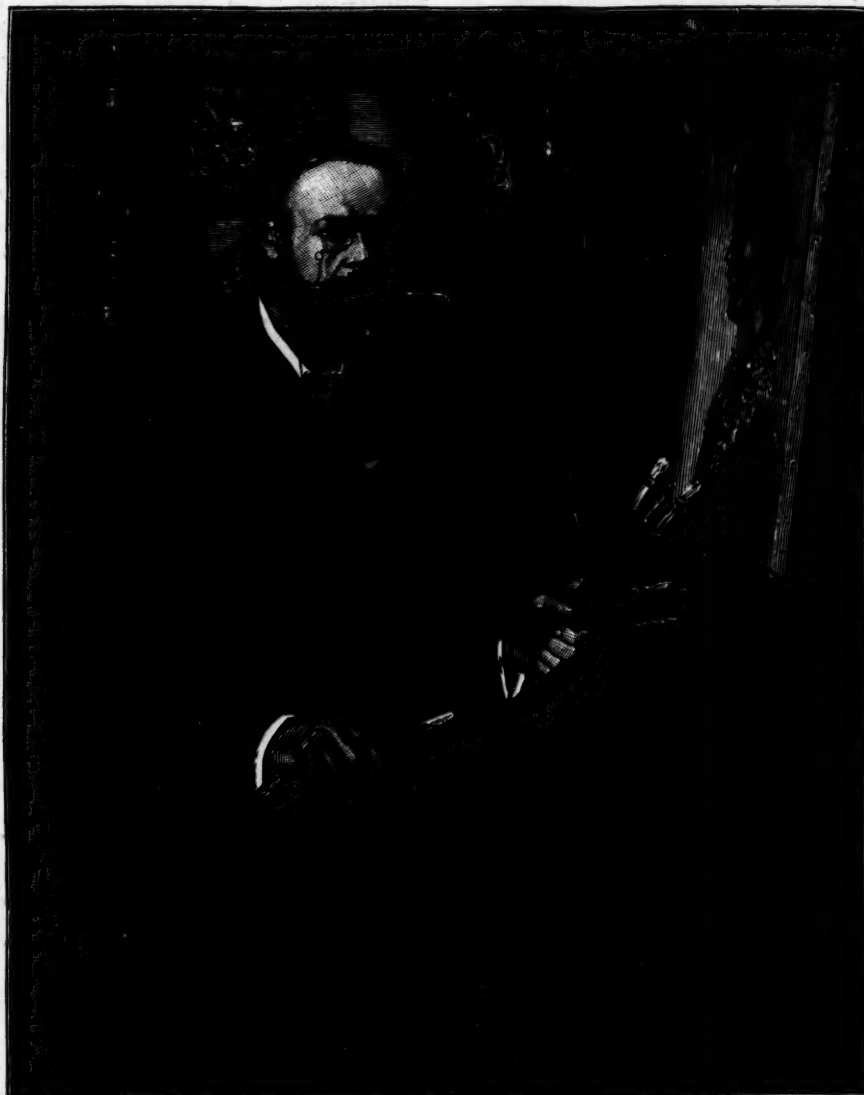
(Painted by J. D. Linton. Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1883.)



THE PEACE-MAKER.
(By George H. Boughton, A.R.A. Grosvenor Gallery, 1882.)

of view he thoroughly knows his man; and there is always a time when he shows him to the audience just as he knows him. Such a time Mr. Ford has caught; and we pay a high compliment to the

finish and careful elaboration of detail, his pictures, however different in subject, differ very little in the materials they afford to the unhappy mortal who has to write about them. They are always excellent in



AN ARTIST AT WORK.

(Painted by Marion Collier. Grosvenor Gallery, 1883.)

sculptor when we say that, looking at the statue, we seem to hear Mr. Irving's, or rather Mr. Irving's Hamlet's voice uttering the lines of the marvellous soliloquy that bursts from him when he is left alone in the presence chamber.

It is becoming more difficult every year—nay, almost every month—to say something new about the work of Mr. J. D. Linton. An artist of scrupulous

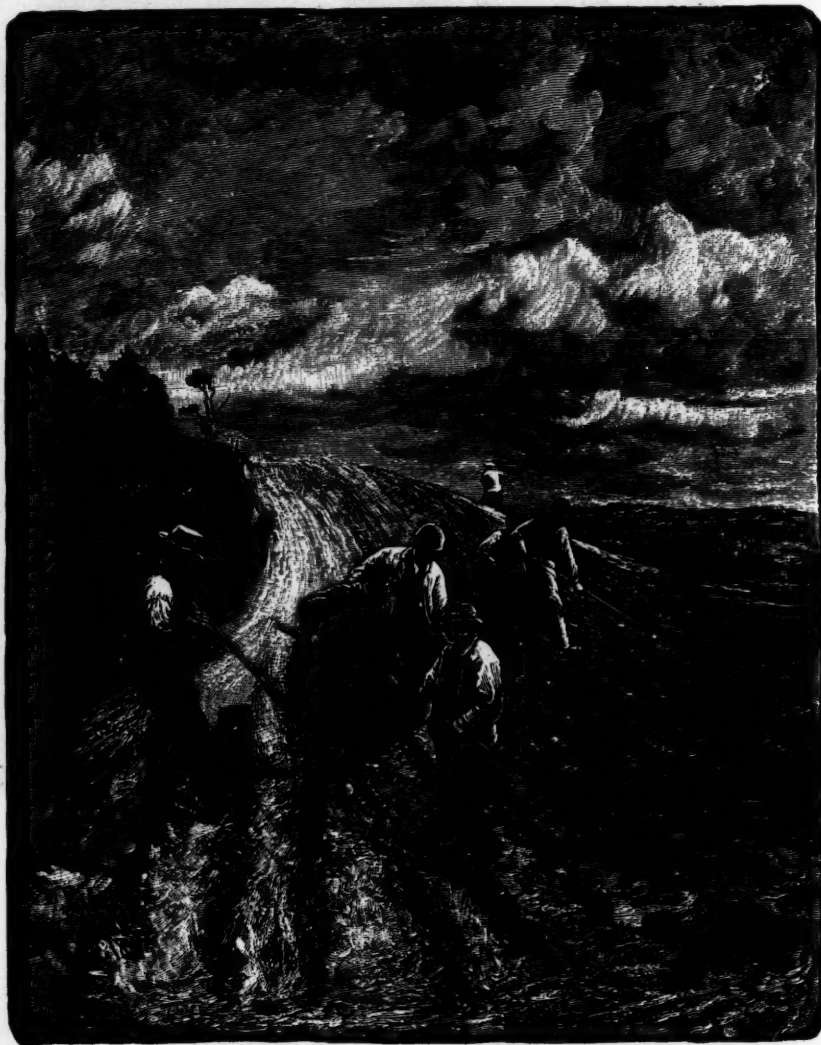
technical qualities—in colour, in textures, in draughtsmanship, and—in their special way—in composition; but they cannot be said either to give us a new view of life or to heighten the significance of history. They leave very little to the imagination. It is nearly as true of Mr. Linton as it is true of Mr. Tadema, that one good picture of his will show you almost everything he can do. These remarks apply

with some pertinence to "The Admonition," engraved as our first picture. In certain technical qualities it has claims to rank as the best picture at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and among the best things Mr. Linton has done. But in human interest and freshness of idea it finds many competitors. Of the story which it tells, little need be said. The only point left to the imagination is the occasion of the admonition. About the admonition itself there can be no doubt—it is manifest in the full paraphernalia of ecclesiastical pomp and circumstance; but what the maiden and the prince have been about that they should have been admonished before the poet and the fool is not very clear. Perhaps, on the whole, it does not matter; Mr. Linton wished to paint an "Admonition," and it must be said that he has painted one with more than his usual success.

The worst of Mr. Boughton's "Peace-Maker" is that it is rather unequal. Parts of the landscape are excellent; the grey water and shipping, and the melting distance are beautifully atmospheric—soft, delicate, and true in effect. But the foreground greens are somewhat obtrusively immaterial in colour, and are scarcely in consonance with the rest of the work. Inequality in the landscape finds a counterpart in the figures. The face of the priest—whose gesture and expression, by the way, are capital—is a rather careless piece of brushwork; and the figure of the sulking husband is a trifle too solid and shapeless. The wife, however, is

better; in the soft grey luminous air she stands and knits and looks pretty enough to be considered with genuine pleasure. Best of all are the children; they are as childlike as need be, and they are full of life and charm. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis, that the picture—like "The Sacred Mistletoe" in another room—appears to have been painted in haste; but the subject is pretty sure to be popular, and the treatment of it can scarcely fail to raise a smile of humorous understanding and sympathy.

In "An Artist at Work," Mrs. John Collier has painted an admirable portrait of her husband, the artist of the "Pharaoh's Handmaidens" and the "Three Sisters," both in the Grosvenor Gallery, where they command attention, the one by its



TURNIP-SINGLERS: A HARD TASKMASTER.

(Painted by W. D. M'Kay, R.S.A. Royal Scottish Academy, 1883.)

excellence of handling and draughtsmanship, the other by its clever colour. Admirable in many ways as it is, even the most friendly critic must admit that the "Artist at Work" is calculated to provoke the humour of the frivolous. Irreverent remarks, indeed, have not been wanting; and a plausible first impression is that Mr. Collier, looking up suddenly from his canvas, is intensely astonished to see his sitter melting away into thin air. This idea once conquered, it becomes clear that the work is very clever and original. The aspect and gesture of the subject have been not only caught but fixed, and that with spirit. Some may think, not without justice, that glance and movement are fixed somewhat too manifestly; but it should be remembered that both are exceptionally difficult and unusual. It is one thing to paint a portrait of some one who poses for the purpose more or less conventionally; it is quite another thing to seize the likeness, the attitude, the expression, of an artist, in his habit as he works. This is what Mrs. Collier has done, and she has done it extremely well. There is much to be said, too, for the technical merits of her work. The handling is solid and accomplished; and it is notable that with a "noisy" and impertinent background of *bric-à-brac*, treated with conscientious realism, the relative values have been maintained. Head and face stand well out from their surroundings; and better painted brushes we do not remember to have seen.

In his diploma picture, "Turnip-Singlers: a Hard Taskmaster," shown this year in the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, Mr. W. D. M'Kay, R.S.A., has chosen a subject which is typical of his general practice: in which rustic figures and their landscape surroundings are treated with something like equal emphasis, and without any very perceptible subordination of the one element to the other. A grand stretch of blue sky, swept by billowy masses of mellow white and grey-purple clouds, fills one-half of the upright canvas. In front is a tilled field with the leafage of the young turnips appearing among the earth, and curving in green lines up the steep incline of the cultivated hillside to where its outline, cutting sharply against the sky, is broken on one side by a clump of dark-green fir-trees, and on the other by the white-clad figure of a girl. In the foreground is a group of rustics, at work with their hoes among the turnips. To the left stands a red-bearded "grieve," consulting his watch to see if the hour for mid-day rest has arrived. On either side are fresh spaces of vivid grass, touched here and there with the sharp yellow of blossoming broom; while to the extreme right we have a vista of hayfield, with three figures approaching with the labourers' mid-day meal, and a

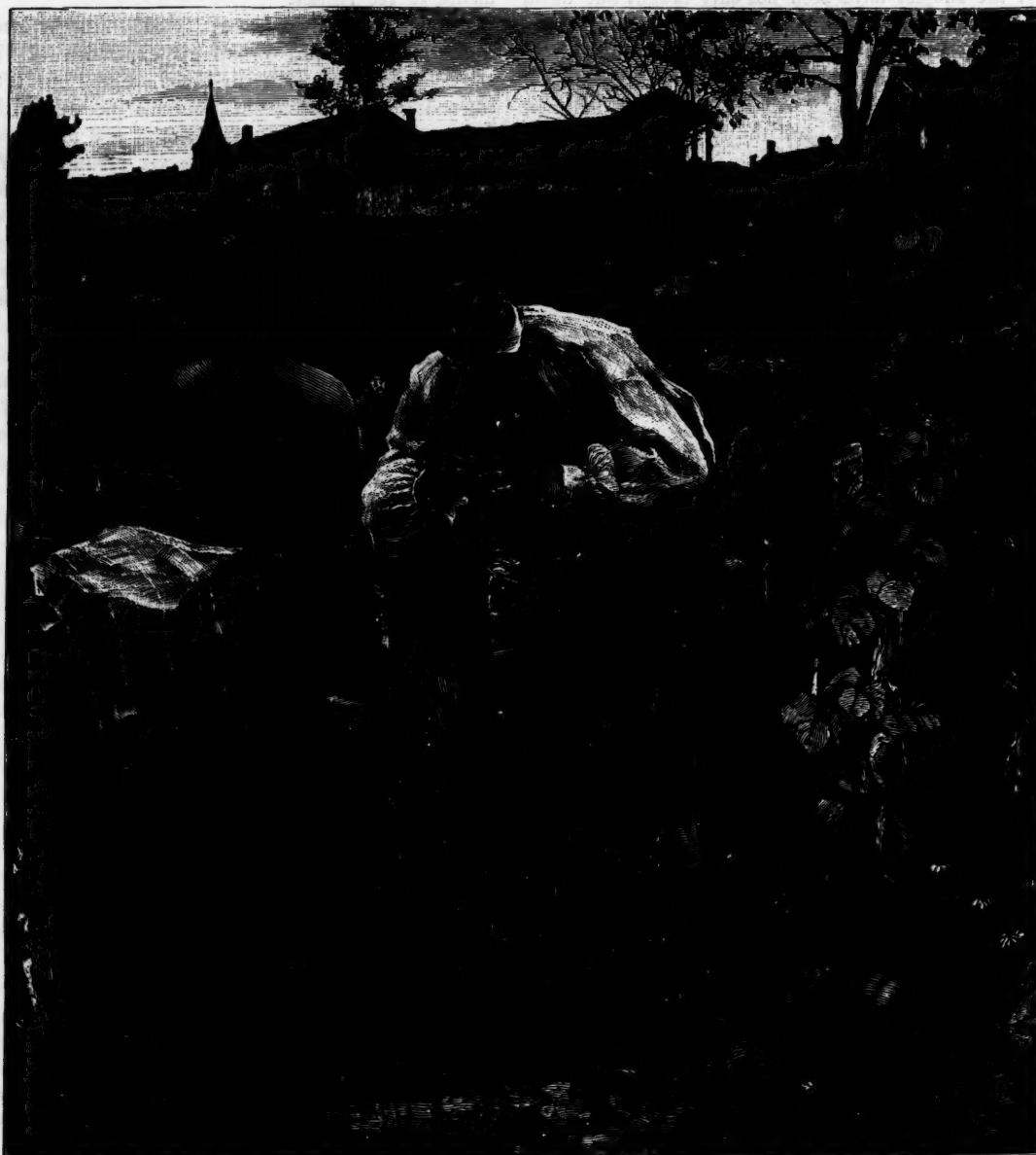
distance of peaceful hill and wood bathed in the soft blue of summer. The whole is treated in a light graceful scheme of colour, and forms a truthful and harmonious pastoral. The artist has adhered very closely to homely nature and humanity, but has sought for and depicted their beauties:—of brilliant breezy sunshine, of the sweet colours of field and sky, of the richly embrowned country faces illuminated by the clear reflected light, and of the delicate mingling hues which fitting atmospheric conditions have made visible in the weather-beaten and time-stained garments of the rustics.

In THE MAGAZINE OF ART for May last the leading article was Mr. Brownell's exposition of the chief characteristics of Bastien-Lepage; our fifth engraving—a reproduction from his picture in the Salon—illustrates the painter's mind and manner as completely as anything he has yet produced. As mere technique the work is, of course, excellent. What has been called his extraordinary gamut of execution, the wide gradation from simplest breadth to almost exquisite detail, is illustrated here in more than ordinary perfection. The landscape—a Damvillers garden—is painted with his peculiar logical accuracy. The foreground details appear elaborate studies from nature; cool and tranquil light has seldom been recorded on canvas with such careful fidelity. The figures, too, are painted with a peculiar, refined realism. The clothing, almost to its last thread, is painted with all the artist's mastery of texture. But the special technical triumphs are the face and hands of the simple peasant and his sweetheart's hair. The young man and maiden are careful portraits; realism has been carried to its utmost limit in the lad's lower lip, cracked and puckered by the sun and dry air, and in the uncultivated, wispy plaits of the girl. And yet it is not this pre-eminent regard for fact, nor the masterly handling, nor the charms of colour and of tone, that is the chief excellence of the work. The truth is that M. Bastien-Lepage has produced a canvas which is completely a picture. "L'Amour au Village" is something more than a powerful study of physiognomy and character, like "Le Mendiant;" something far better than the mere strength and life-like realism of "Père Jacques;" something more human even than his "Pauvre Fauvette"—for while the child seems standing for her portrait, this couple are entirely unconscious of everything but themselves. As gesture the picture is the best thing the painter has done. The naturalism of the girl's pose is admirable, and the attitude of the boy, softly whistling some inconsequential strain, and picking his fingers with anxious self-consciousness, is perfect in its way. The psychological element, indeed, is as marked and successful as the handicraft. But there is also another quality—

most important in every form of art, but seldom seen in the art of Bastien-Lepage—the quality of sentiment. As a rule his pictures are found wanting in humanity. Their interests are of the intellect rather than of the heart. "L'Amour au Village," however, possesses some measure of human feeling. It is not deep, heroic, and ideal, like that of Millet. In the hands of that great master the incident would not have been less truly seized, but the sentiment would have been elevated and intensified into a little

epic of human affection. In the hands of Bastien-Lepage it is no more than a common idyll of peasant life. As such it has its charm, and it is impossible not to admire the keen but quiet observation, the studious patience, the understanding of fact and character, which the picture embodies, and the mastery of means and materials which has turned them to such remarkable account.

In Mr. Andrew C. Gow's "Trophies of Victory," we have a fair specimen of those quasi-historical

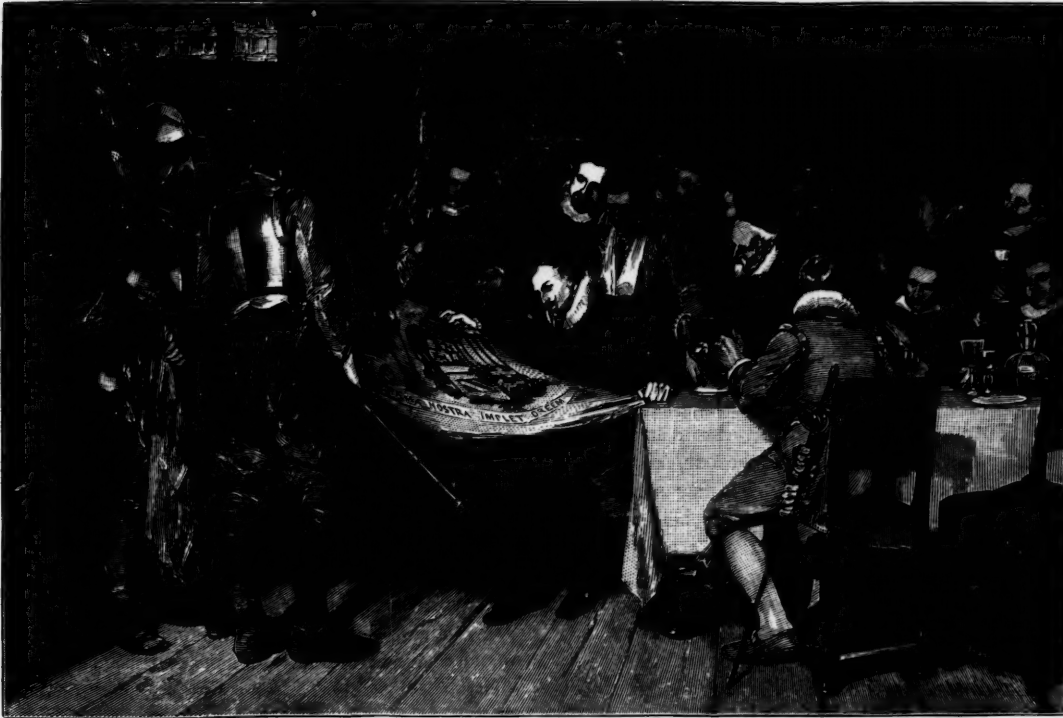


L'AMOUR AU VILLAGE.

(Painted by Bastien-Lepage. Salon, 1883.)

pictures, without which—to paraphrase a familiar line in the advertisements—no Royal Academy would be complete. The work is an illustration of a passage of Motley's "United Netherlands," where it is told

themselves by deciphering the inscriptions and devices emblazoned upon them. The incident is not remarkably dramatic. But it suggests a pleasant and picturesque tableau, and this Mr. Gow has realised with



TROPHIES OF VICTORY.

(Painted by A. C. Gow, A.R.A. Royal Academy, 1883.)

how, on July 2nd, 1600, Prince Maurice of Nassau, at the head of the army of the States-General, had crushed the hosts of Albert of Austria. After the battle a banquet was held in honour of the Stadholder; and while the guests, among whom was the Admiral of Arragon (a prisoner), were still at table, the standards of the enemy were brought in and exhibited, the Stadholder and others amusing them-

considerable tact and skill. The composition, if not very original, has no special fault; the draughtsmanship is accurate and studied; the colour is ingenious and harmonious, and in places delicate; the light and shade is well managed and not too emphatic; there are good qualities of tone; and the textures are carefully wrought. In its way it is as bright, skilful, creditable work as the Academy can show.

THE TOMB OF GASTON DE FOIX.

THE death, at three-and-twenty, of Gaston de Foix, on the battle-field of Ravenna, made a deep impression on the popular mind, not only in his native France, but also in Italy, the country of his invasion. As a boy he had been sent by his uncle, Louis

XII., to serve under Trivulzio, governor of Milan, and after winning his first laurels in the field, had himself been made viceroy of the Milanese. In this capacity he soon displayed such courage and such captainship as made Europe ring with his fame, and

earned him the title of the Thunderbolt of Italy. For instance, in a single campaign, not more than a fortnight long, he rescued Bologna, defeated the Venetians, and took Brescia and Bergamo: an adventure which remains almost without a parallel in military annals. After this he marched on Ravenna to meet the Spanish and papal armies, and at one blow to crush the power of Julius II., and on the banks of the Ronco, in the marshes between the ancient imperial city and the pine-forest which Dante and Boccaccio and Byron have sung in turn, was fought the fatal battle.

Gaston appeared that day in the front rank, conspicuous by the blazon of Navarre upon his armour. He claimed that kingdom as his inheritance, and looked on the King of Spain, who had married his sister, as the enemy who had robbed him of his rights. He rejoiced the more to fight the Spaniards, whom he regarded as his personal foes, and led himself the charge of his men-at-arms. After a bloody battle the Spanish cavalry were completely routed, and the infantry were already in retreat, when Gaston, carried away by his ardour, charged the retiring foeman at the head of a few soldiers, and was struck by a Spaniard from his horse. Vainly the gallant Lautrec called upon the enemy to spare his life, as the viceroy of France, the brother of their own queen. His comrades could but recover the hero's body, pierced with fourteen wounds.

"Heaven save France from such victories!" said Louis, with tears, when he heard the news of his nephew's death; "would God I had lost every inch of Italy, if only Gaston and they who died with him were safe!" A lonely column on the banks of the Ronco still marks the spot where Gaston fell, and bears to this day the name of the Colonna dei Francesi. His portrait was painted, as he lay there, by Girolamo da Cotignola, after which, in a leaden coffin covered with the lilies of France, his body was taken to Milan and laid in state in the cathedral, surrounded by Spanish banners captured in the fight, and with the sword of the warlike Pope Julius himself, in a golden sheath, at its feet. Louis XII. intended to raise a sumptuous monument to his memory, but before the work was even begun, the French had been beaten out of Milan; and the Swiss soldiers of the papal army, who looked upon Gaston as their worst enemy, broke up his tomb and exposed the corse on the ramparts. The pious hands of some "discreet persons" removed it to a church belonging to the nuns of S. Marta; and when, three years later, the French re-entered Milan after Marignano, François I. commissioned the best Italian sculptors to raise a good and worthy monument above the grave. Chief among these was Agostino Busti, surnamed Bambaja, and sometimes called Zambaja or Bambara,

a sculptor already illustrious for his work in the Certosa of Pavia, and especially skilled in the minute decorative art peculiar to the Lombard school. Eleven others were associated with him; but his is the only name on the marble, and probably the tomb was mainly by him. It was begun in the autumn of 1515, and two years afterwards mention is made of it as in course of erection, in a letter addressed by Arcangela, Prioress of the Convent of S. Marta, to the French Bishop of St. Malo. The writer notes that, from what the masters tell her, the work will take four or six years, and that Monseigneur Lautrec, governor of Milan, whom the French king has appointed to superintend, will not allow the duke's body to be touched until not alone the tomb shall be ready, but a stately chapel raised to roof it in.

It is evident from the expression of the Prioress Arcangela, as well as from the nature of some of the carved fragments remaining, that Bambaja's original design included a mortuary chapel. His drawing, discovered by Mr. J. C. Robinson, and now preserved at South Kensington Museum, gives a good idea of the general form. The sarcophagus was to rest on a curved basement, supported by pilasters adorned with Virtues, apostles and prophets sitting at their feet. The sides were to be decorated with bas-reliefs of Gaston's exploits and death, separated by flat pilasters carved with trophies of arms, horses, musical instruments, and other objects of war and triumph. There was to be nothing gloomy or repulsive. The skulls and cross-bones, the ghastly skeletons which were beginning to disfigure the Renaissance tombs with their hideous imagery, were banished from the monument of the hero who had died young, beloved of the gods. And in the midst of all this apotheosis of battle and festival, on a richly-draped mortuary couch, surrounded by statuettes and candelabra rising above the sarcophagus, there should have reposed the effigy of the warrior himself, armed and clasping his sword, even as he had departed his victorious life.

The defeat of Pavia and the French reverses in 1525 put an end to Bambaja's eight or ten years' labour. The tomb was left unfinished; and though the artist lived another twenty years and more, we never hear that he resumed his task. Vasari, who visited Milan a year or two after his death, had considerable difficulty in obtaining entrance to the convent, and laments that so noble a piece of art should be allowed to remain incomplete and to lie in fragments about the ground. "For surely," he exclaims, "this is one of the greatest wonders of art, a truly stupendous work:" high praise, when we remember that it was not by a Florentine. Several figures had already been stolen or sold; and when, in 1674, the tomb was removed to the

interior of the convent, much more of it had been dispersed. A Milanese writer tells how one of the nuns, having quarrelled with her companions as to the ultimate disposal of the marbles, came by night, armed with a hammer, and deliberately broke the delicate sculptures on which Busti had lavished such treasures of invention and of skill. When, in the first years of the present century, the convent was suppressed by the French, the remaining fragments of the tomb were dispersed for good and all, and the monumental effigy was removed in 1807 to the Brera, where it still is. As many as sixty different fragments are scattered over Italy alone. Of these, eighteen, originally purchased from the nuns of S. Marta by Count Giuseppe Arconati in 1712, belong to the collection of the Busca family, and are at present in the villa of Castellazzo, near Milan. Here, among the bas-reliefs, are the "Siege of Brescia," the "March from Bologna," the "Battle of Ravenna," the "Death of Gaston," and the "Burial." They are vivid and life-like representations of the chief events in the hero's career. The battle-scenes in especial are surprisingly real; the throng of struggling combatants, of horses rearing and plunging, of dead and dying heaped together, being all most admirably designed and executed. The taste and style of the minute ornamental work which Busti lavished on the smaller reliefs destined to fill the flat spaces on the pillars are questionable; but we cannot refuse our admiration to the marvellous delicacy of execution displayed in them—arms and armour, cannon, standards, chariots, and musical instruments alike. These, again, are surrounded by griffins and dragons, cherubs bearing torches, slaves laden with spoil, and horses so deeply cut in the marble that they are only held together by the finest thread. All this is carved with exquisite finish and a mastery of workmanship worthy of a higher aim. You feel that the sculptor has allowed his technical skill to go beyond the limits of marble work. Four of the finest of these pilasters are now in the Museo Civico of Turin, three others in the Ambrosian Library, and three at Castellazzo.

Besides these sixty pieces in Italy, the museums of Paris, Lyons, and Orleans possess some smaller

fragments; Madrid boasts two unfinished reliefs; and South Kensington Museum has a more important share in the shape of two statues and three fine bas-reliefs, as well as Bambaja's original sketch. All three reliefs are dated. The first—a warrior leading a prancing horse, bearing the motto, "Numquam tentes aut perice"—is inscribed 1515. The second—two archers standing on either side a broken column, with the motto "Illæso lumine solem"—bears the date of 1518, and is an evident allusion to Gaston's untimely death; while the third, dated 1253, represents his apotheosis in the form of a warrior seated on a triumphal car, crowned by Apollo. The two statuettes are figures of Fortitude and Charity; Fortitude wears an exultant smile on her parted lips, as if rejoicing in endurance. But better than all is the statue of Gaston himself, in the Brera at Milan. This alone would give Busti the foremost place among the Lombard sculptors of his day. The hero lies in the simplest attitude, clad in plain armour, with a wreath of laurel on his brows and the cross of St. Michael on his breast. His hands still clasp the sword, and the proud gladness on the tranquil face tells us that he passed in the moment of victory—"all joyous of countenance," quoth Vasari, "for the triumph he had won."

Even this statue has been mutilated. The fingers and sword and one of the feet are broken off, while the cross of St. Michael is only roughly sketched out in the marble. Nothing can mar the severe dignity of the figure and the fine expression of the face. The sculptor has caught the character of the young soldier who walked the streets of Milan, say the chroniclers, erect and austere, absorbed in his own thoughts and attended only by a single page. He has given the noble features that new beauty which comes from the last sleep; he has invested them with the charm of undying poetry which clings about the brows of the untimely dead. You feel as you gaze that it is well with Gaston, and that we may not grudge the shortness of that space of life which was all the Fates allotted him—those two months which the *Sieur de Brantome* calls "Toute sa vie et toute son immortalité."

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

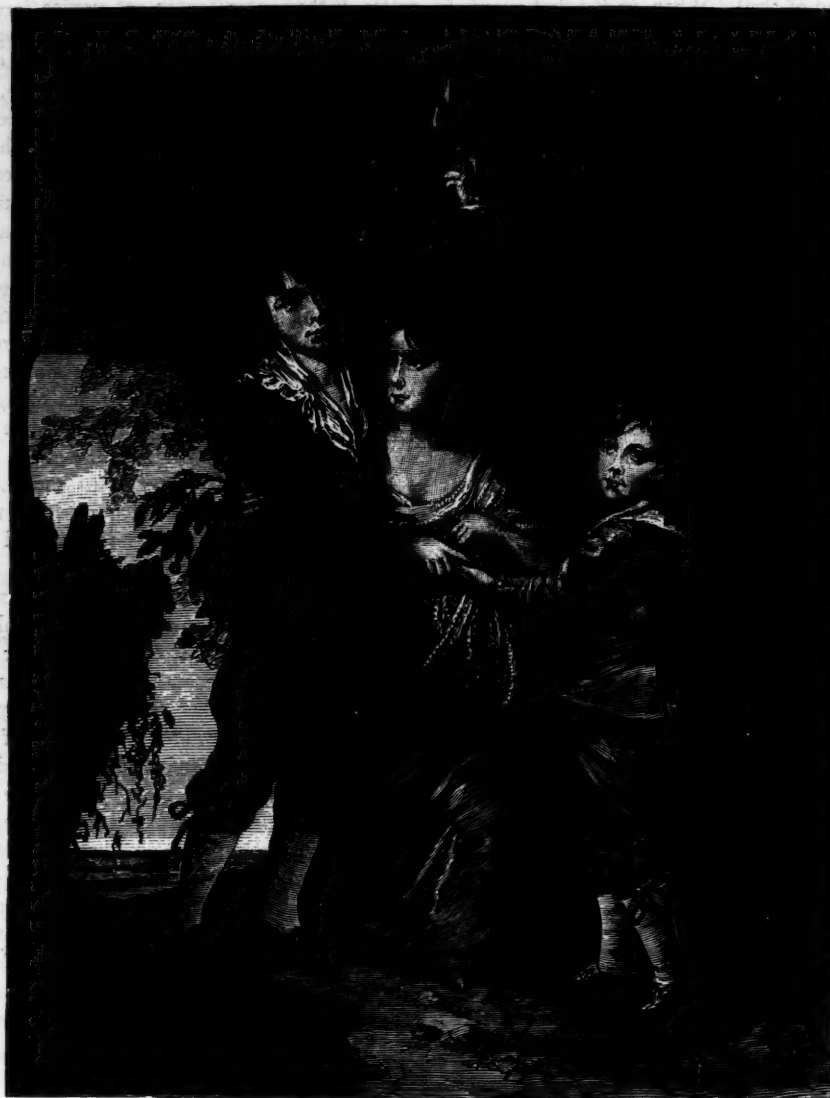
WRIGHT OF DERBY.

THE name of Wright as a painter is generally associated with effects of strong artificial light. It is as a specialist, and one of no great mark—a sort of English Schieleken who painted his figures life-size—that he is principally known now. The recent exhibition of his works at Derby has, how-

ever, sufficiently disclosed the fact that this man was an artist of unusual versatility, and moreover a fine draughtsman, an admirable colourist, a master of technique of the old-fashioned kind. Wanting perhaps in fervour, he knew exactly what he wanted to do, and how to do it quietly and at once. As a

merely imitative artist he had no superior of his time; he painted flesh well, and his textures were all good; whether, as he loved to do, he painted the gradations of light in a bladder seen by the sun or candle, or the head of a dog as in his group of the

painter than that hitherto allowed to him, especially perhaps for his groups of children, which are of a charm unexpected even by students of English art. When we remember that he was also the designer of that very pathetic picture—"The Dead Soldier," that



THE CHERRY-GATHERERS.

(Painted by Wright of Derby. By Permission of C. E. Neuton, Esq.)

Pickford children, he shows no want of freshness in observation or skill in expression. The leatheriness of the bladder and the silky coat of the dog are both truly presented without any sign of hesitation or effort. Nor is it only in technique that Wright's reputation will be increased by the Derby exhibition. He is clearly entitled to a higher rank as a portrait-

he was one of the first of English water-colourists, and a remarkable and original landscape-painter; when we add to this the sense of elegance of form and refined sentiment which characterise his illustrations of Sterne, and the sincere feeling for the terrible to which his design of "Death and the Woodman" bears witness, we see that his mental

range was scarcely exceeded by that of any artist of his time.

Some facts in his life are necessary to a right understanding of his work. He was born the same

For further biographical details I must refer my readers to a paper in "The Reliquary" of 1864, by Mr. W. Bemrose of Derby, who, I am glad to see, promises shortly to issue a more complete life of



THE GLADIATOR.

(Painted by Wright of Derby. By Permission of the Marquis of Lansdowne.)

year as Romney (1734), was the junior of Wilson by twenty years, of Reynolds by eleven, of Gainsborough by seven. Hogarth died when he was thirty. He was the fellow-pupil of Mortimer at Hudson's. He painted while Sterne and Beattie wrote. He showed a taste for mechanics and optics when quite a boy, and though when he was fifteen years old he developed a love of art which seemed for a time to absorb his whole nature, these early tastes reappeared, and ended by strongly influencing his choice of subject. He was born at Derby, and worked there as a portrait-painter till he was thirty-nine (1773), when he married and went to Italy. Returning in 1775, he set up at Bath, but removed to Derby again in 1777, where, suffering much from ill-health, he lived and painted till 1797, when he died. He became an Associate in 1782, and refused the full honours of the Royal Academy in 1784.

the artist, compiled from Wright's own papers and much unpublished correspondence.

The narrow limits of this article will prevent any exhaustive study of Wright's work. With regard to his, in many ways, remarkable position as a landscape artist, especially as the painter of eruptions of Vesuvius, fireworks at Rome, and similar subjects, I shall only point out that he seems to have been the first, at all events in England, to paint what may be called "conflagration pieces," and to still have no superior in them except Turner. Of his more imaginative work, as the scenes from Shakespeare which he painted for Alderman Boydell's famous edition, I can say nothing to much purpose in a few words. I shall therefore do no more than briefly deal with Wright as a painter of portraits, with and without the addition of strange illumination and poetic sentiment, prefacing my remarks with a few words with regard

to the causes which have led to the neglect of him and his works.

In his own day, notwithstanding his provincial life and his unproductiveness in comparison with more fashionable painters, Wright was greatly esteemed, and his compositions, in which figures and landscapes were seen by lamp or firelight, gave him a special reputation. Mainly by the aid of those admirable mezzotint engravers—Valentine Green, J. R. Smith, Earlom, and Pether—this special reputation has continued in some sort down to the present day; but partly from the scarcity of his works in this kind, and partly because the majority of them have been hidden in private collections around Derby, even this has dwindled to a shadow of its former self. As a portrait-painter it is doubtful whether, even in his own day, his reputation extended far beyond his own neighbourhood. His fame was, of course, overshadowed then as now—then even more than now—by that of Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney. Fuseli says, "As a portrait-painter Wright can claim little notice;" but it is probable that the painter of the "Nightmare" had not seen many or the best of Wright's

efforts of this kind. In the collection of his works which Wright exhibited in London in 1785 there were only two portraits; the rest were principally candle-light "subjects" and "firelight" landscapes. His strength as a portrait-painter has never been seen till this Centenary Exhibition, when it would, I think, have astonished Fuseli, as it has, I hope, astonished Mr. Redgrave.

So it has happened that, from many causes, most of them accidental, one of the best of the early artists of the English school—an artist thorough, original, and versatile—has been pushed aside till his name has sunk almost into oblivion. It is now known to few except collectors and students, and to them as "Wright of Derby." Wright had reason to be proud of Derby, and Derby has reason to be proud of him; but such localising suffixes in the case of artists—like the Smiths of Chichester and Barker of Bath—have practically a qualifying as well as a localising effect: as if the painter enjoyed but a provincial reputation in his lifetime, and was only a specimen of a necessarily inferior article. But though neither of these inferences would be true in the case of Wright, who was an Associate of the Royal Academy—



THE ORREERY.

(Painted by Wright of Derby. By Permission of J. Osmaston, Esq.)

might indeed have been an Academician if he had not, for reasons best known to himself, refused the honour—his provincial residence had a decided influence on his art as a portrait-painter. Though he settled at Bath for a year or two after his return from Italy in 1775, his sitters were principally his friends and the notables of his native town, where he lived the greater part of his days. It was not his part in life to paint lords and ladies, generals and cabinet ministers—the stars of metropolitan society; but mayors and manufacturers, friends and fellow-citizens, with their wives and daughters. He therefore, in comparison with Reynolds and Gainsborough, was a homely, almost a domestic portrait-painter. Neither did he attempt to import into the country the fashions and artifices of London town. He painted Mrs. Jones and her boy Tommy, not as Venus and Cupid, but the one in the silk slip and lace stomacher she wore on Sundays, and the other in his best nankeen suit and frilled collar, with his clean white stockings and rosetted shoes. Once, indeed, when he had to represent Lady Wilmot and her infant, he painted her (according to the catalogue) “as a Madonna;” but this charming picture is an exception which proves the rule, for it is nothing more nor less than a portrait in modern costume with modern accessories, composed somewhat like a “Virgin and Child.” The “Madonna” motive is purely artistic, borrowed from Andrea del Sarto rather than the Bible. But Wright’s comparatively humble rôle as a portrait-painter was played with a skill, a sincerity, and an earnestness which deserve far greater recognition than they have yet received, and there is little doubt that in faithfully representing his neighbours with their habitual aspects and costumes he did a more signal service than he could have achieved if he had only added one more name to the fashionable portrait-painters of the day. Wright, in his unsophisticated but very carefully studied portraits, shows us men and women and children as they were at home. Every one is a glimpse at the character and the daily life of the times in which he lived. In a true sense these pictures are historical—they are windows in the blank wall of the past, equally interesting and pleasant to students of art or of human nature. It is agreeable to both to see Mr. Christopher Heath, banker and proprietor of the Cock-hill Pot and China Works, in his brown coat, writing a letter, with his bandanna in his left hand, or Mr. John Whitehurst, F.R.S., studying a section of Matlock High Tor. The fidelity of the likenesses is at once beyond dispute. We are in the presence of these men, and see them as plainly as Wright saw them, with their firmly modelled features, their individual complexions, their own hands, complete. Mr. Cheslyn, in his suit of

greenish stone-colour, with his strong handsome features, must have looked just like that as he sat in his dark green arm-chair, his fine fresh complexion showing to advantage against his powdered hair; nor can we doubt the veracity with which Wright has presented the image of that dear old lady Mrs. Compton, in her satin shawl and her lace kerchief tied under her chin. From the age of nineteen, when he painted his unusually vivacious portrait of his sister Hannah, he had the gift of grasping the bodily presence and character of his sitters, and placing them firmly and unmistakably upon his canvas. Remarkable, not only for this property, but choice of colour and clever painting of silk and lace and a variety of other accessories, are his early portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Chase. One would have thought that a youth who could paint like this would not have had much more to learn from Hudson; but not satisfied with himself, he went back to his old master for two years to learn what more he could. As a specimen of his more mature work I must not omit to mention that of Mr. Holden in a grey suit, his hand resting on the back of his chair. The silvery quality of the colour, its pleasant if modest harmony of greys and browns, and the unaffected but graceful attitude, make this one of the most beautiful of Wright’s portraits.

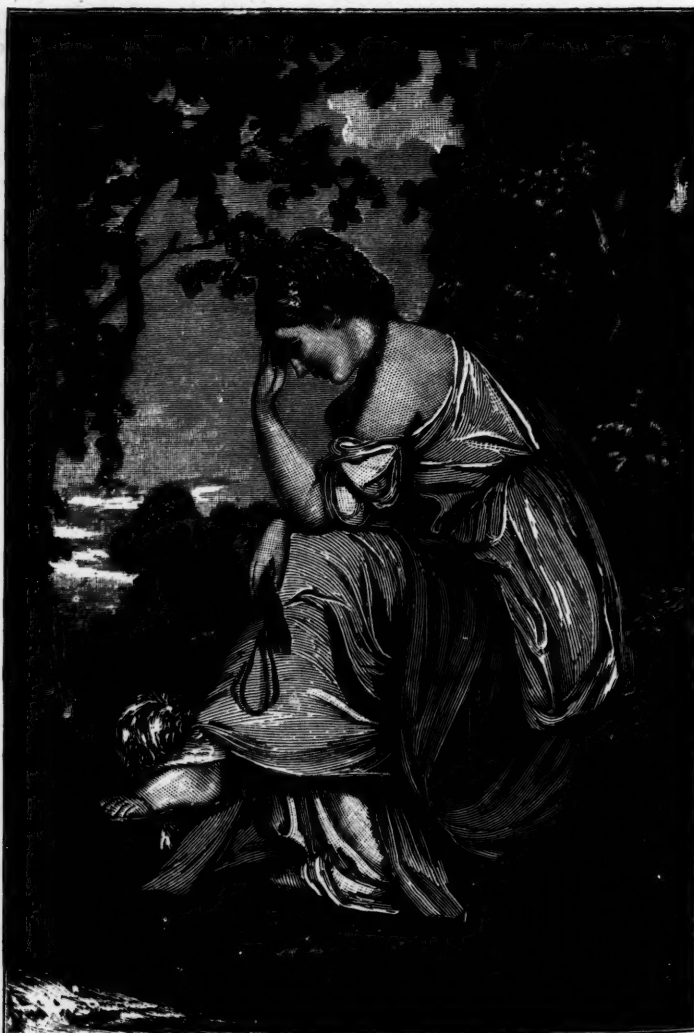
Of his treatment of children we give a good specimen in our engraving of the little Newtons gathering cherries. As we look at this and other similar groups we are reminded rather of Romney than of any other of Wright’s contemporaries; but we are reminded also of that charming group of the Graham children by Hogarth, which was engraved in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for September, 1882. Wright is in some ways a link between Hogarth and the later painters. A pupil of Hudson, he never departed from the solid old Dutch-English method of painting, which he carried to great perfection, but never left. The “magnificent sketching,” the vital and impassioned touch, the daring experiments of Reynolds and Gainsborough which revolutionised colour and painting in England, affected him little. These men had original genius as painters and colourists; Wright had not, though he had great skill and taste. So it is not only the manly simplicity of his portraits generally, and the unsophisticated grace of his children which ally him to Hogarth, but also his method. Modern as Romney in feeling, and like him in more ways than I have room to point out here, in these pictures of children Wright seems to be holding out one hand to him and another to Hogarth. It is in these that his powers as a colourist are best seen. Of the naturalness of his gestures and the grace of his grouping our engraving will speak to good purpose. In these respects this and several others, such as

those of the Arkwright and Bradshaw children, have not often been excelled, even by greater men. In the original of our illustration one of the boys is dressed in blue, the other in white and gold; the hair of all three children is rich warm brown; the flesh tints are very pure and fresh; the effect of the strong notes of red in the cherries coming in here and there is admirable; while the whole is set in broadly treated foliage of rich green, warmed with golden brown, as was the manner of those days. It is impossible to give in words the total effect of the colours employed, but the harmony is rich and full.

It is not till about 1765, or when this artist was one-and-thirty, that we have any distinct evidence of the influence upon Wright's art of his early tastes for mechanics and optical effects. This was the year when the noble picture of "An Experiment with an Air-Pump" (presented by Mr. Tyrrel to the National Gallery) was exhibited at the Incorporated Society of British Artists' rooms in Spring Gardens. "The Orrery" and "The Gladiator," which we engrave, are dated the following year. These are probably the grandest works of their class ever painted by an Englishman. Even Mr. Redgrave speaks in very high terms of the "Air-Pump." They are all portrait compositions; but they are allied not so much to the "conversation pieces," which were painted by English artists from Hogarth downwards, as to the famous Dutch portrait groups, and especially to Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy." Such grand *tableaux vivants* on so large a scale, such dramatic union of *genre* and portrait, to say nothing of such elaborate effects of artificial light, were new in England, and constitute Wright's greatest claim to the name, not only of a master but an initiator. Put him at whatever level you please—below Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, and Gainsborough—he is yet of their company as one of the original forces of the English school.

The portraits introduced in "The Orrery" are, according to the catalogue before mentioned,

believed to be "Mr. Burdett (taking notes), Young Cantrel, Mrs. Sale, A. Winterman, Mr. G. Snowden, and Mr. Denby, organist at All Saints' Church, as the philosopher." They were all neighbours of the artist at Derby. The colour of this picture is remarkable both for its daring and success. The light from the lamp is warm and strong, flashing on the rosy cheeks of the children. The rings of the orrery are ferruginous in tint where the light strikes them, and the coat of the philosopher is scarlet. Yet the effect of all these reds is not "hot;" the flesh of the children, though heightened in colour by the glare, still looks like flesh, and the relation between it and the red cloth coat is justly preserved. A great deal of cool grey and blue is introduced with admi-



STERNE'S "MARIA."

(Painted by Wright of Derby. By Permission of W. Bemrose, Esq.)

able effect in the costumes of the others, the shades, though deep, are soft and transparent, and the gradations of the light so true and delicate that the eye passes from the warm focus to the darkness beyond without any shock of violent transition. "The Gladiator" is remarkable for the same qualities as "The Orrery," especially in respect of that largeness of style and majesty of design which seem to have been the fruit of the Derby master's study of the antique. The figure on the right, in profile, is the artist himself; the others are Mr. Burdett and Mr. John Wilson.

Mr. Bemrose's picture of "Sterne's 'Maria,'" the original of our last engraving, is one of the comparatively rare instances in which Wright attempted sentiment. This picture has been engraved in mezzotint by Raphael Smith, and, like "The Captive," catches the spirit of Sterne. There were few if any

artists of Wright's time who could compare with him as a draughtsman of the figure. That of "Maria" is drawn with exquisite refinement; the hands and arms are lovely. In the beautifully soft folds of the drapery the picture reminds one of Romney, but it is thoroughly original, especially in the sleeve that has dropped from the shoulder. The colour of this sweet picture is very pure and delicate. Wright painted but one other picture which can properly be compared with the "Maria." This was a presentment of the "Minstrel" of Beattie, a figure of great elegance and fine expression. Its dirty condition prevents one at present from judging of its colour. Both these pictures were portraits. "Maria" was Mrs. Bassano of Derby. "Edwin" was Thos. Haden, an ancestor of Mr. Seymour Haden, who has etched the picture. His etching will help to illustrate Mr. Bemrose's book. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE "ARTISTS" AT WIMBLEDON CAMP.

THE "Artists," otherwise known as the 20th (late 38th) Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, have a pretty considerable acquaintance with Wimbledon Common. They have little private sham-fights there (usually in a cheerful deluge of rain); there, too, they hold, with other metropolitan corps, their annual brigade drill; a few have been discovered sketching there; while the majority know it well from yearly visits to the camp of the National Rifle Association.

The Wimbledon Meeting may be regarded in two lights: as a fortnight of work with serious aims, or as a fourteen days' picnic with no particular aim other than pleasant enjoyment. In both cases its results are, generally speaking, beneficial; and whether you are one of those imperial bores called shooting-men, or merely a town-dried searcher after fresh air and recreation, you will find much to interest and amuse. Even the first glimpse of the camp



THE CAMP, FROM THE WIMBLEDON ENTRANCE.

is exhilarating. It matters nothing whether you first see it dreaming in the misty brilliance of a July noon, or whether—as in my sketch made last year and engraved here—it appears a strange vivacious flutter of flags and canvas in the brisk wind and shifting light and shadow of a stormy morning. In either case your first sight of the great picnic ground gives a genial fillip to anticipation. About and around—I had almost said for miles—there is a perpetual stir and murmur, a ceaseless coming and going of all sorts and conditions of men. At the railway stations and the entrances to the camp there continues from early morning till long after sundown the most strenuous battle of the cabs, which, of all imaginable shapes and sizes, with horses of unknown breed and incomparable dilapidation, and drivers of every degree of disrespectability, seem to be gathered here from the ends of the earth, like blackguards on a theatre of war. And the cries and laughter, the scrunch of wheels, the tread of hoofs, the bang of the rifles sounding high above the human hubbub, produce a reciprocal airy eagerness in the visitor's pulse and mind.

I am told by men who profess to know, that once upon a time the "Artists" had a section of the camp all to themselves. Those degenerate days are over. Artists who attend now, whether for pleasure or for shooting, find quarters in the camps of other corps—the Scottish, the Civil Service, or maybe the London Rifle Brigade. For it has come to pass that the powers that be in the corps take no official cognisance of the meeting, chiefly, I believe, because a conviction has grown up that the fortnight is spent more in play than in work. And I am bound to say that this opinion, cherished by a good many thinking people, is fully supported by the facts. Not, however, that our men work not at all. As a matter of fact, we boast some good marksmen, though not perhaps so many as commanding officers would like; and one at least is generally to be found in the first sixty of the Queen's.

I have been much struck with the Spartan self-denial with which shooting men scorn the gaieties and relaxations of camp life. To them the Wimbledon

fortnight is a volunteer solemnity, a period of fasting, self-communion, and silent vigil. Wrapped in his pursuit, your shooting man becomes a creature apart, a being with distinct habits, a sinister reserve, a fine contempt for ordinary clay. For instance: life at the camp is an odd mixture of military exactitude and laughing unconventionality. Reveillesounds at half-past six; and after that hour you will not by any chance be permitted to have secrets with your blankets; in short, you *must* attend parade. But there is no necessity for dressing. I have been roused out of a stolen snooze by an orderly-sergeant who wore nothing but his cross-belt, forage cap, and cane, and who swaggered rather more than if he had been in full



THE TRANSPORT-SERGEANT RECITES.

uniform at a royal inspection; I have seen the captain commandant appear on parade in dressing-gown and socks; and I have seen a man present himself in a piece of Turkey carpet, a fez, and a cigarette; and another actually enjoying his morning tub in the ranks. But I never caught your shooting man at his bath. The frivolous outsider takes his openly in the light and air of morning; the ablutions of the marksman are sacred from the vulgar gaze—he performs them in the mysterious privacy of his tent, probably before any of the pleasure-seekers are awake. At roll-call he is the only individual properly dressed; at breakfast he is not visible—nor at lunch, nor at dinner, nor at tea; the mess tent knows him not, and if he eats at all, he must do so invisibly in holes and corners. By nine o'clock he is at the firing point, and there, or thereabouts, he remains all day. At gun-fire (seven p.m.) he returns to his tent, cleans his rifle, and disappears for the night, after perhaps a single sententious pipe in his doorway. His speech is composed of scornful monosyllables; his manner seems based on a careful

study of the snub direct. These peculiarities are due, I suppose, to deep thought on such matters as wind-pressure, fore-sights and back-sights, inners and outers, and bulls—which, if you once yield to them, bind you with an insatiable fascination. But, eccentricities apart, the shooting man commands respect. He works hard, he maintains the credit of his corps, and he makes not a little money. In short, he sets a good example; for unless they were decent marksmen, volunteers would not be of very immediate service in an emergency. And of the various contests in which he engages, that illustrated in the fifth engraving is one of the most practical. My sketch (made on the spot last year) represents the "Artists" squad in the Mullens Competition, in which the conditions are not unlike those of an actual engagement. The targets, shaped as men and painted grey, move during the whole of the firing time, and the competing squads, starting several hundred yards away, push towards them at the double for, say, a hundred and fifty yards, halt, fire independently in any position for so many seconds, advance again at the double for a hundred yards or so, halt, fire three volleys, advance once more at the double, halt, and have another spell of independent firing. Each squad has its own moving target, and the squad that puts most bullets into its grey dummy soldier wins the prize. On this occasion the "Artists," for reasons which nobody has yet been able to explain, were not exactly in the front of the scoring. The conditions, in fact, are rather more severe than in war, when I believe it is unusual to fire volleys at a single specimen of the enemy. Still, the Mullens Competition is a practical test of nerve and staying power, as well as mere aiming skill.

Shooting begins each day at nine, by which time the bulk of the camp population is to be found at the various firing points, or loitering in that strange tented thoroughfare, the "High Street," or—such is human nature—in the refreshment rooms, which are large. Those gay dilettante who remain amongst the tents generally devote their mornings to the rehearsal of amateur theatricals, to the tuning of pianos, to the pretence of reading the daily papers, to the serious business of the morning pipe; and by one o'clock these exertions produce a remarkable desire for lunch. At two shooting begins again, and from that time forward the stream of visitors steadily increases until gun-fire at seven, when you might think all London was come to look at the camp. If you've nothing better to do—which is pretty certain to be the case—you will spend the afternoon in strolling round and seeing what there is to be seen, and to an artist or any other student of nature and humanity there is much indeed. In bright, hot weather the general effect is brilliant,

and a little tiresome. The constant blaze of sunshine becomes a bore (in a day or two distressing symptoms develop in your nose); you get very hot, very lazy, and very thirsty; as sunstroke becomes more than possible, you begin to have doubts about the sanity of the Rifle Association, the shooters, and yourself; and the strains of the Hungarian band playing in the enclosure seem positively hateful. The only amenity is the presence of a large number of ladies, who, no matter how high the thermometer, how rare the breeze, how hot the shade, somehow contrive to appear fresh and cool. They come in troops, dressed in wonderful pink, blue, and creamy airiness; in hats of indescribable witchery, in gloves and sunshades that are so many pretty poems. Chairs—fancy that!—chairs are provided for them at the shooting points, where they preside with the gay dignity of fairies, and a smiling graciousness of their own. They are permitted "inside the ropes," where no male dare venture but the shooting man, the scorer, and the officer in charge; and the officer in charge is generally regarded with a deep and lasting envy by the outside members of his sex. He combines duty with flirtation, and to all appearances has attained a high state of efficiency in that pleasant but difficult art. In fact, he is altogether a favoured mortal; the ladies like him; his smart uniform, his easy military bearing, the quiet gallantry of his manner, his meaning eye—these fascinate them, and ladies like to be fascinated. And yet I have seen him smoke a short pipe and read the *Daily News* like any other man.

In rough weather, however, all this is changed. The Camp no longer sleeps and dreams, but flutters in the wind with a vagabond gaiety. Its thousand flags become noisy, reckless even, and the movements of the sightseers and shooters are brisk with the briskness of the breezes, which sway the trees, set the Windmill creaking, and drive the great clouds, pile on pile, across the sky. The heavy grey heat gives place to a boisterous air; the dead level of mist and glare, burnt common and burning sky, give place to an endless contrast of sailing shadows and pale fleeting gleams of sunshine, to the march of storms, and strange glimpses of blue-green space between. The grass

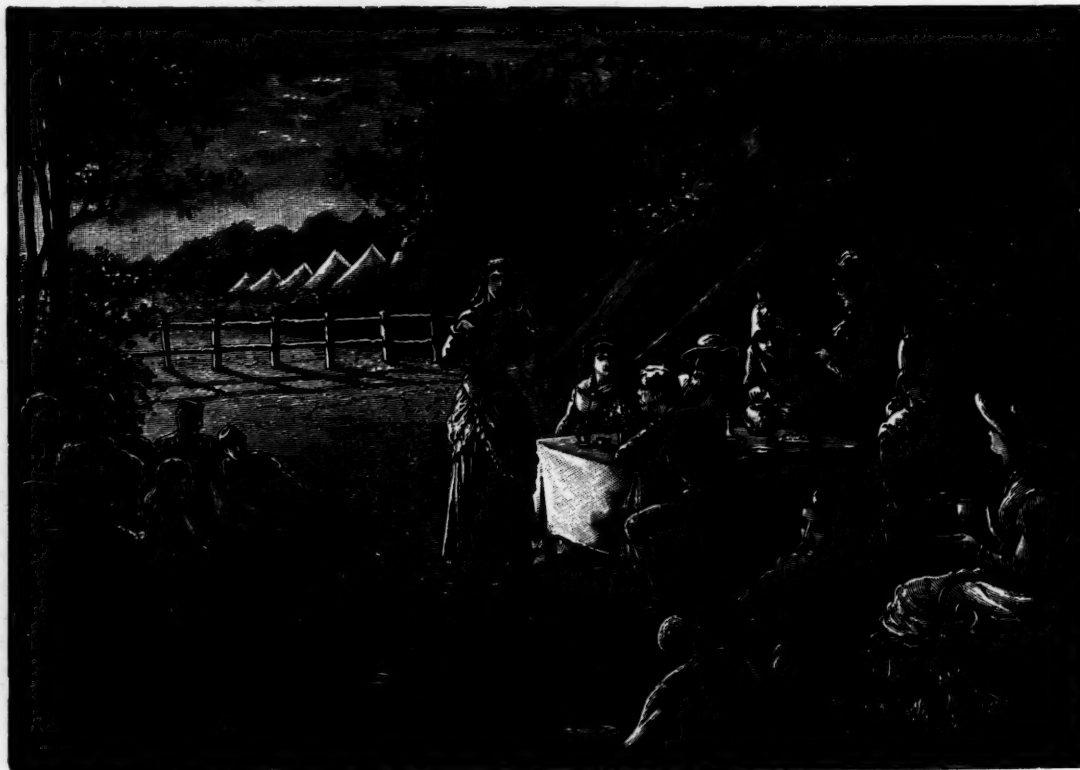


AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR.

is green and long except at the firing points, where it is burnt short by the fire of the rifles, and scorched into delicate yellows and reds and browns—converted, in fact, into a lesson in colour-harmonies. But the human kind are less interesting than in fine weather. The shooting men are the same, of course; and that strange product of Wimbledon existence, the offensively robust person who parades a pair of knickerbockers of a remarkable check pattern and a head-covering of no known shape or designation, is to the fore as usual, with his field-glasses and comforting flask of sherry. But the ladies disguise themselves in ulsters; and as for the officer in charge, he develops a view of life which is little less than blasphemous.

If, however, leaving the shooting, the ladies, the officer in charge, and all connected therewith, you visit one or other of the camps in the afternoon, you will find several unsuspected things taking place. There is a great clatter of preparation in the mess-tents for gigantic meat teas at seven o'clock, or some more or less elaborate entertainment afterwards. Some do-nothings, in various stages of undress, are lazily sipping claret-cup and talking scandal in a secluded tent to the right. Farther down the row

of canvas dwellings some gentlemen in uniform are making ready for a select tea-party of their own; and presently you see one of them, armed with a plate and knife, walk off and disappear amidst the trees and furze. He has gone to cut ferns wherewith to decorate their fruit-dishes—pleasant work, too, with the wild flowers around you, and the sun going down in a cloud of gold beyond the purple edge of the common. And if you followed the fern-gatherer you might lose your way in the quiet places, and perhaps surprise a sergeant or some other good-looking member of the force holding a secluded "social" of the kind suggested in my last sketch, which, be it noted, was done from the life, though I decline to say whether I have "caught his likeness." As the afternoon progresses, the Camp becomes more and more lively. The select tea-party has a hundred prototypes in other quarters of the tent city, and at gun-fire everybody is busy with the important meal. The mess-tent is crammed with campaigners, strangers, and their friends, and inside and out the jollity and excitement increase with every moment. Here and there, however, you may observe an entertainment of the more refined sort, such as I have sketched in my fourth illustration. None of your one-and-ninepenny



AN AL-FRESCO ENTERTAINMENT.



THE "ARTISTS" SQUAD IN THE MULLENS COMPETITION.

scrambles this. The situation is well adapted—on the outskirts of the camp, where the vulgar crowd ventures not; where there is a pleasant glimpse of gorsy common and dwindling lines of tents and trees and glow of sunset; where the birds twitter merrily, and the evening wind comes to waken the leaves from dreaming, whilst your sisters, your cousins, and your aunts talk graceful nonsense and laugh heartily at pre-historic jokes; where perhaps somebody's sweetheart makes music with a violin, and fills the air with the melody of—what? Beethoven at Wimbledon is a mere monstrous shadow; and Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart are creatures of the dead past. You will hear, probably, nothing deeper than a *lied* by Mendelssohn, nothing brighter than the elaborate impertinence of some modern jackanapes of the fiddle. Possibly that is the highest musical attainment at Wimbledon. The bands play something, of course; mostly Wagnerian arrangements of the "Lost Chord;" but bands—well, they are useful at the glorification of a winner of the Queen's prize, and at assaults-at-arms, where they distract attention from the dirty flannels for which athletes at Wimbledon are famous; and they impress little maidens like the deeply interested spectator in my picture. But they are not original in their ideas.

Not so Wimbledon audiences, however, which are the least conventional in the world. A year or two ago I was at a large entertainment in one of the mess-marquees—a strange combination of sing-song, theatricals, wax-works, flags, Chinese lanterns, claret-cup, electric light, and choruses. Lord and Lady

Brownlow and a distinguished party from "the Cottage" were present, and the company overflowed the tent and stood on the flower-beds outside. A sentimental person with a mealy tenor voice sang a maudlin ditty, when, without any solicitation whatever, the people in the background suddenly struck up a stentorian chorus. It appeared from the libretto of

this burst of harmony that in the opinion of the authors a glass of whisky would do the singer no harm, an opinion with which the singer seemed to agree; that it was seventeen miles from Wimbledon to Wombledon; that a Duke of York once went up a very high hill, and, for some reason not stated, came down again; and that Britons never will be slaves; the whole concluding with a grand funereal "Amen." I have little doubt that, if you wander round the camp after sundown this July, and look in at the entertainments always going on, you will hear that chorus sung again and again with as much zest and inconsequence as ever, just as you are pretty certain to hear the transport-sergeant of the "Artists" give a recitation, when he will probably display his manly form in the attitude depicted in my sketch.

And so the evening passes until, at eleven p.m., the camp is cleared of visitors, and "Lights out" has



PEACE AND QUIETNESS.

sounded. The lights don't all go out, though. We have invented a method of hiding a light in a tent with Japanese umbrellas. The patent is very successful; and it is no uncommon thing for friends to linger on till the small hours, in the mysterious illumination of a single lantern thus shrouded. The light is invisible from without, and so, if the captain

commandant is on the alert, he wots not of the performances in the interior, for conversation is an affair of whispers, and laughter a kind of smuggling. My experience leads me to believe, however, that the captain commandant is very likely to form one of the party inside, where he gives the best song and story of all.

HARRY V. BARNETT.

A FORGOTTEN SATIRIST.



HE three "Tours" of Doctor Syntax are not read in these days, and it is chiefly for the illustrations of Rowlandson that they are valued. The John Bull element would be found too predominant. They betray an age that enjoyed prize-fights, and drinking-bouts, and excursions to Tyburn; an age characterised, also, by a lachrymose sensibility, as a set-off to these ponderous pleasures. Another obstacle to a revival of the popularity of Doctor Syntax's "Tours" is that Rowlandson's drawings are fully intelligible and enjoyable without their aid. The author of the "Tours" cannot justly be censured for this. For it was not Rowlandson who illustrated Syntax, but Syntax who attempted to illustrate Rowlandson. This inversion of the natural order of things was not productive of good literature.

William Combe, the author of this amusing assault upon the æsthetics of the picturesque (a reprint of which, by the way, was produced not long ago by Messrs. Chatto and Windus), was well on in years when he achieved distinction by his fortunate association with Rowlandson. He had written much in metrical illustration of the caricaturist; but it was as Doctor Syntax that his celebrity became general. He is a figure of great distinction and interest in the literary history of the last thirty years of the century. To that period must be assigned the growth of his notoriety, although Doctor Syntax's quest of the picturesque did not appear until 1813. His life deserves more study perhaps than his writings. He was born in 1741, presumably at Bristol, was educated at Eton, where he met Fox and Lyttelton, and thence proceeded to Oxford. His putative father was a London alderman, from whom he inherited in his twenty-fourth year the sum of £2,000, which he squandered most gallantly at the Hot Wells of Clifton. His life seems to have been a genuine romance, and is still, in spite of all research, enveloped

in considerable mystery. He experienced extraordinary vicissitudes. We have glimpses of him as a beau of the Brummel type in Bristol society. He appears to have done the grand tour, and he then turns up in London as a law-student. Here he followed the fashion by inditing political letters to great persons, and created an immense furore by a clever but bitter satire, "The Diaboliad," which sulphurous production he regretted in his old age. In that era of literary forgery and duplicity, the era of Macpherson and Walpole and Chatterton, he palmed off his "Letters of the Late Lord Lyttelton" on a scandal-loving public. He finally settled down to hack-writing and a Bohemian life. He is found in the strangest company and the most piquant situations. There is a delightful story told by a friend who had met the young gallant walking one day in one of the promenades near Bristol, with two nymphs clinging to his arms, both weeping copiously. Being asked the cause of the affecting exhibition, Combe explained with consummate coolness that he had only "trumped up some melancholy tale of imagination to suit their palate and diversify the scene," adding that he had not observed the "pearly drops" which his pathos had excited. The two ladies were Miss Hannah More and her friend Miss Galton. He is credited with the possession of great personal attractions and surprising powers of conversation. In London he seems to have been always entangled in a maze of intrigues. He spent not a little time between the sponging-house and the Bench. It was while an inmate of this prison that Rowlandson's designs for the Syntax "Tours" were sent to him for the text. Between these depressions of fortune he enjoyed times of fashionable notoriety; when he caballed with politicians, wrote innumerable pamphlets and poems, and finally extorted a pension from the Government of £200 a year. The dexterity with which he assumed the literary manner of other men almost amounted to genius. Though he was far from being a plagiarist, he covered himself with the grace and rhetoric of others, as with a

garment which he wore with an engaging natural air. He was a kind of Miching Mallecho in the political literature of the age of Junius. He had many pseudonyms besides that of "Doctor Syntax," and he rarely repeated them, thus greatly enhancing the mystery with which he enshrouded his work. To ensure the attention of the town he frequently answered his own epistles and satires. This usually had the desired effect. But it was not without its drawbacks; for the immense success of Doctor Syntax resulted in many imitations, in which Combe's verse was imitated with facility, while Rowlandson's designs were merely feebly travestied.

The origin of the idea of "Doctor Syntax" is not clearly ascertained. It certainly was not suggested by Combe. If his memoirs are trustworthy, the happy thought originated with Bannister, the actor, who was a fellow-student with Rowlandson at the Royal Academy, and who relates that Rowlandson was much struck with its felicity, and at once proceeded to elaborate the conception. On the publication of the first "Tour" both artist and author were accused of uttering a libellous caricature of the clergy. It is very possible that the picturesque tours of the ingenious Mr. Gilpin may have suggested to Rowlandson, or Bannister, the idea of the eccentric country parson in search of the picturesque. Gilpin, it must be observed, never confuses the romantic and picturesque. He distinguishes between these essentials in landscape with a rigid insistency. This is happily burlesqued by Dr. Syntax. The rage for the romantic, as exemplified by Mrs. Radclyffe and others, led to the fashionable cult of the picturesque, the æstheticism of that age, and this is satirised in Dr. Syntax's tour. The heroines of the romances of the period were all addicted to sketching, and were searchers of the picturesque. Their jargon and affectation are admirably imitated by Dr. Syntax. He sets out on his journey with the determination to outdo these amateurs, and he succeeds. The success of the picturesque tourists stimulates the poor country clergyman to write a tour. It is nothing that he suffers, like Don Quixote, for his zeal. He is assailed by highwaymen; takes refuge up a tree from a threatening bull; is upset in Keswick water; awakes, like Christopher Sly, in a splendid apartment in a house he thought to be an inn, and is covered with ridicule and opprobrium. When he loses his way and "makes a landscape of a post" he certainly has tourists of the type of Gilpin in his mind's eye—

"I'll do as other sketchers do—
Put anything into the view.
He ne'er will as an artist shine
Who copies nature line by line."

Again, when he speaks of a rival picturesque tourist

he certainly seems to refer to Gilpin. He styles him "Dr. G.," and speaks disrespectfully of his tour—

"A flippant, flashy, flowery style
A lazy morning to beguile;
With every other leaf a print
Of some fine view in aquatint."

One of the tenets of Gilpin and his followers was that the horse was a beautiful object only, but your cow was the true picturesque. Accordingly Dr. Syntax discovers that—

"To the fine steed your sportsmen bow,
But picturesque prefers a cow."

Another wild craze was the worship of the unequal and rugged in nature, while the picturesque ideal is to "look to nought but what is rough, and ne'er think nature coarse enough." And all the rest of it.

Rowlandson's designs are pervaded by the genuine spirit of burlesque. In their gaiety and animal spirits they are Hudibrastic, while for grotesque humour they are surpassed by none of the artist's works. They are vastly entertaining. Who can recall, without laughter, the dismal moor where Doctor Syntax on the back of Grizzle is consulting a guide-post with a ludicrous expression of agony, while a group of donkeys regard him with mild surprise? Inimitable, too, is the scene where the Doctor is copying into his note-book the wit of the window in the inn-parlour, while Dolly, in the act of receiving a kiss from her lover, is unconsciously bestowing the contents of the kettle on the Doctor's feet, and a most Hogarthian dog is filching a bone from his plate. Even more delightful is the grotesque figure of Syntax sketching. In the hot fit of inspiration he is eagerly bending forward in the saddle; the "patient Grizzle" is snatching a hasty meal; and, unknown to the artist, a lout of the most abandoned order of rusticity is betraying his undisguised admiration. In the "Rural Sports"—where Syntax fiddles to a group of dancing villagers, while a circle of elders look on—the force of Rowlandson contrasts remarkably with Combe's feeble elegance. He had read much, observed acutely, seen abundant life; he had a retentive memory and great facility of composition. With these advantages and a boundless assurance, it is natural that he became notorious. Much in him remains to this day an enigma. To some he is an unmitigated scoundrel and an unprincipled adventurer. Yet in his old age he could number among his friends men like Horace Smith. His habits of disguise have contributed to the difficulties of truly estimating the man; and it is impossible not to regret the loss of his autobiography, which would have proved as amusing as one of Smollett's novels, and a perfect microcosm of his times. As it is, we have little more than gossip, more or less scandalous.

J. A. BLAIRIE.

"POLICHINELLE."

FROM THE DRAWING BY J.-L.-E. MEISSONIER.

THE "Polichinelle" of M. Meissonier is characterised by all the refinements of his art. He is not so much the type of Neapolitan Polichinelli as a carnivalesque figure, the ideal Punch. He has the shrewd look of a Pasquin, and perhaps has just perpetrated a sly epigram. He is about to enter the festive throng and belabour an acquaintance with his staff or a joke—for he is a true *goguenard*. The artist's infinite solicitude about small things is apparent from his mannikin's head-gear to the rosettes on his pantofles. Every crease of his breeches, every button of his jerkin, the least little curve of his ruff, every point of his costume, in short, reasonably suspect of a wrinkle, have all been the subjects of anxious study. It is possible that the conscientious artist imported the costume from Naples, even as, on another occasion, he borrowed from the Musée the historical grey coat of Napoleon. It is not difficult to see that the original is a masterly realisation of a type. It is the impersonation of the spirit of *bouffonnerie*, radiant with life and character. There are those who find in M. Meissonier's work nothing beyond incomparable technique, nothing but a finish that is over-nice and qualities of realism that are photographic. They must consistently disapprove of Terburg and Metz. Eugène Delacroix came nearer

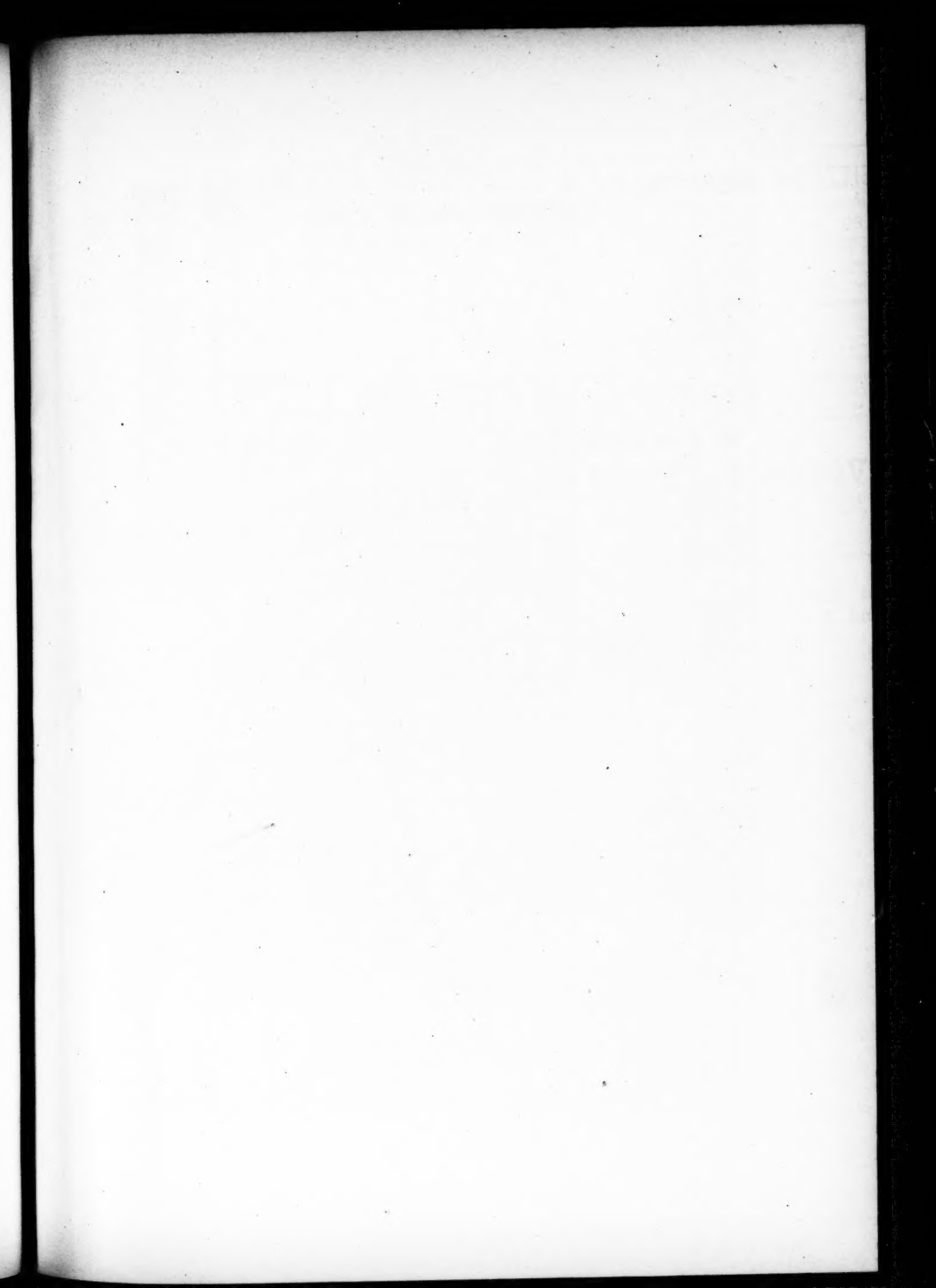
a sound estimate when he likened the artist to Gerard Dou. It is a superficial judgment that is led astray by M. Meissonier's exquisite elaboration of detail, and cannot get beyond a contemplation of it. It is the end, and not the means to an end, the result and not the method that should be judged. In the "Polichinelle" the costume is an essential, and is so treated. The harmonious accord of every detail is not the least striking characteristic. The wrinkled face of the old buffoon and the suggestive bend in the leg are scarcely more individual and typical of his nature than the loose abandon of his attire. He is bound for the Corso. He is intent on scattering *confetti* or chaffing pretty girls in balconies, who will in turn whiten him with flour; he will have a jest for every one, and knows he has a good time before him. He is a mad droll, and "loves to live i' the sun;" is first in a frolic and last in a fray; and, like the lady in "Pelham," thinks it far better to be merry and wise than honest and true.

When he departs this mortal life, it will be of an indigestion of Chianti and sugar-plums, and his next metempsychosis—or he is grossly and scandalously libelled in this his portrait—will take him no nearer the heights of heaven than the stage of a Punch's show.



POLICHINELLE.

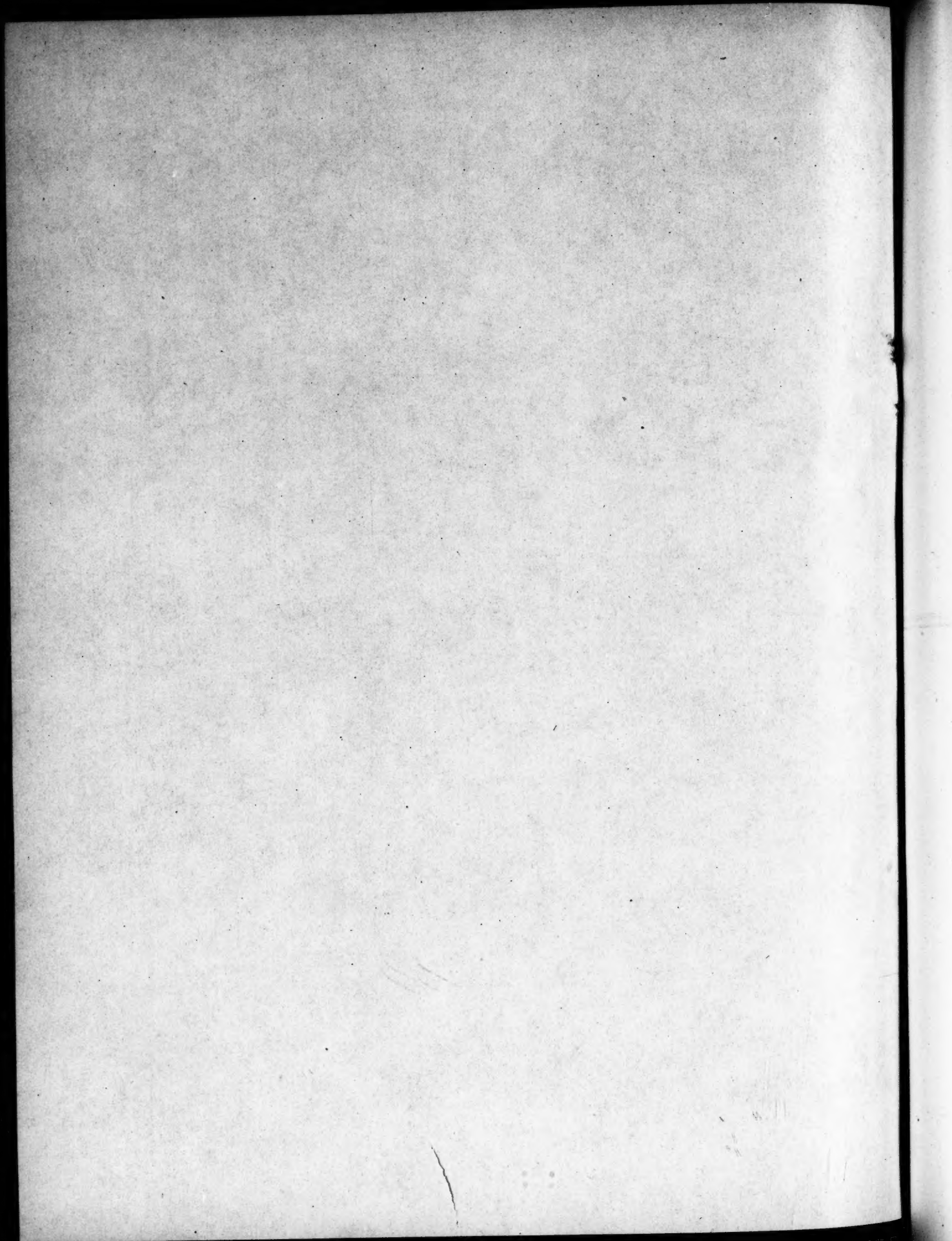
(From the Drawing by Jean-Louis-Ernest Meissonier.)





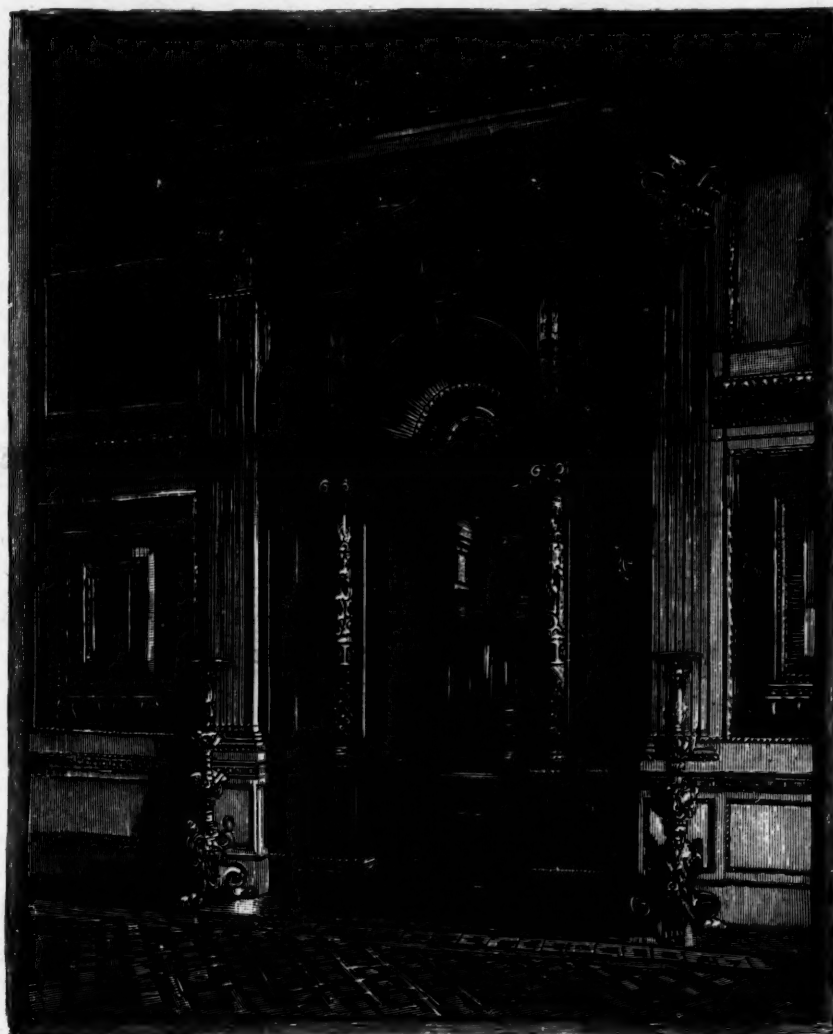
AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

(From the Picture by Val Prinsep, A.R.A.)



DORCHESTER HOUSE.

THE possibility of producing an architectural work of the character, size, and magnificence of Dorchester House depends upon a number of conditions rarely found together. Even in the days it is still more remarkably true of London. There are many very large houses in London, some larger than Dorchester House; but there are none which can approach it in the interest it possesses of being



DORCHESTER HOUSE.—I. : A SIDEBOARD; BY ALFRED STEVENS.

when the rich of the earth were in the habit of spending a much larger proportion of their wealth on erecting themselves palaces, it is astonishing to find how few, in this country at least, have been able to carry out nearly to completeness a single great building. And if this be true of the country as a whole,

the work of a series of artists who designed each his share of the whole, under the control of a single mind—that of the owner. It is very rare that one man is able to afford the money, to give the time, and above all to possess the taste necessary for carrying on a great building satisfactorily. And even when all

these are present, both patience and tact in no small measure are needed to deal with the artists employed, and oblige them to give their best work.

It is therefore with great interest that we study the result of the rare combination of circumstances which has produced such a remarkable structure as Dorchester House. In the first place the owner, Mr. Holford, must be congratulated on the chance which enabled him to obtain such a fine site; although, perhaps, on the principle that "everything comes to him who knows how to wait," chance is hardly the word to employ. At any rate he did succeed so much beyond his original hopes that he resolved, in building, to take full advantage of the position acquired. This consists of the angle enclosed

between Park Lane and Dean Street. Its merits from an architectural point of view consist in the fact that uninterrupted views can be obtained of the house, both from the south and from the west, from comparatively long distances. As you drive up Park Lane the south point with its portico stands so straight in front that it almost seems as if that somewhat picturesque and very cheerful thoroughfare had been expressly designed as an approach. However, just before reaching the entrance to an extremely cleverly managed sweep up to the door, the road swerves to the left, and you drive on past the western façade, but at an amply sufficient distance from it to be able to seize its effect as a whole.

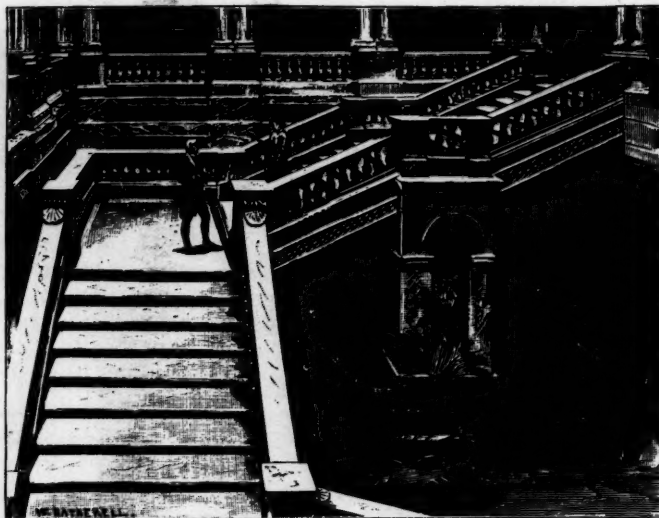
The old house was pulled down in the year 1849, and the late Mr. Lewis Vulliamy was instructed to prepare plans for a new one. The choice was a most fortunate one. Of Mr. Vulliamy's general merits as an architect nothing need here be said. There can be little doubt that he himself would have accepted Dorchester House as a sample of his powers of design, and have consented that the world should judge him by it. But Mr. Holford showed both his wisdom and his courage in employing a man who, while he had adequate experience, yet was not over-

burdened with business, and was therefore able to give that minute attention to the work without which architecture must, even in the hands of the cleverest men, degenerate into lifeless and mechanical combinations of stereotyped forms. The modern habit indulged in by many great architects, even by Wren himself at one stage of his career, of undertaking the design and construction of so many buildings at one

time that they cannot enter minutely into every detail of them, has done more perhaps than anything else to lower the general standard of English architecture. Instead of applying the facility they have acquired by constant practice to the production of a more complete perfection, they abandon it to the creation of mere quantity, and thus not only

lower their own taste, but example those whom they are engaged in teaching in a mechanical method of work.

The architect of Dorchester House was instructed, amongst other things, to adopt as a central feature inside the house a staircase of large dimensions, surrounded on the first floor by a wide corridor communicating with it by arches. This staircase, as one of the most beautiful and interesting portions of the house, I shall describe more minutely below. It is noticeable now, as giving a key to the external appearance of the whole. Round three sides of it, on the east, south, and west, the principal rooms are grouped; and the simplicity of the arrangement has enabled the architect to obtain an external effect of considerable grace and dignity. In these days, when, under the influence of the Gothic revival, the dignity and repose of a simple design has almost ceased to be a thing striven after, when the grouping of large masses in grand proportion is despised, when the beauty of a plain wall-space of carefully jointed ashlar work is not recognised, when too often the whole object of an architect seems to be to discover how far he can spread his ornament over everything (as a gold-beater might beat out a sovereign to cover



DORCHESTER HOUSE.—II.: THE STAIRCASE.

a room), it is very refreshing to find the grandeur of rest in a modern building. The outside of Dorchester House, too, is both graceful and refined in design. There is, of course, nothing about it of striking originality. But in architecture striking originality is certainly not a thing to be sought after, and is seldom successful when found. Much of the success of the detail, both outside and in, is due to the fact that no expense was spared in putting up models of every portion before it was erected. The difficulty of knowing exactly what appearance a moulding will present when placed in position, and of estimating the corrections for perspective, for height, and for the various optical delusions which so strangely change the apparent shapes of many features, is so great that few architects entirely overcome it. As in the case of the entasis of columns the experience of former generations may teach us much, but it cannot teach everything; and it is an inestimable advantage to be able actually to test the form of each portion of a building experimentally before it is finally and irrevocably decided upon.

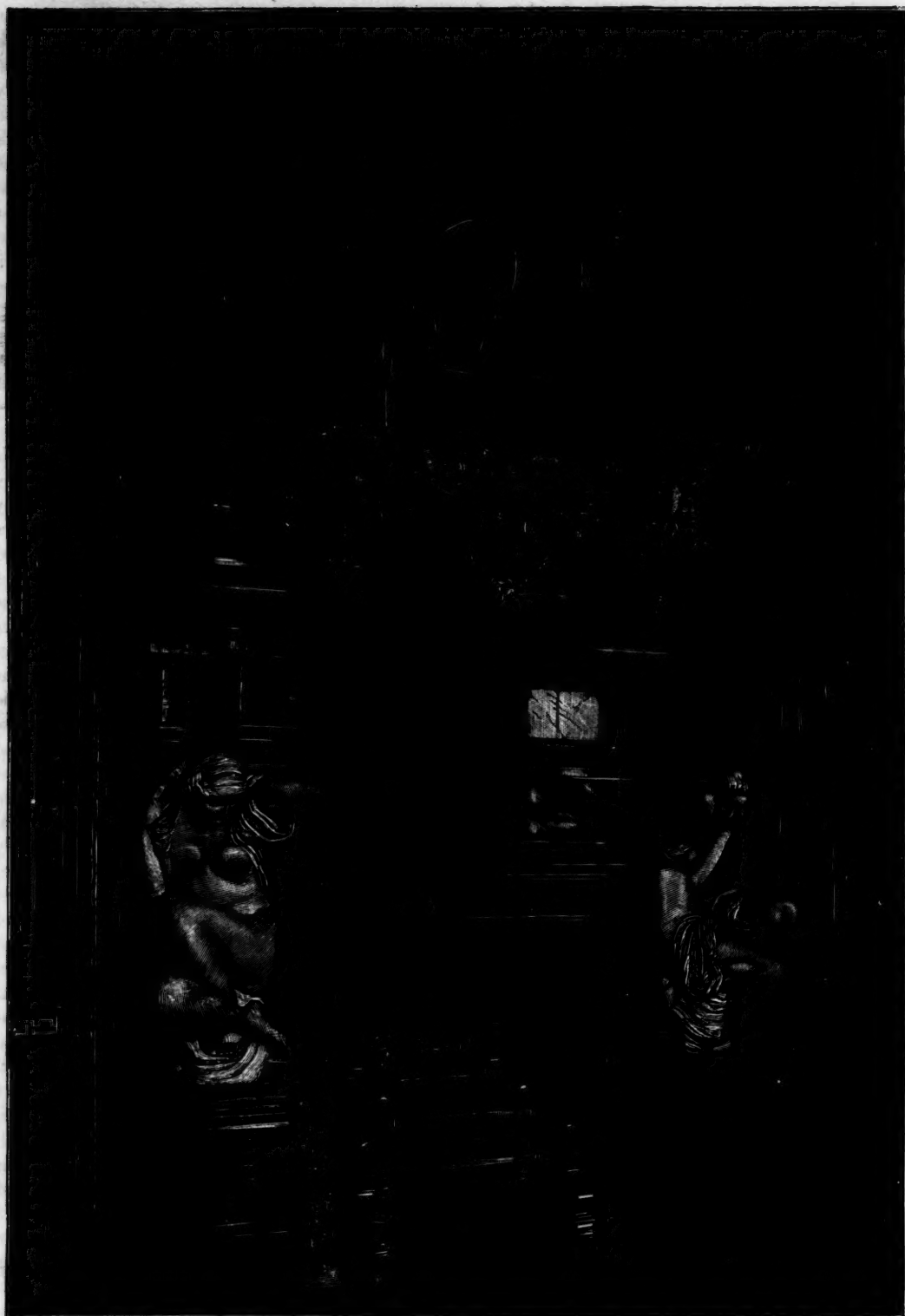
The rooms of the house, as I have said, are grouped round a central hall, which contains the staircase. In the case of country houses this type of plan is almost always undesirable. The hall must necessarily rise through two storeys, and the bedrooms thus open out into corridors or galleries immediately above, and within sight and hearing of, the doors into the principal sitting-rooms. Thus all noises penetrate into the bedrooms from below, and the housemaids carrying pails and dusters may be seen by the guests as they leave the breakfast-room. But in the case of a London house few of these objections apply. The first floor is not occupied by bedrooms, but by the principal reception rooms. These open on to the corridor which surrounds the staircase, and are connected by wide doors with each other. Thus a constant freedom of circulation is maintained among the hundreds of guests whom it is our custom to collect for purposes of entertainment, and every room has an easy access to the stairs. It must also be noted as an additional advantage of the plan that, since the staircase has only to ascend through the comparatively small height of the ground floor, there is room to make it both wide and easy: points which add greatly to its beauty, and enable guests to stop and talk as they go up or down—criticised, no doubt, from a bird's-eye point of view from the galleries above.

Considerations such as these, combined with a great admiration for the type of these central staircases as seen in many parts of Italy, and more particularly at Genoa, no doubt induced Mr. Holford to select this form of plan, and to entrust his architect with its development under the particular

conditions required. This has been done cleverly, richly, and beautifully. A visitor on passing through the entrance-hall enters the lower vestibule, which is, in fact, part of a wide corridor running transversely across the house. It is paved with marbles, inlaid in a simple pattern derived from one of Raphael's cartoons. The combination of colour in these marbles is particularly harmonious. The ceiling was painted by Signor Anglinatti, who belongs to the modern Florentine school; it is a pleasant piece of work. But perhaps the chief charm of the vestibule is the view from it of the staircase seen between the coupled Ionic columns of pink granite which support the gallery. This view is nearly that represented in our second cut, and is one of the most pleasing in the house. It is one of the many examples of what seems to have been the architect's special talent—the picturesque grouping of architectural features.

The beauty of the marbles which cover the walls and form the steps and balustrades is remarkable. It is a most common idea, if we are to judge by experience, that the effect of the colours of marbles mingled together in any manner must be harmonious. There can be no greater mistake than this. In fact it may be laid down as a general rule that the more brilliant the material employed for decorative purposes, the more careful must we be in the selection of the colours and the arrangement of the masses. Now, with the exception, perhaps, of mosaic and the precious metals, there are few materials more brilliant in their effect than polished marbles; and yet how often would one rather have plain white-wash! It is most heartrending to see, as you often do, as the result of the expenditure of thousands of pounds, a mere kaleidoscopic medley. It is exactly as if some millionaire had gone to the expense of gathering together into one orchestra all the most perfect performers on the various instruments, and had then given them parts to play composed without any relation to each other. It is a pleasure, therefore, to turn to such a piece of marble decoration as the staircase of Dorchester House. Here the arrangement of colours in masses has been carefully and tastefully thought out, with a most pleasing result. The only fault to be found, perhaps, is the mass of unrelieved white of the pillars, archivolts, spandrels, and cornice of the first floor, as shown in the sixth illustration. The colouring both below and above this level is pitched in a high key, and the separation of the two by a mass of white, merely touched here and there with gold, and brought into strong relief by the comparative darkness of the corridors behind, produces a cold effect, and rather destroys the unity of design.

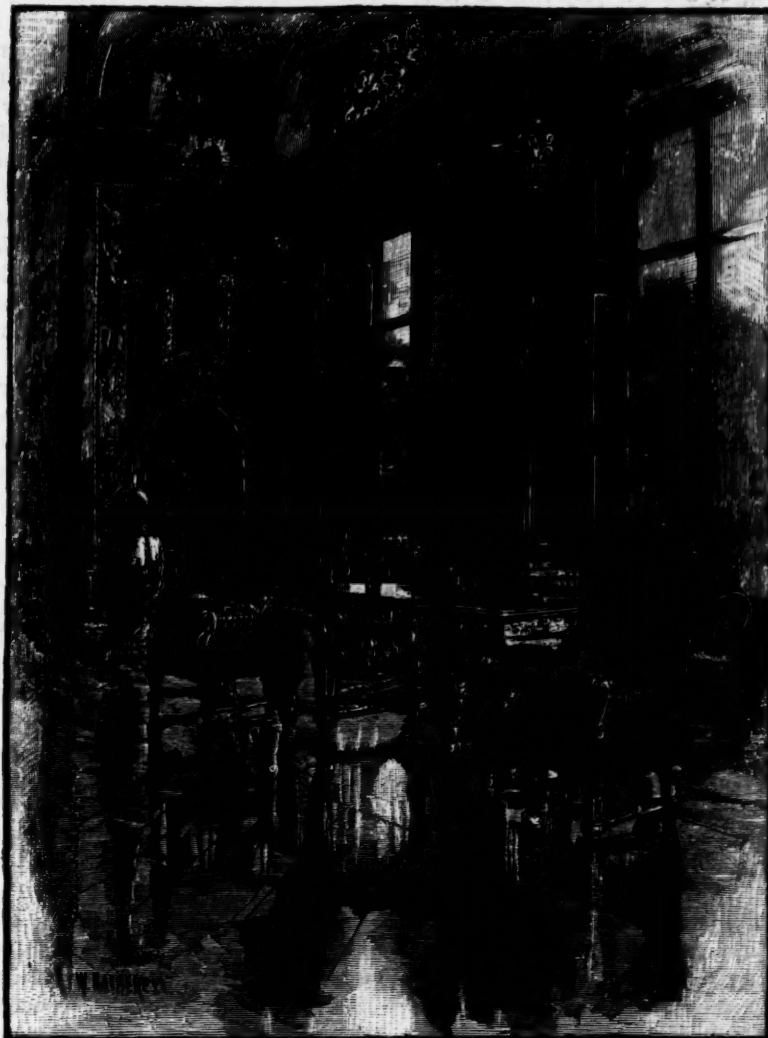
In spite of this, however, the effect is extremely beautiful, the marbles lining the wall by the side of the staircase being specially so. The design of these



DORCHESTER HOUSE.—III.: THE DINING-ROOM CHIMNEY-PIECE; BY ALFRED STEVENS.

is in large panels of *vert-rouge*, a rich dark-green, with an inlaid edging of red. These panels are separated from each other by projecting masses of *Pavonazza*, a beautiful warm-whitish marble streaked with dark-gray, which are in reality the visible piers carrying

come into the market at all. In brilliancy of colour they do not compare, perhaps, with the finest specimens of the genuine antique, or with some few of the modern Italian; but, considering the comparatively small cost at which many of them may be



DORCHESTER HOUSE.—IV.: THE RED DRAWING-ROOM.

the plinths of the coupled columns of the first storey. Two string courses of the same marble, one at the top and the other a few inches below, complete this part of the design, forming a second set of shallow panels of dark-green and red above the others. In this pleasant harmony the delicate warm colour of the balusters of Derbyshire alabaster should be noted as playing an important part. This is one of the many instances of the successful use of British marbles. Against them such a strange prejudice exists that few of them ever

obtained, and their very great beauty, it is really marvellous that they should be so little used. So strong is this prejudice that one marble merchant in a large way found that visitors to his works used often to admire his English marbles extremely, and ask what part of Italy they came from. When informed that they came from the British Isles, their admiration ceased, and they talked of Italian marbles more enthusiastically than ever.

It is not often that London householders can

enjoy a space even a fraction of that covered by Dorchester House. But it would be well worth while for them to consider how far the space they have got at their disposal might not be better and more economically arranged for real comfort by imitating the planning of that house in one particular—the devoting of a larger proportion of it to the staircase and hall. In the smallest houses, of course, every inch is made use of, and the rooms are already fully small for their purpose, as well as often inadequate in number. But the average “front and back” house, say of the type found in Eaton Place, is about as meanly arranged as a house can be. As far as the rooms go, no doubt the most has been done that can be done. But to dignify the narrow passage leading to the front door by the name of a “hall” savours of the ludicrous, while the staircase is wholly unsuited in size and appearance to the rooms to and from which it leads. There is no real difficulty presented by the problem of planning a house on such a site which shall have as much drawing-room and dining-room accommodation as can be reasonably required, and which shall have at the same time both a hall and staircase less abjectly “scrimpy” than those usually met with. It is beyond the scope of the present article to describe how this might be effected. But those who are about to build their own houses should realise that it can be effected. They should consider, too, what great advantages such a plan would present, apart from the increase in beauty and charm: what a comfort it would be to have a staircase wide enough to accommodate the large fraction of every London party that insists on congregating thereon, and a hall wide enough to permit guests to await their carriages without entirely blocking up the way. A few such houses have been built; they are a refreshing change. Let us hope that the example will be often followed.

At the top of the stairs we enter the wide corridor or gallery, which here forms the south side of the hall. From close to this point is taken the view shown in our last engraving, which gives a very good representation of the general character and appearance of the way in which the galleries open on to and surround the staircase. The most prominent features of this part of the design are the arches supported on coupled columns. The columns are of the Corinthian order on plinths. The arrangement is, of course, an adaptation of well-known Italian models, but it is an adaptation not only suited to its position, but on the whole very successfully carried out. The grouping is very picturesque, and the proportions are decidedly good.

I may notice as a specially pleasing device the manner in which the wall between the hall and the saloon has been pierced with two arches. A portion

of this room is thus seen through the arch on the right of our second picture, and from the opposite side glimpses of the hall are obtained, as in the illustration opposite. This alteration, made after the building was complete, was due to a suggestion made by the late Sir Edwin Landseer, and carried out by the architect with considerable skill in overcoming the difficulties involved. It was felt that, whereas on three sides of the hall the columns with their arches formed a separation between the centre and the galleries round, thus gaining force not only from their obvious use in carrying the wall above, but also from the shadows and mystery behind them, on this fourth side they looked comparatively weak, being there in fact mere surface ornament, applied for the sake of the continuity of the order. The price paid for this great artistic gain at first sight seems very great, involving as it did the sacrifice as a room of the largest drawing-room in the house. That is to say, this saloon was no longer isolated from those parts of the house which are thoroughfares, and became rather a gallery than anything else. But this price does not seem so heavy when we reflect that the number of rooms required in even the largest house is limited, and that in Dorchester House there are in addition to the saloon two large drawing-rooms *en suite* with the saloon, and two fine sitting-rooms in isolated positions on the same floor, besides large rooms on the ground floor. Thus in reality the sacrifice was small, and there would seem to be even a certain gain in convenience. It is undoubtedly a distinct advantage to be able, when involved in the intricacies of a crowd of fellow-guests, to see and watch those at a distance. The reason of this is not difficult to find. It is not simply that one can recognise acquaintances afar—this may be even tantalising if one sees no chance of getting near them; but in observing in this way there is a satisfaction which seems to place the mind in the proper condition for enjoying social intercourse.

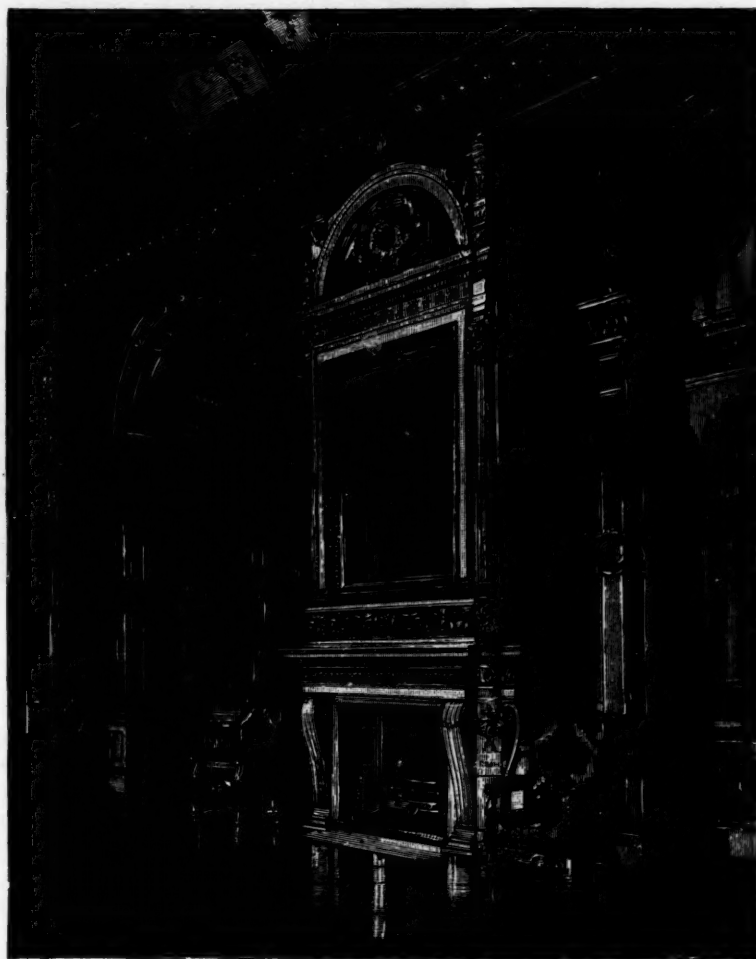
There is one feature in this arcade the presence of which I cannot help lamenting—the use of the broken entablature above the Corinthian capitals. There is, no doubt, plenty of authority for this amongst the masters of the later Renaissance, and it would be going much too far to say that the result is always bad. But the present example seems to be a little unfortunate. The reasons are clear. The entablature in Greek architecture was originally a series of horizontal mouldings on the face of the long stones which stretched from capital to capital, and bore the weight of the superstructure, whatever that might be. Its mouldings, then, were clearly designed to be the strong expression of horizontal continuity. They were calculated to convey the impression of great bearing power along considerable lengths; and the lowest marks the point

at which an evenly distributed weight is gathered on to the pillars and capitals as isolated points of support. When the Romans combined the arch with the architecture they had borrowed from the Greeks, they retained at least the appearance of a continuous entablature doing its work of support, which was, however, in reality, done by arches placed between the pillars (now reduced to pilasters). These arches were carried on piers, usually with moulded imposts broken by the pilasters. The next step was the abolition of the pilaster in late Roman times. But even down to the Romanesque days we find the entablature remaining as a second capital placed above the first. What the Renaissance architects did was to take the entablature exactly as it was without the arch at all, and place it between the capital and the spring of the archivolt, breaking it off short and returning its mouldings. In this position the reason of its existence is lost, and it becomes simply a portion of the capital. It was never designed for this purpose, and consequently not only looks very awkward, but also destroys the whole proportion, by making the said capital more than double the height intended.

Above this arcade the decoration depends chiefly upon gold and colour. The light is admitted from arched windows round three sides of the hall, fitted with tracery of gilt metal, and also from a skylight in the top of the dome. The tracery of metal has the advantage of giving back a bright reflection at night when the hall is lighted, instead of the gloomy darkness of ordinary windows uncovered by curtains. The arabesques between these windows are by Mr. Morgan; they represent fruit and flowers on a gold ground, and are thoroughly well executed. The paintings of the dome were designed and partly produced by Sir Coutts Lindsay, who indeed had control of all the decorative painting in the house. They are very good specimens of his work,

and give brilliant finish to the hall. I cannot help wishing that the large surfaces of plain gold had been a little toned, say by some slight diaper pattern running over them. Such an effect would have added much to the general harmony.

The saloon, one view of which is pictured below, is a large and well-proportioned room. The walls, covered with red damask, are devoted to pictures. The ceiling, a good piece of work of its kind, was designed by Mr. G. E. Fox, and executed by Mr. Alfred Morgan. The chimney-piece was designed by Alfred Stevens, the sculptor of the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is a fine bold design, though not in my opinion up to the level of his work in the dining-room. The green and red drawing-rooms follow in succession from the saloon. The ceilings of both were painted by Signor Anglinatti, while the frieze of the latter is a bright bit of work by Sir Coutts Lindsay. Some idea of the



DORCHESTER HOUSE.—V.: A MANTEL IN THE SALOON.

architectural treatment of the red drawing-room may be gained from our picture. A particularly happy device is the arrangement of lunettes fitted with open metal tracery over the windows, which not only give a good high light in the room, but have a successful architectural effect on the outside. The furniture of these drawing-rooms is well worth notice. Every piece is good of its kind, and is thoroughly adapted to the style of its surroundings and its individual place. With all this, it is nowhere overcrowded, so that the merit of each piece may be seen without confusion, and the dignity of the rooms is not destroyed.

Passing along a corridor, which is in reality the continuation of the gallery on the south side of the staircase, we come to the dining-room. This is in many ways the most interesting room in the house. The whole of the design, and the execution of all the finer work, is by Alfred Stevens. Unfortunately, he did not live to finish it. Had he done so, judging by the parts that are complete, this room would have been the gem of the house. As it is, however, the general harmony is destroyed by the strong contrasts between the finished and unfinished

parts, so that it is rather difficult to judge of the design as a whole. The wall-space is divided into compartments by Corinthian pilasters on plinths supporting the entablature and cornice, from which springs the coved ceiling. This ceiling, as it now is, forms no part of the original design, having been painted by Mr. Morgan after Stevens' death. The compartments of the wall are divided at about two-thirds of their height from the ground by an elaborately moulded string course running all round the room between the pilasters, forming a high dado, whilst a low dado is formed by the

continuation of the plinth mouldings. Between these the panels are filled with cut and engraved glass mirrors, surrounded by frames of dark wood elaborately carved and of great beauty, designed and executed by Stevens. The two most interesting features are the sideboard and the chimney-piece. The sideboard is shown in our first illustration.

Although in dark wood, it reminds us very much in character of the Wellington Monument. It is very elaborate, but the ornament is never allowed to interfere with or hide the principal forms, but is rather used to give them greater prominence and strength. There is no want of vigour, although the style is one which rather tempts the artist to produce only delicacy and grace, which qualities, however, are not wanting. The depth of shadow in the recesses is very pleasing, and the whole is well calculated to show off plate to the very best advantage.

Although from the same brain and hand, the chimney-piece in our full-page engraving is different work. Here Stevens sought after a massive breadth of effect. There is something of grandeur and repose in the two figures which reminds you in



DORCHESTER HOUSE.—VI. : A VIEW (FIRST FLOOR)
ACROSS THE HALL.

some degree of the work of Michelangelo. It is of no use stopping to inquire whether such a use of the human figure is legitimate. In this particular case the answer comes at once—that it has succeeded. It may be a *tour de force*; but a *tour de force* by a master may be permitted. Amongst all the artists of modern days, there seem to be only two who have possessed this particular quality of breadth—Mr. Watts in painting, and Alfred Stevens in sculpture; and Mr. Holford may be congratulated on possessing what is in many ways the latter master's greatest work.

EUSTACE BALFOUR.



THE LINEN-GATHERERS.
(Painted by Val Prinsep, A.R.A.)

VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A.: PAINTER AND DRAMATIST.

TO those who are curious in the science of first impressions, and of their effect on the infantine mind, a record of the birthplaces of eminent painters would have a singular interest; nor would it be altogether without its significance to the less subtle outer world. One thing which it would disclose on the surface is the large number of instances in which even typically English painters have been born away from British soil. Mr. Millais, it is true, whom we usually assign to the Channel Islands, can be claimed by Southampton; Miss Clara Montalba, with all her foreign graces of style, is a native of Cheltenham; Mr. Boughton was born here, and Mr. Hennessy in Ireland—their Americanism dating from the age respectively of three and of ten. But Mr. Whistler is American born; Mr. Alma-Tadema is from West Friesland; Mr. Legros comes from Dijon, where his great "Ex Voto" hangs in the public gallery; Mr. Hubert Herkomer is from Bavaria; and Mr. Tissot is a native of Nantes. And the list

is by no means exhausted; for Mr. Oules was born in St. Heliers, Mrs. Butler at Lausanne, and Mr. W. F. Yeames in Southern Russia, while Mr. Val Prinsep, the subject of the present sketch, owns India as his native land.

Although he left Calcutta at an early age, Mr. Prinsep continued to be connected with Hindostan. He belonged to what is called an Indian family. More than a century ago his grandfather left the Warwickshire vicarage of his father for the distant East, notwithstanding a warning which the parson received from a friend, in a letter still preserved, that "Clive was the very devil." The boy sought his fortune and won it. Of the next generation of the family no fewer than seven were in India at the same time. One of these, Mr. James Prinsep, first started a feeling for historical research in the Dependency; and another—the father of the painter—rose to be a member of the Council of India, and died in England, after sixty-five years of service.

"His honoured days," says his son, "were spared to welcome my return from India" [after the painting of the Durbar]; "but a fortnight after my arrival he fell asleep in the fulness of years, leaving for us, his children, and for his many friends, an example of that unselfish devotion to duty and unassuming ability found in many of those who have by their unrecognised labours made India what it is."

Mr. Val Prinsep was himself destined for the Indian Civil Service; but he gave up his appointment before he had completed his two years' residence at Haileybury, and devoted himself to the study of painting. First he went to Versailles, then to Paris, where he was the pupil of Gleyre, and then to Rome. Nor were foreign influences the only ones at work. Then, as now, Mr. Prinsep was a warm admirer of Mr. Watts. In these early days he was also an acolyte of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and his first picture was all after the manner of the Pre-Raphaelite school: a manner which was only a passing one with him, and which he abandoned mainly under the influence of one who is now his next-door neighbour in Holland Park Road, the President of the Royal Academy.

That first picture portrayed "How Bianca Capello sought to Poison the Cardinal de' Medici." It was hung on the line at the Royal Academy, to which the painter has contributed yearly ever since, and which elected him Associate in 1878. Very much in the order in which they were exhibited are "My Lady Betty," "Belinda," "Jane Shore," "Miriam Watching the Infant Moses," "A Venetian Lover," "Bacchus and Ariadne," "The Death of Cleopatra," "News from Abroad," "The Harvest of Spring," "Lady Teazle," "Newmarket Heath—the Morning of the Race," "The Gleaners," "A Minuet," "The Linen-Gatherers," "Reading Grandison," and "À Bientôt"—the last three being the works by which their painter was represented at the Paris International in 1878. Of these we reproduce "The Gleaners" and "The Linen-Gatherers," the latter one of the most attractive Academy pictures of its year. The breezy subject is pleasant, and the composition has that processional movement, added to quaint zigzag forms, which always takes the eye. The artist was happy, too, in treating, with only slight idealisation, one of the few paintable passages of English country-life still unhackneyed, because unsought by the conventional lovers of the picturesque. His linen-gatherers straggle homewards over the downs with the gait and action of nature; and this rare merit is united with solidity of drawing and of execution.

It was in 1876 that Mr. Prinsep received, somewhat unexpectedly, a commission which not only resulted in one enormous canvas, but which led to his treatment in a number of smaller pictures of those

Eastern subjects with which his name and fame will always be linked. Queen Victoria was to be proclaimed Empress of India in an Imperial Durbar at Delhi, and the Indian Government wished to have a picture of the brilliant scene to offer as a present to the Empress-Queen. Lord Lytton, with all the imagination of the poet, suggested in his telegram that Mr. Prinsep "would be able to make all necessary memoranda during the week the assemblage had to last." No such delusion flitted through the brain of the resolute artist, who, however, set out without delay for what was, after all, the land of his birth, and who was prepared to follow the Rajahs into their own quarters and sue for "sittings." This he did, as is well known to two publics—the artistic and the literary. A whole year was devoted to making the portrait studies which were to appear a little later in the great canvas occupying a wall to itself in the Royal Academy; and during that period Mr. Prinsep saw as much of India as has perhaps been seen by any one man; and what he saw he put down in a diary, which was subsequently published under the title of "Imperial India." In that volume we are allowed to accompany the artist on the travels which his great undertaking involved. We follow him from Bombay across the great continent eastward to Allahabad, northward through Rajpootana and the Punjab into the high valleys of Kashmere, down through the plains of Southern India to Madras and Mysore; we see him, perhaps with something like dismay on his face (a face, by the way, which Mr. Legros has rendered in our engraving with a quite masterly individuality), when he first saw the ugly erection of glass and iron, with reds and blues as crude as any which the Crystal Palace could show, in which the great ceremony took place; and then we go with him in the after-pursuit of Rajah, Maharajah, and Nizam, and watch him while he paints them in the insufficient light of their palaces, in the "prickly heat," and amid the irritating din of horns and the evil din of tom-toms. Holkar was what the artist calls his "first victim." "I never saw a man so bored," says Mr. Prinsep; but he frankly adds that he himself was bored equally. He made a bad start, and was horrified when the dreamy potentate, at the end of an hour, asked to see what had been done. "Ah!" sighed the artist by way of saying a "no" to which even a Maharajah could hardly object, "the great God himself took at least five-and-twenty years to make your Highness as beautiful as you are; how, then, can you expect me to reproduce you in half an hour?" Holkar smiled, and was, the artist flatters himself, "tickled."

In the course of his Indian tour, however, Mr. Prinsep stumbled on some dramatic incidents by which he could hardly fail to be impressed. Whether they will ever be turned to account by him on

canvas, or whether they will suggest situations for the stage, remains to be seen. Here, for instance, is a story from Ulwar. The Rajah of that state

home. When she had been there but a short time, the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in India, and the Rajah of Ulwar was compelled to leave his place and



VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A.

(From the Drawing by Legros.)

set envious eyes upon the neighbouring Rajah of Jeypore, because the latter had within his circle a beautiful Nautch girl. Vast sums were offered to Ganga—such was her name—if she would leave Jeypore and come to Ulwar. She yielded, and a *dhak*

of fast-trotting bullocks conveyed her to her new home. When she had been there but a short time, the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in India, and the Rajah of Ulwar was compelled to leave his place and to take part in his Royal Highness's reception. What would become of Ganga in his absence? The thought that she might return to Jeypore and the rival Rajah was too much for Sheodan Sing, and before his departure he offered to marry her in a left-handed fashion: she had gold bangles fastened

on her feet and was taken into the zenana. Again the woman's vanity in Ganga was touched, and again she yielded. But once in the zenana, there was no escape. She was perpetually imprisoned with rival queens, who, belonging to noble families, looked down on her as the dirt of the earth. Still, she stayed on—forgotten by the Rajah, who never saw her again, but who had his triumph in swaggering past the Rajah of Jeypore and boasting that he had

the marriage, she actually performed suttee, and happily the British Government insisted on the acknowledgment of the boy's legitimacy.

On his return to England, Mr. Prinsep composed his Durbar figures upon a canvas thirty feet long—a length which almost gives his picture a place among the curiosities of art. Nor were the difficulties of the subject any less than the size of the canvas; it was a giant among achievements which only a giant's



THE GLEANERS.

(Painted by Val Prinsep, A.R.A. By Permission of Sir Joseph Pease, Bart.)

singed his whiskers. In vain she wrote and begged to be liberated. In vain her old mother flung herself at the feet of the political agent with a similar petition. The zenana was sacred; what could he do? So Ganga took the affair into her own hands, and starved herself to death. Another Rajah of Ulwar, who had also married a Nautch girl, had a son. When the Rajah died the marriage was declared illegal and the son illegitimate. The widow was a Mohammedan, and did not believe, as Mr. Prinsep puts it, that "Paradise was to be attained by self-cremation." Yet, to prove the legality of

strength and resolution could have produced. The single figures and simple groups which Mr. Prinsep has since painted must have seemed to him a holiday task in comparison with the greater effort. Among these we need only mention two—that entitled "At the Golden Gate," which we engrave, and "The Roum-i-Sultana," exhibited in 1879 and purchased by the Prince of Wales. In the case of "The Golden Gate," the spectator may be left to make his own romance. There has evidently been some kind of "scene," for the broken cup on the floor tells tales, and the sultana—whose hair, by the way, is dressed

in remarkably occidental fashion—stands rebuked before the glorious golden portal of some tyrant's sanctum. This beautiful picture is principally a study—and a very successful study—of drapery in the small folds proper to the softer Eastern stuffs, and beloved by Greek art. In the "Roum-i-Sultana" the subject is suggested by a tradition that Emperor Akhbar had among his wives a European—a lovely blonde—who lived apart in a pavilion of her own at Futteypore-Sikri. She reclines on cushions, and a black attendant fans her weary face.

We have done but scanty justice to Mr. Prinsep the artist; we must refer in still scantier terms to

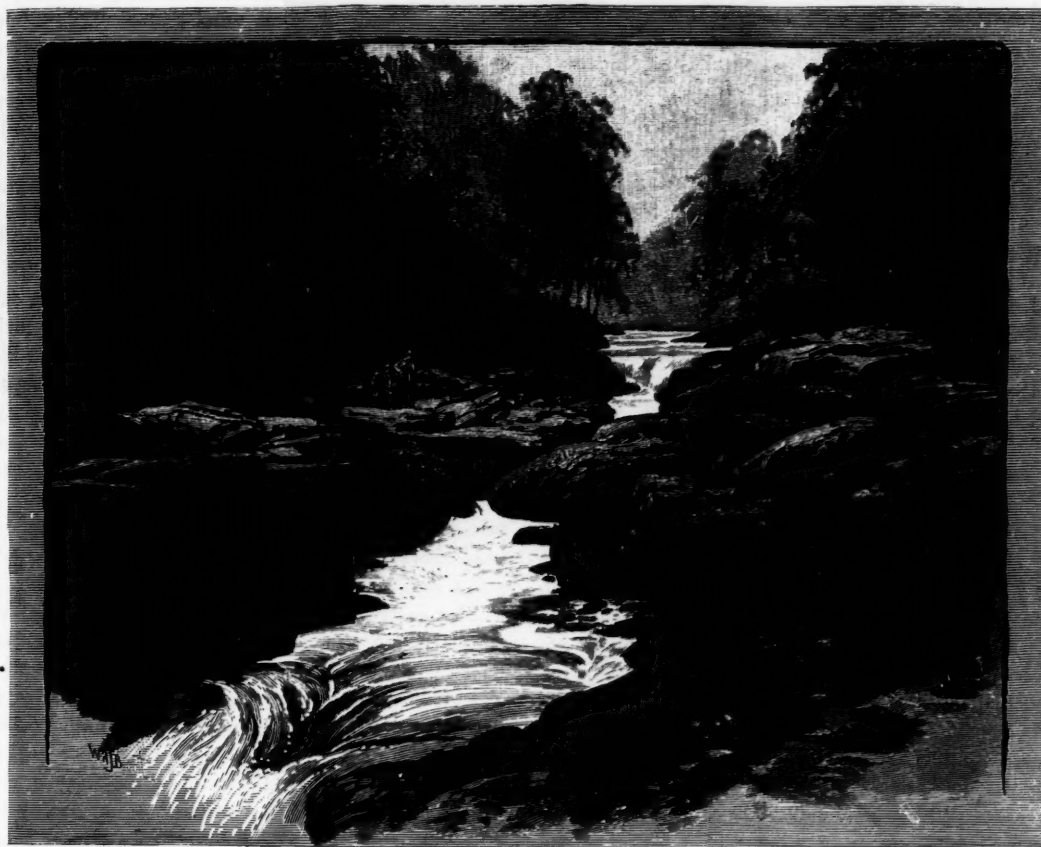
Mr. Prinsep the dramatist. Mr. Prinsep's literature is, of course, on another scale than Michelangelo's or Rossetti's; but his book on India, with its pleasant lack of premeditation, showed the possession of a ready writer's pen. And when a sprightly little play, called "Cousin Dick," won from the audience on the first night a call for the author, only the uninitiated were surprised to see Mr. Prinsep respond. "Cousin Dick," in 1879, was followed in 1880 by "M. le Duc," with its good strong dialogue and its powerful situations; but since then the dramatist's talent has been in abeyance, at least as far as the public is concerned.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

CRAVEN AND THE DALES.

THE deanery of Craven, probably Craigvean, the Stony Crag (Whitaker), is an irregular triangle of grit and limestone, extending about thirty miles south from the sources of the Ribble and the

Wharfe, to the parishes of Whalley on the southwest, and Bingley, near Bradford, on the east; and it includes about twenty miles of the course of the Aire, which flows from Malham Tarn about the centre of



CRAVEN AND THE DALES.—I.: THE STRID.

this district. Its name is one of the old local ones which north-countrymen delight in, in preference to designations better known to the postal service.

They always tell you they live in Cleveland, or Richmond, or Holderness, just as a north-western Highlander will refer you to Lochaber or Badenoch, to "Knoidart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer or Ardnamurchan." It is also the peculiar designation of the great limestone beds which form the most characteristic scenery of Yorkshire. The expression, the great Craven Fault, is, I believe, often misunderstood, particularly by unscientific readers of Charlotte Brontë's works. It does not denote the extraordinary wilfulness and uncontrollable eccentricity of the entire population, but is the geological name for an important dislocation of the calcareous beds, which—as our picture shows—is specially conspicuous at Malham Cove. I remember a long day there with Prof. Ruskin, and his unanswerable question, whatever did become of all the *débris* of that great disruption? and how is it that that

280 feet of sheer cliff stands without slope or talus at its foot, or sign of fallen boulders in any proportion whatever to its greatness?

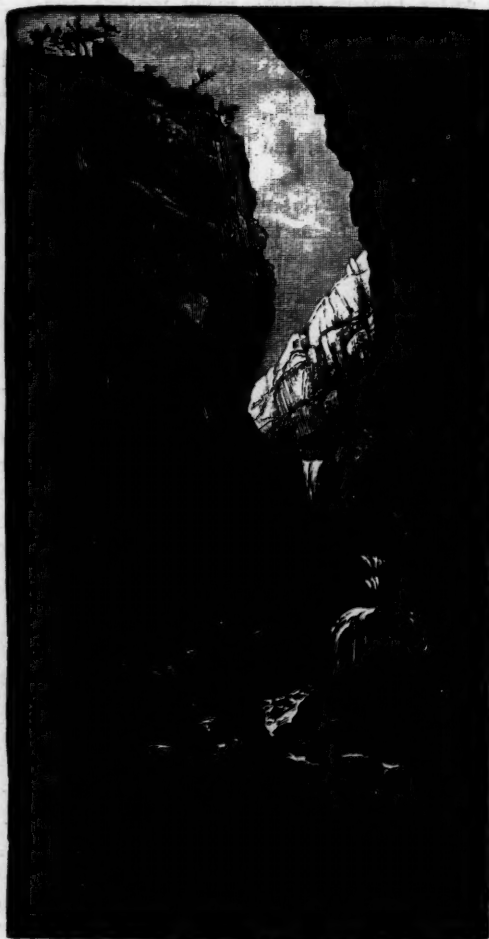
Archæology is generally considered slow reading; but nobody who cares for either history or natural beauty can think so of Dr. Thomas Durham Whitaker's quarto on the "History of Craven." It is the ideal of antiquarian description, by one wilful gentleman of Yorkshire for others like-minded. The Abbot of Ebor complained of the universality of that quality in the county; and if portraits as well as biography tell truth, the author on whom I chiefly rely for my facts was no exception. He seems to have been a very able and undeceivable man, punctilious in honour, most kind and generous in all action, but irascible and otherwise peculiar to an

extent which made him a kind of hermit, either in his great house at Whitley, or his other mansion at Little Milton, where he was wont to say that he contended

with the owls for possession. He and his works are marked by some of the best characteristics of modern historical study; by thirst for first-hand knowledge, by care in reference and record, and by faithful accuracy in observation.

I may have, perhaps, to speak of some dales not in Craven; still the mountain limestone bears that name, alternating with the shale and gritstone. The word "dale" is Norwegian; and other terms, like fell and force or foss, bear witness what race once prevailed in the land, though Penignt, and Pendle over in Lancashire, perhaps retain names of Celtic fastnesses. The dales have a scenery of their own, quite distinct from, though with various relations to that of Derbyshire, of the Lakes, of the Highlands, and North Devon. They are pastoral valleys, sufficiently wooded to make forest-craft a regular employment all the year round, like shepherding;

bounded by moors from 1,500 feet above the sea to nearly 3,000 in certain hill-tops. These are in their natural state clad with heather, which is periodically burnt, in the interests of grouse as well as of sheep, though the shepherd always wants much wider conflagration than the keeper. The ling, as heather is always called in these parts, is less rich on the limestone than on the grit, where it is combined with bilberries, crowberries, and cranberries, and all small fruit the gor-cock knows of. Below, one looks from the high moors down minor glens, or "gills" as they are always called (our picture of Posforth Gill will tell you what they are), to the higher pastures, which sometimes remind one of the Alps by their scattered dwellings of pastoral peace. They slope to the wider vale in vistas of steep quiet



CRAVEN AND THE DALES.—II.: GOREDALE SCAUR.

fields divided by weathered grey walls, which seem to go on century by century accumulating yellow lichens, and minute beauty of contrasted hue; while the side-long steps left in their sides in building determine ancient foot-paths through the grass, which priest and layman, lover and monk, shepherd, hunter, lady and milkmaid have trodden, life after life. "Frequented by few are the grass-covered roads;" and wayside "publics" find small encouragement. Trees begin with "old thorns at top of old fields"—as in Lucy Snowe's memory. Lower down, the ash and whitebeam love the limestone best, and are scattered about the pastures in a park-like way, and with a mountain freedom of growth on the rocky terraces. The beech and sycamore are a little lower, flourishing in either soil, but the oak delights to drive his perpendicular root *ad Tartara* between the cracks of the millstone. The Yoredale shale runs from Linton and Kirkby-Malham to the junction of Ribble and Hodder, near Clitheroe; and that is nearly all that concerns us about the structural geology of Craven. As scenery follows rivers, and rivers flow according to watershed, and that is determined by upheaval and denudation, drift and so on, I have to acknowledge my profound respect for that science, though I must deal with the outsides of things rather than with their anatomy.

Of the northern streams of Spenser's distich—

"Still Aire, swift Wharf, with Oze (Ouse) the mortal might,
High Swale, unquiet Nyd and troublous Skell"—

the two first, with Ribble, form the three chief vales or dales of Craven. Leland never visited Craven, and his accounts of them are slight though tolerably correct. Harrison, about forty years after, described Wharfedale with perfect accuracy. Camden is "coarse, though classically elegant;" and Drayton's "Polyolbion" sings the praises of the three rivers, and makes Ribble sing her own, thus:

"From Penigent's proud foot, as from my source, I slide:

• • • • •
And Ingleborough Hill, of that Olympian brood,
And Pendle, of the north the highest hills that be,
Do wistly me behold; and are beheld of me."

The picturesque of this pleasant land is very varied; but the easiest way to distinguish it seems to us to divide it into scenery on earth and under the earth. The dale itself—let us take Wharfedale, near Barden, and the Strid, for instance—may combine the interest of wild moorland with grouse and deer; of precipices, scaurs, and boulders; of a wild and beloved river; of fine ruins of historical interest; of big trees, and all beauty which can connect itself with flock or herd, with woodcraft and the chase, in its older and fairer aspects. One may read Wordsworth or Rogers there in peace, and quote

"Rokeby" with impunity. Why that poem should be thought so little of, neither I nor any other northman can understand—but at all events, the dales above ground have many charms for many spirits. Then far below the surface, in the penetralia of the limestone, run sunless rivers thundering unheard; and cleaving, mining, wearing, disintegrating, dissolving the rock into caverns; rushing into light for awhile and returning to their earth; reappearing, and at last consenting to publicity and the usual duties of conventional rivers. Now and then small streams like Steane Beck, in Nidderdale, pursue a kind of middle course, in channels far below the moor or woodland, but open to the sky, though with cliffs all but meeting above, and feathered with beech, birch, and alder. It may be best to take the surface scenery before the subterranean, though the latter has the attractions of mystery, or even terror, and has a depth of shadow adapted for woodcut. To illustrate the great monumental ruins of the Yorkshire dales is far beyond me, and I am not concerned with their historical



CRAVEN AND THE DALES.—III.: MALHAM COVE.

interests. We may perhaps, with Whitaker, put Bolton first as a feature in noble landscape, Rivaux and Fountains as specimens of architecture; and Kirkstall he places second to them.

Ribble then, soon after its rise above Horton on Cam Fells, beholds and is beheld of Ingleborough and Penignt, in the parish of Giggleswick, which includes the township of Settle (of which we have drawn and engraved the market-place for you) with others. At Ribble Head its deep and rocky valley begins; its first lion is the curious ebbing and flowing well, celebrated in Drayton's "Polyolbion" (Song 28), and accounted for as the transformed being of a panting nymph of Craven, who was turned into a fountain to escape the persecutions of a satyr. How they got so far north Drayton omits to mention. If they had come "a cracker" all the way from Arcady, that would account for the nymph's exhaustion. He says that being much out of

breath, she invoked the Topic (or local) gods (one adjective is as good English as the other), and—

"They turned her to a spring, which as she then did pant,
When, wearied with her course, her breath grew wondrous scant;
Even as the fearful nymph then thick and short did blow,
Now made by them a spring, so doth she ebb and flow."

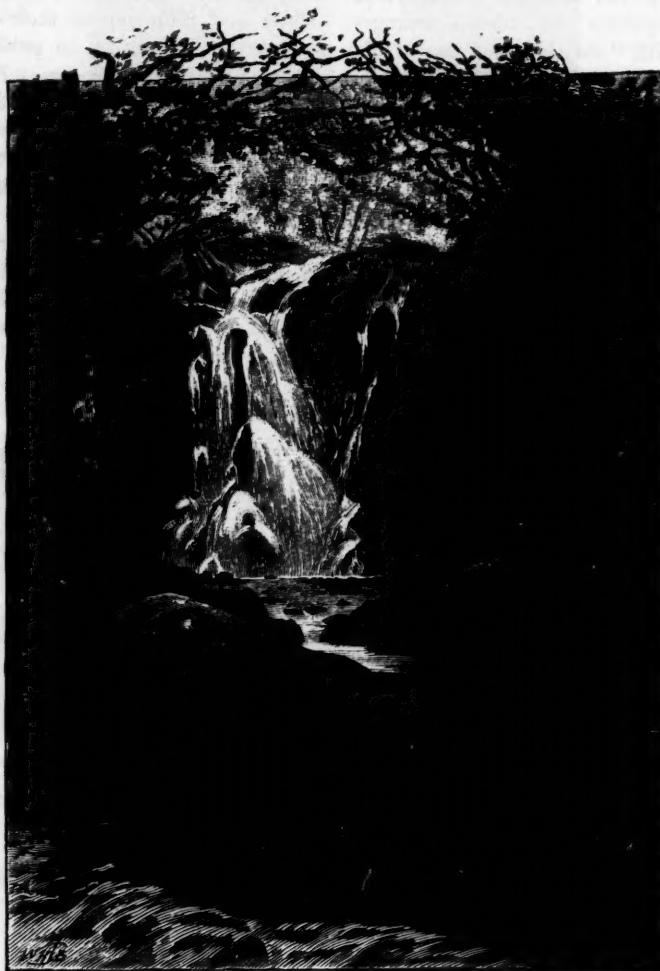
The Silurian slates appear in the stream near Horton, and on them rests the mountain limestone, with its dry and cloven terraces. These rise like endless flights of steps, and remind one of the hills of Palestine in that respect; they have their white

scours, and pavement-like spaces of bare rock, like the threshing-floor of Araunah: only that their cracks are full of dainty ferns. The slates appear again at Settle in this dale, and all the way across to Malham Tarn and Goredale. The Ribble scenery rises to grand mountain form in the hills overhanging Settle, which is the capital of Ribblesdale, and a pleasant place to stay

at for sketcher, geologist, or fisherman. The Ribble salmon come thus far and no further, being stayed by the pretty waterfall—just such a one as is shown in our sixth cut—called, I think, Stainforth Force, or Foss. He who has hooked and played, killed and eaten a sixteen-pound fish between this and Preston has had some fun in his time, and a dinner to be thankful for afterwards!

All the way the river winds in the same order, with successive changes and a rhythmic variety. From black pool to broad bright shallow, from millstone cliff or scarped quarry to birch and alder, or oak

and spruce cover; or between park-like pasture dotted with oak and ash and thorn; past Halton Place, well beloved, and Hellfield Peel, the oldest house save one in Yorkshire; always in view of Pendle Hill, the old abode of Lancashire witches. Dale changes to vale, more bucolic than pastoral. The half-wild herd gather and face you with bent brows a passing moment—perhaps an otter vanishes like a dream; the water-ouzzels slip in and out of little holes, clad in black, and with white ties like working clergy; a mallard gets up clattering from



CRAVEN AND THE DALES.—IV.: POSFORTH GILL.

the pool, or a cock pheasant goes off in the cover like a firework, or a harmless cabal of rabbits scuds off in a panic, or a squirrel runs up the farther side of a tree and contemplates you, sitting across a bough like a bird—the Craven character is lost in the broad rich comfort of the West Riding—but all is lonely still, and nothing more “cultured” than swede turnips for the flock offends the eye of shepherd or of hunter. So on to Preston and Lancashire and a far other world; we, however, cross the hills by Hellifield to Malham Tarn and all the springs of Aire.

There are three claimants for this title. Malham Tarn above Goredale comes first, and it is, I believe, certain that sawdust has been run through its subterranean outlet and reappeared in the Cove. It is singular that a sheet of water a mile long and fourteen feet deep in the middle can maintain itself on a stratum so full of secret fissures. Aireton Water is too far off; and Goredale Water, springing in the great scaur or ravine, can only be considered a feeder. The Cove (which is pictured in our third cut) is an extraordinary wall of limestone, rather concave, which absolutely closes

the little valley, and might remind one of the Cirque de Gavarnie. The beds lie as it were in vast courses of natural masonry, marked by grass and small trees and with rather arch-like hollows, but quite perpendicular. Whitaker speaks of a manufactory there, and calamine pits have been occasionally worked; but they are not open now, and the sweet desert is left to its peace, hardly disturbed by the occasional cattle-market of Kirkby Malham which is held at its opening near the town, where its waters unite with the Goredale beck. Much the same kinds of men and dogs, horses and oxen have held such meetings—at all events, since the foundations of Skipton Castle and Fountains Abbey in the twelfth century.

Goredale, or Gordale—the word has no sufficient etymology, but Du Cange (Whitaker, page 269) connects it with the old French Gorts, pronounced Gore, and related to Gurges; which is exactly what one wants. It must certainly have been a vast swallow-hole or pot-hole of other days, and that term of all others would best apply to it. It is a perfect scene with a perfect approach, one of the few places in England on an Alpine scale. The cliffs, as our illustration will show, form a very irregular cirque or rotunda about the same height as the Cove (say 300 feet). It just opens “its ponderous and marble



CRAVEN AND THE DALES.—V.: BARDEN TOWER.

“jaws” (this is Whitaker’s most apt quotation) to the light above. The popular idea of its narrowness may be estimated by an absurd tradition that one of the Tempest family once leaped a horse over it, on which Whitaker observes that the animal must have been a hippogriff. The stone is almost marble in hardness, and rings to the voice of its many streams with a chiming echo. The floor of the chasm is heaped with boulders of all sizes, all fringed with heather ferns and rich with a flora enumerated as to its rarer species at page 606 of Whitaker. A few native yews cling for their lives above; some white skeletons, some black dwarfs, gnarled with the strife of years. I never saw the Scaur in snow, but should think it one of the most glorious scenes in the world under the circumstances. I know not why painters avoid it.

The picturesque of Airedale soon comes to an end. Flasby and its Fell are a lovely haunt, sylvan and pastoral alike. Eshton stands fair and stately before its hills, with its good collection of pictures, and a true painter and hunter for its heir. Also Coniston Hall is a pleasant place, with a lake full of nice perch; but from Gargrave, the Aire is an insignificant stream in the low country. Wherefore let us back to Penigent and Ingleborough and the northern fells, where Wharfe springs close to Ribble

— “a sister-nymph, beside

her urn.” She is a fair and occasionally fractious relative, and Romans called her Verbeia. On one occasion, says our authority, she nearly drowned a Roman prefect, Claudius Fronto, at a deep and stony *trajectus*, or ford, and Camden nearly met the same fate about fourteen centuries after. “*Ipsa enim equiti perinfestus est Wherf*,” he naturally complains; “*quod ipse non sine periculo meo sensi cum has regiones perlustrarem: saxa enim habet adeo lubrica ut equi vestigia fallant, aut unda rapidior subducatur*.” Whitaker compares this circumstance of the rolling gravel and boulders to Livy’s

account (lib. xxi.) of the Durance:—“*saxa glareosa volvens nihil stabile nec tutum præbet*.” The deep swallow-holes and chasms of the limestone rock in the early course of Wharfe above Kettlewell are part of the subterranean picturesque of Craven. Above ground all that is seen of them is often a wide-mouthed and treacherous funnel of greensward, and below there is heard a sound of waters. Nobody

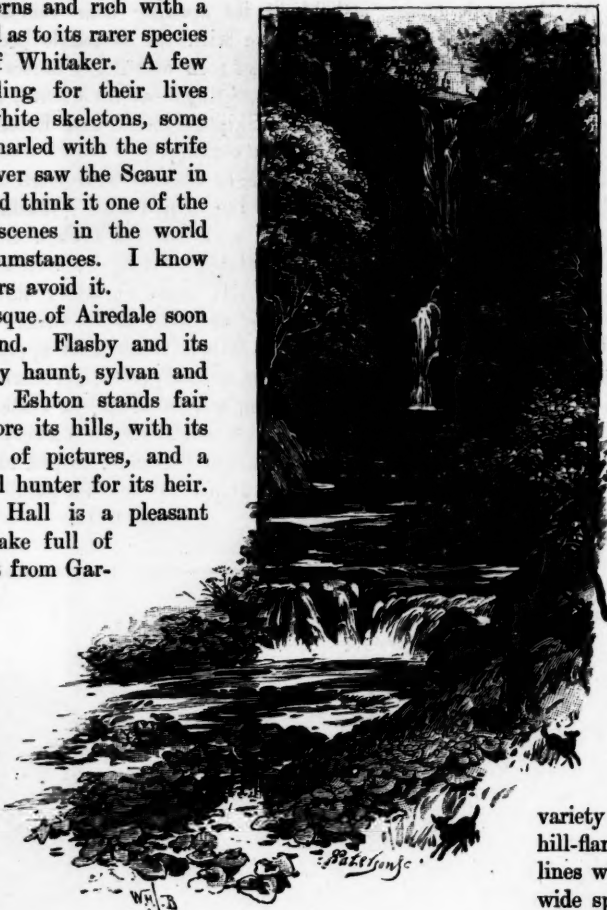
who goes too near the resident Kelpie will ever be heard of more.

Kettlewell is fifteen miles below the source of Wharfe, and above Linton; Linton is three above Burnsall, where we leave the limestone and enter on the grit, with its richer colours of heather and forest. Till then the river is broad and pebbly, the purple moors are withdrawn from the landscape; and till they return to us below, our scenery is all light tones of green and grey. The woods have been rather lately and very rashly cut away from the upper glen, but here the ashes toss their strong arms, graceful as Spartan youths and maidens. They are grey-stemmed and of light green foliage; all the houses are of the same monotony of stone-colour to those who do not look hard at them, and show the same subtle

variety of hue to those who do. The hill-flanks fall into noble sweeping lines which suggest, beyond all others, wide space, free range, and the strong life of the northern land. The silver stream is full of silvery trout, and he

who can catch them with the fly may call himself a fisherman from Dan to Beersheba, or from Devon to Sutherland; and from the dale side shine out scaurs and ledges and taluses of white limestone, which blind one somewhat in the sun, but make glorious lights against the blue æther.

Then from Burnsall to Barden, and from Barden to Bolton, in fine weather, a sketcher, or any one else, ought to be happy. We really think he is wrong if he is not, in the presence of such great and simple beauty; facing the full charm of sylvan England—sitting on a grey stone, under the shade of a young



Craven and the Dales.—VI.: KETTERICK FORGE.

birch-tree, and as much at rest as the late Sir Arthur O'Kellyn—looking down dale over cliffs and waters, and moors all Tyrian, and woods all green and gold. For these are the normal and natural pleasures of the spirit of man, and the sight of them was distinctly intended for his soul's delight. These things if you do not like, it is your *maxima culpa*, and not theirs.

The vale deepens, the woods close in; reaches and pools no longer alternate quietly; huge boulders and bottomless cracks disturb the rest of Verbeia (at least they occur in her bed, and may be credited with that effect in figure). At all events about Dribley Mill, and again continuously after Barden Bridge—

"From pool to eddy, dark and deep
You hear her streams repine."

As for the Strid, a glimpse of which is shown in our first illustration, it is to this day one of the most beautiful and uncanny rapids in any English river; resembling the Linn of Dee on a smaller scale, and hollowed in Yorkshire gritstone instead of Aberdeenshire granite. In a moderate water it is perfectly

easy to jump across, at the right place, and there is a rather wider but quite easy leap back again a little higher up. I remember seeing a squirrel come

scampering from the abbey woods, straight for the narrowest point; and how his back and brush flashed red and gold for an instant as he "nipped" clean over from rock to rock. The jump is easy, no doubt, but you *must* get over, because if you do not, there is a violent rush and strong undercurrent of water all charged with air, in which no swimmer can do much; and fatal accidents have repeatedly occurred, twice within my memory of about

ten years. The spot is a favourite resort of Leeds and Bradford picnics, and even intoxication cannot preserve some people from casualty. However, from Barden Tower, which is shown in our fifth engraving, to the Strid, is a steep gorge, which opens before the abbey on a bay of glittering meadow. It is about two miles of such rock and scaur, wood and river, as delighted the soul of Turner even to hoar hairs. Perhaps Rivaulx had an equal share in his affections, but he literally wept, in his last days, when he remembered Bolton.

R. ST. J. TYRWHITT.



GRAVEN AND THE DALES.—VII.: SETTLE MARKET-PLACE.

"NEWS FROM THE WAR."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL HOFF.

THE scene of Herr Hoff's picture refers to times anterior to telegraphs, newspaper bulletins, and gazettes. The rank and file fell on the battle-field without official cognisance of the fact; their lovers and friends were persuaded of their decease only after many months of anxiety. For those in high places special despatches carried intelligence of success or disaster at the extreme speed and urgency of steed and spur. It is possible that the older and tardier system was productive of less anguish than the precision and brutal brevity of the modern gazette. If the agony of suspense was then greater, the expectancy of hope was of longer duration. On the other hand, men long considered dead occasionally reappeared, coming like ghosts to trouble joy.

In "News from the War," the chill of death is conveyed to a noble family. The cavalier, who is so sympathetically regarding the afflicted lady thus

smitten in her own house, has ridden hard and with great distaste for his commission. The sympathy of the hound is touchingly indicated; the priest is administering his ghostly comfort, while the younger lady has perhaps been faintly combating the intelligence with objections that have no basis even in hope. Many will be the supplications addressed before the little shrine in the wall, and resignation will supplant grief, but for one of the group the chief delight of life is henceforth retrospective. In such scenes as this, if but the true sentiment is powerfully given by the artist, it prevails over all other critical considerations, and conquers by its unaffected and natural truth. No mere dexterous reproduction of texture, no technique however brilliant, may altogether atone for failure in conveying the deep pathos and strong human interest of the situation.



NEWS FROM THE WAR.
(From the Picture by Carl Hoff.)

A Bristol Figure.

RAISED on a little carven corner shelf,
Half hidden by a curtain, stands a figure,
Too small to have been left there by itself,
But that it seems to claim a right to space—
This baby gentleman with shirt of lace,
And small forefinger curving round a trigger.

A trigger only, for the dainty hand
Has lost the rest of what was once a pistol,
But still remains the spirit of command—
The dandy grace heroic of the boy—
That makes me think of Dresden and of Troy,
Although I recognise the paste as Bristol.

So more from habit than desire to know,
Down from its lonely stage I softly whisk it,
And turn it up, and, sure enough, below,
"A triangle enclosing two crossed swords—
Impressed," a mark which plainest proof affords
The piece is nothing less than Bristol biscuit.

And then I hear a hurried cry of "Oh,
Don't touch." And, ere the sentence is completed,
A slender lady with a face of woe
Has gently seized the figure from my hand,
Replaced it carefully upon its stand,
And bid me in a chilly voice "Be seated."

"Your business, sir," she says; and I begin
To tell this victim of the china fashion
That I have come in search of next of kin,
To some one who has died without a will,
And soon her eyes grow kind, attentive, still,
Without a symptom of their recent passion.

Yes—as she sat there silent in her chair,
I thought I never saw more sweet a creature.
And when she spoke I found her wise as fair.
Indeed 'twas hard my senses to convince
She was the lady who a moment since
Showed signs of "temper" both in voice and feature.

And as I rose I said, "I thank you much
For all your courtesy to me, a stranger.
I fear you thought me very rude to touch
Your Bristol boy. I have a piece or two
Worthy of such a connoisseur as you,
And know the shock of seeing them in danger.

"'Tis injured, but indubitably fine,
And, if you'll trust in one who has offended,
I know a man—a genius in his line—
Whom I and just a very few employ.
He will restore for you your little boy,
So that you'll scarcely know he has been mended."



"No, no, forgive me, but for me the charm"
(Her face grew strangely solemn as she spoke it)
"Lies only in the little broken arm.
Restore my boy—you knew not what you said—
I had a little son, sir, who is dead,
And I was angry with him when he broke it."

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

EXHIBITION POPULARITY.



JUST ten years have elapsed since it occurred to Mr. Algernon Graves to overhaul the principal Art Exhibition Catalogues of London, from 1760, with a view partly to test the accuracy of their indexing, and partly statistical—to be able to have all the titles of the works of each artist visible at a glance. It may be fairly assumed that he little contemplated at that time the extensive research and exhaustive inquiry which the idea involved. It is needless to say that he found numerous errors in the hundreds of catalogues he consulted: in some instances works of art are altogether absent from their rightful index; in others the names of artists, then unknown but afterwards famous, have escaped the original compiler's notice. He has carried his labours so far as to embrace the period of one hundred and twenty years (1760—1880), and his vast MS. Catalogue consists of twenty-nine folio volumes, containing 25,000 pages. Besides this immense undertaking, Mr. Graves is completing a subsidiary work of great interest and value. This is an alphabetical list of artists who have exhibited within the period named, with the number of their exhibited works, which includes no fewer than 10,000 names not previously met with in dictionaries of this nature. The value of these compilations is obvious, but the full appreciation of Mr. Graves's work must become strikingly apparent in the future, as the zeal of collectors increases with the lapse of time.

Frequent consultations of these statistics have abundantly vindicated their utility. To the student of art and to the public generally they suggest questions of wider and more popular interest than appear on the surface. As presenting data by which the popularity of public characters may be gauged, they are of curious and even piquant value. During the period referred to, Mr. Graves's index reveals no less than two hundred and forty-one celebrities, whose portraits have been exhibited on six or more occasions, in sculpture, painting, or engraving. The exhibitions in which these had place are those of the Society of Artists, the Free Society, Suffolk Street, and the Royal Academy.

In considering this list of portraits, mere frequency in catalogues must not in every case be cited as conclusive proof of popularity, nor can the test of numbers be applied with equal force and justice to persons flourishing towards the end of the period indicated, as to those whose zenith of notoriety was

attained earlier in the century. For instance, it would be unfair to assume that Mr. Henry Irving enjoys less popularity than John Munden did, because he is credited with six representations to fifteen of the latter. But, with a few exceptions, Mr. Graves's list affords a correct index to popular feeling towards public characters, and it presents few anomalies that are not capable of explanation. Several great names are absent, but they are chiefly literary characters of the type that is disdainful of notice. Artists themselves generally figure to greater advantage, perhaps, than the verdict of to-day would ratify; while instances are not rare of mere ephemeral or accidental notoriety giving a prominence to persons almost forgotten now.

The Duke of Wellington heads the list with a considerable majority. It is an eloquent proof of his popularity that no fewer than one hundred and thirty-eight portraits, in one form or another, were exhibited during his lifetime. Her present Most Gracious Majesty takes the second place with one hundred and seventeen, and is closely followed by George IV. with one hundred and fifteen. The dual character of Wellington, as statesman and warrior, partly accounts for the superiority of his position to that of Nelson, who numbers forty-five exhibits. Napoleon's twenty-three must be taken to represent the force of public curiosity to see the lineaments of that national bugbear, and not as a measure of appreciation. It is not surprising to find that Mrs. Siddons is well to the front of the theatrical profession with forty-three, and Garrick second with thirty. These instances, and those of John Philip and Charles Kemble with twenty-five each, are probably just indications of esteem, such as the profession and public would even now admit. It is somewhat strange to find Edmund Kean, the prodigious Shylock, Othello, and Sir Giles Overreach, with ten only, and headed in the list by his son, Macready, Charles Mathews, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Charles Kean, and Bannister, the friend and pupil of Garrick. Master Henry Betty, the famous "Young Roscius," seems to have been honoured by artists to an equal extent with Fawcett, Liston, and Miss Fanny Kemble, who all figure eight times, while he is only in a minority of one compared with the superior claims of Cooke, Miss Helen Faucit (Mrs. Theodore Martin), Mrs. Jordan (the beautiful Dorothy Bland), and Miss Mellon. But the "young Roscius" was the cynosure of the town, a fashionable rage that was of furious, if brief attraction. Among anomalous positions held

in this list by actresses, that of Miss O'Neil, who is only represented seven times, is the most singular. Her beauty, no less than her rare tragic power, should have obtained further recognition than this from portrait-painters. Another actress, celebrated for her beauty and pathos, Henrietta Smithson (afterwards Madame Hector Berlioz), appears at the end of the catalogue: an unaccountable fact, considering the success of her Letitia Hardy in "The Belle's Stratagem," her Juliet and her Ophelia.

Artists are well represented; but the unpopularity of Turner and Constable—with three and two respectively—is striking, and we should certainly have expected to find more than seven portraits of Sir Francis Grant. Instead of a fashionable and popular President of the Royal Academy, like Reynolds or Lawrence, at the head of the list of artists, we have Sir Benjamin West considerably beyond all others. This is partly due to his long official tenure and the direct patronage of the king; for he was never so popular as Reynolds, nor so fashionable as Lawrence, and he neither possessed the prestige nor the personal attractions of those artists. While Thorwaldsen, among sculptors, is in the lowest division of the catalogue, Gibson holds the place of honour. To a similar caprice of fashion, Flaxman's position is far beneath that of Chantrey, though he is better placed than Canova or Nollekens. After West, whose features are portrayed no fewer than thirty-eight times, Northcote takes the second place among painters with twenty-three, Reynolds and Lawrence following with seventeen and fifteen respectively. Then we find among great names like Wilkie and Stothard a number of men scarcely so well known but all well represented—Henry Bone, R.A., E. H. Bailey, R.A., and Sir W. Chambers, R.A. Some men who enjoyed a high but fugitive renown, like Paul Sandby and Farington, are fairly placed, while artists of such genuine popularity as Maclise and Mulready are unduly low in the list, with eight portraits each. While the reputation of Henry Sass was important enough to ensure the exhibition of his features on six occasions, Westall—with two—Etty—with two—Webster—with four—and a host of respectable names, are of course absent.

Literary characters take strangely arbitrary positions. It is natural enough to find Scott distancing all competitors with thirty-seven exhibits, and to note that Byron, who is second with twenty-one, is emphatically apart from his old antagonist Southey, who is represented thirteen times. But it is singular to see Dr. Parr in a majority of seven over Dr. Johnson. Perhaps his famous wig proved as irresistible to artists as it did to Sidney Smith and Peacock. While Dickens is placed high on the list with nineteen, Thackeray has but five. Among

poets Wordsworth seems to have been in high favour with artists, and Campbell, Moore, and Mr. Tennyson are all well represented. Thomson and Allan Cunningham hold good places with eight each; yet Coleridge goes no further than four. Cruikshank has a place in this goodly company, but unaccompanied by either Rowlandson or Gillray. Lady Blessington, the famous Irish beauty, the most fashionable of blue-stockings, is far from being in close proximity to Count D'Orsay.

Lord Brougham's experience in the art of achieving notoriety gives him a superior place even to Pitt and Fox, and he heads the list of statesmen. While Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone are highly represented, Lord Beaconsfield takes but four. Here, certainly, Mr. Graves's list is no test of popularity. Another anomaly is the presence of Warren Hastings, but without the company of Edmund Burke, of whom but five portraits have been shown. William Cobbett, too, is absent (only three of him having been exhibited), while Joseph Hume and O'Connell are specially favoured. It is striking to find Chatham almost the lowest in the list of statesmen and far below Washington. Ecclesiastical dignitaries are extremely well represented, though not numerically in high positions. Dr. Vernon, Archbishop of York, is most favourably placed; but there are few celebrated divines of the period absent from the list. It is perhaps noticeable that whereas Archbishop Manning and Cardinal Wiseman occupy high places, Cardinal Newman—of whom but five have been seen—is absent. Portraits of Sir Rowland Hill seem to have been more frequently exhibited than those of his namesake at Surrey Chapel, while so striking a figure as John Wesley, "the brand plucked from the burning," is only represented by six.

These statistics undoubtedly reveal the capricious influences of popularity. The first exhibition of a celebrity led to others by rival portrait-painters, and a species of competition ensued. But in the first instance there was generally a genuine popular demand. How it is that public characters, engaged in similar pursuits, who apparently enjoyed equal reputation when living, are not all represented in Mr. Graves's compilation is not always clear. For instance, we find Curran and Grattan, but not Lord Avonmore; Murchison, but not Lyell; Sir William Curtis, but not Beckford or Wilkes; Catalani and Jenny Lind, but neither Grisi—responsible but for five portraits—nor Tietjens. The value of Mr. Graves's researches does not admit of a doubt. The final results of his immense labours will ultimately find a fitting place in the Print-room of the British Museum, where they will supply a want that has long been acutely felt.

J. ARTHUR BLAICKIE.

LATER GOTHIC GLASS IN ENGLAND.

THE progress of glass-painting was always picture-wards; but even more persistently was it in the direction of light. Towards the Fifteenth Century an ever larger proportion of white glass was used, and that of a purer white; whilst the coloured glass was, on the whole, lighter and thinner in quality. Even before any marked change was noticeable in design or detail the brighter and gayer scale of colouring foretells something of the character which belongs to the coming style. A very striking instance of this occurs in the great east window of Gloucester Cathedral, in which the style of the glass-painting appears to have lagged considerably



LATER GOTHIC, FAIRFORD.

behind that of the architecture. In type the stonework is absolutely Perpendicular, whilst the glass is as absolutely Decorated. Yet, if the forms affected by the artist are the familiar forms of the middle period, the colours are the colours of the later phase of Gothic. This window, which may be ascribed to the year 1350 or thereabouts, shows how soon the tendency towards a lighter scale of colour developed itself. The Perpendicular period of glass-painting extends over something more than a century and a half. Whinston includes under the title of "Perpendicular" all glass from 1380 to 1530. It is more practical, I think,

to classify it according to character than according to date. It matters less to us whether an example belong to this year or that, than whether it mark a phase in the development of the art. But the amateur may identify the last Gothic period with glass of the Fifteenth and early part of the Sixteenth Centuries—until, in fact, the Renaissance began to assert itself.

In a great deal of the earliest Perpendicular glass there is a flatness and thinness of tint suggestive of timidity, as if in the reaction against the coarseness of Decorated work the artist had sought safety in holding himself back, determined at all events not to err in the way of excess. There is a

large class of windows that may be grouped under the title of red-white-and-blue windows, in which there is absolutely little variation upon the very simple scheme of white and red figures upon a blue ground, or blue and white figures upon a ruby ground, the ruby and blue being for the most part carefully kept asunder by intervening white. Some yellow stain occurs always, but it does not very distinctly claim attention. Windows of this kind are pleasant enough in effect, but their beauty is of a kind too negative to kindle enthusiasm. This timidity of colouring, however, does not seem to have lasted very long; it may even have been more a local feature than characteristic of any period. At all



LATER GOTHIC, FAIRFORD.

events the windows in the ante-chapel of New College, Oxford, which date from about the year 1380, and belong therefore to the earliest examples of the Perpendicular period, are as rich in tone as it is possible for windows to be in which there is so large a proportion of white glass. The grandeur of these windows is the more remarkable when we come to consider the comparatively uninteresting character of the canopy work, of which it is so largely composed, and the downright rudeness of the figure drawing. In many instances the heads are nearly twice the size of nature, and the hands and feet are "displayed" more after the fashion of botanical specimens that have been pressed in a book than like anything in human anatomy. For all that they justify themselves; and we lose all sense of imperfection in the dignity and beauty of their effect. Something of this is due to breadth of treatment; something to beauty of material; most of all perhaps to the way in which the artist has felt the capabilities of the material with which he had to do, and brought out all the qualities of glass. To compare these windows with the futile effort of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which occupies the west window of the same chapel, is almost to apprehend what may be done in glass and what cannot.

Yet the later Gothic glass-painter showed that the art could be carried far beyond the point at which it is left by the craftsmen of the Fourteenth Century. In the course of the next hundred years a degree of pictorial perfection was reached, which proves glass-painting to have been little, if at all, behind the very highest art of that time. It was characterised not seldom by a delicacy of execution and a beauty of detail which left nothing to be de-

sired, unless it were just something more of reticence and self-restraint.

The famous windows at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, monopolise rather more than is their due of fame. Executed somewhere about the beginning of the Sixteenth Century, they embody most of the qualities of the period when Gothic glass-painting was approaching its culmination; but they contain few instances of exceptional excellence, either in design or execution; and in some respects they barely reach the high level of contemporary workmanship. The chief excellence in them lies in their colour, and no little of that is due to the years that have intervened since they were painted. Old glass is always indebted more or less to time and accident for its effect. Something of the quality of the colour itself is accounted for by the disintegration of the material. Its surface is in parts quite eaten away, and everywhere it is specked and pitted with minute holes, which not only occasion a variety in the colour according to the variation in the thickness of the substance, but by refracting the transmitted light give to the glass a lustre which no even surface could afford. In the Fairford glass the tints are mellowed than usual. The white in particular is stained with greens and greys of indescribable variety and delicacy, and this peculiar variation proves to be due to the fact that



LATER GOTHIC, COLOGNE.

the glass is encrusted on the outside with all manner of minute lichen. The windows are said to have been buried for a time, out of the way of the iconoclasts. This may have hastened the decay of the surface of the glass, and so encouraged the growth that now glorifies it.

The design consists mainly of figures and subjects,

framed in canopies, the only important exceptions being the east and west windows, on which are represented respectively the scene of the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment, each subject being carried across the window through all its five lights. Unhappily the Crucifixion is sadly dilapidated, and the Last Judgment yet more sadly restored. Some years ago there was hot controversy as to the origin of this series of windows. They were attributed by some to Albert Dürer, by others to a Flemish source. Certainly they are not English work. There is proof of that in the canopies, and still more plainly in the little figures in grisaille which occur in the tracery. Neither are they by Dürer. There are abundant instances in them of draughtsmanship of which the great German draughtsman could not have been guilty even in his raw youth; and there is literally no internal evidence (nor any documentary it would seem) to show that Dürer had anything whatever to do with them. Between German and Flemish work of the period to which they belong there is not much to choose. Without pretending to determine to which country they belong, one may safely say that there is nothing in the windows themselves to justify their being attributed to an artist of greater capacity than the unknown authors of many windows quite as beautiful scattered over England and all the Continent. The husband of Agnes Frei was not wont to show in his work any great appreciation of a high type of female beauty; but it is unlikely that he would have drawn a figure so ill as that of Eve in the subject of the Temptation—as unlikely as that an artist who had not, so far as is known, had any particular experience in glass-painting should have managed the stubborn material with such consummate skill as is shown in the glazing.

The accompanying engravings of the prophets Malachias and Jeremias give a fair idea of the series of larger standing figures. They are good examples of the period, though not among the best. Perhaps some of the Persecutors (in the clerestory) might be put in that category; but they are placed too far from the eye for one to judge them very accurately. Some of these are indeed fine in design, and still finer in colour. Why, I wonder, did the artist reserve his supreme effort for the enemies of the Church? Was he a heathen at heart, giving secret vent to his feelings, and glorying in the impunity with which he could express himself in his own language? No, he was probably not in the least an unbeliever, but only an artist, just a trifle tired of the conventional saints and subjects "as before," glad of an opportunity to do something not so same and tame, and revelling in it when the occasion came. There is nothing at Fairford so splendid in colour as certain of these Persecutors, except in the

unrestored portions of the west window. It was of course intended that there the horrors of hell should be represented in all the terror of reality. But the artist certainly allowed himself some expression of grim humour—not altogether irreligious. No less obvious is the enjoyment he must have taken in the colour of the flames and of the evil spirits in the midst of them. It is this same love of colour that accounts for the delight the mediæval artist invariably took in dragons and devils and hell-fire itself. At Fairford, in the tracery openings above the lights which contain the figures of the persecutors, little devils are appropriately lodged where in the ordinary way little angels would likely be found. They haunted my memory for some time after I saw them—not as anything very terrific, but as bits of beautiful colour. Many and many are the beautiful fiends to be met with in old windows—black and brown and purple devils, dancing in the midst of ruby flames, with beads of white eyes that look cruel, white carnivorous teeth, or yellow tusks; devils that are themselves apparently red hot; devils green and grey, possessed of an iridescent and unholy kind of beauty; devils blue, and beautiful enough to scare away from the beholder blue devils less tangible that may have had possession of him. Beauty of colour apart, these crude conceptions of the Evil One strike us nowadays simply as grotesque. Yet they were doubtless very real to the men who drew them, and sometimes there is a grimness about them that is impressive even yet. In a church at Beauvais there is a window in which the struggle of a woman with the fiend is represented with tragic energy. It sets one wondering who this poor creature was, wrestling in the arms of the Evil One? Did she escape, or was she dragged down?

To the last, Gothic glass shows by its very naïveté that the artists believed in what they represented. There was no doubt in their minds about the actuality of the things they portrayed, or they could never have set them forth so simply. The absolute impossibility of successfully realising a scene did not deter them from trying. In the Temptation window at Fairford, Paradise is pictured in the background with familiar architectural features, quaintly Gothic, and a trim little fountain in its midst. The Creation is a favourite subject in old glass. At Malvern Abbey there is a capital example, very beautiful in colour. There is no flinching before the difficulty of rendering the division of the light from the darkness, the separation of the waters from the dry land, and the like. Indeed the problem is sometimes solved with considerable ingenuity, though not altogether in a way that commends itself to us. There would be some absurdity in these days in representing the Creator as he is figured, for example, at

Chalons sùr Marne, in the form of a venerable pope, with crimson robe and triple crown. One of the most daring designs ever put into stained glass is to be found in the church of All Saints (North Street) at York. It is in illustration of an old Northumbrian legend, called "The Pryck of Conscience." In it are boldly figured such subjects as "the fishes roaring," "the sea a-fire," "a bloody dew," and, as a climax, "the general conflagration of the world"!

At York, as I have said, is some of the very finest glass of the latest Gothic period. In this very church of All Saints is a window made up of scraps of old glass, among which occur some heads that are really beautiful (a rare thing in Gothic glass), and painted with exceeding delicacy. In the same window is a portion of white drapery which is diapered, as our last illustration shows, with delightful elaboration. This delicacy of painting and rich elaboration of detail are highly characteristic of the best late Gothic glass; but there is no really fine example of either to be found in the Fairford windows. At St. Michael's (Sparrowgate) are the remains of a very beautiful window, in which is represented, after the fashion of the period, the genealogical tree of Jesse. The individual action of the figures, which are executed almost entirely in white glass, is as far removed as possible from the popular idea of "stained glass attitudes." Again, in the church of St. Martin-cum-Gregory, in the same city, are some figures nearly all in white on white (quarry) backgrounds, which, for all the simplicity of the scheme of colouring, hold their own, and are, moreover, exceedingly delicate in effect. Painted windows all in grisaille, or all in white and yellow, were not at all uncommon in late Gothic work. Perhaps they occur more often in England than elsewhere. They are invariably delicate in effect, and the artist managed usually to get the most beautiful effects of golden-yellow stain. Yellow stain, by the way, formed a very marked feature in late work. The Fairford windows contain no very gorgeous instance of it, but in the remains of English glass in the old church at Cirencester, not many miles distant, there are some beautiful examples of golden-feathered seraphim.

Some of the most beautiful glass of the Fifteenth and early Sixteenth Centuries in this country is to be found in the priory church at Great Malvern; and there is a vast quantity of it, too: not exactly *in situ*, for the greater part of it has been at some time removed from its original position to fill windows which had been denuded of their glass, or to make up gaps in those which had been only partially destroyed. This is the more to be regretted, because where the glass has not been disturbed it shows evidence

of decided intention on the part of the designer, and of some originality also. It would be difficult to find anything at once more simple and more satisfactory in its admirable balance of white and colour than the tracery of the great east window. The whole of it is exceedingly beautiful in effect; but with the lower portion accident has had its usual share to do. Less delicate, but richer in colour, is the large window at the end of the north transept, to which some historic interest is attached. It is said to have been the gift of Henry VII., and the inscription (part of which only remains) invites prayers, not only for the donor and his queen, but also for Prince Arthur and his wife. Since Prince Arthur's married life extended only from November, 1501, to April, 1502, and it is for the "good estate" and not the "souls" of the royal family that prayers are solicited, the date of the window is pretty clearly established as belonging to the very first years of the Sixteenth Century. Other quite gorgeous windows at Malvern are the already-mentioned Creation window, in the chapel south of the choir, and another, next to it, in which are represented scenes from the life of Abraham and Noah. The painting of the trees and foliage in these windows is remarkable for the tenderness of the execution. Much of this refinement, however, is lost to the casual observer in the thick scum of dirt which obscures it, though it adds no doubt to the richness of the colour.

The scope of this paper does not include the development of Gothic glass-painting on the Continent. But, in connection with the Fairford windows, it is worth while for a moment to refer to some undoubted German work which also has been attributed to Albert Dürer. The reputations of great men have, in all ages, the way of absorbing the credit of lesser or less known persons. The four large windows on the north side of the nave of Cologne Cathedral are most magnificent specimens of their period, whoever their author may have been. They are not quite equal in design to some examples of Renaissance glass, nor in colour quite so good as some of the best work of French and Flemish artists in the Sixteenth Century. Restoration has, indeed, robbed them of some of their glory; but there is in them a dignity of design, a beauty of colour, and a breadth of treatment, rarely found in combination in the work of a single artist. The great Albrecht might have been proud to own them.

The most characteristic type of a Perpendicular window is that in which each light is treated separately with its figure or figure-subject under a canopy. The canopy of the period was at least an improvement upon that which had gone before. It was commonly restrained within moderate dimensions. It aimed, perhaps, more directly at imitation, for (in

England at least) it was invariably all in white glass relieved with yellow stain, as the original stone crockets and finials may have been relieved with gilding; but in effect it left little to be desired. Colour was confined to the subjects, which had the appearance of brilliant pictures set in a framework of silvery white.

In the Fifteenth Century the glass-painter had come pretty generally to conceive the design of his window as a field of white in which was to be introduced a certain amount of rich colour—not often a very large amount. As a rule, probably not more than one-fourth part of the entire area was colour; for in addition to the white of the canopy there was often a fair amount of white in the draperies of the figures, and the flesh tint also was represented by white glass. Taking this in connection with the aim of the glass-painter after more pictorial effect, it is easy to see how a style of glass-painting was developed so entirely different from the more strictly mosaic glass of the Thirteenth Century.

The designer of the early period must in the first instance have imagined his design as mosaic. The forms of the pieces of glass to be employed entered at a very early

stage of the work into his consideration, and he mapped out his design according to the lines of the leadwork, finally adding the painted detail by way of finish. The painter of the latest Gothic windows went to work very differently. He began, in fact, at the other end. He designed his subject more as a picture, bearing in mind, no doubt, the fact that it would have to be leaded up in execution, but on the whole arriving at the leads as the last emphatic lines in his composition. He might almost have sketched his design in the first place without reference to the introduction of colour into it, except that the ingenuity he displays oftentimes in the way of introducing colour shows that he must all along have had a very shrewd idea on his mind of the manner in which it would have to be glazed. Indeed, if he conceived his design in the first place as a picture, he did not fail to translate it into glass—and very good glass too. Yet we see here already the beginning of the

end. Impatience of restraint, and dissatisfaction with the medium employed, betray themselves already; and in the end these brought the art of glass-painting to ruin.

LEWIS F. DAY.



LATER GOTHIC DIAPER, ALL SAINTS', YORK.

"LA MANZANILLA."

FROM THE PICTURE BY EMILIO SALA.

THIS is an ideal portrait of the ideal Andalusian. She has dark eyes and a daring and dazzling smile; her black and lustrous curls are jewelled with crimson pinks, and kept within bounds by a gallant comb; glass in hand, with her light foot, and her short skirt, and her great fringed mantle, she stands for the woman of Southern Spain; and she is, or Spaniards lie horribly, the most delightful expression of the "*Ewiges Weibliche*" that, as Carlyle would say, has yet got itself uttered. It is not improbable that she is, so to speak, a near kinswoman of the stage Irishman—that she exists for picturesque and lyric purposes only; but with that we have nothing to do.

As Sala has painted her she is winsome and attractive enough. She reminds one of the "*Andalouse au sein bruni*" whom Musset saw—or thought

he saw—at Barcelona, "*pâle comme un beau soir d'automne*." Indeed she is probably the same person. Then, it is true, she was of noble birth and breeding—the Marquesa d'Amaïgui, no less. Now she is but plain Sanchica, or Pepita, or Dolores, and consorts, not with elegant poets, but with vine-dressers and muleteers. But that means no more than that times have changed, and ideals with them. Art has grown democratic and popular; and where Musset sang of marchionesses, and called upon his page to string his guitar and come out a-serenading—

"Allons, mon page! en embuscades!
Allons, la belle nuit d'été!"—

Sala paints a Grisetette, and does his best to make her as graceful and irresistible as she is in Musset's high-bred and enamoured rhymes.



LA MANZANILLA.

(From the Picture by Emilio Sala.)

A PAINTER'S FRIENDSHIP.



THE annals of painting are not barren in the record of faithful and true-hearted friendships. We often hear of masters who were drawn in some especial manner to a scholar of promise in their workshop. So Cimabue singled out the young Giotto; and of all his pupils the saintly monk of St. Mark's loved Benozzo Gozzoli the best, and chose him for his assistant in his great frescoes. Botticelli, too, loved his scholars with extraordinary affection, and communicated no small portion of his poetic fire to his favourite Filippino. On the other hand, we find some men of genius who have inspired their scholars with the passionate attachment which Giorgio Vasari felt for his great master Michelangelo; others again who, like the "famous Urbinate," fascinate all around them by the charm of their personality and the engaging sweetness of their conversation. Sometimes two boys grow up together in the same *atelier*, and are linked together by a similarity of taste and genius:—

"Due giovin par d'etate e par d'amori,
Lionardo da Vinci e'l Perusino
Pier della Pieve che son divin Pittori."

Sometimes, as with Raphael and Francia, in later life a mutual admiration for each other's work brings artists hitherto unknown to exchange letters and pictures. But there is one friendship beyond all others worthy of record in the history of art—a friendship which, beginning in a childhood spent in the same workshop, lasted through the long years and adverse circumstances of a whole lifetime. This was the nature of the link which bound together the lives of Fra Bartolommeo and Mariotto Albertinelli in so close and intimate a manner that their names are still inseparable, and that to this day, close on four centuries after, we can seldom think of one without the other. And this friendship, to which we owe the joint production of many noble works of art, is the more remarkable in that the two men who became life-long friends and partners were curiously different in temperament and character, and because at a time when party-spirit ran exceptionally high, and civil strife was actually waged between the contending factions which divided Florence, the two painters belonged to opposite parties.

Bartolommeo Fattorini, more commonly called Baccio della Porta, the son of a muleteer, and Mariotto Albertinelli, of Suffignano, near Prato, were both

apprenticed at an early age to the painter Cosimo Rosselli. Even then, when they were merely occupied in grinding colours, running errands, or sweeping out the shop, the two boys were already friends. While they were still very young they left the studio to set up for themselves in a house which had belonged to Baccio's father, near the gate of S. Pier Gattolini. Together they studied the maxims of Lionardo in order to perfect themselves in the art of design and colouring, and they soon acquired considerable reputation by their own pictures. So close was their union, says Vasari, that the two were as one body and one soul. Yet the difference of their dispositions led them ere long to take very different ways. Baccio, whose virtues made him beloved in Florence, and whose habits were simple and retiring, sought inspiration in the silence of the Carmine Chapel and the study of Masaccio's frescoes. His pious nature and the pleasure he took in sermons attracted him to the preachings of Savonarola, at that time starting all Florence with his fiery eloquence. Soon he became a devoted follower of the Frate, at whose bidding he was the first to throw his pagan studies into the bonfire of vanities that memorable carnival time, and whose noble portrait, inscribed with these words—"Girolamo of Ferrara, a prophet sent by God"—was one of his earliest works. Meanwhile his gay companion Mariotto preferred the livelier society which he found in the Medici Gardens, and attracted the attention of Madonna Alfonsina, the mother of Lorenzo de' Medici, who employed him to paint her portrait, and gave him other commissions. While Baccio was a zealous *piagnone*, his friend thus became a *pallesco* or partisan of the Medici, and railed at the monks and their sect with all the violence of an unruly temper.

For a time the cause of Christ and the Frate triumphed; the Medici were exiled, and Mariotto was glad to take refuge in Baccio's workshop, where he imitated his style so closely that his pictures were often taken for those of his friend. Then came the terrible events which ended in Savonarola's death and the dispersion of his party. Baccio was at St. Mark's when the convent was stormed, and saw his beloved master dragged away to prison and torture. Crushed to earth by the horrors of those days, and the tremendous failure in which the great revival seemed to close, he threw up all his engagements, and took the vows of a Dominican monk at Prato in the summer of 1500. Mariotto's grief and despair at the loss of his companion were scarcely less than those

of Baccio for the death of Savonarola. For long he refused to believe that his friend had really left his painting to seek a refuge from the world in the seclusion of the cloister, and declared that if he had not hated the monks so cordially he would himself have followed Baccio's example. As it was, he consoled himself by finishing the fresco of the "Last Judgment" which Baccio had begun in the cemetery of the great Florentine hospital of S. Maria Nuova, and which in the bitterness of his soul he had vainly struggled to paint in the year that followed Savonarola's death. Since he had already been paid in part for it, his failure to fulfil the contract distressed him, and it was at his especial prayer that Mariotto undertook the work. So faithfully did he discharge the task imposed upon him by his friend that many of his contemporaries held the whole work to have been executed by the same hand, and in its now ruined condition it is still a most interesting example of the two painters' style. Mariotto's reputation was considerably increased by this work, and he opened a shop in the Via Valfonda, where amongst other pictures he painted his masterpiece, the well-known "Salutation" of the Uffizi. But he was of too fickle and variable a nature to work on steadily, now that he had lost the companionship of his friend; and having married a wife named Antonia whose father kept a wine-shop, he too thought he would take up his new trade, and opened a hostelry outside the gate of San Gallo. Here at least, he declared, he would lead a merry life, live free from the restraints imposed upon him by the service of art, and hear no more of muscles and perspective or of the severe remarks of hostile critics, but enjoy himself as he chose. Afterwards he opened another tavern near the Ponte Vecchio, which tradition says became the favourite resort of painters, and was even frequented by Michelangelo. But before long Mariotto tired of this new calling, returned to the old one with some remorse for its abandonment, on the persuasion in all probability of Baccio della Porta, now Fra Bartolommeo of St. Mark's.

After four years spent in his monastic retreat without ever taking up a brush, the new friar had again resumed his painting. The old love was too strong for him, and the influence of Raphael, who visited Florence at this time and often conversed with him of art, may have helped to revive the slumbering fires of his genius. On his return from a visit to Venice in 1508, he set the workshop of St. Mark's in order, and remembering his ancient friendship, he sent for Mariotto to become his partner a second time under these altered conditions. In his retreat, I should add, he had never forgotten the scapegrace he had loved. A year or two before he had appointed him guardian to his brother Piere, and

entrusted him absolutely with the boy's property, making in his agreement a curious provision that two masses should be said yearly out of the proceeds for the soul of his father, the muleteer, and two pounds of wax candles burned thereat. By the terms of the new partnership, into which the old friends now entered, the profits were to be divided between Albertinelli and the convent. Whatever pictures were painted by the artists were marked by a cross and two rings with the joint monogram of the two painters, while their individual names appeared on the work which they undertook separately. Those of Fra Bartolommeo generally bear the inscription "Orate pro pictore," which we find also occasionally adopted by Albertinelli. For three years the partners worked together in perfect harmony, producing many fine paintings, still to be seen in Florence and elsewhere. Mariotto seems to have been as contented in the convent workshop as he had been of old when they lived together in the house by the gate. But in 1512 a new prior of St. Mark's, jealous of Mariotto's influence over Fra Bartolommeo, or dissatisfied with the results of the arrangement, broke up the partnership. The stock was divided, and the casts, lay-figures, and sketches (of which a curious inventory is preserved in the convent books) were left to Fra Bartolommeo for his use until his death. Albertinelli, as might be expected, suffered far the more by the dissolution. While the Frate persevered steadily in his career and produced one great work after another, poor Mariotto achieved nothing worthy of his past triumphs. Even now Fra Bartolommeo did not cast off his friend, but helped him in every possible way. We find Albertinelli at Viterbo, once more finishing a fresco begun by the Frate; and then working for the Dominicans of La Quercia; and again in Rome, executing commissions for Fra Bartolommeo's friend and patron Mariano Fetti, formerly a lay-brother of St. Mark's. From Rome he returned to Viterbo, attracted by some fair face whose charms in the end proved fatal. A *giostre*, or tournament, was held during his visit, and Mariotto, forgetting his age, rushed eagerly into the games, to win distinction in the eyes of his mistress. This unwonted exertion brought on a fever, and dreading the effects of malaria, he caused himself to be carried to Florence in a litter. That autumn Fra Bartolommeo, now at the height of his renown, was thinking of accepting a flattering invitation to the court of France, when he heard that his old companion Mariotto Albertinelli was dying. He hastened to his bedside, and on the 5th of November, 1515, Mariotto breathed his last in the arms of his faithful and beloved friend. Fra Bartolommeo himself paid him the last sad offices, and followed his remains to the grave where they now repose in

the famous and venerable old church of S. Pietro Maggiore.

The last link was severed; and the monk of St. Mark's went back to his convent-workshop with strangely-stirred thoughts, we may well believe. For two more years he painted, still making progress in his art, and accomplishing one masterpiece after another—the "Salvator Mundi," the "Pietà" of the Pitti, and many famous works besides; until in the autumn of 1517 he caught cold one day, and after a short illness died. Loud was the lament of Florence, and great were the honours paid to his memory by

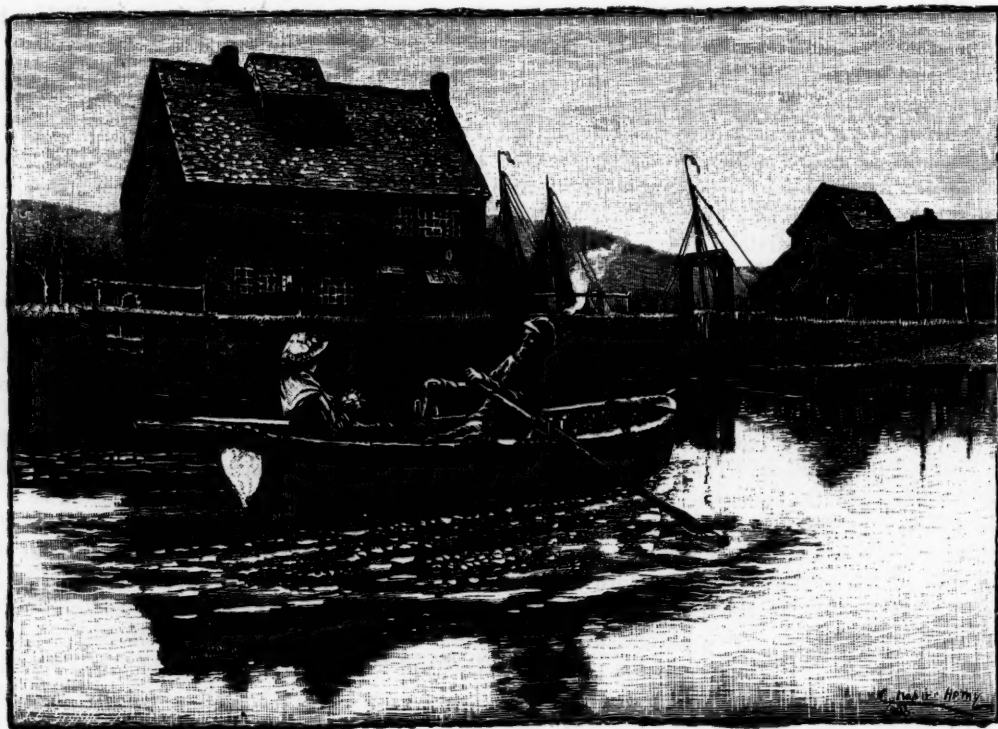
the monks of the convent, which he had made illustrious for the second time in the history of art. His was altogether a strangely different life from that of the reckless prodigal whom he had buried two years before. Yet the tie that bound them together in that strong and faithful union was none the less real and enduring; and to this day no one can mention the name of Fra Bartolommeo, the Dominican painter, without recalling the memory of that other artist, the scoffer and hater of monks, the careless, wayward, restless Mariotto, whom, with all his faults and follies, Baccio loved so well.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

CURRENT ART.

THE original of our first engraving is not the least pleasing, as it is certainly not the most important, of Mr. Napier Hemy's five pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery. Probably Mr. Hemy is best known to the world at large as the painter of "Saved," exhibited there a year or two ago: a strong and striking rendering of furious storm, and specially notable for the admirable handling and colour of a

great green curling wave in the foreground. Mr. Hemy, however, shows us nothing of this kind this season. After storm, calm. Even in the "Putney Bridge"—which seems to us by far the best of his latest works—the activity and bustle, the endless change and varied movement of river life, seem second to the effects of broad and sleepy sunshine, and soft curtains of atmosphere, which are painted



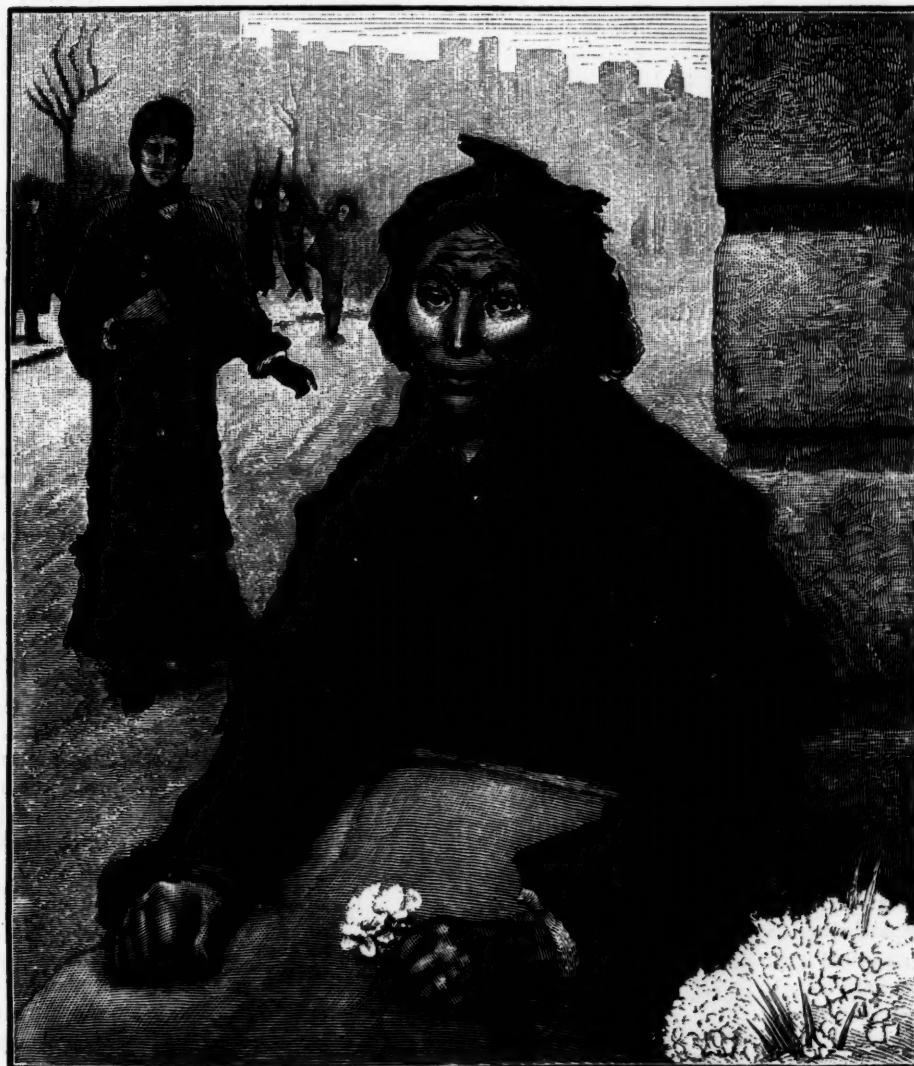
THE FERRYMAN.

(Painted by C. Napier Hemy. Grosvenor Gallery, 1883.)

with much truth and force. And this sense of quiet and serenity is more or less visible in all his other contributions: in the excellent "Bargaining for the Catch;" in the two finished studies, "The Cool of the Morning" and "The Edge of Falmouth Bay,"

scenery, and the every-day occupants of an every-day boat. These materials have been turned to excellent account, with some solid brush-work, a fine eye for colour, and a good feeling for tone and quiet air.

Ever since he first exhibited in this country



FLORA.

(Drawn by George Clausen. Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1883.)

and lastly in the pleasant little picture which—from a drawing by the painter—we reproduce. Of this there is not very much to be said, perhaps. The subject is hardly novel, and the treatment, accomplished and attractive as it is, calls for no special comment. It may be pointed out, too, that the "Ferryman" himself is but a subordinate figure in the work, which is only a pleasant transcript of river-side

Mr. Clausen's work has always been interesting. He is fond of experiments, of trying the methods of other painters living and dead. It is not so very long since an accomplished art-critic said of him that he "seems a Dutch Frère," and latterly he has been imitating Bastien-Lepage, with no very good results, and Millet, with consequences more or less beneficial and effective. His works in oil at the Grosvenor

Gallery this year are in the skilful and pleasant vein to which we have been accustomed lately, and a typical illustration of which—"The Gleaners"—we engraved some ten or twelve months ago. In the remarkable Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours he is well represented by the "Shepherd with a Lamb," in the Millet-like style, and by the "Flora," which we engrave. It is, so far as we know, something entirely fresh in Mr. Clausen's art. In point of humanity it is the best thing he has done; and being original as well as simple and honest, it is more notable, and more valuable as art, than all the imitative efforts together. There is something very touching in the expression of the old flower-seller's face, in the ingenious contrast of her weather-beaten aspect and poverty-stricken figure with the fresh flowers; and, so far as sentiment is concerned—and sentiment is much in art—Mr. Clausen's picture is one of the best in the galleries. In respect of execution, not so much can be said for it. The handling is peculiar; it is rugged, unequal, almost unpleasant—too conscious, as it were, of the artist's effort at honesty. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to believe that the same hand painted this and "The Gleaners" already referred to. Mr. Clausen's style in oil is smooth, precise, and attractive; in water-colour it is harsh. These points are not perhaps of very great account; they are, at all events, of secondary importance. The first thing necessary in art is to have something to say. Mr. Clausen clearly possesses this necessary in no small degree. Herein, as it seems to us, he differs very much from the vast majority of modern artists.

Consequently, the terms in which he delivers his message, if open to criticism and capable of improvement, are the least of the matter after all.

Our third illustration gives some little idea of Mr. Poynter's "The Ides of March." This picture, which has provoked considerable discussion, is one of the best of its year. It is ostensibly an illustration of that fine scene in "Julius Cæsar," where Cæsar says—

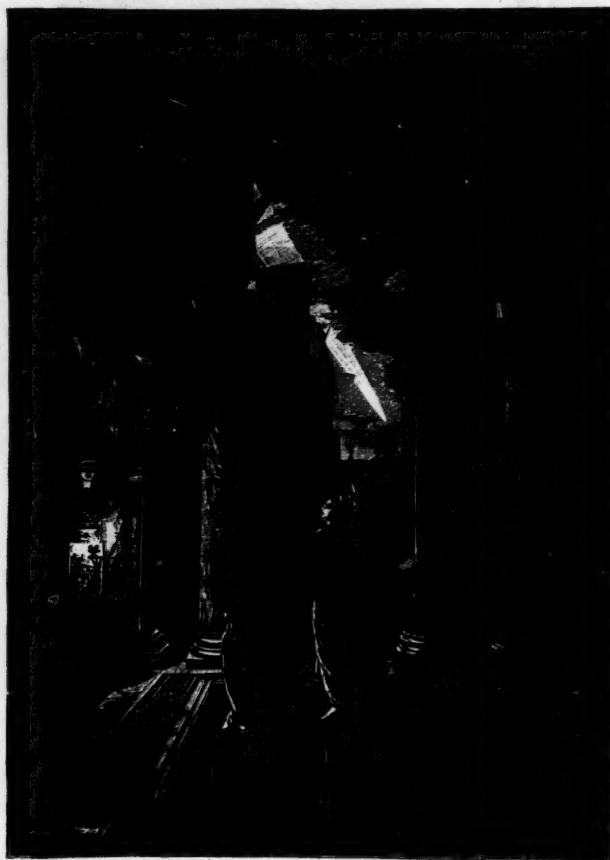
"Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar;"

and Calphurnia answers—

"When beggars die there are no comets seen:
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

As such it cannot be considered altogether successful. In the play the human interest is supreme; in the picture the human interest seems subordinated to the pregnant mystery and significance of strange contrasting lights and ghostly shadows, and the large and weird forms of architecture in night air.

In short, we are less interested in the figures, which seem scarcely heroic enough for the occasion, than in the wonderful effects of art and nature which surround them. It would seem, indeed, that, following a somewhat common rule, Mr. Poynter has set himself a very difficult problem in painting, in order to show how well he could solve it. His success is singularly striking. As invention his is probably the best picture of the year; as mere painting it must take its place with the best; as a victory over well-nigh insuperable difficulties it is a kind of masterpiece. The painting of the polished marble floor, for instance, with its



THE IDES OF MARCH.

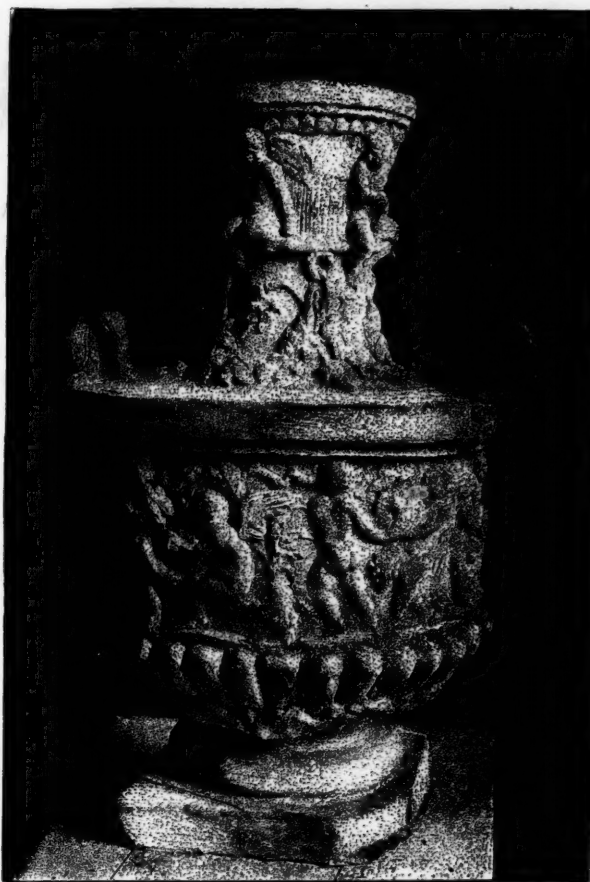
(Painted by E. J. Poynter, R.A. Royal Academy, 1883.)

thousand lights, reflections, shadows—some warm and golden from the lamp so skilfully introduced on the left, and others cold and grey from the wild bright blaze in the sky—all mingling and contrasting in infinite variety and yet forming a broad organic whole—the painting of all this is a veritable *tour de force* of realism and careful strength. Further than this, too, if the Cæsar and Calphurnia are overpowered by their surroundings, it must yet be said that Mr. Poynter has contrived to express very much of the spirit of Shakespeare simply by means of light and shadow and atmosphere, and such ingenious suggestions as the shadow of the bust of Brutus; and for these commanding qualities his picture is remarkable.

M. Auguste Rodin is known to the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART as the sculptor of the magnificent "St. Jean," engraved in the present volume (p. 176). That engraving represents the head only; the whole statue, or rather a cast of it, was, with several other examples of the artist's craft, exhibited at the Dudley Gallery. Of these the bust of the veteran painter, Jean-Paul Laurens, is undoubtedly the most commanding; though every instance of his work presents such rare qualities of sentiment and style as are not seen in any other modern sculptor—such, indeed, as must be sought for in the masterpieces of the Renaissance. Take, for instance, the exquisite charm of the two babies in the "Childish Kiss;" nothing of the kind so natural and winning has been done in modern times. Take, again, the magnificently modelled "Eve;" where is the modern creation which embodies with such masterly technique so much of nature and feeling? It does not exist.

M. Rodin's "Eve," indeed, sums up in terms of passionate significance all the pathos and the weakness, the folly and sorrow and shame of the oldest

tragedy of all; he reveals to us Eve, not as an immaculate and impossible goddess, but as a living woman, with a woman's heart and a woman's capacities. But, indeed, originality and independence are visible in all he does: in the strange and moving "Étude de Tête"—a kind of Socrates; in the "St. John;" in the astonishingly vigorous and vivacious "Carrier-Belleuse;" and—last, greatest, and most impressive of all—in the nobility and dignity of the "J. - P. Laurens." Of the great qualities of this very masterly and remarkable work some idea will be gained from our engraving, which is a fac-simile of a pen-and-ink drawing by M. Rodin's own hand. This drawing, unlike drawings by



PRIZE VASE: CHILDREN PLAYING IN FOLIAGE.

(By Etienne Hallé. Slade School, London, 1883.)

most modern sculptors, is singularly good in itself—is a striking instance of the power and expressiveness of pen-work when the instrument is handled with understanding. The method is of the simplest; but every line, every touch has its place and its significance; and as a piece of modelling the whole thing is of striking merit. It is, however, an incontrovertible maxim that even the most careful and sympathetic reproductions in the flat can never give even the best part only of the effect of the round: the one merely suggests what the other realises. It is impossible, therefore, fully to appreciate this splendid piece of sculpture without seeing it; all the more so, as it is extremely difficult to put into adequate words the vivid and lasting impression it produces, even at a glance. A critic who sees in the "St. John" nothing more than a middle-aged French

ouvrier, and in the "Eve" merely a flat-footed damsel, has declared that "before M. Rodin's busts —is touched with the serene dignity of antique art, all criticism must be silent;" and with that opinion is elevated by a nobility of style which recalls



J.-P. LAURENS.

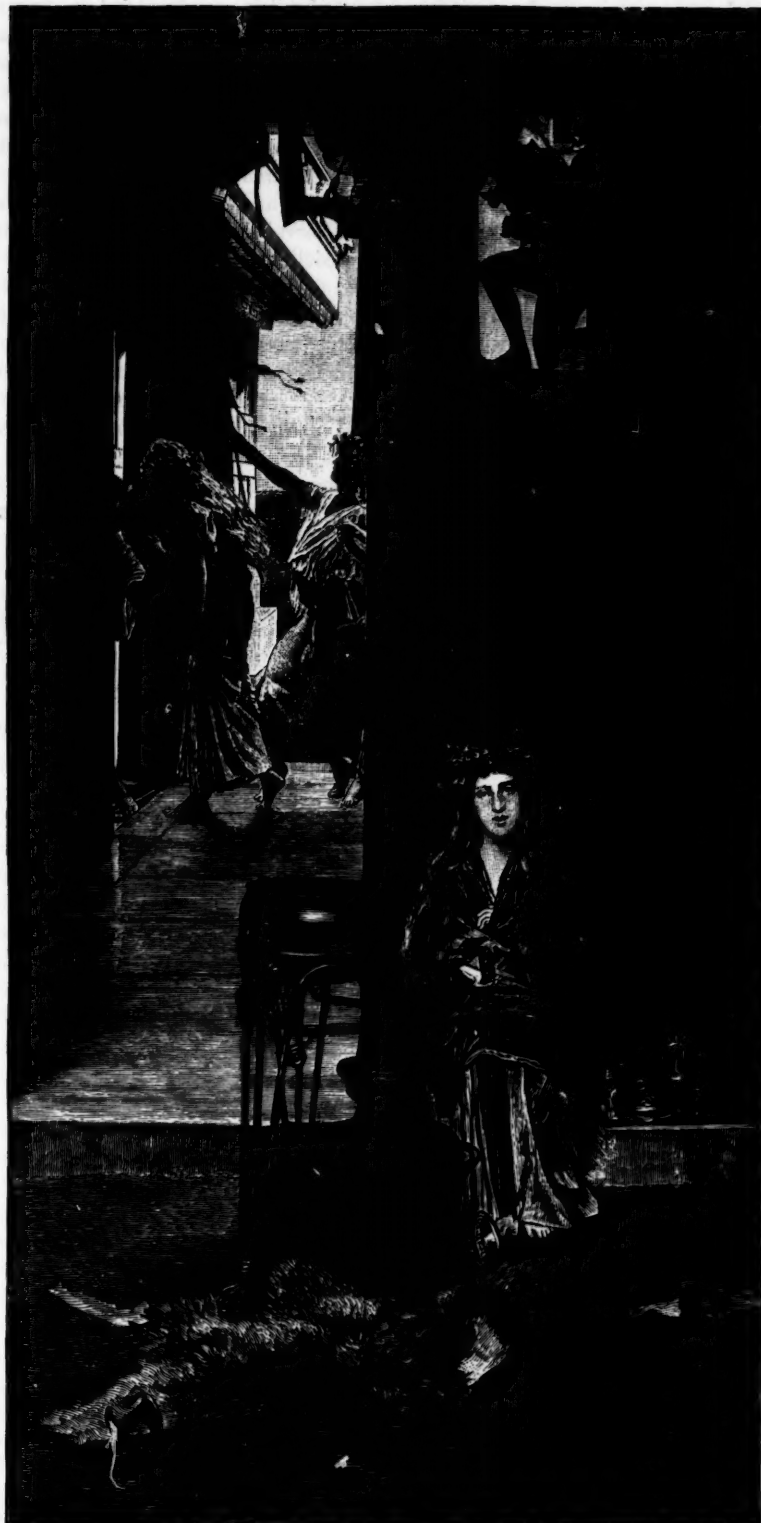
(Bust in Bronze, by Auguste Rodin. Salon, 1882, and Egyptian Hall, 1883.)

it is scarcely possible to disagree. The two exhibited at the Dudley Gallery are in the highest plane of sculptured portraiture, and in their several ways they are almost on a level regarded as abstract art. The "Carrier-Belleuse" is of an order different from the "Laurens:" it is realistic, picturesque, full of vitality and daring; and it is a masterpiece of technique. The "Laurens," however, with quite as

majestic Homer in the British Museum, and which is unparalleled among modern sculpture.

Our sixth illustration is an engraving of "The Way to the Temple"—the diploma work which Mr. Alma Tadema, in accordance with ancient custom, deposited on his election as an Academician. It hangs in the Third Gallery, where likewise is the only other work the artist contributes this year—

"An Oleander." It must be said that neither is of the first importance in point of subject; and a decided opinion as to their comparative merits in point of technique seems not unjustifiable. At first sight "The Way to the Temple" strikes you as a fairly representative specimen of Mr. Alma Tadema's skill. The marbles seem painted with his wonted careful dexterity; the colour appears as attractive and ingenious as of yore; and the realisation of detail in architecture and still life, and the contrasts of shadow and sunshine, look equal to anything of the kind he has done. If, however, you go straight from the diploma picture to "An Oleander," it becomes clear either that the former is below the average in technical skill, or that the latter is very much better work than the painter has of late produced. As it seems to us, "The Way to the Temple" is on a lower plane than the "Oleander," to which it appears inferior in almost every way: in colour—compare the reds and greens in the two pictures; in the representation of still life; in draughtsmanship; in freshness of idea and general brilliancy and strength; and even in that important matter of the marble surfaces. Whether the diploma picture is worse, or the "Oleander" better, than usual, we need not now discuss; but the difference between the two is so manifest that it cannot be passed over without comment. The "Way to the Temple" has its interests, of course; but the "Oleander" is far preferable to it—is, indeed, a singularly bright and happy example of the master's peculiar and commendable skill.



THE WAY TO THE TEMPLE.

(Painted by L. Alma Tadema, R.A. Royal Academy, 1883.)

In a recent issue of our "Chronicle of Art" it was told how the mysterious and anonymous friend who presented £10 to the pupils at the Slade School in prizes for medalling had recently given the same sum in prizes for sculptured vases. They had a fortnight in which to design and produce a clay vase with sculptured decorations representing "Children Playing in Foliage." Many of them worked day and night, and some would bring down in the morning chubby little clay babies which they had modelled at home the evening before. The foliage was modelled from nature; and when we visited the scene of the competition, leaves and sprays and branches of trees still remained to tell the tale. As already announced, Miss Hallé carries off the prize for her vase—the original of our fourth engraving—because it is the most completely and equally wrought, and on the whole the best in design. Parts of some of the others—notably Miss Rope's—are even better in con-

ception and in draftsmanship; but they are parts only. The interest and value of the competition lie in the fact that it opens up a field of art practically untouched. There is absolutely no reason why the vase should not become a necessity of household decoration. In the abstract it is every whit as appropriate as a piece of blue china or an eastern rug, and it may be turned to equal account, alike in utility and ornamentation. Let the Slade students design vases with a better sense of proportion, and a keener feeling for flow of line and elegance of form with lightness and grace; and the results may be as profitable as they are pretty certain to be beautiful. Finally, if it be asked, "How, in the name of wonder, came these students, who had never modelled before, to model these vases and leaves and babies with such excellence and feeling?"—the answer is, that instead of being taught to stipple, they have been taught to draw.

RAPHAEL AT URBINO.

RAPHAEL'S city is set upon the crest of one of the wildest of the Central Appenines. Three roads approach it: from Pesaro and the Adriatic, from Tuscany, from Umbria; and from each this Condottiere's stronghold, so often sacked and taken, appears impregnable. It is indeed designed by Nature to be the fortress of a captain of free-lances; commanding all the country round, the pass of the Furlo, the pass of Lamole, as well as the descent to the Adriatic. Romagna, the Marches, Tuscany, and Umbria lie at its feet. From the valley it looks hopeless to reach that high grey city, so pathless, burnt-out, and desolate are the innumerable hills that close it in on every side; and from the crest, looking back over that vast ocean whose waves are the desolate Appenines, we seem to have ascended into some long-deserted lava-world, where nothing ever springs and from which there can be no escape. Once inside the walls, the scene changes as by magic. We are in the liveliest, noisiest of little Lombard towns; or we might think so, passing through the bustling streets. The site of the Piazza, that of the Corte, and as much as possible of the town, has been carefully levelled; the streets are covered with arcades; the people talk, not like mountaineers, but with the thick, heavy accent of Romagna. It is only when we leave the Piazza del Mercato and the court, when we climb the black rugged back streets with their desolate endless views of surging hills, that we remember our first impres-

sion. For Urbino, the stronghold and fort, is also, and yet more visibly, Urbino the most enlightened court of the most enlightened despots of the Italian Renaissance.

The Corte of Urbino is at first sight more like a French château than an Italian fortress. It is a large irregular building with round tourelles, broken up into many masses of different heights; so we see it from the Capuchin Road, where Raphael drew it in his sketch-book now at Venice. From this point nothing could be more beautiful and various than its aspect, with the dome of the cathedral crowning its spire and towers. In front, from the Piazza, the Corte is more regular and less picturesque. From this side the first view is a little disappointing. The proportions are beautiful, but neither solemn nor impressive; and, since much of the stone-facing has never been supplied to the brick façade, it wears, despite the exquisite workmanship of the cornices, an unfinished air. So much for the façade. Once inside it is impossible to imagine a more enchanting summer-house for princes. You walk through Baccio's lovely court up the wide staircase with the exquisite stone-carving, down the imposing corridor friezed with the emblems and engines of war, into the large cool rooms with their coloured friezes and carven mantelpieces delicately and sparsely ornamented with loves and angels, with pots of pinks and roses, with nymphs and heroes. The whole aspect of the place is that of delicate restrained elegance. The fineness and slenderness of the ornamentation are everywhere remarkable.

There is only a little carving: a frieze to the mantel-piece, a cornice to the windows, a lintel to the door; but that is of the most exquisite and fantastic beauty, is arabesque in which every curve and every line is as harmonious as music. The sense to which this kind of art appeals, relying neither on pathos, interest, nor humour, is eminently an aristocratic and courtly sense, the property of people of culture and people of leisure. And this rare feeling for elegance and refinement is not the only distinction that Urbino bears from other Fifteenth Century castles; in no other mediæval palace do I remember such a fine sense of convenience and well-being. They are not only show-rooms, those friezed and ornamental halls; they are above everything rooms to live in. They are built of all shapes, with here a wainscoted reading-cabinet, and there a large, low window, bowed out where they best may catch the sunshine or the view; and every window has its window-seat, where you may sit on summer afternoons, with the fresh mountain-air blowing in, and the wide view shining quite white outside.

Such is the palace that Federico di Montefeltro, the greatest Condottiere of his age, built with the aid of the Dalmatian architect Lauranno, the Sienese Francesco di Giorgio, and Baccio Pintelli the Florentine. Here was collected the finest library of the Renaissance; here dwelt that urbane, cultured, and righteous court, which served as a model to Christendom. It was natural that artists and men of letters should collect to such a place: Gentile da Fabriano, Paolo Uccelli, Piero della Francesca, Melozzo da Forlì, Francesco di Giorgio, Gian Bellini, Perugino, Signorelli, even the Flemish Justus Van Ghent, visited the Duchy. But, at the end of the Fifteenth Century, the most distinguished painter native to Urbino was a certain Giovanni Santi, or Sanzio, the son of old Sante the corn-merchant, a young painter well known at the court, who lived with his father in a good airy house at the best end of the Strada del Monte. The young man was not only a painter, but a carver and gilder; not only a carver, but a poet and a man of culture. He seems to have been, from the scanty records left us, a most amiable and gifted person; too anxious, perhaps, to excel in all ways at once to become pre-eminent in any; and so naturally sweet-natured and free from envy as to have no jealousy of rival painters, but rather to adopt their excellences and try his best to use them to perfect his own ideals. This latter trait he transmitted to his son, "always imitating, always original," as our Sir Joshua declared. But Giovanni Santi neither imitated nor originated in the same degree as Raphael.

In 1482 Giovanni Santi, having earned a considerable sum of money from his frescoes at Fano, returned to Urbino and married. His wife was

the daughter of Battista Ciaola, a well-to-do merchant of the place. All that we know of her is the tradition of a sweet and gentle nature; the profile in fresco of a pure and timid Madonna's face, painted by her husband on their bedroom wall; and her singularly beautiful name—fit name for Raphael's mother—*Magia*. On Good Friday, 1483, falling that year upon the 6th of April, Raphael was born in the airy old house on the Strada del Monte. There were many people to take pride in the newborn son; for old Sante, the grandfather, lived at least to have his grandson laid in his arms; and after his death, his old wife Elizabetta, and their daughter Santa, stayed on in the roomy house with Giovanni, the gentle *Magia*, and the infant Raphael. Giovanni Santi was now the proprietor of the house in Strada del Monte, and of land and money beside. The cares of poverty never came to mar his peace, or to take him from rhyming that "*Chronicle of Duke Frederick*" which was the hobby of his leisure. Little Raphael grew up among art and verse and courtly things; since his father's "*Chronicle*" brought him in contact with the circle at the palace. Indeed Messer Paltroni, the councillor of the late duke, was for ever about the house, and the child-duke Guidobaldo sat to Santi for his portrait, continuing those favours which his father had bestowed. So that Raphael, both by circumstance and inheritance, grew up with a preference for all that is lovely and of good report, all that is courtly and splendid and urbane.

But in 1491 a rude break came to this happy, beautiful existence. On the 3rd of October, the aged Elizabetta died. *Magia*, Raphael's mother, followed her in four days; within the year Giovanni married again. His second wife was Bernardina di Parte, a rich goldsmith's daughter: a woman of harsh and impetuous nature, who never gained the heart of her gentle, delicately-tempered little stepson. Soon after the marriage he took his wife and son to Cagli, a small fortified town, about five hours' drive from Urbino, beyond the terrible blue gorge of the Furlo. From that gorge you seem to enter into another world. The desolate yellow-white clay hills of Urbino are seen no more; in front lies the beautiful theatre-shaped valley of the Metauro, where the winding coiling river is surely more deeply-bluely green than any other water save the sea; and the sunny meadows, starred with pink anemones, are very green and fresh. Behind on all sides the mountains rise; mountains of limestone, snow-white, cinder-white, and delicately pink. High up, in this clear, austere, sweetly-tinted mountain region, lies the town of Cagli; white itself, with great round bastions above.

Giovanni Santi had been commissioned by the noble Pietro Tiranni to decorate in fresco his family

chapel in the Cagli Church. The fresco, which still remains little injured by time and change, is Santi's masterpiece. In the lower part the Virgin sits enthroned in the marble recess of a church. Round her stand two angels and four saints, the line of figures forming an irregular and somewhat flattened semicircle. A beautiful young angel leans towards the throne on either side. That upon the left is interesting not for its loveliness alone: it is the accepted portrait of Raphael as he looked when, not quite eleven years old, he came with his father to Cagli. The dreamy face is still childishly round; the lips are fuller than we remember them, and the little chin recedes; the lifted eyebrows are arched over eyes still round and young; but the face is very clearly the same face that Raphael painted himself in after-years for his uncle Simone Ciarla at Urbino: the face that hangs to-day in the Gallery of Painters at the Uffizi.

At this time Raphael was old enough to feel the influence of his father's work; and, indeed, he always retained some of Santi's characteristics. The combination of the solid and masterly pose of Melozzo and Piero with the rapt expression of Perugino; the drawing of the little angels on the vault, their rounded baby limbs drawn in circles; the love of black or dark colours lined with green; the manner of giving luminous flesh-tints (an underwash of light-red with the lights laid on afterwards, and brownish shadows)—all these things foreshadow Raphael; but most of all the selected type. The model for some of Sanzio's heads might have sat to his son: there is the same calm air of well-being, the large eye-sockets, the elevated eyebrows, the low cheek-bone and flattened cheek, the pursed mouth. It is the type of the "Madonna della Granduca," and of all Raphael's early Virgins. It is the type of Raphael himself. As in Perugia, we are continually startled to find in many a water-carrier and vetturino the rapt eyes, pointed face, and scant, light hair of Perugino's visionaries; so in

all the villages round Urbino, the calm, aristocratic type of Raphael abounds.

The fresco finished and declared a masterpiece, the Santis returned to Urbino, where Giovanni had a commission to carve and gild some candelabras and angels for the Brotherhood of the Corpus Domini. Raphael was now of use in the studio. He helped his father to paint in fresco the now destroyed chapel of the Salli family, and, it is said, completed several easel-pictures: these are now lost. We do not know if he ever learned the practical art of wood-carving, but in his many designs for panels in after-years he shows the love of his father's handicraft.

It is a curious fact that though his arabesques at Perugia have given the name of "Raphaelesque" to all this class of art, Raphael himself was evidently inspired by Baccio's friezes and cornices in the Corte of Urbino. As I have said, his early acquaintance with that lovely palace helped to foster his natural taste for courtliness and decoration. We owe much to the accident of our birth. Raphael owed his beautiful face, the type he naturally chose to paint, his love of elegance, ornament, and anti-



THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

(Painted by Raphael. Pitti Palace.)

quity, to his Umbrian race, and to his birth at Urbino in its palmy time.

He was learning still in his father's studio—learning of his father and of that Timoteo Viti, who afterwards became his pupil's pupil—when on the 1st of August, 1494, Giovanni Santi died, still young. Raphael was left to the guardianship of his uncle, the priest, Don Bartolommeo, no disinterested friend, and to the care of a vehement and selfish step-mother. It would have gone hardly with the boy, between their quarrels and their greed, had it not been for his mother's brother Simone Ciarla. But this loving and life-long friend interfered in Raphael's behalf, took him away from that noisy querulous household, and looked out for a master worthy to teach a child of such genius as he believed his nephew to possess. Embarrassed with riches, their choice was difficult.

His master, Timoteo Viti, recommended Francesco Francia of Bologna: others spoke for Bellini at Venice, or Da Vinci at Milan. Giovanni Santi himself had always meant to send his son to the great Mantegna. But there was another artist nearer home whom Santi had often talked of to his little lad, a certain Pietro Vannucci of Perugia, who, in Umbrian eyes, was to other painters as Francis of Assisi to other saints. Therefore, in 1495, Raphael crossed the mountains again, this time on a longer journey, to enter the studio of Perugino.

Four years afterwards Raphael revisited his native city to patch up some worse than usual dissension between his guardian and his step-mother. He was now the flower of Perugino's school; a small, slender youth of sixteen, so beautiful that his fellow-students nicknamed him "Il Graziosissimo"—the pink of prettiness, as we might say. He had worked on many of Perugino's pictures, and had himself painted several small studies in distemper, which had earned great praise; but as yet his style was immature, his touch was still his master's touch. Raphael must

have found his city sadly changed and impoverished; all the resources of the town had gone to redeem Duke Guidobaldo from captivity. There was little to be earned or learned in the melancholy place; and the young painter soon returned to the busy study at Perugia, in the hilly Via Deligiosa. But five years later, in 1504, he came to Urbino again. In those five years he had painted almost as many famous pictures, all in Perugino's manner. He seems to have stayed some time about the court, where he made many influential friends and painted several pictures for Guidobaldo. Before he left, the

duke's sister presented him with a letter to the Gonfaloniere of Florence, bespeaking for the young painter all possible help and protection.

The new free life there, the sight of so many masterpieces, stimulated his imagination and roused his energy. Raphael the pupil became at once, suddenly, Raphael the master. Almost the first picture he painted in Florence was a masterpiece. This picture,

the "Madonna del Granduca" (so surnamed from Duke Ferdinand's devotion to it), is peculiarly interesting as an illustration of Raphael's transition from the style of Perugino to his broader Florentine manner. The technique is broader, more luminous, the drawing freer and stronger, than Perugino's. But the sweet spiritual expression, that beauty of holiness which is the real charm of the Umbrian school, still lingers there. None of Raphael's later virgins, save the unrivalled "Madonna di San Sisto," have so divine, so heavenly an air. Neither the gentle majesty of the "Virgin of Foligno" nor the deep motherly content of the well-known, well-beloved "Madonna della Sedia"—as a com-

parison of our two

engravings will show—can rival the magic of this look. Even Raphael could only give it twice.

When, for the last time, he visited Urbino in 1406, he was, despite his youth, one of the acknowledged masters of Italian painting. The court of Urbino, always sympathetic to art, welcomed him sincerely. The grandson of old Sante the corn-merchant became a well-known figure at the palace, which, at that moment, was in its zenith of culture and elegance. It was the last time he ever saw his native place. Soon after Pope Julius sent for him to Rome.



THE MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA.

(Painted by Raphael. Pitti Palace.)

One day, the legend goes, Michelangelo entering the Vatican alone, met Raphael coming out, surrounded by a great number of friends and followers. "There you go, with your train, like a prince," cried the scornful Florentine. "And you alone, like an executioner," was Raphael's reply. It is true. The medal of genius has on its obverse the crown, on the reverse the torturing rack. To some one is granted, to some the other. To Raphael, Mozart, Shakespeare, the ease of a happy facile

nature and the crown of general praise; these are the enviable Olympians. But there are others not less great. Michelangelo, Milton, Beethoven—Titans ever struggling in lonely agony towards an ideal never reached. Reading Raphael's history in his native place, we understand more easily how he came to be of the fortunate party. To see him you must go to Rome—the city of the Vatican, the Farnesina, the Chigi Chapel; to comprehend him, to Urbino.

MARY ROBINSON.

IRISH LACE.

THE history of lace-making in Ireland is more or less the history of Irish distress. Art needlework was never there the occupation of the rich and noble as it was in Italy and Spain. It owes its origin to the charitable, who taught it in times of famine to the peasantry as a means of winning bread. Between whiles, as the excellent pamphlet compiled by Messrs. Ben Lindsey and C. Harry Biddle plainly tells, the work has flagged, to revive when the next season of scarcity stimulated the country to new exertion. There is no indigenous lace in Ireland, and all the many kinds it makes are copies of foreign models. This, though it shows a want of artistic originality on the part of the workers, greatly adds to the variety and charm of the Mansion House Exhibition. Here are Rose point, Venetian point, and Spanish point, Guipure and Brussels appliqué, side by side with the laces that have obtained a national character of their own, as Limerick, Tambour, Run, Irish point, lace crochet, and what is called Ardee tatting.

The crochet laces and the Ardee tatting owe their existence to the famine of 1846-47, when, from the failure of the potato crop, nearly two million persons perished from want of food. Lace-making was then revived, and new centres created throughout the country; and the industry obtained a prominence which, though at least a hundred years old, it had never before attained. In 1820, during another time of bad harvests, two ladies named Reid, of Ahans, near Carrickmacross, heard of the success with which a neighbour had taught her servant-maid to make Brussels appliqué lace. They set themselves to learn the art, and then to teach it to the young girls in their neighbourhood; and thus unostentatiously was founded the Appliqué and Guipure industry of Carrickmacross, of which so many beautiful examples are to be seen in the loan and sale cases at the Mansion House. Some few years after a purely commercial venture was made in Limerick, by a Mr.

Walker, of Oxford, who brought over from England twenty-four lace-makers to instruct the women of Limerick. Apt pupils they proved themselves, and very soon many kinds of lace were produced in great quantities, till Limerick Guipure and Appliqué successfully rivalled those of Carrickmacross. Other and cheaper laces were made beside—notably the two kinds of worked net commonly known as Limerick lace. Of these the more ordinary and less attractive is the Tambour, which is made by a thread drawn through the net by a crochet-needle, and forming a sort of chain. It is now the chief manufacture of the waning industry of Limerick, for the Run lace—the prettiest of all cheap laces, in which the pattern is formed in the net with a fine thread—is rapidly passing away, as the Appliqué and Guipure have passed already. The temptation to work cheap, in the utterly false hope of a larger market, and the unwillingness of the young girls of a city to acquire so tedious and difficult an art as the making of good lace, are among the first causes. Moreover, Fashion has tired of light net laces and voted in favour of richer and heavier kinds. And, indeed, this preference does not seem astonishing when we look at the beautiful point laces of Innishmacsaint, which compare with the old productions of Italy and Spain. Venetian, Spanish, and, above all, Rose point lace are so marvellously imitated there that it is difficult to realise that not one of the beautiful fine time-stained laces before us was made before the famine, or that these luxurious trimmings—as also at Cappoquin, in Waterford—are the productions of the poorest people in the world.

The charity that prompted the rector's wife and sister at Innishmacsaint inspired a nun in the convent of the Presentation order at Youghal to copy an old piece of point lace. She was a woman of no ordinary penetration and skill. She showed a wise discretion in the choice of her pupils, and a rare ingenuity in her use of the patterns sent her for

imitation. Every fresh pattern suggested some new combination of stitches or design till the lace made in her school grew known as "Irish point," and secured a certain market for as much as can be produced. Her success suggested the same course to others, and now Irish point is made at New Ross, Kenmare, Killarney, Clonakilty, Waterford, and Kinsale, though Youghal still bears the palm, the most beautiful laces in the whole exhibition being the Irish point sleeves lent by Miss Laurence, which were made there. At the time of the great famine crochet was the fashionable needlework, and this being the work in which Irish ladies were the most skilled, was naturally that they taught their *protégées*. The coarse, cheap kind is contemptible enough; and wherever—as is the case with the pearl tatting of Ardee—the peasantry have succumbed to the temptation of making it the industry has died; but the market town of Clones, in Monaghan, had in Mrs. Hand, the rector's wife, a lady of immense natural business talent, and under her management the industry grew and flourished. Greek lace is

imitated so well as to be of almost equal value with the original, and Venetian point is copied so skillfully as to be scarcely distinguishable from real. The Spanish point and Jesuit lace, as well as several kinds of Guipure, are more than rarely beautiful; they are brilliantly fashionable as well, though many connoisseurs still hold them inferior to the real point laces of Innishmacsaint and Cappoquin.

In the cases sent by trading firms there is much that is rare and beautiful, though it is a little disappointing to those who look hopefully towards a revival of Irish trade to find that in all the country only one firm—Messrs. Forest and Sons, of Dublin—have had the enterprise to send lace, the product of native industry, to the London Mansion House. Not a single tradesman in Cork, Belfast, Limerick, or Waterford has availed himself of this opportunity of making known and appreciated the beautiful results of Irish skill and handicraft; and it is to private collectors and English dealers that we are mainly indebted for this opportunity of studying the history and variety of Irish lace.

"THE FERRY ON THE FIORD."

FROM THE PICTURE BY A. ASKEVOLD.

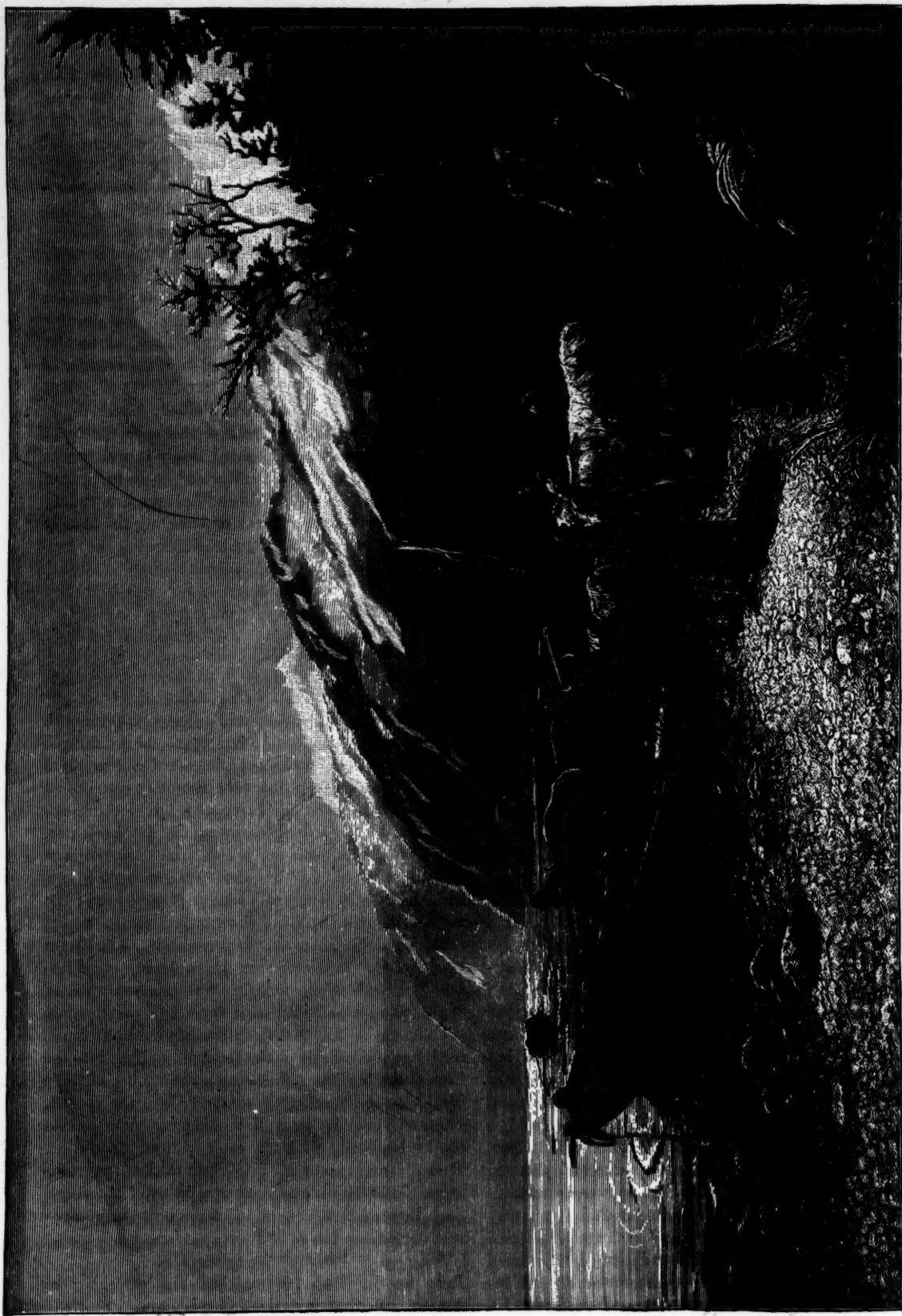


Fate the reputation of Norway has suffered a little through the ardour of a multitude of travellers, who are troubled with "impressions," and rest not till they behold them in print. This would be no evil if they were genuine *impressionistes* and masters of their art. As it is, artists and folk-lore students and salmon-fishers are their inheritors, and are now able to correct their indiscretions. The heights of the mountains have been readjusted to the scale; they are no longer of Alpine magnitude, but frequently vast plateaux, more or less dreary. The glaciers are beautiful indeed, but tame and inextensive when compared with those of Switzerland. The rivers, lakes, and fiords remain, and, with the waterfalls and the deep wooded valleys and quaint villages, can disappoint no expectations. The climate may be treacherous; you may be deluged with many days of incessant rain up country at midsummer, and shiver with prolonged chill; you may glow in the dry heat of a Parisian August and find mosquitoes as far north as Trondhjem; but you will never forget the delightful slumberous calm and entrancing beauty of the upper waters of the fiords.

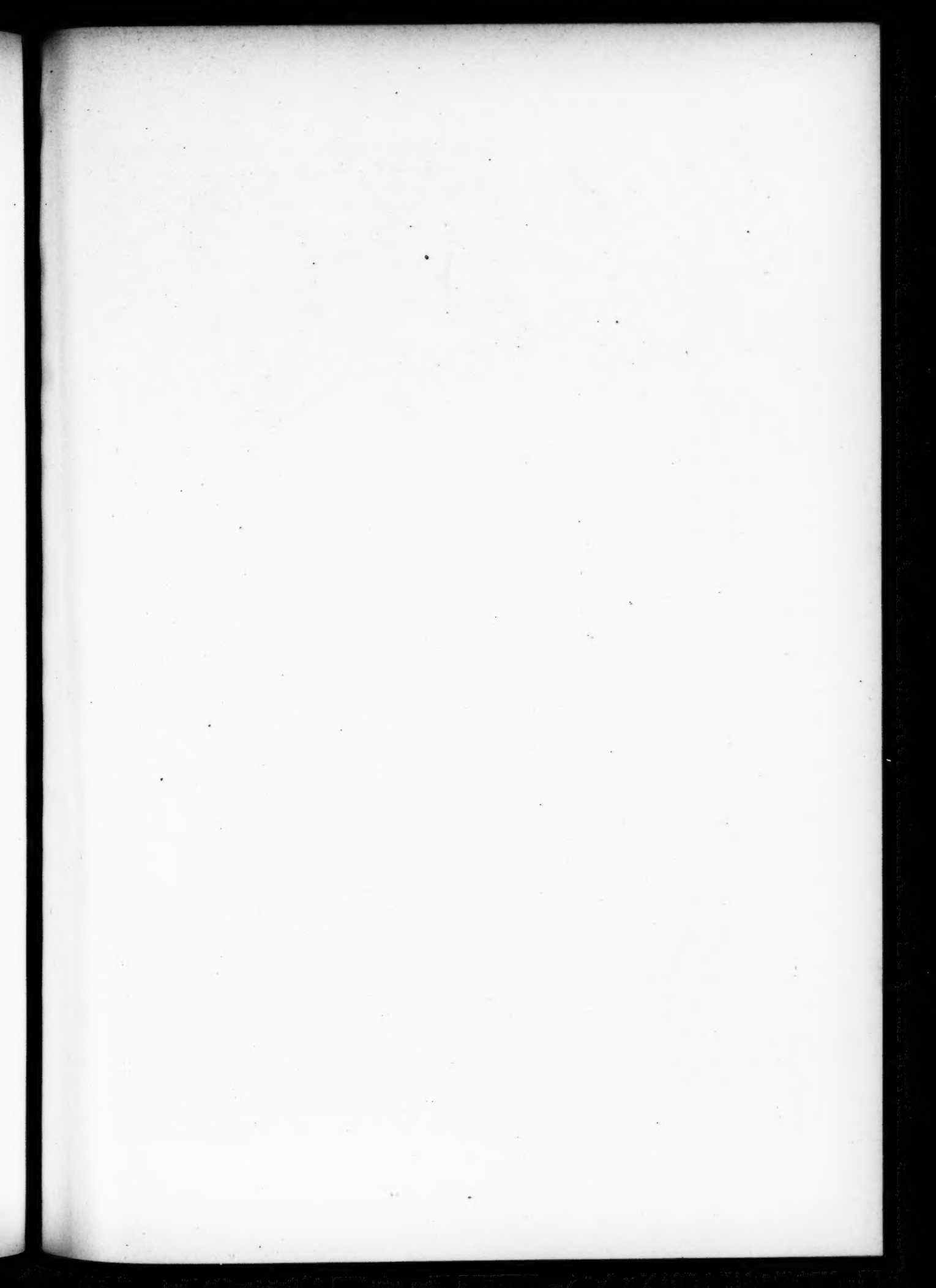
The scene of Herr Askevold's picture is the mouth of a fiord; westward, to the left, opens the Atlantic in a dead calm, and on the opposite side the Nus Fiord glaciers are glittering under the noon-day sun. Some slow unwilling cows are being urged into the ferry-boat that is to convey them to the further shore. The event is scarcely an action, and does not mar the exquisite repose of the scene. There is no hurry, and, we may be sure, no violence of any kind; the movement will be effected in a fashion in accord with the idyllic peace that is paramount. The charm of colour that is harmonious and not assertive is diffused everywhere: from the pure translucent water of the fiord in which, fathoms deep, the round white pebbles are visible through a delicate green medium, to the great ice-fields of the foreland melting into the haze of the horizon. Such a migration is one of those incidents of travel that most delight the tourist. He may take in its full significance as a portion of the landscape with the easy span of meditation. These peasants and their cattle and modest appurtenances are essential to full interpretation of the scene. Soon he shall watch them and their boat disappear—

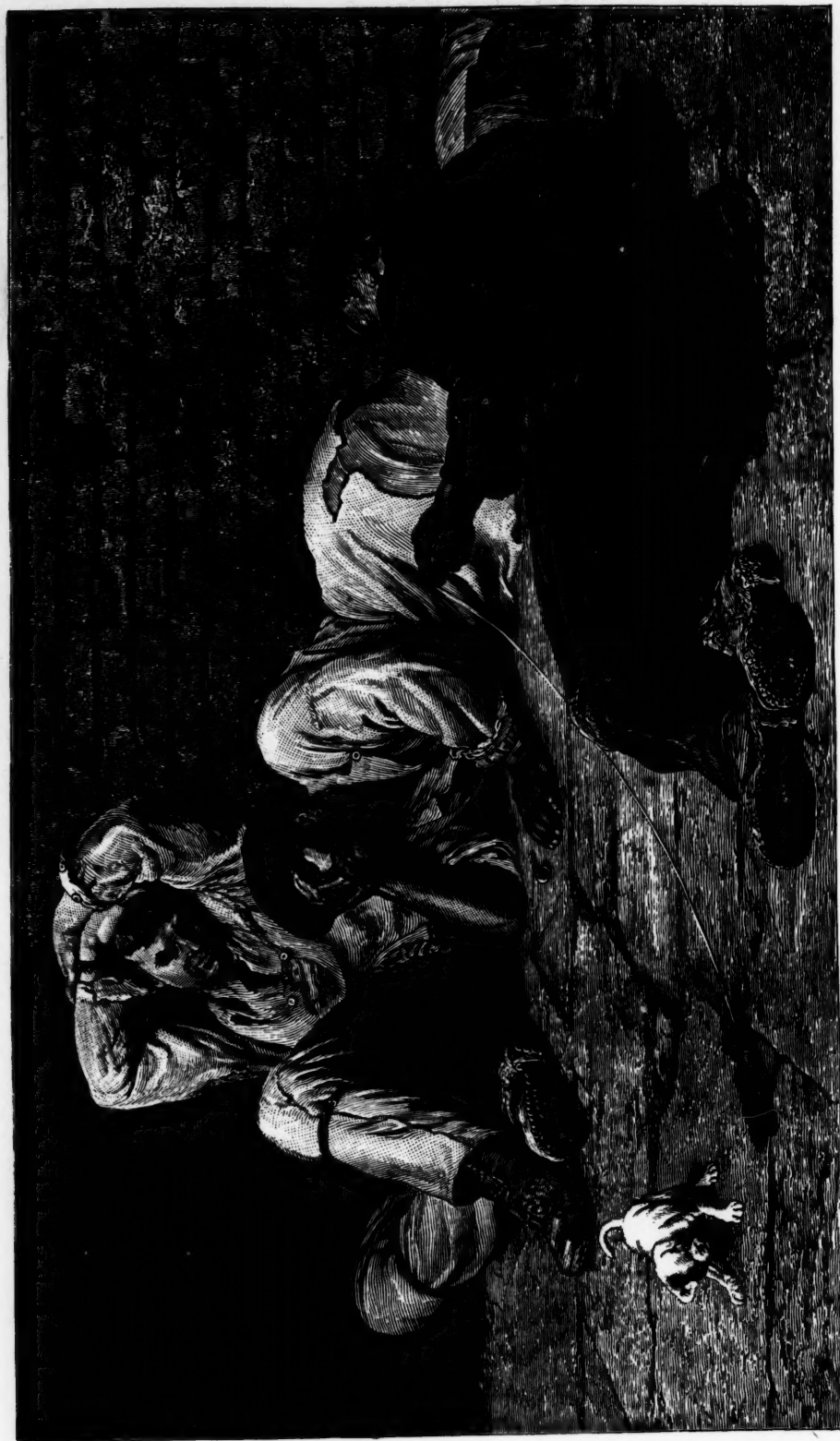
"Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less, and vanish into light"—

Even as Sir Bedivere watched the vanishing of Arthur into the mysterious Cornish sea.



THE FERRY ON THE FIORD.
(From the Picture by A. Aasenoid.)





GIANTS AT PLAY.

(Painted by Briton Riviere, R.A. Royal Academy, 1883.)

THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA.—I.

FROM Milan to Pavia spreads the flattest and most fertile part of the Lombard plain. The damp rich soil yields three crops in the year, and vegetation becomes rank from its very luxuriance. Nothing is to be seen but meadows of corn and clover, divided by canals whose sluggish waters are

munity. But the Certosa still abides: in the vastness of its proportions and the splendour of its decorations one of the grandest monuments that has ever been raised by mortal hands.

It is a singular fact that both the Certosa of Pavia and the Duomo of Milan owe their origin to



THE CERTOSA.—I.: THE GATEWAY.

fringed with thick rows of poplars and willows; nothing to be heard but the croak of the frogs in the swamps around. Here, however, in the midst of meadows and marshes stands the famous Certosa of Pavia, the most splendid monastery in the world. The spacious courts are deserted now; silence reigns in the cloisters which echoed to chaunt and litany; and the white-robed father who guides you through the chapels and transepts is one of seven or eight who are all that remain of a great and busy com-

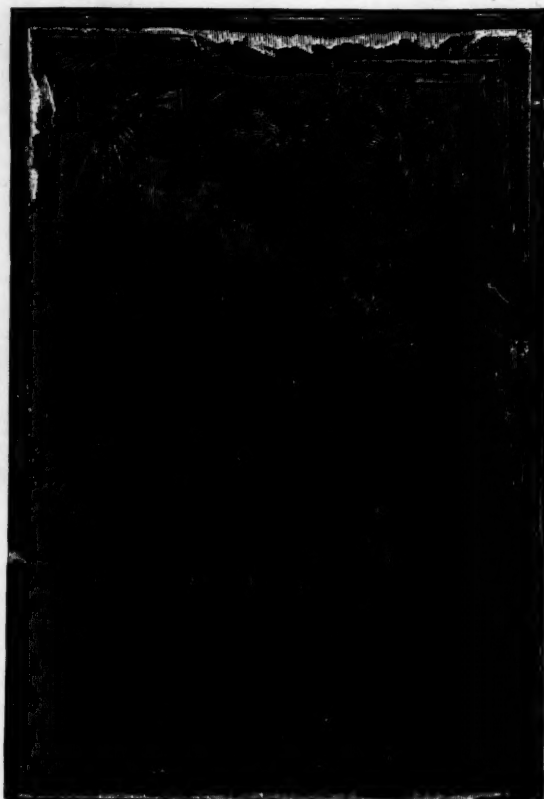
munity. But the Certosa still abides: in the vastness of its proportions and the splendour of its decorations one of the grandest monuments that has ever been raised by mortal hands. It is a singular fact that both the Certosa of Pavia and the Duomo of Milan owe their origin to

Virgin for the success which had crowned his schemes, or, as others more charitably suggest, in expiation of his crimes. Each of his great foundations marks a step in the fulfilment of his hopes. When he had been recognised Duke of Milan by the people, he laid the first stone of the Duomo in the year 1386; and when in 1395 the Emperor Wenceslaus had confirmed his title, he proceeded to found a Carthusian abbey in the part of Mirobello near Pavia, which his father had enclosed for hunting. Preparations for building were at once begun, and on the 8th of September, 1396, Galeazzo himself, attended by a brilliant train of bishops and courtiers, laid the foundations of the Certosa, and endowed the new monastery with great estates in the neighbourhood. During the remaining six years of his life the works were actively continued, and at the end of three years the church was already so far advanced that mass was said within its walls, and twenty-six monks were received. Galeazzo himself took great interest in its progress, and at his death in 1402 left a fixed yearly revenue for carrying on the fabric of the Certosa, after whose completion it was to be devoted to the poor. The monks faithfully obeyed their founder's dying injunctions, and for more than three centuries kept the best Lombard artists in their service. In 1542 Galeazzo's bequest was transferred to the poor of the district, and from that time the monks themselves supplied the necessary funds for the great work from the income of their estates.

The building and decoration of the Certosa during so many successive generations naturally gave a powerful impulse to the development of art in this part of Italy. A school of artists grew up under its walls, and there was scarcely an architect or sculptor of note in Lombardy who at one time or another of his life did not take part in the works. Each succeeding age has left its mark on the building;

and while the nave and central portions belong to an epoch when the Gothic arch had supplanted the Romanesque, the apse already bears signs of the classical revival introduced in Lombardy by Bramante, and the façade, cupola, and cloisters are purely Renaissance in style. Great uncertainty still prevails as to the architect who originally designed the Certosa, and the best German authorities give the honour to Marco di Campione, one of the architects attached to the Duomo. But the first contract was probably undertaken by Bernardo da Venezia, whose name appears in a recently-discovered document as engaged in digging the foundations and superintending preparations for the building in the days of Gian Galeazzo. After him came a long roll of architects, sculptors, and stone-carvers whose names are preserved in the records of the Certosa. Chief among them were Guniforte Solari, who appears to have succeeded Bernardo da Venezia as head architect, and who designed a façade which was never executed, and the brothers Mantegazza. These two Milanese sculptors were employed for many years at the Certosa, and in 1473 received a house in Milan from the Prior Filippo de' Rancate in payment for various sculptured marbles. Besides

working at bas-reliefs for the façade, they carved the *sacarii*, used to contain the holy vessels for mass, still to be seen in the side chapels to the right and left of the nave, and several other fine reliefs in the chapter-house and transepts, adorned with quaint groups of angels and delicately - sculptured leaves, flowers, birds, and arabesques. In one of these an "Adoration of the Magi," which is evidently an early work, the portraits of Gian Galeazzo and his son Filippo Maria, are introduced. Another, a "Pietà" of really impressive character, is still more strongly marked by the deeply-cut outlines and cartaceous draperies which are the distinguishing features of their style. But the most important



THE CERTOSA.—II.: THE PROPHET JONAH; FROM THE FAÇADE.

of all the artists who contributed to the erection of the Certosa was Antonio Amadeo, who designed the façade and himself executed a great part of its marble work.

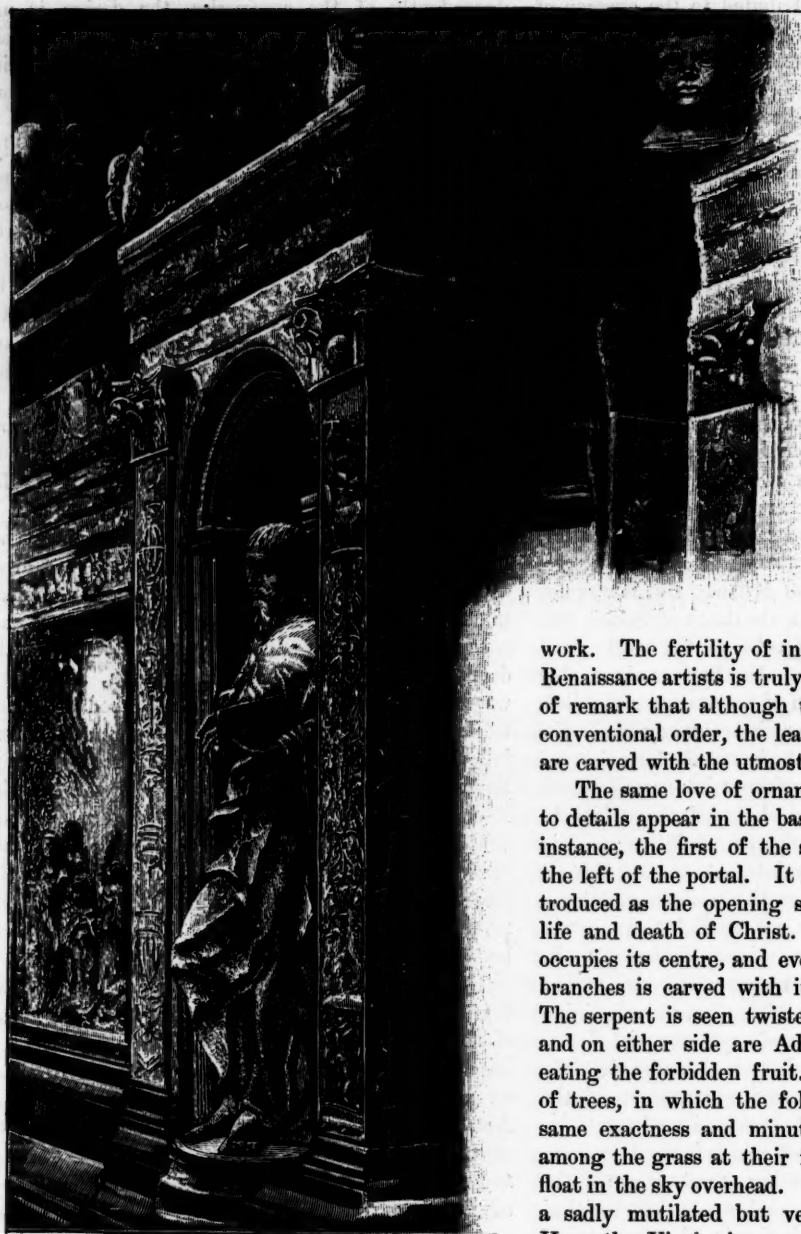
Giovanni Antonio Amadeo, or Omodeo, as he is sometimes called, or Di Madeo, as he himself signed his name, had grown up on a farm belonging to his father in the neighbourhood of the Certosa, and had received his early art-training from the masters employed there. The graceful angels carved on the marble doorway which leads from the church into the cloisters are still shown as his first work, and were done when he was only nineteen. Soon afterwards he was called on to sculpture the tomb of Archbishop Lanfranc at Pavia, and to raise the mortuary chapel of the Colleoni at Bergamo, where his effigy of the sleeping girl Medea still charms all eyes by its touching purity and grace. In 1478 he had returned to Pavia, where among other works he carved the noble "Deposition" of the high altar, and decorated another doorway with singing angels and medallions of dukes of Milan. But it was not until twelve years later, at the death of Solari, that he was appointed *Capo-Maestro* of the works, and then designed the façade. He first made a clay model to decide the position of the statues and reliefs already prepared, and then in company with the Mantegazza and other artists began the long-delayed work, which he carried on without interruption until the first gallery was reached. All this while he was head architect of the Duomo of Milan; and in 1497 he gave up his appointment at the Certosa wholly to devote himself to the work of erecting a cupola on the Duomo, an ungrateful task, in the performance of which he was subjected by the directors of the Fabbrica to perpetual insults and annoyances which threw a gloom over his declining years. The unfinished cupola was completed two hundred and fifty years after his death; but the Certosa remains his own, and approves itself the masterpiece of the greatest Lombard sculptor.

The wealth of decoration which is the prominent feature of the whole building meets us at the entrance in the paintings and ornaments lavished upon the gateway, which forms the subject of our first illustration. A spacious archway supports the low widely-projecting roof, beneath which are frescoes by Luini, only one of which, the "Annunciation," is still in tolerable preservation. This leads us into the court of the convent, where the first object that meets the eye is Amadeo's wonderful façade. While the walls, buttresses, and dome of the church are built of the fine red brick, so much used in Lombardy, the façade consists entirely of costly marbles, and is adorned with a profusion of statues, bas-reliefs, and ornamental sculpture. In-

dependently of the accessories, the design is undoubtedly one of the finest of its epoch. The front is divided into five equal spaces corresponding with the internal arrangement, and separated by four pilasters and two square turrets, each of which is adorned with six statues. In the centre is a richly-decorated portal resting on four Corinthian columns. Above this a triforium gallery extends over the whole front, supporting a kind of shrine, which bears the inscription, "Mary the Virgin, mother, daughter and bride of God," and which is again crossed by a second gallery. This upper triforium now terminates the façade, but in the original design it was to have been crowned by a colossal mosaic and gable which has never been executed.

The façade therefore remains still unfinished, and must rank below that of the Duomo of Orvieto, the only other one in Italy to be compared with it for decorative beauty and richness. Every part of it is covered with sculpture. On the basement we have a series of reliefs from the life of Christ, divided by statues of prophets, among whom Jonah under his gourd and David with his harp are conspicuous. The subjects to the left of the doorway begin with the Fall of Man, and afterwards relate to the Birth and Childhood of Christ, while on the right are scenes from the Passion, followed by the Resurrection and the Ascension. Even the sub-basement which lies below this series is enriched with heads of Roman emperors, heroes, women, and cherubs. Medallions bearing these and other devices; trophies, coats-of-arms—especially the serpent of the Visconti—groups of centaurs; and myths; innumerable legends, fill up the vacant spaces between the crowd of pillars and bas-reliefs.

Most of the finest specimens of sculpture, however, are to be found round the great arched portal of the centre, of which we give a full-page picture. This doorway, with the four square-headed windows on either side, were designed and erected by Amadeo's associate Benedetto Brioschi. At the foot of the pillars we have the foundation of the Certosa, and the funeral procession of Gian Galeazzo, two reliefs crowded with figures often admirable in expression and character. Above on either side of the doors, framed in vine-work, are the consecration of the church, and the pope granting a charter to the Carthusian order, besides a series of smaller subjects relating to the lives of St. John the Baptist, the Virgin, and two favourite Lombard saints, St. Ambrose of Milan, and St. Sirus, the first bishop of Pavia. Immediately above the portico runs a beautiful frieze of angel-groups bearing instruments of the Passion, and on the side walls we find another finely-sculptured series of kneeling bishops, with angels hovering in the clouds above them. Here we



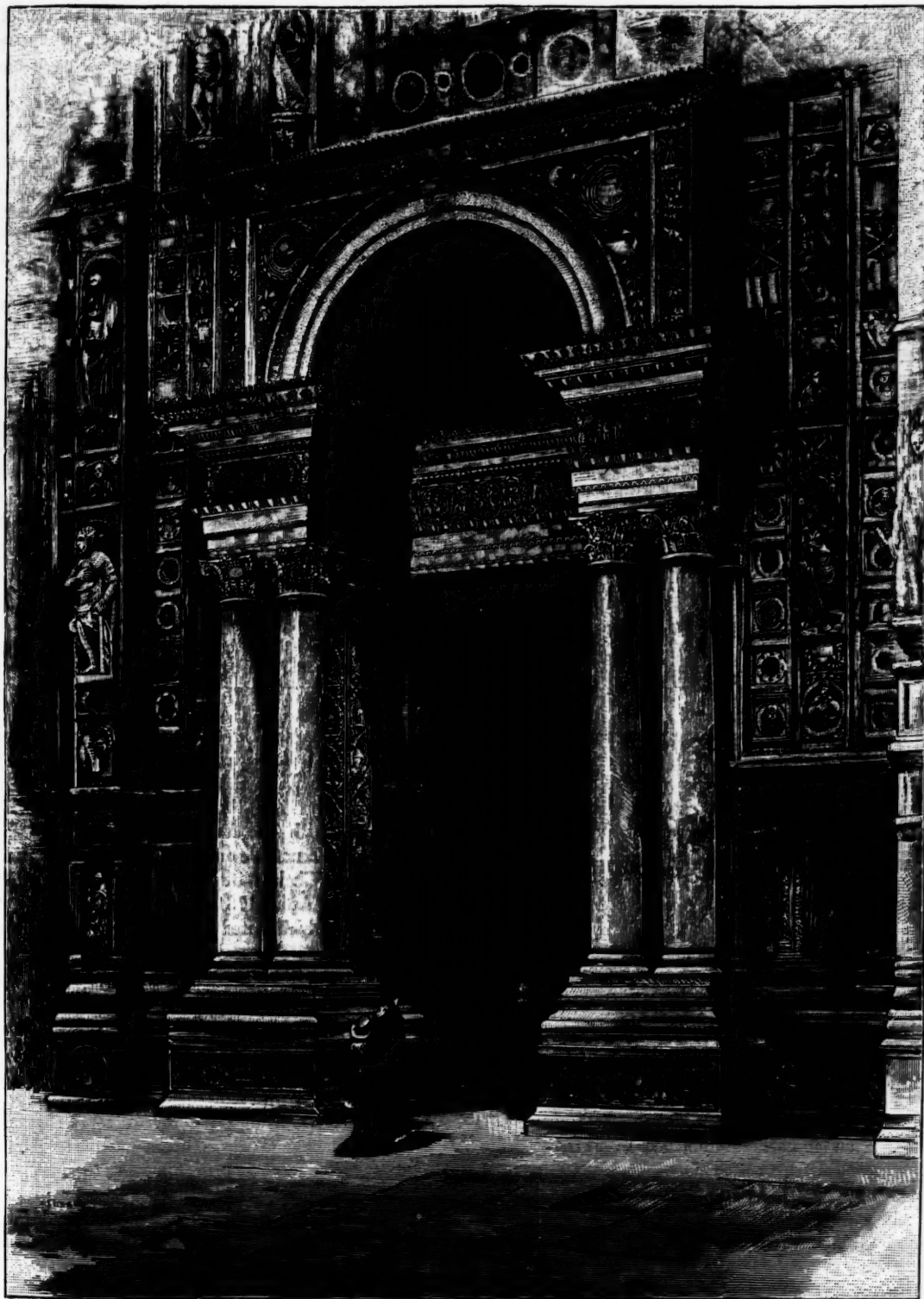
THE CERTOSA.—III. : A PROPHET ; FROM THE
FACADE.

seem to recognise the hand of Amadeo, to whom also we surely owe the exquisite work on the great windows, which are divided by slender columns in the shape of candelabra encrusted with groups of angels engaged in every form of worship. Some are playing upon lutes and viols, others are singing from their choir-books, others again kneel in adoration, or simply stand with palms in their hands and eyes fixed in rapt attention on the object of their praise.

All round these windows and between the reliefs and statues scattered over the whole façade are broad strips of marble covered with delicate sculpture in every species of ornamental form. Birds, fruit, and flowers of every description, pelicans and griffins, vases and burning censers, cupids and reading children are introduced among arabesques and rosettes of endless variety; each capital and cornice is adorned with some new leaf-moulding or cherub-heads, some fresh pattern of scroll or bead-

work. The fertility of invention displayed by these Renaissance artists is truly amazing; and it is worthy of remark that although the designs are of a purely conventional order, the leaves and flowers introduced are carved with the utmost truth and nature.

The same love of ornament and careful attention to details appear in the bas-reliefs. Let us take, for instance, the first of the series on the basement, to the left of the portal. It is the Fall of Man, here introduced as the opening scene in the drama of the life and death of Christ. The Tree of Knowledge occupies its centre, and every leaf and apple upon its branches is carved with infinite pains and delicacy. The serpent is seen twisted in coils round its stem, and on either side are Adam and Eve in the act of eating the forbidden fruit. Behind them is a grove of trees, in which the foliage is rendered with the same exactness and minuteness, even as the plants among the grass at their feet and the clouds which float in the sky overhead. Or take the Annunciation, a sadly mutilated but very pleasing little picture. Here the Virgin is represented standing under a small Bramantesque temple, decorated with sculptural medallions and arabesques and surrounded with trees. God the Father appears encircled by a glory of cherubs in the clouds above, the dove hovers in mid-air, and behind Gabriel are two other graceful angels who stand reverently listening to the message which he delivers. Both the Nativity and the Adoration of Magi are remarkable for the varied landscape, buildings, and actors introduced in the background. The latter is enlivened with camels and horses, while in the Nativity we have shepherds in cap and crook



THE CERTOSA.—IV.: THE PORTAL.

attended by their sheep, and a young mother holds up her child to gaze in awe and wonder at the Babe. In the scenes from the Passion, the fierce zeal of the persecutors and the indifference of the spectators are rendered with a good deal of dramatic power; but of the whole series, perhaps the most original in conception is the quaint figure—shown in our second woodcut—of Jonah sitting under the gourd: a plant whose leaves appear to offer but a poor shelter from the very solidly-depicted rays of the sun, and behind which rise the walls and towers of "that great city" Nineveh.

In their present damaged state it is difficult to speak with certainty of any separate subject as the work of individual sculptors; but all are distinguished by the long thin forms and clinging draperies of the Lombard school, and most of the best reliefs bear strong evidence of being executed by Amadeo himself. In more than one case—as, for instance, in the noble statue reproduced in our third picture—we seem to recognise the hand of a still earlier artist, probably one of the Mantegazzas; while the later marbles, especially the reliefs relating to the building of the Certosa and the elaborate decorations in

which they are framed, remind us forcibly of Agostino Busti, the sculptor of Gaston de Foix's monument, and may be his work, since his name appears among those of the artists engaged on the façade. An excellent opportunity of examining these interesting statues and bas-reliefs has been afforded the student, by the admirable series of photographs published by the late Theodor Schüller of Leipzig, from which our illustrations are engraved. The more closely we study these details, the more we shall be convinced of the richness, grace, and variety of the Renaissance school of ornamentation.

From an architectural point of view the façade is open to hostile criticism, and the lower part is certainly liable to the charge of excessive and minute decoration, which "makes it fatiguing even to think of." But it is only fair to add that this accumulation of objects is in a great measure relieved by the fine play of light and shade caused by the careful disposition of the principal features. Even those who are disposed to criticise the structure most severely will allow with Mr. Street that it is a "magnificent hybrid," unique in the marvellous richness and harmony of its general effect. JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

DERBY CHINA: PAST AND PRESENT.

THE record of Derby ceramics is portioned out in distinctive periods. The first period dates from 1750 to 1769. In the former year William Duesbury began to make china on the Nottingham Road, with Andrew Planché, a French refugee, and ancestor of the late J. R. Planché, as his chief assistant. Duesbury had up to this date been a toy figure maker at the Derby Pot Works, a concern which had for a number of years done an important trade in work which, though appertaining to primitive art, is prized by connoisseurs. It will thus be seen that china was manufactured at Derby within a few years after the secret of porcelain was conveyed to England. The works at Sèvres were founded six years previously; Berlin and Worcester one year afterwards; the factories at Chelsea and Stratford-le-Bow a little earlier. Chelsea and Bow exercise an important influence over Derby ware. The second Derby period dates from 1769 to 1784. In 1769 Duesbury appears to have purchased the Chelsea works, which had attained a considerable standing. He carried the Derby factory on jointly with that at Chelsea until 1784, when the latter was closed, and models, moulds, and men were transferred from Thames to Derwent. The transfer brought to Derby two Chelsea painters of repute: Withers, who

was regarded as the best flower-painter on china in England, and Zachariah Boreman, the friend of Wright of Derby, and the father of china-painting. In the meantime (1775) the Bow factory was likewise amalgamated with the Derby firm. The Chelsea-Derby period is a notable one in the annals of English ceramics, and "Chelsea-Derby" is highly appreciated by collectors. After 1784 followed the "Crown" Derby period, which lasted until 1814. During this time the Derby ware became second to none. Duesbury died in November, 1786. He was succeeded by his son and grandson, the latter for a time being in partnership with a clever Irishman, Michael Kean, a miniature painter of genius and a designer of great skill. Up to this date the high character of the works was maintained. The king and queen were extensive patrons; William Pitt ordered services; the "Beautiful Duchess" was a liberal supporter; and Doctor Johnson went out of his way to visit the works. The fourth period, that of Robert Bloor, from 1814 to 1849, is a story of decline and fall. He employed clever artist-workmen, and good pieces were furnished; but he adopted a fatal system of getting up sales by auction, which resulted in the production of hasty, imperfect work garishly decorated. The high standard, which it had been the

ambition of the Duesburys to maintain, deteriorated. The famous premises were pulled down, and there was an exodus of the workmen to Staffordshire. China-making in Derby was not, however, suffered to die out. The fifth era extends from the termination of the Bloor period in 1849 to the formation of the present flourishing factory in 1877. When the old works were closed, William Locker, who had been connected with them for close upon half a century, started a small manufactory. Mr. Sampson Hancock is the surviving partner of this concern, which is still in existence, the productions being of the old type and character. But the works are very insignificant when compared with the larger establishment of the Derby "Crown" Porcelain Company, which was started by Mr. Edward Phillips, a managing director of the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company.

The work of each of these periods bears a distinctive mark, which enables the collector to decide its date without much difficulty. Duesbury, at the foundation of the factory, does not appear to have employed any mark, unless it was a script "D," or the simple word "Derby;" but when he purchased the Bow and Chelsea factories, "D" with crossed swords was used, together with "D" with crown. The products of the "Crown" Derby period are identified by "Duesbury, Derby" with a crown and crossed swords intervening. The partnership of Duesbury and Kean is marked with the initials "D. & K." The Bloor period is recognised by the name of "Bloor" on the monogram. "Locker & Co., late Bloor" stamps the next survival; while Mr. Sampson Hancock's mark includes his initials, crossed swords, crown, and the letter "D." The present Derby "Crown" Porcelain Company's stamp consists of two "D's" intersected under a crown.

The work of the Duesbury period is quiet and chaste; that of the Bloor period, though rich in gilding and striking in colour, is heavy, and wanting in the indefinable charm which belongs to the more artistic productions. The present work unites the excellences of all the epochs: the deep, dark richness of mazarine blue, the chaste modelling, the delicate, transparent, biscuit "body," the wealth of gilding and chasing. The flower and fruit painting which is the distinguishing characteristic of "Old Derby" has been revived, and even improved upon. The pattern called "Old Japan," in all probability the first introduced at the old works, has been resuscitated in all its glory of blue and gold and red; while the application of peculiar decoration, mostly in raised gold of Persian pattern, has been introduced with a richness of effect one searches for in vain in the old pieces.

Some four hundred hands were employed at the old Derby works, which number corresponds in the

aggregate with the number engaged at the existing factory. Among them were several artists of genius, who achieved their triumphs at a time when schools of art and art galleries were a dream of the dim future. There were William Billingsley, a flower-painter of wonderful colour and delicate pencilling; Withers and Boreman—William and Thomas Pegg, the former of whom painted flowers so naturally that he sacrificed his pencil to morbid religious scruples over the passage in Deuteronomy which forbids the making of images or likenesses of things on the earth or under the earth, and was reduced to hawking herrings for bread—the brothers Brewer, Richard Dodson, Leonard Lead, John Stanesby, Thomas Steele, Dexter, Bancroft, and others. Each of these had a speciality for flowers, fruit, birds, shells, insects, animals, or landscapes. James Rouse, who painted flowers at the old factory, is painting flowers at the new; he is in his eightieth year.

The figures and groups of the old dynasty in pure biscuit "body" have no little pretention to art. Bow, Chelsea, and Derby figures were produced by the Duesburys in great variety. In most instances the modellers' names were identified with their work. The total number of patterns of these biscuit figures and groups—sentimental and grotesque—made at Derby was upwards of 500. Among these were not a few from the models of Chelsea and Bow. The modelling, especially of the drapery, compared with the most choice productions of Sèvres and Dresden, and was frequently passed off by dealers for the continental work. A big book might be devoted to the old Derby patterns: the Derby Japan, done in cobalt blue, red, and green, and richly gilt; the Chantilly pattern, of blue, pink, and sprig, with its elaborate tracery; the "Rodney Jug," the "Prentice Plate," the Royalty services, the Kedleston vases. We shall see their reproductions in even purer body and finer colour in the present factory on the Osmaston Road, where an old workhouse has been turned from a place of paupers to a palace of porcelain.

The show-room is a treasure-house of art; but the contemplation of its beautiful objects is made the more interesting by the visitor first inspecting the various processes. The manufacture of the new "Crown" Derby differs but little from the method employed in the production of the old. Steam-power is not used. The work is done by hand. A girl turns the wheel with the nice gradations required by the thrower; another assistant kneads and weighs the clay and places it ready for his hand. The lump of lifeless matter is thrown on the revolving disc. It seems to enter instantly into sympathy with the sensitive fingers of the thrower, rising into a graceful vase, spreading into a saucer, shaping into

a jug, forming into a cup, as the case may be. The method is just the same as that of the time of the Pharaohs. Mechanical science cannot improve upon the primæval potter's wheel. The rotary motion required in the next room by the turner is yielded by a pedal. The printing-room introduces the visitor to an invention which has wrought a revolution in ceramics. After the copper-plate printers have inked the patterns on their plates, nimble scissors swiftly shape them into the necessary pieces, which are then applied to the porcelain. The paper is then washed off, leaving the pattern reversed on the surface of the china, in the colour intended. It should be noted that the printing process is a modern innovation, and was never employed in the

production of "old" Derby, and that at the present works the decoration of the better class of "new" Derby is all done by hand. The clay itself is a composition of flint, felspar, Cornish clay, and calcined bones. The greatest care has to be exercised to prevent foreign substances entering with the "slip," which is sifted through silk-lawn sieves, almost as fine as a spider's-web. It is not until you have been introduced to the biscuit-kilns, with their "seggars;" entered the dipping-room where the ware is glazed; passed through the decorating, painting, burnishing, and chasing rooms—that you return to view the finished ware in the resplendent show-room and admire it all the more through seeing the careful and critical processes it has gone through. EDWARD BRADBURY.

CURRENT ART.

MR. BRITON RIVIERE'S "Giants at Play," which forms the subject of our frontispiece, is one of the pleasantest things he has done. Full of humour, it is also full of nature; and it was certainly one of the best painted pictures in the Academy. It has, too, the merit—which seems to become rarer with every year—of telling its own story. The British labourer in his hour of ease, that is, in his dinner-hour, is painted to the life. The three broad and burly forms are admirable realisations of a peculiarly British type, and the expressions on the faces watching the laughable staggering motions of the little terrier pup are

triumphantly imagined and realised. As for the pup himself, it goes without saying that he is painted as only Mr. Riviere could have painted him. His futile babyishness, his preposterous pertness, his imbecile vivacity and that weakness of the legs with which the youth of his race, however gamesome, are afflicted, are rendered with the truth and understanding for which Mr. Riviere has been long and justly famous. His admirers and he compose what is in many ways the pleasantest group of its year.

Of Mr. Alfred Parsons' "Washing Day" mention has already been made in our note on the exhibition



WASHING DAY.

(Painted by Alfred Parsons. Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1883.)

of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. It was one of the freshest and pleasantest of the many fresh and pleasant pictures there; and it is perhaps one of the best things the artist has done. As a landscape-painter Mr. Parsons possesses the important qualities of strength and breadth, as may be seen, not only in the original of our illustration, but also in the very true and effective background painted by him to some graceful figures by his countryman, Mr. Abbey. Mr. Parsons' women, if they are drawn with less assurance and completeness than Mr. Abbey's, are not less natural nor less lively. The great merit of his picture is, that apart from its charms of tone and veracity, and its pleasant colour, it suggests a stirring and vigorous sense of motion. It gives us a glimpse of washing day at its best—that is, washing day in the country, with a merry and

boisterous wind, that out of sheer hilarity might blow clothes and lines and pegs and props clean away, to the chagrin of the housewife, and the amusement of small imps of boys. Possibly, however, the housemothers of the metropolis will not be inclined to take such an extreme view. They will gaze with envy at the open space, and think of their stuffy little hole-and-corner "gardens" and their big laundry bills; they will note the fluttering

linen on the line; and they will feel with sympathy and some longing—not the longing of Autolycus, by the way, in whom a hedgeful of linen did always "set the pugging tooth on edge"—that it must have been a "fine drying wind" which suggested such an admirable and pleasant picture.

Of Mr. Hennessy's pleasing and poetical "With the Birds" there is not much to be said; and what there is is almost wholly by way of praise. It is by no means his best work—the "Pastoral" (hanging nearly opposite to it in the Grosvenor Gallery) is far more original in sentiment, which is expressed, too, with truer feeling and finer imagination. Still, "With the Birds" is considerably above the average of its kind; it presents a pretty idyll with grace and delicacy and charm. To look on this happy graceful girl swinging amidst blossom and cool leaf-



WITH THE BIRDS.

(Painted by W. J. Hennessy. Grosvenor Gallery, 1883. From a Drawing by the Artist.)

age, and listening with a smile to the joyous ecstasy of the birds singing in the bright air above her, is to live again some idle happy days, and unconsciously to murmur that pleasantest of Kingsley's songs—the song that tells what comes of life when all the world is young and all the trees are green.

Of the work of the late W. L. Leitch—one of whose best productions we have engraved—it seems at this time idle to treat. For long the Vice-President



HOLMWOOD COMMON.

(Painted by W. L. Leitch. Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1883.)

of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours—at whose galleries in Piccadilly a loan collection of his drawings has appropriately been on view—he represents a phase of this art which is fast fading into the background of history, there to be a foil to the fresher and stronger art which has succeeded. He wrought in the formal imaginative convention of his day, a style which had more regard for academical elegance and arrangement according to the canons than for sentiment or idea—a style which gave birth to a good deal that was careful and pleasing, and to much technical accomplishment of the classic sort. The result was well shown in the collection referred to. Most of the works there were purely academical: precise and graceful, and seldom anything more. Occasionally, however, Leitch could break away from the conventions which bound him down; and when he did, he showed he was capable of greater things. He has so broken away in the “Holmwood Common” reproduced above. In this small picture he is at his best. With plenty of fact, he gives us a genuine impression, a sincere and by no means feeble sense of storm and distance and gleams of sunshine sailing over shadowed land and clouded sky. And the effect is broad and true enough to remind us—in a small way certainly, but a pleasant—of Constable. We must add, too, that the handling is larger and more suggestive, and the tone and colour more distinguished and effective than in most of his work.

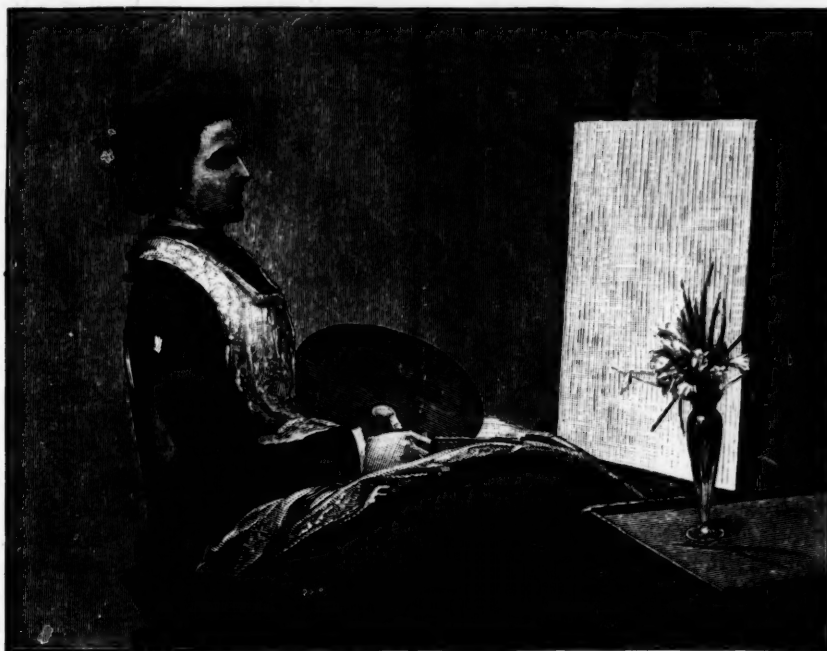
M. Fantin’s “L’Étude” was one of, if not the most accomplished and refined pictures in the Academy. Hung on the line in a corner of the

second room, it formed an instructive contrast with the vulgar swagger of the portrait by M. Carolus Duran, which, with all its cleverness, is a strong example of whatever is meretricious in a certain school of modern art. The distinguishing characteristic of M. Fantin’s admirable study is a certain gracious and dreamy refinement, the result chiefly of a singularly successful harmony of quiet greys and browns and neutral yellows, and a delicate realisation of light—soft, lambent, silvery, and all-pervading. As mere painting, too, it is excellent. The flesh-painting is very true in colour, and the modelling is as correct and sincere as it is facile and unforced. The treatment of the hair is well-nigh perfect in its way—it reminds us of Mr. Legros at his best; while the flat surface of the wall which is the background, and the forms and texture of the lady’s dress, are wrought with equal skill and truth and reticence. The surface of the canvas on the easel seems to be the plain surface of the canvas of the picture itself—an ingenious method of realisation which only the practised artist could dare to use. For the tone of that bare blank space must necessarily govern the tone of the whole; and thus, plain unquestionable fact in one place is gained at the expense of difficulties super-added elsewhere.

Mr. Simonds’ bronze “Perseus”—which has been described as “a Morris in the round”—very justly occupies the place of honour in the Sculpture Gallery of the Royal Academy. It may fairly be esteemed as the single respectable attempt to realise the heroic of the year, and it gained not a little in effect

and significance by contrast with the vast amount of scrupulous mediocrity with which it was surrounded. It has been said that the shortcomings of our younger sculptors are due in great part to want of practice, which results from the unpopularity of the art; and it cannot be denied that the encouragement to produce ambitious, or what used to be called "ideal," work is of the slightest. But this seems a somewhat dry and commercial view of the question. The creations of a true artist are not dependent upon commissions, a superfluity of which, as we know to our cost—as every exhibition has proved—leads to slipshod workmanship and cheap conception. Further, great art is not so much the result of patronage as patronage is the consequence of great art. At the same time, patronage and encouragement are necessary, and it is much to be regretted that in this country they are alike unscientific and feeble.

puzzling itself with some uncertain illustration of a Greek myth. The bust of a burlesque actress, and the presentment of peripatetic impudence in burnt cork, tell the world of things it knows, since they are parts of itself and belong to the age; but to the world in general statues of Artemis and Teucer and Perseus convey no meaning whatever. The stories of classic history and mythology are not popular; the stories of the Bible are—whence it comes to pass that Mr. Tinworth enjoys a wider field of sympathy and understanding than Mr. Simonds. These remarks, it must be noted, are not meant to discourage the illustration of mythology. There are many classic stories which embody the enduring elements of humanity, and these, provided they are told well, can hardly be told too often. The mistake our sculptors make is that they do not go to work with the high purpose of expressing with



L'ÉTUDE.

(Painted by H. Fantin. Royal Academy, 1883.)

The classic recreations in which modern English sculptors have so often indulged do not interest the popular mind except in so far as they may touch the inner springs of feeling, the deep eternal sources of human emotion. This they very seldom do; and it is but natural in the populace to gaze with satisfaction upon sugary ideals of contemporary celebrities, and to take a reprehensible delight in such detestable monstrosities as that terrible nigger minstrel in the last exhibition at Burlington House, instead of

their utmost power the essential ideas and meanings of the subjects which they choose, but merely with the intention of showing what very clever fellows they can be on occasions. This is all very able, and interesting, and amusing; but it is not exactly art, and, on the whole, it is wise not to encourage it more than need be. When our sculptors show in their work as earnest and lofty a concern for sentiment and expression as they display in the rather less important particular of technique, then will be

the time to inquire into the question of patronage and popular understanding.

Our last engraving is a reproduction of M. Henri Lerolle's "A Misty Morning," which, all things considered, was perhaps the most striking picture in the exhibition of works by French artists at the Egyptian Hall.

In the matter of values—the quality in which English painters are so deficient—it is not at all inferior to the remarkable "First Communion" of Gervex which hung near it; while in conception and execution it is far more important. As a rendering of a certain local atmosphere and effect, it has singular merit. The soft mist, the pearly grey shadows and white and silvery high-lights, the distant trees looming cloudlike through the vapour, above all the ghostly quiet of a foggy morning, are realised and suggested with unusual completeness, and with rare qualities of tone and light and shade. Again, the figures of the peasant women, if they seem to have been inspired by J.-F. Millet, are excellent in respect of gesture; they are drawn in a sound and large and simple style, which is eminently refreshing. The brush-work, too, is masterly—observe the painting of the potato-sack on the ground; and there is some very true and grateful colour in the greys and reds of the soft crumbling earth, and in the distant

plants. Still, the work is not, it seems to us, a complete picture. It is a fine and faithful transcript of facts—facts of air and light and vegetable nature and human toil. It purports to represent a misty morning; but the misty morning is not so much the subject as the women; and these are not painted with sufficient sympathy and insight to make them heroically interesting. The artist, in

short, has not insisted, as an artist should, upon his main idea; his work is merely a collection of facts, whose essentials are unselected and unemphasised; and the sympathy it stirs is vague, the impression it creates is not enduring. An illustration of this important distinction was furnished by M. Lerolle

himself in "Waiting," a smaller and a much less ambitious canvas, in the same exhibition. Here matter and manner were of the simplest: a dark solemn twilight, a still river fading into the gloom, a woman seated in an old boat, alone and thoughtful. But the idea of "waiting," the sentiment of suspense and expectation, has not often been better expressed in paint. Facts were there in plenty, but they were so artfully arranged that their sum-total was a complete expression of the chosen subject. In the "Misty Morning" the facts are not arranged at all: with the result that the sum-total is doubtful; or rather that there are several totals which clash with one another, and instead of unifying, disintegrate the work.

And here we close our commentary on the principal English exhibitions of 1883. That in many ways these exhibitions have been a disappointment it would be idle to dispute. In painting, the one heroic work they have produced has been Mr. Burne Jones's "Wheel of Fortune;" and to many of us, that even, for all its magisterial

qualities, has seemed unsatisfactory and peculiar. In sculpture, the honours have been all M. Rodin's. In landscape, the success is Mr. Wyllie's; in portraiture, in spite of the brilliant craftsmanship of Mr. Holl, as of the vulgar and tiresome ambition of Mr. Herkomer, it is Mr. Millais'. The record is not brilliant; as yet the roll of fame is only a trifle fuller than last year. This winter we may hope for



PERSEUS.

(From the Bronze by G. Simonds. Royal Academy, 1883.)



A MISTY MORNING.

(Painted by Henri Lerolle. Egyptian Hall, 1883.)

a little stir, a little novelty, a little enterprise. There will be the usual exhibitions—the Old Masters at Burlington House, the hero of the next new catalogue at

the Grosvenor Gallery; with the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Institute, an experiment which should help us to both new pictures and new men.

FLOWERS AND FLOWER-PAINTERS.

IT seems little short of heretical to attempt to destroy the association between Women and Flowers, when their resemblances in nature and aspect have been sung and celebrated for centuries. I, for my part, have long been vaguely alive to a something false in the ring of these high-flown comparisons, and fancied the relation might be quite an arbitrary one, based on an analogy external and purely accidental. I even venture to say that the resemblance to flowers, and certainly the love of them, is no more an integral part of woman's nature than of man's. In spite of the multitudes who write of them and paint them, the variety and

significance of their forms and hues are felt by few. The advance in the quantity and quality of flower-painting seems mainly confined to mere technique; the commonplaces of conception and treatment are still to be found in high places.

There exists, no doubt, the type of face described as "flower-like," and it is as often a young boy's as a girl's. All the same, the beauties and qualities of flowers are reserved for the perennial Young Person of literature and art. All the well-known similes—the roses and lilies of her complexion, the tendrils of her hair, the violet-like modesty of her drooping head—have crystallised, for

those who look no further, into an article of literary faith. In real life even, the thing has unconsciously been pushed so far that the heart of many an estimable young man beats higher at thought of the hour when the Ideal Woman shall become his Wife, and, arrayed in gardening gloves, shall stoop to cultivate his plots and borders. She is of the other sex, and therefore flowers must be sweet to her beyond all created things. "Sweets to the sweet"—what can be more logical? This pressure of belief may be one reason why she is so often dead to their "delicate delights," except in words. I have known but one woman—and she was perfectly womanly—who avowed, without the least affectation of cynicism, that she "could not be troubled" with flowers, except as an aid to her dress or the adornment of her home. Though we live in an advanced and utilitarian age, few have the courage to avow that flower-worship is a little tedious, simply because to be indifferent to it is thought harsh and unfeminine. We are so accustomed to see and read of women straying gracefully to gather flowers, or setting other people to gather them; holding a bouquet and their trailing draperies with a "light, firm touch," that we are apt to forget the supreme sense of conventional propriety, the keen hungering after the traditional fitness of things, with which these admirable creatures are generally endowed. We forget that there is no limit to the uses of flowers as accessories to picturesque living, in the lighter sorts of love-making, and as aids to modern chivalry. In a much-italicised breath, they "adore flowers;" in the next perhaps a pretty little awe-struck gasp makes you aware that the "light, firm touch" has not been sufficient for the increasing weight and volume of the nosegay, and—"you must not go back for it, PLEASE."

Many women are impelled to believe seriously that, because they are women, they must have an innate comprehension, a special instinct, which helps them to a right interpretation of floral mystery and beauty. They are encouraged as well by much talk of the dignity and sanctity of women's work, and a half-scornful belief that "surely any one almost can paint flowers!" So that, on an average, more than half the innumerable flower-pieces in our exhibitions are by women. In all this there is the confidence of ignorance; for, as a matter of fact, there are many who paint flowers creditably, and only a few, and those not usually women, who paint them worthily. The present high standard of art certainly forbids their being false to nature, or entirely mediocre; yet for "refined taste and delicate handling"—I quote a leading art critic—you look in vain. Painful memories crowd round you of the works of lady-exhibitors—medallists, art-school mistresses, and

others well on in the profession: work all clever, conscientious, crude though careful, curiously trenchant, and wanting in qualities of mass and delicacy; and, withal, absolute, self-assured, as though the task of flower-painting was esteemed almost too trivial for the painter's powers. The true flower-lover cannot help shuddering at such scanty measure of observation and tenderness. The general effect is nearly always premeditated, prim, strained, and utterly lacking in the careless profusion of nature. The drawing and composition may be good, admirable—anything you will; but successful—if success means revealing to the observer, with a sudden flow of emotion, some subtle impression in nature till then unknown or half-forgotten—no! successful they are not. They might succeed in interesting, would they only believe it, by the careful delineation, with M. Zola, of overgrown vegetables and realistic black-pudding; but with flowers, as they might and may be, never. For if in painting them, besides faithful analysis and care, there be not added—what is less tangible but more necessary—some degree of real love and understanding of their peculiar differences, their secret essence, their being, they must be, of all subjects, the most void of any but decorative interest. And if these public examples leave much to be desired, what shall be said of most amateur achievements? Of those ghostly, tentative, or wooden outlines (so frequently supported by a vague structure purporting to be an oriental vase), which partial friends declare to be "sincere and loving copies of nature"? I take it, they had better be left alone.

One cannot help wondering at the complacent, unreflecting tranquillity with which women sit down to paint a great branch of lilac, with its massive depths and intricate delicacies of detail. Men do not paint a landscape, a figure, or anything else, whose general aspects and lines say nothing to them in particular—nothing, I mean, productive of a marked impression on the mind. Before you paint a thing you must know if it affects you, and if so, in what manner or degree. To get sound work—the work that looks *felt*—the sentiment and the nature of the model must, like light, be refracted through the mind. The time spent in looking and feeling your way towards work is never lost. A painter is often working at high pressure when he merely seems to be focussing an object with eyes half-shut and altogether idle. Why should not this be true of those who paint flowers? So far from its being a fact that any one can paint them, it is a question whether flower-painting should not be a special art, so much time, zeal, and discernment does it in its highest expression demand. Yet who thinks it necessary to study the differences in the nature, appearances, and mental effects of flowers? or to discriminate and identify the kind of handling that

each one requires? But few feel deeply the latent meaning and varying charm of floral life; still fewer can articulate by words or signs their love and understanding of it. Nothing less than forcing their conception into adequate form and shape will content them; and if they cannot express in some degree the free and passionate, or tranquil and dreaming, beauties of field flowers, they prefer to leave them alone. All literary work of high artistic merit hints, in dealing with flowers, at some new relation between our complex nature and our externals, which appears right and natural; but all worn-out commonplaces it repudiates. For some of us flowers possess a haunting and soul-stirring power; and they alone are fit to handle them who can so express them as to make this quality triumphantly apparent.

As it appears to me, this is the secret of Leclair. Here is a man who has thought it worth his while to glorify flowers, and who can paint them all like nobody else. His work stands alone. His pictures are not so much studies as creations impregnated with reality and imagination. Here are order in chaos, harmony in confusion, a simple directness of touch and a perfect clearness of effect with a delicious and intentional blurredness. A group by him is a perfect synthesis of the colours and forms, I had almost said the odours, of natural flowers. He is at once delicate and broad, massive yet minute. He knows exactly of what to be reticent, and on what to insist; and there is not one stroke of his brush but has meaning and purpose. For the spectator the result is an attitude of delightful fulfilment and vague anticipation at one and the same time. Behind the great masses, grouped in overflowing prodigality, with broad delineations of light and shade, something lurks—which is nothing—which faintly suggests what were the surroundings of these flowers in life. The something too, which is nameless, but has been called atmosphere, is breathed before and about them and gives one that strange sense of immensity, that feeling of intense desire and longing, which real flowers in multitudes produce. Looking at them, the belief in age and death passes like a bugbear fable. Your spiritual density dissolves; their burning shimmering hues reflect, as it were, the glory behind the veil; a quick delight and belief is upon you, the world grows young and golden; the universe is fair and good. It is not difficult to fancy how Leclair loves flowers and fields, especially if you have seen him wandering in the meadows by Montmartre.

In Pelouse there is none of the wonderful divination of Leclair; but he possesses an unsurpassed largeness of conception, great dignity and impressiveness, and surprising vigour. He has, besides, peculiar and rather sensational qualities, which are sometimes unpleasantly obvious in his arrangement and treat-

ment of details; but on these I shall not insist. I shall not soon forget my first impression of his apple-blossoms, painted as you dream of them. A third great master was Rossetti; he had a poet's eye for flowers, and adverse criticism can seldom be passed on his rendering of them. He had a hankering after mystical marriages of blossoms, and his range of colour is often so profoundly meditated as to make them, not the accessory they should be, but a principal interest. Not many have known the significance of flowers, nor demonstrated the hidden analogy which links with them so much of our thought and feeling. This it was his to do, and for so much we may be grateful to him, as to all his kind whose ideal it is to exalt or soothe us on our way. Try, for instance, to read Obermann; you will note how once or twice he breaks away from the analysis of his pale despair of life into a sort of flower-frenzy. Turn to Balzac; in the complex, dramatic description of the meeting of Lucien and Vautrin you will observe the curiously impressive effect of the wild flowers—a detail, yet the key-note of the whole sombre and terrible picture. The world is old in generations of men; but external nature has still many fresh appeals to our brains and senses, and of these not the least potent is that she makes through the lips of her flowers.

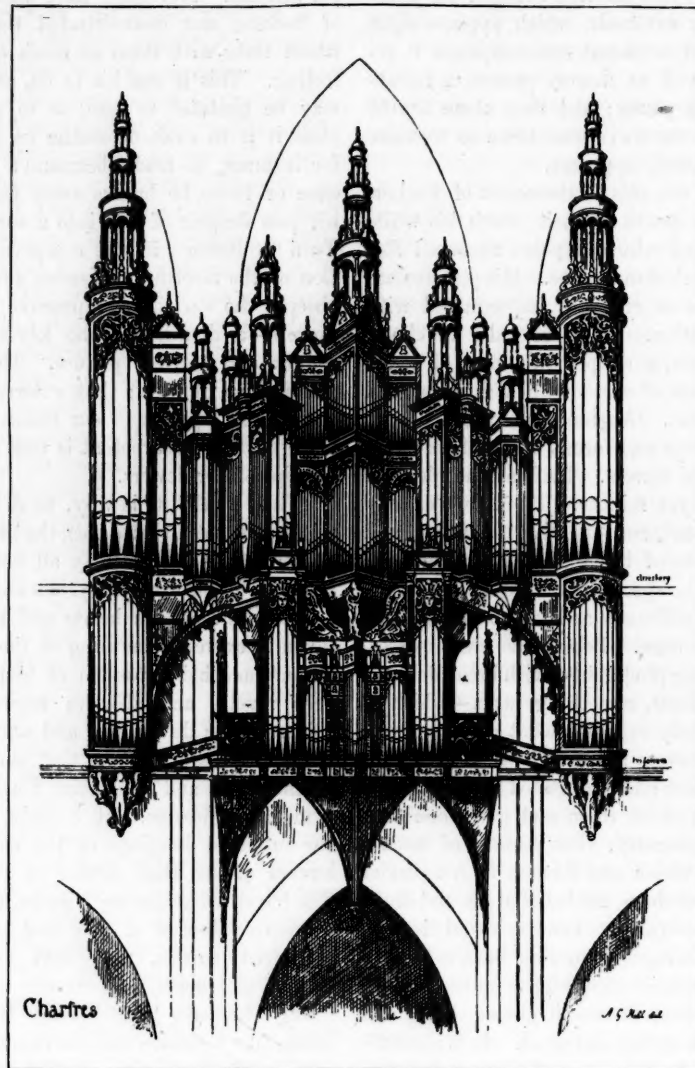
This, I take it, is why, to deliver their message aright, has not hitherto been the function of the Young Person. If—and we may all have our own fancies about it—their various myriads are generated from the dust of innumerable hearts and brains, they may be taken to express something of the majesty of genius, the unquenchable passion of loving and living, the deep revolts and abortive aspirations of untamed spirits—some deep peace and satiety, doubtless; but it cannot be said of them that they bring back much of the light and ephemeral fancies which make up a maiden's dreams. It is only, one may imagine, the intensest longings or the elemental qualities of human nature that survive to blossom into being. The blood-red swooning poppies, the fierce marigolds, the purple flowers of pain and passion, the tranquil glad-eyed daisies, may well be the materialised dreams and deeds, and despair and delight, of the living who have gone before. Their quick perfume comes like a sudden call, an eloquent thought, a suggestion of some other condition of existence. The brief glimpses of infinity which we snatch from the hard facts of life may perhaps be only set forth fitly by some great symphony, when the sounds convoked for us images of strange flowers growing and unfolding unceasingly, in innumerable changes of form and hue: flowers illimitably grand and gigantic, and of which the loveliest field flowers are but a shadow and symbol.

KATHARINE DE MATTOS.

ORGAN - CASES.*

AT the present moment, owing to the lapse of those traditions which guided the art of former generations, those who are responsible for or interested in design are forced to draw largely on

Since the commencement of the Gothic revival the works of the Middle Ages of every kind have been, both here and elsewhere, industriously looked up and illustrated, and Gothic art in most of its phases has



ORGAN-CASES.—I. : CHARTRES.

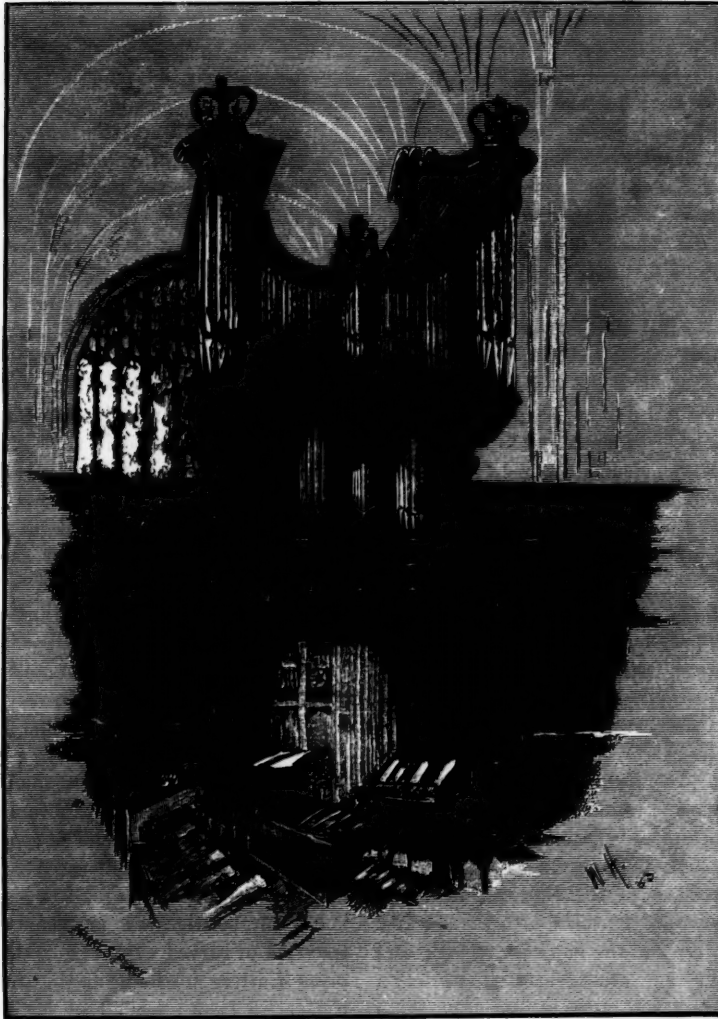
the records of past ages. All aids, therefore, which are afforded us for a more complete study of the best examples of former times are to be welcomed.

* "The Organs and Organ-Cases of the Middle Ages and Renaissance." By Arthur George Hill, B.A. (London: David Bogue. 1883.)

been pretty widely studied, if not absorbed, by the adherents of the school, while the later reaction in favour of the Renaissance styles has led to an almost equal amount of research among the productions of later types. So much so, that it is not easy nowadays to find in the whole region of architectural

study any single acre which has not been considerably if not fully worked. Mr. Hill, instigated, no doubt, by his hereditary connection with organs, has taken up the subject of organ-cases, of which, in the book whose title is given above, he has produced a very valuable and complete study, and having had

important instrument which funds will allow of, and has tried to make the greatest amount of noise for his money; and the architect, having been allowed some moderate residuum to employ for purposes of external effect, has apparently, without any special knowledge of the construction of the organ and in complete



ORGAN-CASES.—II. : KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

the good fortune to hit on a subject on which an unusual amount of ignorance prevails, has dealt with it in such a manner as to remove all excuse for ignorance in the future. The measure of the darkness which has hitherto generally prevailed on his subject is not far to seek. It is to be found in, I fear, a large majority of the organ-cases which our own generation has produced. Every one knows the prevalent type of case which appears in our neo-Gothic churches. The organ-builder has been asked to supply the most

ignorance of its history, applied to the structure certain stock features of his peculiar Gothic, usually in the favoured period of the Thirteenth Century, and thus, with the best intentions, has violated the main traditions of his subject, and produced what to the better informed is little better than an archæological monstrosity. Those who rely more on personal study have come off better; but the fact remains, that very few organs have been in these later days furnished with cases such as would have passed

muster in an earlier and, as to art at least, a more excellent age.

In order thoroughly to realise how an organ-case should be designed, it is necessary first of all to know something of the history of the organ; secondly, the general conditions of its practical construction; and lastly, to have a thorough knowledge of the various types of shape and enrichment by which it was formerly adorned. For instance, I spoke above of the common habit of applying to the instrument details of Thirteenth Century character. Any one, however, with a moderate knowledge of the history of the organ must be aware that the instrument of the Thirteenth Century was of small size and unpretentious form, and could not be said to have a case at all in the present meaning of the term. The organ of that date was usually a small and portable instrument, with probably an octave or so of large keys, such as were struck by the fist, whence it comes that the player was called the "organ-beater." It consisted of keyboard, wind-chest, bellows, and some few pipes, and served to lead the unison chanting of that date. Its appearance may be gathered from various sources, such as pictures of St. Cecilia, of angels with instruments, and so forth. Hence it is that to the archaeologist the elaborate case with early pointed detail is a very painful anachronism, implying complete ignorance of the elementary history of the instrument.

It is not easy to see why such wholesale sacrifice should be offered at the shrine of uniformity. If it be admitted, as I would admit for argument's sake alone, that the earliest type of pointed architecture is the purest and the best, surely we have had sufficient examples of the charm of contrast in most of our ancient buildings to form a precedent for some degree of freedom such as would lead us to prefer the introduction of furniture of a later type than that of the fabric to the violation of all archaeological propriety. The juxtaposition of the elaborate detail of late Gothic or Renaissance features with the severity of an early fabric often has the happiest result; and probably the majority of intelligent students find a far higher, more varied, and more human interest in buildings which have grown up to completion by the efforts of successive generations, each working according to its own ideas, than in those which have been completed once for all in one and the same style. But the heresy in favour of uniformity is deeply seated, and will not easily be destroyed. In its influence on restoration it has taken the life out of most of our best old buildings, and, in view of this heinous error, it is but a small matter that it has produced various types of anomalous ugliness, among which the standard organ-case is remarkable.

Even in such early days as the Thirteenth

Century, the organ was in very general use in churches. It is a most frequent item in the ancient inventories, where it almost invariably appears as "a payre of organs"—a term the sense of which has been much disputed, but which has, in my opinion, been finally settled by Mr. Rimbault, who explains it as meaning merely "an organ with more pipes than one," the use of the word pair being the same as in such terms as a "pair of chessmen," a "pair of beads," a "pair of cards," or, as we say even now occasionally, a "pair of stairs." Probably the word implies something more than merely "more than one," and bears the sense of a set or a series; but this explanation is in the main correct.

The organ of the Fourteenth Century was a considerable advance on the above-named archaic instrument. The clumsy keyboard was converted into a manual of keys which could be pressed by the fingers, and the compass was greatly increased to the extent of nearly three octaves. No doubt, from the multiplication of pipes, the instrument became no longer portable, and something like a case must have been required for the larger instrument. Mr. Hill gives one example from Sion, in the Valais, which is said to date as far back as 1390. It shows a very simple form of grouping, the upper portion consisting of two side towers and a central gable. But though so simple and so early, it displays some of the characteristics which became permanent, and which are found even in examples of the last century. The first of these is the expanding outline. It is obvious that, as the lower portion of the organ has to contain only the manual and the trackers, a very moderate width—some four feet or so—is all that is necessary for an organ of moderate size. As the pipes occupy a much wider space, an expansion of the upper portion is required, and in a wooden structure is appropriate, and has an excellent effect. The pipes become grouped, the larger in towers or elevated features, the smaller in panels, either rectangular or gabled; and each set is held in position and protected by "shades" with traceried or carved work. For the protection of the pipes shutters are hung at the side, which close over the entire front; while they have an excellent effect in the appearance by repeating in reverse the general outline of the case, and affording appropriate spaces for coloured decoration, besides adding to the appearance of expansion from a narrow base. On these simple elements the full elaboration of later examples is consistently founded. The expansion of the superstructure may be not merely lateral, as in the case at Sion, but may be made on all four sides. The towers may be increased in number and may be varied in plan; the shades admit of any amount of enrichment, and the shutters usually hold their place until the instruments of later days became too large and too

elaborate for their employment, when the tradition is still often preserved by projecting side-wings of a purely ornamental description, but which have a similar value in the general design. It is interesting to trace, as we can in Mr. Hill's excellent series of illustrations, the immense variety of effects which are due to these principles of design, and to watch the development of the organ-case from infancy to decay. There are many things to be learnt from such a study, and by no means the least important lesson is the very slight effect which the change from Gothic to classical detail had upon the general characteristics of the design. Some few examples are given of pure Gothic character; others in which a Gothic case has been added to at a later date, as in the well-known organ-case at Amiens; others in which the general arrangement is Gothic and the detail completely classical, to which type the large majority of cases may be assigned. Few only are to be found in which the classical idea is predominant both in general form and in detail. Such a one is the case at Santa Maria della Scala at Siena. But a study of all but these few suggests the reflection, how little at variance the two styles are; how well they amalgamate; how easily the transformation from one to the other is effected. No doubt the fact is that these examples, sprung as they all are from a Gothic stock, preserve the evidence of their parentage in all their developments. The picturesqueness, the variety, the composition are always Gothic in the wider sense of the term, and the variation in detail will offend the pedant only.*

In the first illustration given—of the great instrument at Chartres; as figured by Mr. Hill—we have not only one of the finest organ-cases which are still in existence, but one that is especially apposite as enforcing the theory I have maintained of the ease with which the strictly Gothic features pass into and amalgamate with those of later date. The history of this organ is that of a Gothic instrument of the Fifteenth Century enlarged in the earlier part of the Sixteenth Century (the date given is 1513). The earlier is the lower and central portion, and the side-wings and superstructure have been added. The detail, however, has been mostly altered in the enlargement, and of the earlier organ the only unmodified features are the bold angular brackets, and the small traceried panels and pinnacles at either side of the "positive," or small front organ. The lateral enlargement is

managed in a most masterly manner, the side towers being connected with the centre by curved brackets elaborately cusped, while the wind is conveyed by small trunks which are visible at the sides of the positive. The style of the case generally is one with which students of French architecture are familiar, and of which the east end of Saint-Pierre, at Caen, is one of the best examples. It is known in France, where the term is used in a narrower and more technical sense than with us, as the "Renaissance," which implies the earliest adaptation of classical detail to Gothic features; and though the style is always charming both to the archæologist and to the artist, it seems never more thoroughly at home or more appropriate than in features of this class, in which the utmost freedom is appropriate both to the structural requirements and to the material. The immense variety of shape and outline, the boldness of conception and unity of design displayed in this example, are beyond all praise, and constitute it one of the finest organ-cases still extant.

The organ-case of King's College, Cambridge—which we have drawn and reproduced in our second engraving—is one of the best specimens left us of the treatment of this feature in the school of the English Renaissance, and is peculiarly interesting as showing with what excellent effect the detail of this school may be associated with the later Gothic. I imagine that, whatever may have been thought necessary elsewhere in the interests of my great bugbear uniformity, few would be found who would wish to substitute even the best Gothic case for that which is here illustrated. This organ-case will be associated in the minds of all who know the chapel with the Renaissance screen which carries it; and though this is considerably earlier, having been completed in the reign of Henry VIII., the two features combine not inharmoniously, the screen being the more refined and interesting in detail. As it was in the more ornamental and less structural features that changes in architectural styles first manifested themselves, there is a special appropriateness in the contrast of the early classical detail with the late Gothic fabric. The organ-case itself is of very simple outline, consisting of two side towers with a smaller central projection, showing a bold projection from the base. The pediment, which was so staple a feature of the Renaissance, is very cleverly suggested at the base of the pipes on either side of the central feature, where it follows the slope occasioned by the graduation of the pipes. The "positive" is in its usual position, and the whole, but for the angels at the top, is a very complete specimen of the epoch. Possibly the crowns surrounding the side towers, and the royal arms in the centre, may arouse associations of not the pleasantest kind, suggesting the churchwardenism

* I had always been accustomed to consider the regulation cherubim, "little oranges with wings," which fit multitudinously about our later organs, as the most hopeless sign of the degradation of art in the last century, and the most difficult to digest in maintaining the Gothic character of organ-cases. As, however, Mr. Ruskin has taught us lately, in a lecture at Oxford, that Gothic has to do with the head and classic art with the body, the prevalence of this very feature may be the confirmation of my theory.

of a later date; but it is to be remembered that symbols of royalty are profusely exhibited in the fabric, and that to the archæologist those on the organ will seem to be the tradition of an earlier and more feudal, rather than foreshadowings of a later and more vulgar epoch. Many points of interest are recorded by Mr. Hill in connection with the history of this organ. It was made on the spot by workmen introduced into and lodged in Cambridge for the purpose; and the bill of costs is given by him in detail. The skyline of the case, if we may use the term, is probably due to the desire to interrupt as little as possible the vista seen from the west. It is to be noted that this case was originally fitted with ornamental pipes, which have now disappeared.

Our third illustration — of the organ at Stralsund; as represented by Mr. Hill — carries us a stage onward in the history of organ-cases, exhibiting the character of the later Renaissance, such as was characteristic of the middle of the Seventeenth Century.

This organ occupies the western gallery of a large and lofty brick church, and is an admirably bold piece of composition. The plan is a somewhat elaborate one, being composed of two prominent side towers, from which the intermediate portions recede in a curvilinear shape towards a central feature which is in itself elaborately composed and surmounted with a curved broken pediment. The whole arrangement is most admirable and effective. The juxtaposition of large and small pipes is most

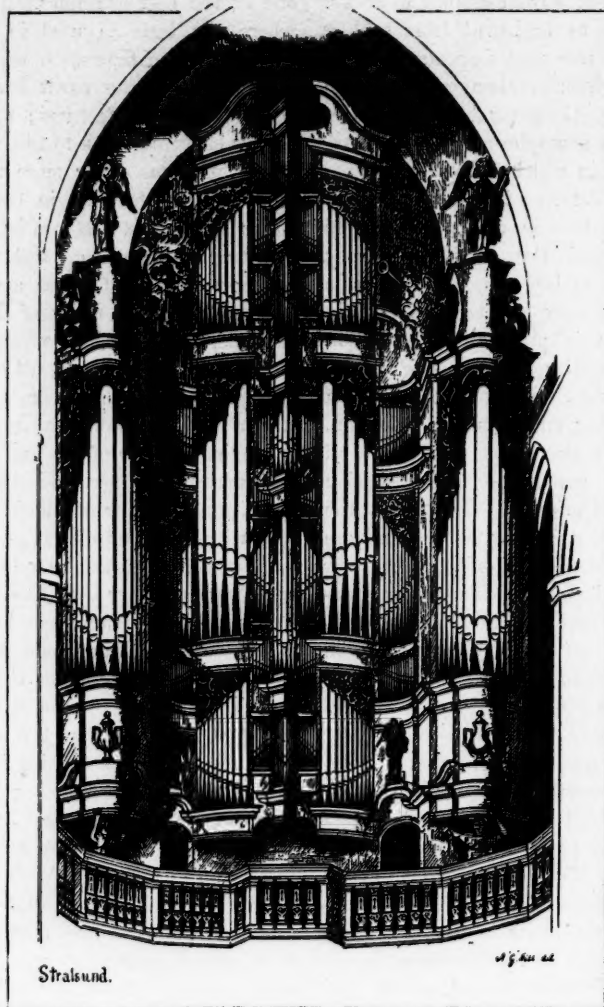
carefully managed with a view to varied and harmonious composition, and the whole result is about as satisfactory as it could well be made. It is to be noticed that even at this distance from its Gothic original, the mediæval tradition is by no means lost, and that in spite of pediment and cornice, urn and

console, the freedom and elasticity of handling, the angular central projection, the pierced shades, &c., remind us forcibly of the earlier work, and show that it is in the letter rather than in the spirit, in the dialect rather than in the language, that the change has taken place.

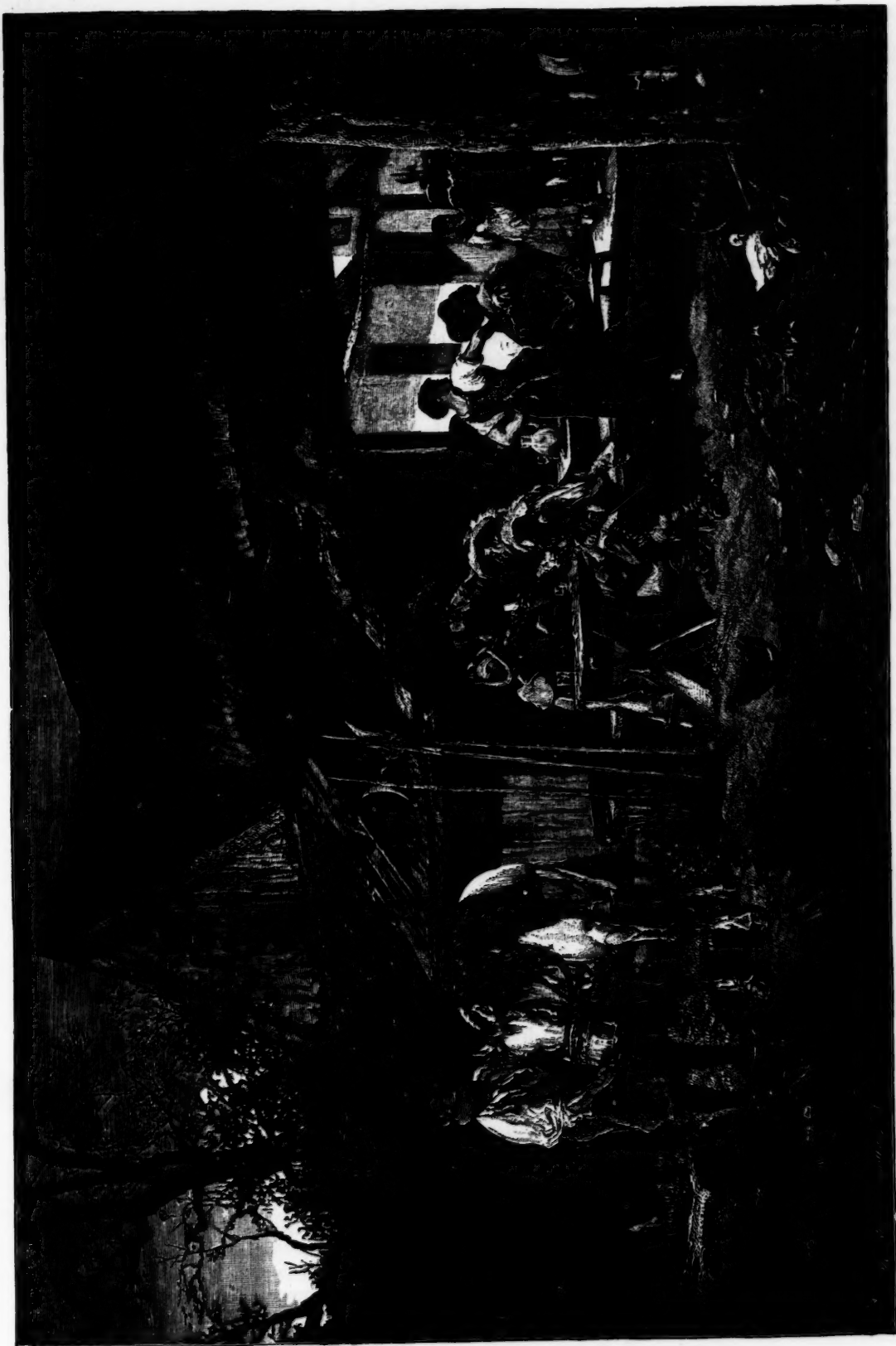
There are very many points of interest in connection with my subject to which, for want of space, I can only here briefly allude. It would be worth recording the fantastic absurdities to which the uncontrolled exuberance of fancy gave rise in later developments. So, too, the record of the wholesale destruction of organs and organ-cases during the Puritan régime, the scarcely less disastrous effect wrought by the removal of the more

modest for more pretentious instruments, and by the zeal for uniformity which has been the taste of the restoration mania—which have between them made a holocaust of ancient examples—may in some sort excuse the monstrosities which modern ignorance has perpetrated. On all these matters, however, I must be content to refer the reader to Mr. Hill. I shall be more content to have aroused a desire for a further study of his work than to have exhausted any reader's interest in his subject.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.



ORGAN-CASES.—III.: STRALSUND.



REST ON THE ROAD.
(From the Picture by W. Velden.)

"REST ON THE ROAD."

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. VELTEN.

FULLY equipped for the campaign, Herr Velten's halberdiers are enjoying a halt in some old farmstead. From the rear of the house we look through the yard into the highway. The foremost group of swashbucklers are quaffing Rhenish. These in a surrounding of rurality. Instead of the many-gabled front of the house, and the broad, unpeopled village-street, we have a crazy moss-grown barn, and all the accompaniments of somnolent peace. The tired horses drinking, the fowls and ducks and other rustic objects, give emphasis to the profession of the warriors. One "neat-handed Phillis" is bringing liquors, while another is dallying in the sunshine outside.

These horsemen are followers of Tilly, perhaps, or Wallenstein, and are pursuing the glorious art of war in Saxony or the Palatinate. The romance of battle does not often lie for them in such pleasant quarters. This is no world for carousing merely, but

for swashing blows, and a plunge from the saddle in the thick of the onset. It is a place of blazing towns, and the harrying of cattle, the din and fury of the sack, and the thrilling moment of the *sauf qui peut*. Promotion is a secondary vision with them; prompt pay is nearer to their hearts, and prospect of action nearer still. The pastoral pipe is a shocking anticlimax to the tuck of drum and the early bugle. In a time of peace these rufflers degenerate into very dull ruffians. It must be owned that even here they are rather heroes by the grace of their tailor. Despoil them of their hats and buff-jerkins only, and stick them into modern helmets and red coats, and how absurd and how paltry would they appear! They owe their picturesqueness to the same cause that makes their surroundings valuable. Time has endowed them with a certain part of their attraction; romancers and artists, for purposes of their own, have done the rest.

THE ART OF SEEING.



see the world as it actually appears, how rare and difficult an art! To see the streets we live in, the people we meet, not through the spectacles of association, but as they actually appear, under the conditions of light and air in which we regard them! As hard as to take one drop of treacle clean from the jar, one brown pellucid drop! That endeavour always results in a long, thin, winding, seemingly endless filament. And in just the same way the sight of one thing drags with it another and another out of the unconscious memories in our mind, or at the best recalls the same thing under other aspects and with a different appearance.

We have yet to learn, the greater number of us, to practise the art of seeing. This is quite a different thing from looking at pictures. There the artist has seen for us. To see for ourselves—that is the difficulty. To see things as they appear, and not as material substances, solid and changeless, standing in

an otherwise empty world. For, alas, we rarely *see*; we recall, we distinguish; every scene on which we look is a symbol evolving a whole past of incongruous remembrance. We see a tree; it is a solid tree for us, fit to make ships of, and good for shade in summer. We look upon a town: the idea of crowded life, power, poverty, the dominance of man, fills our mind. Under all conditions it is much the same. The tree is always a tree, the town is always a town. And, though we see the same sight fifty times a year, only seldom does it flash on us that on a misty autumn day we look at flat and unsubstantial trees; and that against a flaming sunset St. Peter's dome is but a wash of greyish paint.

The question resolves itself into the amount of importance, in painting or describing a scene, which we are to attach to atmosphere. The question, of course, is not new. Turner raised it in landscape, and still earlier Rembrandt and Velasquez perceived the vast difference that air and light make in the tones of flesh. But, as a public, we have not yet come to a satisfactory solution of that problem; and, as a public, it concerns us even more than the painters and the poets; since genius, placed in any dilemma, has a trick of taking the bull by the horns and vaulting over it, leaving the creature there to daunt

and baffle minds less acrobatic. Let us, then, take the thing into consideration on our own account; let us make up our minds whether those who insist upon the importance of a medium that we ignore are veritably in the wrong or in the right.

To begin with, let us grant that we are indolent in the use of our senses. Until about two hundred years ago it did not occur to us to invent music. We were quite satisfied with a pretty tune. Since then our ears have greatly changed. They have grown accustomed to hear, have demanded more, have gradually perceived new sounds, found others beautiful which they had dubbed repelling, till they have called up for us Beethoven himself. We are indolent; and this indolence of ours has invented conventionality. To save ourselves trouble we frame a little code of what things it is right, and what things it is wrong, to see and hear. If you keep within the code, you are classic, standard, legitimate; if you step without it, meretricious and audacious. Fortunately, the code itself changes; and though forty years ago a green tree, for instance, was deemed inconsistent with the sacred traditions of landscape, it would probably be considered yet more meretricious to stick to the good old brown and yellow now. At present the question is of air. To paint things as they look in air is inadmissible: a blue or yellow plaster background is a sufficient symbol of a thing so intangible and shifting. But let us remember the green tree, and be wise in time. For surely, now that we begin to apprehend them, we cannot long ignore the value of those constantly changing conditions of atmosphere and light: the value of the air, in which lights tremble, shadows take their colour, in which the outlines of things are bathed and softened; white air shaken over the house roofs in the summer; blue air of winter, through which the blackened branches of trees perceptibly slant and droop. This we cannot ignore in our painting or describing; neither the relative values of the tones and planes of light which *are* the vision we behold, much more than is the mere substance which they surround and vary.

There is a second obstacle to the true practice of the art of seeing; an obstacle also connected with the persistence of association, but intertwined with other subtle things: with our instinctive taste for the refined and lovely, with our sense of humour. This is a real difficulty: to make the public derive pleasure from the representation of an object beautiful under the given circumstances, but under other and more usual conditions not beautiful, but vulgar or unsightly. Yet who cannot recall the moment in which the beauty of commonplace surroundings burst upon him in a sudden apocalypse? I, for one, treasure among my choicest memories one glimpse from a railway train of a common London suburb. It was very

solemn and strange. In the foreground, a pallid huddle of irregular and ash-coloured shadows, indistinguishable, save for the salient outlines of one or two tall chimneys, and, here and there, a spire. This was the foreground, faded into unreality beneath the storm and violence of a singularly lurid sunset. Against this splendid and tempestuous heaven and above the dim streets, one sole thing retained importance and reality, whether of earth or clouds one could not say. A huge dark crown, it lowered on the horizon as though its unsubstantial iron should dominate the pale, transmuted city and daunt the magical sky. It impressed me with a vague awe; no less with admiration at the fashion in which its dusky shape centralised all the scattered shadows of the scene, and held them valiantly against the fiery reds and purples of the sky, the wan whitish-grey of the streets. Such was the scene; I shall always remember its harmony of smoke and fire. For one moment I looked at it with all the force of my eyes. The next moment my mind looked too. I saw the gasometer at New Cross.

Now on no account would I have you make an ideal of gasometers. For the gasometer is usually an ugly thing, a thing of mere necessity; but just then, against that lurid sky of flame ever deepening into purple-black, itself a shadow, dim yet emphasising the vaguer shadows of those fading streets, it was a beautiful and important spectacle. Just then, though we may see it so never again. The value of the moment is the thing to learn.

It is sad how much we lose by our exclusive devotion to orthodox, remote, ideal beauty. It is sad to think how much we miss every day, in every walk. We have only to look at things from the natural standpoint as they appear in the air; and wherever there is a tree, a somewhat broken background of irregular houses, a space of air, we shall find a picture constantly variable and often lovely. For in the town the air is wonderful. Thickened with smoke, it absorbs the colours of the sunset and the sunrise, and changes to a haze of soft blue, of fiery red, or fierce orange, at the end of all the streets. But, then, who thinks of looking at the view in New Cross or Bedford Square?

It has become clear that our attention to atmospheric effect must involve a certain sacrifice of detail. And why not out of doors? In an interior where the range of view is narrow and the objects are not equally lighted from all sides, many are clearly seen in detail. Very few—if quite simply and naturally a scene be regarded in its entirety—very few details are seen out of doors. In the free air, and especially in our climate seldom clear of haze, the outlines of large objects are rarely precise—that is to say unless the person seeing

screw up his eyes in an unnatural attention. As much as the natural glance of an educated eye perceives, is seen with a certain largeness, a certain suggestion. It is a whole, not an agglomeration of parts. It is just this wholeness which people cavil at. Precious work, loving work, truthful work—all these beautiful words are reserved for the student of detail. It requires then no truth, no care, no love of Nature to regard her in her entirety? Let go the shadowy river blue at night, with the yellow lamps, their stems unseen, watching its course; let go the white noon of an Italian summer, the whole plain heaving in tremulous whiteness; let go the grand

effect of the light thrown up from beneath on to the stage where the dancer turns; let go the light, the pose! To attempt so much is to be audacious. The reverent student, so they say, will take a bird's nest or a twig, will carry it indoors out of its natural place, and reproduce it line for line. Ay, there is the twig as it lay on the table, its knotted bark, its lichen patterning. It is well. But the twig as it lived on the tree, out of doors, with the light lying along it, a little uncertain in outline, because, being so light, it is never quite still? You may make even a twig heterodox if you paint it as you see it in its place.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

GREEK MYTHS IN GREEK ART.—V.

DEATH AND THE UNDERWORLD.—II.

HITHERTO we have confined our attention to such monuments as dealt with the actual transit of the soul to the lower world, or the body to the grave, or to the after-life in Hades. We have now to deal with another class, the actual stelai or grave-reliefs upreared by the survivors in memory of their dead.

In our first three illustrations we have depicted three funeral monuments, chosen because, though much alike in quiet dignity of feeling, they give us in their varying styles of execution a tolerably complete chronological series. The first (Fig. 1.) is from a funeral stele now in the Villa Albani at Rome. In that repository of Græco-Roman art, for the most part lax in style and decadent in conception, it stands alone in its archaic simplicity and undying charm. If our eyes are weary with the lavish splendour of the Roman villa, here may they rest

and be thankful. Where the relief came from is unknown; it is probably a piece of Attic work. Much ingenuity has been in past days expended to find for the design a mythological interpretation, and the stele still goes by the name of the "Leucothea Relief." But no mythology is required; it

needs no goddess to take her child on her knee, while the maid stands by, and the elder children watch with a love just touched by unconscious envy. It is a human mother who has gone to her rest; and what monument could they better uprear than this witness to her love? It is very long ago since this ancient mother with her strange, clinging drapery, held her child so tenderly; but she is one of those whom the ages change not. She may put aside the quaint fashion of her garments, but the simple joy of her motherhood is



DEATH AND THE UNDERWORLD.—I: THE "LEUCOTHEA RELIEF." ARCHAIC.
(Villa Albani.)

the same to-day. We know her for what she is; her sweet sincerity is not disturbed; nay, it gains in an approachable calm by all the little, outside mannerisms of archaic art—the full-face eye, the stiff, curled hair, the drapery with parallel lines. Perhaps we may date this tombstone about 500 B.C. It is seldom we find such a union of stiff archaism and soft grace. The mother holds the child, in a posture taken straight from nature, slightly away, that she may see her little one to the better advantage, and the child stretches out a very large hand. The maid's hair is neatly rolled up. Fashion seems then as now to have prescribed certain fitting limits to a serving-woman's costume.

Our second example (Fig. III.) is in some sort later and freer. 'Tis a new shape of stele, of very moderate dimensions. The narrow slab is crowned by a charming piece of ornamentation, fashionable in the stelai of the day. Perhaps we may date this monument about 450 B.C. It is distinctly in advance of our Mother and Child. This

stele now stands in the National Museum at Naples, again surrounded by abundant specimens of tawdry Græco-Roman execution. The tourist passes it by, the photographer does not condescend to reproduce it. "No one asks for it," the man told me when he brought his camera to make the picture I desired. He added, in his reflective Italian way, "One must be learned to like these things." Scarcely; there is a pathos in these ancient tombstones that needs no learning to discover, only some purity of taste; a

purity which it is difficult to keep untouched amid the vulgarities of Græco-Roman museums, unless we go armed beforehand with a wholesome disgust. Our design, long known in the day when mythological interpretations were fashionable as "Odysseus and his Dog," is of very simple interpretation. A bearded citizen of the old school leans upon his staff,

a small lekythos, or oil-flask, tied to his wrist; the household dog looks up at his master, who is thinking of other things; he looks down, but not at his dog. The execution is far from perfect. In the right leg, and especially in the right arm, we see a position attempted which is beyond the artist's power to execute. He is, after all, but an ordinary craftsman, and he works in a period of transition. The bit of drapery is very daintily adjusted; the folds in the upper part are arranged conventionally, not naturally.

Let us pass over another fifty years, perhaps more, and turn to the example figured upon our present page (Fig. II.). Is it possible, you may well ask, that the artist who executed



DEATH AND THE UNDERWORLD.—II.: THE STELE OF HEGESO. FINE PERIOD.
(From a Tomb at Athens.)

a design so lovely, so perfect of its kind, has left us no name by which we may reverence him? Yes; he was only one among many, a craftsman with the soul of an artist, a disciple who worked under the influence of a great school, the school of the master Pheidias. This seated lady is as lovely, as dignified, as ideal as the maidens who walk in the Panathenaic festival along the Parthenon frieze. And we know her name, we feel instinctively a glow of delight that we may address her by the only title that she claims—

"Hegeso, Daughter of Proxenos." It is written above her, that and nothing else. The Greeks knew better than to draw the veil of family life. They do not tell us with a vulgarity at once detailed and blatant that she was a devoted daughter, a blameless wife, a revered mother—that she was mourned by a large circle of inconsolable friends. Nay, more, the artist has left us no portrait, no clue to the character of the lovely lady. She is simply Hegeso, a beautiful woman—the beautiful woman, we might almost say, for there is scarcely so much of the individual, the personal, as is involved in the indefinite article. She is free from the accident of individuality, she is so large, so general, so ideal, and yet so human. Look at her a little closer. She sits on her household chair, a chair whose sweeping lines might sadden the heart of the modern designer. These lines seem drawn to give the harmony of contrast to the drapery folds which fall about them.

Her maid brings a jewel-casket. She is a model of beauty even more simple than her mistress. Her hair is closely covered by a household cap: a cap that really covered the hair, that served its protective purpose; not a mere abortive badge of servitude like the lace and ribbon of the modern serving-maid. She wears also shoes on her feet, for she plies about in the dusty household service, and cannot expose her shapely foot in the freedom of sandals like her mistress. Her dress has long sleeves, again for protection. The drapery is altogether less ample, more fit for service than the full robe of the seated mistress. This fitness, the key to all the dilemmas of raiment, is always present to the mind of the Greek. The gesture of Hegeso's right hand is very graceful and characteristic of this particular period of art. It is the outcome of a school which, while it abounded in manner, had no trace of affectation. You may say the same of the peculiar folding of the drapery behind and about the neck: there is a manner about

it which is something more than natural, which yet is far from artificial. We note that the group is placed in a little temple-like structure, which at one time seems to have superseded the simpler stele shown in the picture before this one. It afforded more scope for design, and also a slight protection

for the sculptures in higher relief. Many more such stelai are now to be seen *in situ* in the Hagia Trias at Athens. Most of them are protected, but terribly disfigured, by a frame of wirework in front. When I visited the tombs a talkative little Greek maiden was in charge, and unlocked the wire grating for me. She was voluble in explanations, and read off the inscriptions very glibly for my benefit. We came to one lovely relief: a husband lays his hand on the wrist of his wife in token of last parting. "This," said the little maiden, "is 'ho iatros'" (the doctor) "*feeling the pulse of the lady, who is ill; but she died after all.*" Could but her ancient ancestor have known that his degenerate descendant would charge him with depicting on his stele the petty detail of a sick-room!

Controversy has raged hot and long as to the exact significance of these stele designs. A bygone school attempted, as I have said, mythological interpretation. This is now laid aside. Another school sees only the scenes of actual life. This interpretation—so simple, so human, so life-loving were the Greeks—I have inclined to. A third school would see the glorified life of the after-world. A mother takes her child again

hereafter; a citizen meets his faithful dog; a lady once more reopens her jewel-casket. Into the arguments for and against these different views I have no space to enter. The three monuments we have discussed seem to me to admit of little doubt. About my next discussion is endless; it does not seem to me to admit of so certain interpretation.

The design (Fig. IV.), with which I close my series of examples, is from a relief in the Villa Albani;



DEATH AND THE UNDERWORLD.—III.: A STELE.
TRANSITION PERIOD.
(Naples Museum.)

it has been generally accepted as a tomb relief, but there is no certain proof. It is one of three replicas of the same design; the two others are in the National Museum at Naples and the Louvre. The original design, we conclude, was of somewhat high reputation; indeed the execution even of these copies is very fine, is thoroughly Pheidian in manner. The drapery of the woman in the centre is entirely in the manner of the best period; the attitude of the body, thrown slightly forward, and the weight chiefly resting on the right leg, that attitude which is the natural graceful pose of every untutored woman, and the despair, the born enemy, of every fashionable dancing-master, is seen in endless iteration in the Parthenon marbles. This special pose is to our minds essentially feminine. The English man stands erect in equal balance, combative, defensive, in the attitude in which he would be least easily knocked down. It is only Mr. Du Maurier's emasculate poets who are allowed the bending, knock-kneed pose of our centre figure. I am sorry to raise unlovely images; but it is necessary to note how the Greek men, probably thanks to their loose drapery, were able to stand beautifully and yet not look foolish. The two male figures before us are nowise effeminate, but their pose is just that which modern society relegates to untaught woman. The beautiful lines it lends to the drapery of a figure are best seen in the centre figure's full robe, but they show also in the short *chiton* of the man to the left. The balance of posture in the two male figures is very pleasant to the eye, and a too rigid counterpoise of design is just prevented by the inclination of the centre figure to the right, and the difference of costume in the two men.

Who are the three, and what is this scene they enact? Are they gods or heroes or mortals? Is the

action in this world or the next? Is it meeting or parting, joy or sorrow? On a modern tombstone we are seldom left in doubt: a mother kneels by her lost child's grave in frantic, desperate grief, in an unrestrained agony unseemly in art; or perhaps she lifts eyes and hands to heaven in a fervour of aspiration; whatever the emotion, it is expressed with an intensity at once unmistakable and repellent. It is not so with Greek monuments. That very quality of ideality, that dignity, that self-restraint which are their greatest charms compel a certain vagueness and to us a doubt about the subject-matter. In this last relief one critic sees Hermes part Eurydice from Orpheus; and he notes the downcast sorrow in the faces of both husband and wife. Another sees Helen



DEATH AND THE UNDERWORLD.—IV.: GRAVE RELIEF; ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. FINE PERIOD.

(Villa Albani.)

led to join Achilles in the island of Leuké, and he marks the calm gladness of both faces. All agree about Hermes; yet even here there is no means of certain identification, neither caduceus nor winged sandals, only the petasos, the traveller's hat common to Hermes and every other wayfarer. If we may not settle the subject, let us rest content in the beauty of the design, in its grace, its rest, its calm, whether of sorrow or joy: a calm from which perhaps we are not justified in drawing any conclusion as to the Greek's sure hopes of after-life, nor yet even as to his resignation to death, but which, if it may not teach us how he actually felt, may at least show clearly what he thought fitting to express in art.

To feel with the Greeks we must not frame theories, but live amongst them in their art and in

their literature; we must look at many stelai, many lekythoi; we must read Homer and Æschylus and Plato; we must let ourselves be carried up and down by the fluctuations of their faith. We must not try to learn from them more than they are willing to teach, more perhaps than it is well for us to know. We must be content that some touch of mystery hangs still for them as for us about that land whither "by happy lot travel all unto an end that giveth them rest from their toils. And the body indeed is subject unto the great power of death, but there remaineth yet alive a shadow of life; for this only is from the gods; and while the limbs stir it sleepeth, but unto sleepers in dreams discovereth oftentimes the judgment that draweth nigh for sorrow or for joy."

JANE E. HARRISON.

THE COUNTRY OF MILLET.—I.

THE morning sun is reaching over the heather-clad moorlands of the Hague peninsula, tipping all with bright warm light. High on the bleak lone tops the quaint churches stand out dark against the sky, casting long shadows across the "swells." North and south and west the rolling *landes* jut out into the blue sea in huge cliffs or wild rocks; and far away in hazy brightness are the bold outlines of the Channel Islands. Below, the villages nestling in valleys are still all in grey, but already busy morning sounds come upon the breeze. The world is waking up; and first the grey-clad milkmaids (1, 2, 3) pursue their way along hillside paths, faintly seen amidst brake-fern, heather, and rock. There, too, along the

white roads, which follow the same winding course as the stony bottoms of the moorland streams, they come, in groups of twos and threes, seeking their lowing kine, pastured in those tiny stone-walled meadows. Hark! how they hail their fellows across the valley, or greet a neighbour in an adjoining close. The blouses, too, are all astir; and horse-hoofs ring out sharply in the morning air, as the willing mares are brought in from distant paddocks. Then tiny

chapel bells are tinkling, and some quiet forms in black steal out to kneel and pray. From the cottages (3) whose smoke creeps up in fine blue columns—but look! the milking-work is almost done, and the stream of maids is setting towards the quaint-roofed village. From all corners they come, bearing off their white spoil in shoulder-carried band-held pitchers. Look how the brass *cannes* gleam and sparkle, now the sun is getting high! The world is all for breakfast. This is our peasant-painter's country: let us adown too.

A short-skirted white-capped woman, Madame Deschamps (4), *veuve* Joseph, is bustling about a smoke-brown earthen-floored room. In the huge open chimney a large black pot is hanging over a blazing fire, paled in the morning sun which streams in at the open door. A young woman, with her sweet brown face nestled in a little white cap, is seated on a low stool close to the fire (5), which she is feeding with dried brake-fern and furze from the heap on the floor beside her. A noise of spoons, and a dull thud as the enormous loaf (6) is bundled on to the



1.—A MILKMAID.



2.—ANOTHER MILKMAID.

table. Then a shadow in the doorway, and a clatter of wooden shoes, as half a dozen short blue blouses rush



3.—A COTTAGE.

in, followed by a hoydenish girl, who mischievously pinches her smallest brother. The benches round the table are full, and all the pocket-knives—good English steel, and bright with many a slice of bread and meat—come out. The soup is ready

too, warmed up from last night's leavings, and is poured smoking into a large bowl. The spoons plunge in and out rapidly for some minutes amidst silence; the young woman has one arm round the loaf as she cuts off big slices for the hungry mortals. "Did you see François cadet going a milking with Nini this morning?" presently demands the hoyden, between two spoonfuls. "Of course," blurts out a blouse; "why, their banns are to be given out next Sunday at mass. All the world knows they are betrothed, or they would never dare go milking together." And, indeed, it was a pretty sight to see them this bright summer morning seated together on the back of the stout old mare, François in front with the *cannes*—Nini behind, her dainty feet and ankles showing well below her short grey skirts, much as you may see them (9) in my sketch. How coquettish she looked as she jumped off at her cottage door, before her lover could get down to help her! *A tantôt*. They will go together again this evening. How Millet must have loved such sights!

The large bowl empty, and breakfast finished, several of the young men go out into the fields, sickle in hand, to cut the corn. Another takes the mare (each family has its mare), ladder-flanked (7), to carry in the sweet hay from the

field near the sea. The two little boys are off to school, while the hoyden and her sister go to a smoke-filled outhouse to engage in an enormous wash. While they are preparing it, let us follow the children.

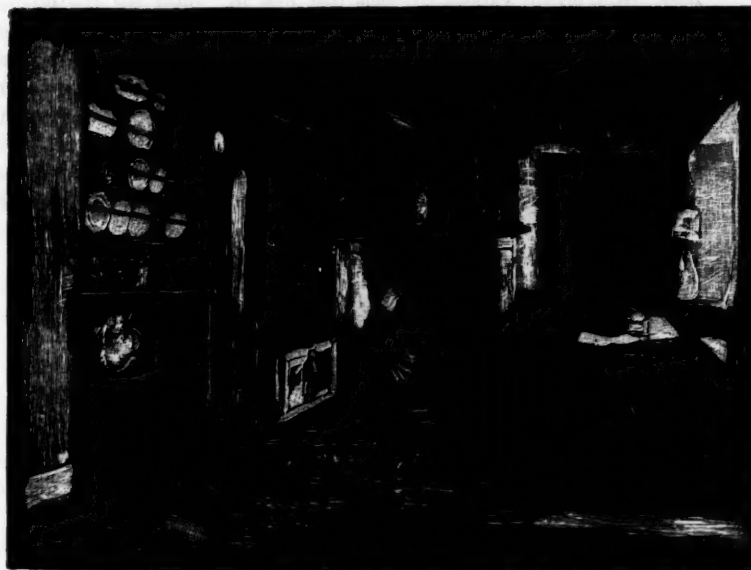
Nearly half-past eight. What a lot of healthy little urchins are trotting off towards school! And the little girls—what fine little white-capped grey-pinafores! I make a dive into the crowd, which disperses in all directions. But I have captured a pinafore (8).



4.—MADAME DESCHAMPS.

What a strong little lady it is, and how shy, until we tickle her. Then she goes off into a little tittering rippling laugh, though she struggles to follow her comrades. "How much lessons have you?" "Oh! we come back for dinner at half-past eleven, and the *maîtresse d'école n'est pas très méchante*; besides, there is the recreation." We find out, too, that there is a two hours' afternoon school, broken by the recreation. Then there is a whole holiday on Thursdays. The little one escapes and goes clattering down the street, peeping back once or twice to have another look at *les Anglais*.

Most children go to school up to the age of thirteen or fourteen, some even later. Then starting



5.—MAKING THE BREAKFAST.

in life with a fair knowledge of elementary subjects, they study to develop their faculties by conversation. Hard at work all day, the boys in the fields and the girls at sewing or house-work, in the evenings they seek amusement and rest in talk.



6.—A LOAF OF THE COUNTRY.

Priding themselves on being *malin* and *fin*, they try to get the better of each other in argument or chaff, for they dearly love a joke. The young women of the Hague indulge greatly in this game, and in the case of a "Parisian," peasant-like they delight to lead him on and on to disparage their country life, until, betrayed into something silly, he suddenly has the tables

turned on him. What pleasure it was to them to cross-question *un Anglais*, the first they had ever seen! "What sort of pails did English girls use for milking?" "Were there hills in England?" "Sweethearts not go milking together! It was unheard of!"

While the schools are busy with the hum of little voices, and the master and mistress point towards their white-figured blackboards, let us go into the fields. Below the village the land slopes down gently towards the sea, marked off into little chessboard squares by lichen-covered greystone walls. Up on the moorlands there are hedges or fern-covered earth ridges to mark the boundaries of each little field. And all the valleys are rich just now in corn and hay. How quiet it is in the sunshine. The cool breeze, the short shadows, the trickling brooklet, the s-sh—s-sh of the sickle, the friendly calls across the valley. Sun-bonneted and short-skirted women are making hay into cocks, and binding it into little bundles to be carried off to the barn, on the back of the mare (10). Or men and women are cutting corn with the sickle, bending low over their work. How easy to picture young Millet amongst the toilers! There is Monsieur l'Anglais with his white umbrella sail unfurled on the moorland side, and a group round him. "Why does he want to take back a painting of their fields?" "It cannot be interesting to Englishmen, because *they* don't know that that is Francois' close, and that Jean-Baptiste's,

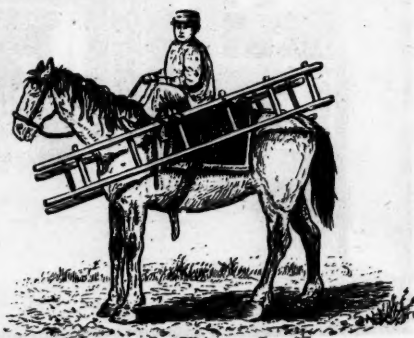
and that in the corner, Auguste's!" "*Ils sont drôles ces Anglais!*" and then too what a funny patois they speak!"

But we have left our hoyden and her sister in the smoke. *La grande lessive* comes but twice a year, and when it comes it makes almost as much a stir as a birth does in the family. This is a *grande grande*, because sweet Bonne is going to be married, and she must take away her portion of the



8.—A PINAPORE.

house linen, which is being washed extra clean. It is a wondrous process indeed. First, the linen is put into a large tub; then between two rough cloths stretched over it a heap of wood-ashes. Upon this water boiled in the pot is poured, and finds its way through the tightly-packed linen, then by means of a hole in the tub, loosely stopped with straw, into a receptacle below. The water is then reboiled, and again passed through the linen, until that which runs out of the larger tub is boiling hot. The fire to heat the water is fed with dried heather or brake-fern, and requires constant attendance. This done, the linen is carried to the *doué* (12), the open-air laundry I have pictured farther on, and there piled for the washing. Soap it on the flat stones; then rub it, and rinse, and beat it, and rinse it again. What heaps of linen! What a spattering fire of blows! What a chorus of tongues these bright mornings! How pleasant the pauses when the washer-girls recline in their boxes and give themselves up entirely to the pleasures of gossip. What a funny burring patois, with its drawling English-like vowels, and *o* and *a* ending nouns. Then *ch* is nearly always *k*; "*un chat*," "*un kat*;" "*une chaise*," "*une kaise*;" and English phrases creep in, brought across perhaps from Alderney by the smugglers. Every one smuggles—when he can do so safely. These women will tell you queer stories of tobacco bales being passed under the customs officers' noses in empty cider-casks, or by millers' wives



7.—GOING TO THE FIELDS.

in sacks of flour. Then what wild break-neck chases over the rocks and up the cliffs, smugglers bale-laden,



9.—THE WAY THEY RIDE.

and preventive men hampered by their muskets, startling the shackled sheep into awkward bounds or waddling trot, for all the cattle and sheep in this country have the two legs on either side linked together with rope or chain. One thinks affectionately of these sheep, which seem gummed on to the cliff-sides; for they will presently become mutton, the well-flavoured *pré salé*, which, garnished with mushrooms, is a favourite dish in the country. Talking of

mutton—it must be dinner-time. Let us go into another cottage, we may get something to eat there.

Père Marmite is in the bee and gardening line, and a fifty years' familiarity with herbs and bees has made him a wondrous believer in his special gifts for curing all maladies with herb plasters or potions; and, indeed, he tells us that the *right* application of the products of his honey-flies would do more for most sufferers than a whole college of surgeons. Then, can he not give strange Latin names to his plants and herbs that command respect and overawe the most incredulous? Nay, rather than to seem to halt in his discourse for a paltry name, can he not coin ingenious Latin-sounding words that fill the gap respectably? He loves to dilate upon his life's occupations. For ten years he studied this and that; for twenty years he was in such a place, and did other wondrous things; then, again, for fifteen other long years—and so the good man rambles on, making his age at least that of Methusaleh's, with his tens and twenties of years. He has but little faith in doctors and new-fangled hives, and goes on shaking his head over doctor-consulting people, and sulphuring his bees, every year.

He and his wife (11) are at dinner: *soupe à la graisse*, their one dish. His wife chatters a little, but he preserves an attitude of superior reserve. He has an unutterable lord-of-creation contempt for woman's intellect. "Poor things, they must talk!" His house is picturesque inside and out, and presently, when he has drunk his brandied coffee, he will smoke in the chimney-corner, while Mère Marmite brings

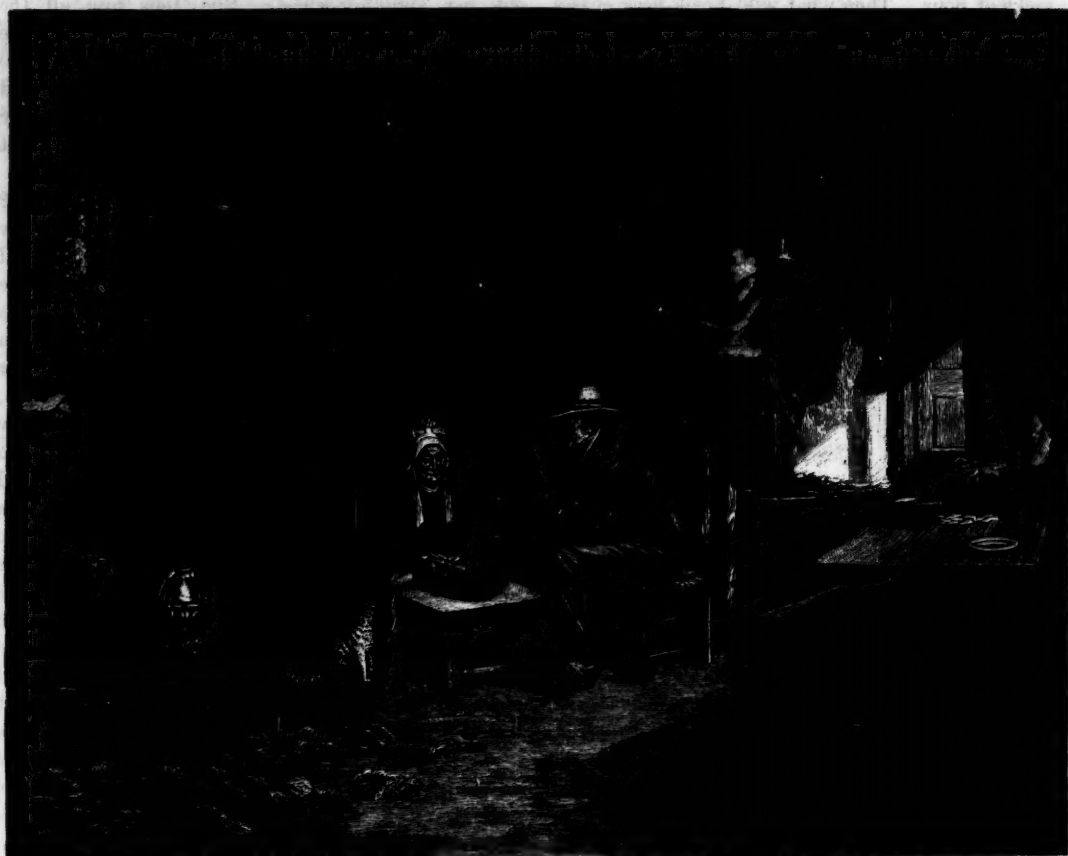
out her spinning-wheel. She tells him all the morning's gossip in an apologetic sort of way, while he puffs clouds of smoke and grunts from time to time. Then he goes out suddenly without a word into his flower-bright garden, busy in the sunshine with buzzing bees. *Il croit que c'est arrivé!* Millet would have dealt tenderly with him.

Shall we go down towards the sea this afternoon? Down the quaint little straggling street into a narrow spring-washed lane. Gently over the stones, and you will keep dry. Cottages; another street more straggling; past a little tavern; then the cobbler's hut, and within, two Dutch-like figures at work in a Rembrandtic light. Oh! what mud! But yonder nearly a dozen blouses are holding a young mare, while the blacksmith puts on her first shoes. How she kicks and plunges, poor beast—but they are too many for her. Another lane with high hedges, and then we come out into a little road intersecting a wilderness of the greystone walls which mark off the small fields. Corn, with reapers, men and women, or the binders and stackers. Already little stacks are rearing their heads all round. Then they will be thrashed out by groups of flail-swingers on huge square canvas cloths, and the straw will be carried home on the back of the ever-faithful mares. But look! here is some unthrashed wheat going to the barn. You can see but the nose and feet of the beasts of burden! There are lots of women in the fields these days, but it is for harvesting only. The spade-work—there are no ploughs—is all done by the men, who grow vegetables and sometimes flax, as well as corn, in their little fields. Each family has its cow or cows, and generally a mare and some sheep. Then there is the inevitable pig. The poorest families have a plot of land, and in a village of five hundred inhabitants there are perhaps but two day-labourers. There are no large proprietors to overshadow the



10.—BOUND FOR THE BARN.

little ones, and there is much independence and wholesome pride. For though these Normans drive the closest bargains, and will manœuvre for days to



11.—AT DINNER.

gain a small advantage in an exchange, they will not receive without giving in return. They seldom say "Yes" or "No," but "*Nous allons voir!*" "*Peut-être!*" "*Je ne dis pas que non.*" They are long-headed and shrewd. There are, however, some *malheureux*, and for these every one has a kind word. On Thursdays the whole holiday at the communal schools. The children of such go their weekly bread-collecting rounds, their wallets over their shoulders. In this little Hague world the well-to-do, and even the struggling ones, never fail to take their share in providing for widows and the fatherless. A family loses its bread-winner and has to be helped. At once friends and neighbours amongst the surrounding villages offer their aid, in the shape of the weekly piece of bread. Some give money too; others morsels of meat. Then the little ones go far and near gathering in from kind friends their support. The wallets (*bissacs*) are simply "double sacks." An ordinary sack is sewn up at both ends, and then a slit lengthways is made on one side near the middle. Into this opening the bread is put, and towards

evening the children return, their wallets big at either end with the week's provisions.

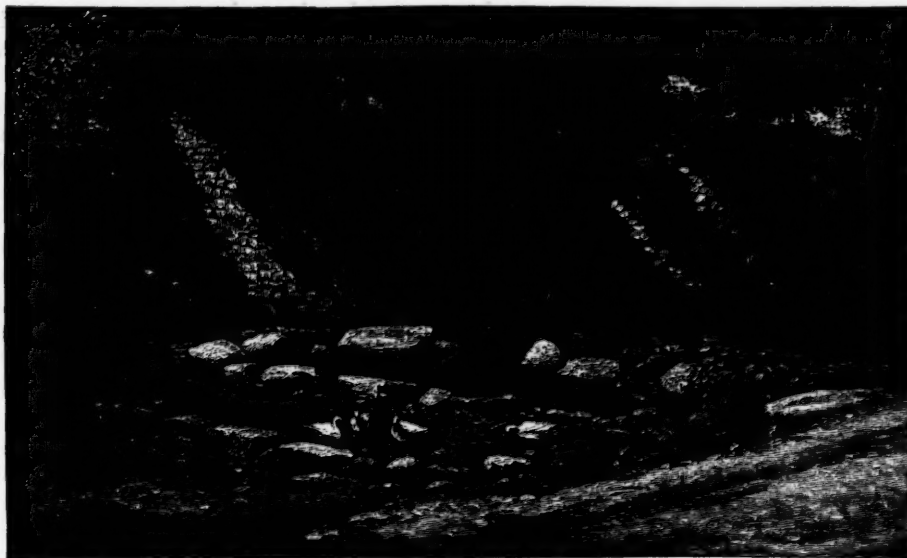
We are close to the sea now. The land here is flat, the stone-walled plots running right down to the beach. The line of shingle stretches out in bold curves, and below, weed-covered rocks run out towards the distant sea in green and golden splendour. On either side a gloomy cliff, iron bound, is fringed in with wild sea-horses. How the swift ebb is rushing out towards the ocean!

Then there are sandy stretches, and horses, stacked up into strange heaps with glittering yellow seaweed, struggle up towards the rich-coloured stacks which line the beach. What a feast of colours in this weed harvest! Big green seas tumble up on golden sands their yellow tribute, and blue blouses rush knee deep amidst the roar to claim their spoil. The patient panniered horses await amidst the heaps the coming load. Dotting the shore there are round paved holes which, in Millet's time, served to burn all this wealth to grey ash. This at the market towns commanded a good price as manure. How

many smoke columns then on windy days were caught away across the moors! But all this, with the pretty groups around the fires, has passed away. "It does not pay now," say the peasants sadly, as they spread the weed over their fields. Then too, along the coast, mounting the grim headlands, descending into sheltered cones, or stretching across bleak sweeps, is the chain of little stone huts for the coast-guards. They are comfortable within, these huts, with hay-packed bed-shelves to shelter and repose the grey-cloaked watchers on wild nights. But this is a temperate climate, and the thick homespun that serves to keep out the searching moor-breeze on chilly summer eves resists as well the winter's cold. The garments are thus little changed. No pinched waists here; but even in the Hague, where but one in twenty has seen a railway train, and where many old women have never been to Cherbourg, seven leagues off—even here women have their little vanities. The question "How can the human form divine be beautified?" is answered by binding a roll of cloth round their hips, and—as you may see in my first and second sketches—it is over this original "dress-improver" that

neatly stockinged. Such their work-a-day dress, but we shall see our Millet's people in other costumes.

See! the sun is getting low and the tide of milkmaids is setting towards the sea. The moors are bathed in purple and gold; and burning yellow is the strip of tide-bare weed-covered rocks. We are on high ground now, but the sun is sinking fast behind the blue. In what grotesque forms does the heather on these low moorland walls start out black against the evening sky! What wild strange shapes it takes! A thousand mad imps seem to clutch out towards heaven. But a dark, silent figure stalks towards us, its mantle all fluttering in the grey. How the plant-fiends dance in the breeze, shooting out scornful thumbless hands and long pointing fingers! But the shadow comes on all calmly. "Bon soir!" It is but the good *curé* who is bound for the manse below. Listen to the tinkle of the Angelus, and see the peeping village lights down there! We must be going too. This is the path. Scramble over the low wall, down the water-cut path, and so into the highway. Quaint figures of home-returning peasants with bundles or scythes, and strange fodder-laden animals, stand out dark



12.—AN OPEN-AIR LAUNDRY.

their thick short skirts hang in heavy folds. They have, too, a paletot, which is made of striped cloth woven in the country. This garment somewhat resembles a "Garibaldi," but flies out loosely behind, being only confined to the waist in front by the thick steel-blue apron. Their feet are protected by stout but neat boots with wooden soles. Unlike the men, who discard socks except on Sundays, they are always

against the sky. An unmilked cow lows complainingly in the dusk. There, "Crack, crack, y! y! *cré le nom d'un chien!*" A rumble of wheels and a cloud of dust, and the diligence rolls lumbering down the hill, and vanishes into the darkness. Presently we come upon it, empty and naked, the gaunt shaft-pole pointing up over its black hood, laid up for the night. HENRY GLAZEBROOK.



THE LOUVRE DRAWINGS.

AMONG art-publications there are few or none of greater interest than "*Les Dessins du Louvre*" (Paris: Lodovic Baschet), the text by M. Henri de Chennevières, the reproductions by Gillot. It is a striking revelation of the wealth and variety of the great national collection. To many who are familiar with the splendour and completeness of the Louvre in painting and sculpture it will be a surprise to learn of the existence there of a gathering of studies and drawings of the great masters no less representative. The two thousand examples that adorn its walls do not form a tithe of the vast total, the bulk of which is buried in the gloom of the keeper's cabinets. No fewer than thirty-five thousand remain thus buried, and from these M. Baschet is selecting the more typical for reproduction in his admirable work. The history of the acquisition of this prodigious collection is detailed by M. Henry de Chennevières—who, by the way, has written a quantity of elegant and sparkling French, in all of which there is not a "qui" or a "que"—the most troublesome of all the little foxes that spoil the grapes of Gallic prose. Until 1850 these studies and sketches lay in chaotic disorder, when M. Frédéric Reiset commenced the great labour of classification, which has since been completed by his successor, the present conservator, M. de Tauzia. The nucleus of this collection was formed in the reign of Louis XIV. by Colbert. That enlightened minister, while engaged in purchasing pictures, marbles, and bronzes for Versailles, began to collect the first designs of the Old Masters as well. His liberality and foresight were amply rewarded, and the royal collection received immense additions through the legacies of private individuals. The banker Jabach gave the king his collection of over five thousand drawings, among them some of Raphael's finest studies, many of them once in the possession of our Charles I. Lebrun followed suit with the whole of his sketches in 1690. Extensive purchases were also made. Thus on the death of the prince of collectors, P. J. Mariette, author of the famous treatise on cameos, Louis XV. bought, in 1775, thirteen hundred drawings at the sale of his art-treasures. Then came the Revolution; and the confiscation of private collections added materially to the riches of the Louvre. The

Italian plunder of the Napoleonic campaigns still further augmented the national hoard, but the retributive action of the Allies in 1815 compelled France to disgorge the bulk of these spoils. Since then the most important acquisitions have been made at the sale of the King of the Netherlands' collection in 1850, with that of M. His de la Salle in 1878.

While to Colbert, M. de Chennevières rightly attributes the merit of the initiation of this magnificent collection, it would seem that the reverent attention of a few private enthusiasts was first directed to the drawings of the great painters. The fervent spirit of rivalry that animated kings and statesmen during the later period of the Italian Renaissance, and gradually spread through Western Europe, was primarily employed in acquiring works of art to which a certain amount of renown was attached. The more critical collectors, such as Mariette, were possessed of broader and profounder views. Colbert was an exception among ministers; his policy was not merely inspired by the taste of his royal master, but was the outcome of his own enthusiasm for the arts. He, at least, felt how incompletely an artist was represented by paintings alone. It was natural, however, that, in the full noon of the splendour of Italian art, when all the great qualities of painting reached a simultaneous culmination, the avidity of collectors should be directed to one aim. Thus we find many of the most precious of these studies proceed from the modest collections of critics and amateurs, and not from the cabinets of kings. It is to the curiosity of the student and the pious care of the disciple that we owe many of these invaluable first thoughts and inspirations of genius. They are of the most piquant interest when studied in the light of the full achievement of their authors; and they are something more. From a sense of their technical value in art-education is gradually developed an appreciation of their personal and psychological value, and the intimate and pathetic insight they afford into the passionate progress of genius, its throes and exaltations and agonies. And this insight into the personality of the artist is not limited to his technical method and resources; it is of almost infinite compass, and is bounded only by the perceptive faculty of the student. These studies range from the inchoate essay of unrealisable conception to an expression of sublimity and beauty so masterly that the whole genius of the artist is revealed, and no more perfect a personification of the artist's thought is possible. To be faithfully acquainted with a series

of such efforts is to obtain an idea of the artist that his finished work will hardly supply: they affect you with the force of an inspiration; it is as if a veil is suddenly withdrawn between his personality and your own, you look on his work with something of his apprehension, and you experience a divine refreshment. That feeling of wonder which Sir William Hamilton affirms is the natural product of ignorance, and which is so frequently felt at the first sight of a master-work of art, yields then to the reverence of knowledge. The critical faculty is born, the powers of comparative analysis are evolved, and the master is recognised through the reasonableness of an intellectual conviction. To regard the studies of great artists merely as a student treats his anatomical courses, and to look upon them chiefly as the dead bones which the prophetic fire of the master subsequently makes to live and glow on his canvas, is to miss half their significance.

No better example of the individuality of genius and the value of these spontaneous records of inspiration could be given than M. Baschet's first specimen. It is the head of a satyr by Michelangelo—a design of incredible force, and possessing a passionate intensity that reaches the ultimate tension of expression. A curious account of this drawing is given by Mariette, in whose collection it once reposed: "I have a very fine and rather singular drawing by Michelangelo. It is a profile of the head of a faun or satyr of almost natural size, which is drawn with all the artist's knowledge and art upon another head—a head of a woman, in red chalk, the work of a mere ignoramus. Through the beautiful work of Michelangelo this woman's head, which is also in profile, is still to be seen; and it would appear that its designer had carried it for correction to Michelangelo, who, for his own delectation, transformed it into the head of a satyr, because it was so bad as to be beyond improvement. Perhaps, too, he amused himself thus at the expense of one of his followers who was working in despite of wisdom, for examining the drawing I find its handling much like Michelangelo's youthful manner, when he arranged his lines with more care and his drawing was liker engraving. Whatever it be, this jest of Michelangelo's is curious." Among other drawings by this incomparable master is a remarkable study of the Virgin and Child for the unfinished group in the San Lorenzo Chapel, Florence; and a very striking study for a slave, designed for the tomb of Pope Julius II. The former is covered with the stamps of many amateurs—Crozat, Mariette, De Claussin, Dimsdale, Sir Thomas Lawrence—and was last in the collection of the King of the Netherlands.

To pass from Michelangelo to Titian is to experience an antithesis, although in the present

selection we obtain a most favourable view of Titian's power of design. In spite of the remark of the former artist to Vasari, *à propos* of the "Danaë," that it was a pity that so great a colourist could never learn to draw, his studies in the Louvre reveal his true powers in this direction. The "Head of an Old Man" is a fine example of Titian's sense of the sumptuous and the magnificent. It is drawn in black crayon, heightened with white, the flesh texture being marvellously given; and is distinguished by great nobility of sentiment and a remarkable combination of breadth and finish. In a study for the "Virgin and Child" we have evidence of the speed with which he worked and the warmth of his conception, his care of *ensemble* and scorn of detail, in the coarse and vigorous cross-hatching, and scars and blotches of ink about the figures. The "Halberdier," on the other hand, is a masterly drawing in red chalk of quite peculiar finish. These studies justify M. de Chennevières' final criticism:—"In the hands of Titian the red chalk ripens and melts into a lively mellowness, his black and white acquire firmness and liquescence. In spite of his idolatry of colour, in spite of Michelangelo's remark, he is well worthy of teaching the secrets and the powerful eloquence of contour." The Louvre is particularly rich in studies of Raphael. Among the most remarkable reproduced by M. Baschet is a singular figure of Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter, designed for one of the cartoons. It has a naïvely academic air, and is far removed from the spurious idealism which Mr. Ruskin condemns. The first sketch for the fresco, "The Apparition of St. Peter and St. Paul to Attila," is remarkable for careful finish and the extraordinary fulness with which the conception is realised. It has all the astonishing vivacity and movement of the fresco. None of Raphael's drawings surpass in beauty the lovely composition of "The Deposition in the Tomb." It is not surprising that this should have passed through many collections into many lands. Here, at last, is absolute eclecticism. The highest qualities of the best masters of design are united in it, and it is yet perfectly Raphaellesque. From among the hundred and thirteen examples of Parmegiano's studies M. de Chennevières has chosen one highly characteristic of that master. It is a female figure representing Spring, nude, and of inexpressible suppleness and grace. It is impossible to contemplate its refined voluptuousness and think of the artist as a man whose life-search was the philosopher's stone.

Among the schools represented in M. Baschet's publication the French is naturally prominent. The examples of Watteau are of peculiar interest, and are sufficient to support M. de Chennevières' opinion that they are more completely representative of the

artist's wayward humour and fecundity of invention than his pictures. Flemish influence is marked in them; but they have a grace, an elegance, a distinction peculiarly their own. Of typical figures we have the famous "Knife-Grinder" and the "Bagpipers," besides a multitude of ladies and of lovers: heroes and heroines of the Rococo epic of which Watteau was the Homer; the men and women of the "Enchanted Isle" and the "Voyage to Cythera"—of a romance of life that was wholly compacted of love, and a tender languishment, and a sweet and melancholy delight in the foreknowledge of death. Nicolas Poussin—with his austere yet impassioned conceptions, his heroic moods and utterances, his admirable drama—Bouchardon the sculptor, Greuze, Boucher, and Daniel Dumoustier all find a place in the gallery. The historical portraits of the last-named master, which so admirably illustrate the romantic era of Henry IV., are highly interesting. Of Liotard, the miniaturist, some excellent examples are given. Rubens, the two Van Ostades, and Jan Steen—the last with the only drawing of his in

existence—are also represented. The most interesting of Albert Dürer's drawings is a study for the engraving, "Christ at the Mount of Olives," dated 1518, showing in the group of sleeping disciples a suggestion of Bellini, a reminiscence of Venice.

It is natural, in reviewing the splendid results of M. Baschet's undertaking, to revert to the present unsatisfactory condition of our own collections, and to wonder that some such enterprise should not be attempted here. The mention of Dürer alone recalls the unique collection of his studies in the British Museum, out of sight, and, it is to be feared, out of mind. Though we do not possess a colossal national collection like the Louvre, we could yet produce a work not inferior in interest to the present. Of this we shall further note that it is published in weekly numbers, each containing five of Gillot's admirable reproductions, at one franc twenty-five centimes apiece. If it succeeds as it deserves, the publisher intends to do for our own Museum that which in this he is doing so well for the Louvre.

J. ARTHUR BLAIKIE.

"ON THE BANKS OF NILE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. GENTZ.

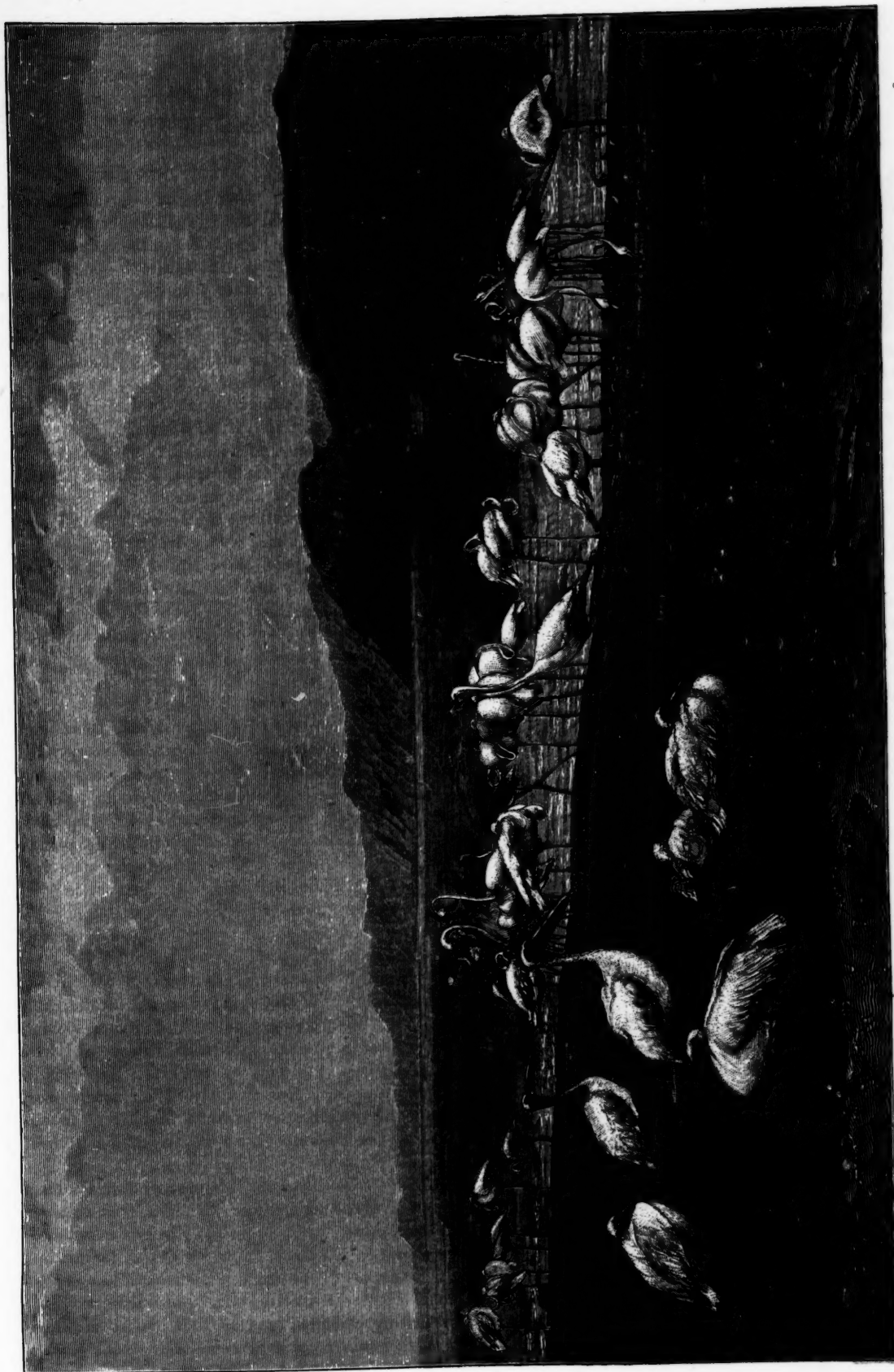


GREAT while ago—or what seems a great while ago—the Nile was the supreme river of romance. From sources unknown, its great twin-streams pursued their way through all that was mysterious. Cities of sonorous name arose on its banks. The poet in search of the imposing and recondite evoked the fabulous Thamoudocana or the forlorn splendours of Masar, and invested his verse with the vague charm of the remote. It was haunted by the fallen divinities of old Egypt. Below the first cataract all was history; above it lay illimitable romance. Here were the dead bones of mighty cities, the mammoths of antiquity, Memphis and Thebes, prodigious Karnak, Luxor, the home of giants; with memories of the Pharaohs of old, and of the Ptolemies, and Cleopatra, the perfect flower of their race. There, between the Mountains of the Moon and

the vast stream flowed, hid below the granite edges of the desert, or shining through green oasis and level plain. In this last region of the White Nile is the scene of Herr Gentz's picture. On the right bank runs a range of desolate hills; on the left vast marshes stretch far away. You pass through a narrow sea of grasses and rushes, and here if anywhere you may be "confounded with all unutterable abortions amongst reeds and Nilotic mud," or dream, with De Quincy, of "the cancerous kisses of crocodiles."

And here you may view some such concourse of fowls as is depicted by Herr Gentz: a parliament of birds, if it were not for its solemnity and silence, its dignity and brooding sense of meditation. Here are the elegant flamingo, the great red stork, the legendary pelican; while hard by the ibis and plover feed. They are all intent on reflection; they strictly meditate the oozy shore. Their dreams are of lotus and lily, of the pale river snake and the melodious frog; and they only bestir themselves to put down a leg or stretch a lazy wing. They admirably harmonise with the scene, and the traveller who "comes suddenly" upon them will recall the picture with as pleasurable a feeling as when in the moonlit halls of Karnak, to his great perturbation, he "came suddenly on Isis and Osiris." For they are instinct with the conservatism of the stoutest antiquity in all time.

"Syene's height and Philæ's palm-set isle,"



ON THE BANKS OF NILE.

(From the Picture by W. Gent.)

PICTURES IN THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM.—II.

ADAM ELSHEIMER.



WRITING some months ago in this magazine of the pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum, I said that among the great masters of painting, three only, the elder Palma, Paul Veronese, and Rembrandt, were represented in that gallery by shining and thoroughly adequate examples; while among men of real but secondary distinction in the history of the art there were several represented excellently. Of these secondary masters none appears in the Fitzwilliam Museum to greater advantage, or offers more interest to the student, than Adam Elsheimer. We possess of that rare painter four certain and one questionable example. No other public gallery in England has so many; and of those foreign galleries that are best furnished with his works, only Munich and Florence surpass us.

Fame not less than Fortune might be represented with the emblem of a still-revolving wheel, to such ups and downs in the estimation of posterity is every name once eminent almost certain to be subject. Moderate as is the repute in which Elsheimer is at present held by all but a few special students, there was a time when he was regarded as one of the very first of painters.

"So long as men do virtue prize,
So long as arts they exercise,
So long shall they proclaim
Great Elsheimer his fame,"—

into such-like enthusiastic doggerel breaks out, writing in the half-century following the master's death, the amiable and pedantic German historian of art and artists, Joachim von Sandrart. Again, he is spoken of as "the incomparable Elsheimer," "one of the very most renowned and highly prized of painters;" and—"even as our father Adam," it is ingeniously remarked of him, "was the first man, so this other Adam was the first who raised himself so high and so near nature in the art of painting small pictures, landscapes, and other curiosities, that he became as it were a patriarch and precursor, whose manner all other painters followed as the most perfect, choice, and natural."

From this high position to the comparative neglect into which Elsheimer has fallen among ordinary picture-lovers, the interval is wide indeed. Foreign students have, it is true, devoted serious attention to him of late years, but with us he has shared the disesteem into which have fallen, with more or less justice, all the masters and all the productions of German

and Netherlandish painting in the interval between the age of Dürer and the age of Rembrandt. We are in the main quite right to see in the northern art of that period—say from 1540 to 1620—a fruitless effort to be something other than what nature meant it to be; a vain and tiresome assumption of Italian airs and graces by men of hopelessly alien blood and temper. Yet there is something to attract and much to interest us, if we come to look closely, even in the work of these industrious would-be Italians of the north. Not, indeed, in that of a Martin van Heemskerck or a Cornelius van Harlem: the painters of that bombastic vein are in truth intolerable. But towards the close of the period in question there arose among the northern sojourners in Rome men of another temper: men who did not vainly ape the style of Michelangelo, or of any other master, but endeavoured humbly and faithfully enough to express the romance of southern life, landscape, and associations as they really felt it in their northern blood. Among these Elsheimer is the most gifted and best worthy of study. He had a spirit of true distinction, and fine artistic impulses; he produced in his brief career works of original and substantial beauty and value; and the degree of his personal and artistic influence on those about him was extraordinary. He was the son of a well-to-do tailor in Frankfort, and was born in March, 1578. He made his first studies under a fairly competent painter of his native city, Philipp Uffenbach; practised for a little while independently; and then journeyed to the Mecca of northern artists, Rome. He travelled probably by the route then usual, through Venice, and was settled in Rome before 1600. Here he spent the remainder of his days, and died young, probably about 1620. He was an indefatigable and for the most part a secluded student, living and working face to face with nature, and ever attacking new problems in his art. He laboured much to produce comparatively little: nevertheless, under the nickname "Adam of Frankfort," he was the most reputed and in a sense the most influential painter of his time at Rome.

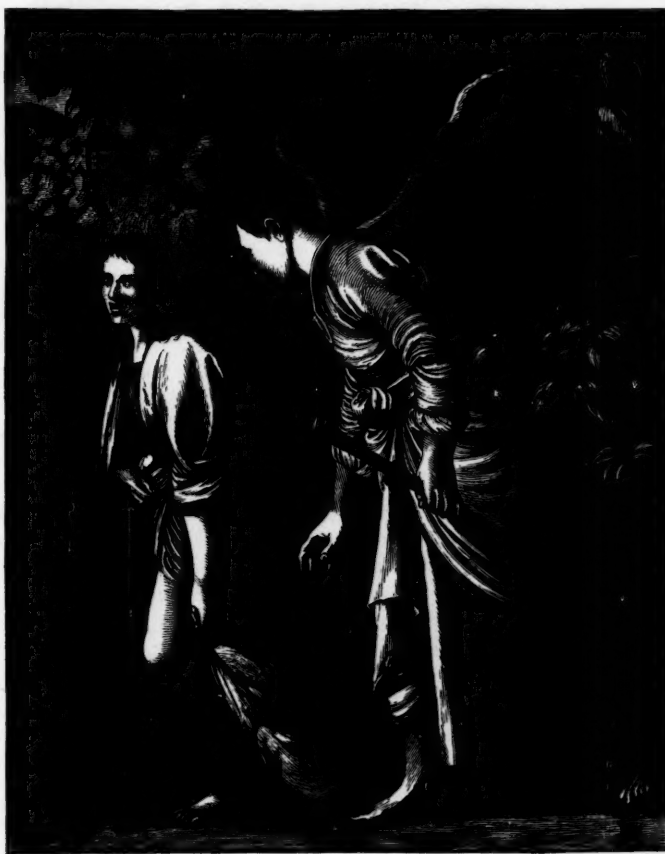
The stories concerning his life and fortunes there are dubious and conflicting. Sandrart, from inquiries made after his death, represents him as a mere brooding recluse, having no thought except for his art, and incapable of managing his affairs. He was married, says this authority, to a Roman wife, who bore him many children; and so slow and so fastidious a worker was he that he could never paint pictures

enough to support his family, but lived on money advanced by his friend Goudt, and finally found his way into a debtor's prison, where he fell into a despondency, and thence into an illness, which presently carried him to his grave. This melancholy legend had been followed and improved upon by gossiping writers of every degree, until Dr. Bode, of Berlin, called attention the other day to an earlier and in some points incompatible account given by a Roman painter and art biographer, Baglione, who had been Elsheimer's contemporary and personal acquaintance. After speaking of his talents, his persistent industry, his fastidiousness over his own work and his readiness to help others, Baglione goes on to say that Elsheimer was married to a Scotchwoman, and that a sufficient provision was made from the Apostolic Palace (under Pope Paul V.) to secure his living in comfort: adding, what his portrait by his own hand at the Uffizi confirms, that he was a man of handsome features and courtly presence; and finally, that he unhappily fell ill and died in the flower of his age, from a stomach complaint supposed to have been brought on by incessant and minute work. This, we must in all probability conclude, is the true, and Sandrart's but a fanciful, account of Elsheimer's fortunes and of the cause of his death.

Elsheimer painted chiefly on a small scale on copper, a practice that was beginning to be common, especially among his Flemish contemporaries in Italy. With infinite labour he sought in his little pictures to reproduce the expression and details of the landscape of the

mountain districts surrounding Rome. The beautifully outlined ridges and foldings of the Alban and Sabine hills; their airy slopes and deep recesses; their lakes, precipices, cascades, and ruins; the impenetrable shelter of their ilex groves; their soul-expanding prospects of the Campagna; the first painter who fully devoted himself to the study and interpretation of these natural beauties of the neighbourhood of Rome was Elsheimer. Judged by the standards of to-day, his landscape work is in some points tentative and conventional; but excepting that of the Venetians, it is both the most poetically felt and the most accurately studied that had been produced up to his time. His scale of colour is fuller and deeper than that of his Flemish contemporaries and followers; in hills, trees, and clouds he has a far nobler sense than they of the relations of masses, while he is almost alone in the affectionate care, and the forcible and brilliant touch, with which he works out the flowers and foliage of his foregrounds. Landscape, however, rarely stands alone in his pictures: they almost always tell a story as well, chosen now from the Bible or the tales of

Saints, now from Pagan literature, and especially from Ovid. Sometimes the actors fill the foreground, sometimes they are on a minute scale and have to be looked for in the landscape. Elsheimer has a peculiarly fine sense of the relation of action to scenery, and never fails to make his personages harmonise happily with their surroundings. The influence of classic and of Italian tradition is perceptible in his figures; but they are rarely of that lifeless cast—an incongruous cross between an academy model and



TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.

(Painted by Elsheimer. From the Engraving by Wenceslas Hollar.)



LATONA AND THE PEASANTS.

(Painted by Elsheimer. Fitzwilliam Museum.)

a Flemish boor—which disfigures the work of so many of his Northern contemporaries. Their gestures, too, are dramatic and well conceived, with much of the old German shrewdness and forcible directness of expression.

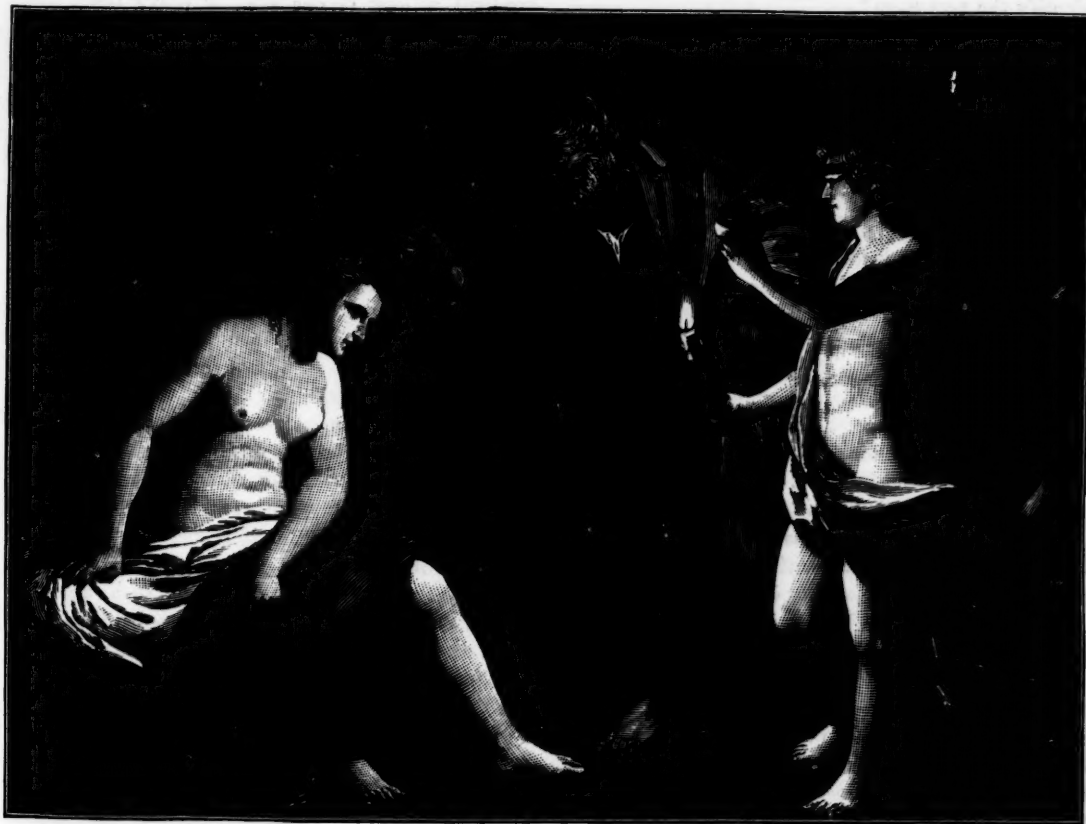
In addition to the landscape and dramatic elements in Elsheimer's little pictures, there is a third especial element of interest. He was an ardent experimentalist in unusual effects of light both natural and artificial. Dawn and moonlight, the effect of torches flashing upon trees and buildings, or reflected in the water under a twilight sky, the effect of a cross illumination from several lamps and candles in a room—these and all other vivid, dubious, or exceptional effects of light attracted him. Some of the experiments tried coarsely by other painters of the time, as Caravaggio and Gerard Honthorst, Elsheimer tried delicately and with more success; many he invented for himself, and in general must be considered the father and model of the painters who work in artificial chiaroscuro, the greatest of whom, of course, is Rembrandt.

Combining thus, in his laborious and brilliant little pictures, novelties, as the art then was, alike in landscape, history, and chiaroscuro, no wonder if Elsheimer seemed to those about him a notable inventor and pioneer in painting. Among more careless and easily contented workers, the solitary man held pre-eminence by his conscientious passion for his art: his work told manifestly of disinterested toil and searching; of vigils beneath the stars and beside the lamp; of a faculty exercised to the utmost in striving to extract from the materials of nature an essence new and grateful to the spirit. Many artists famous after his death formed themselves more or less distinctly upon his manner: some were actually his pupils. Not to speak of mere imitators, the great Rubens himself, then a young man in Rome, sought Elsheimer's acquaintance, studied his method, and copied some of his pieces. Almost all the classical painters of landscape and incident in the Seventeenth Century profited by his example in the choice of scenery and in the manner of rendering it, and of bringing the

actors in relation to their background; including even such masters as Albani and Domenichino, and especially, as Elsheimer's latest biographer, Dr. Bode, has pointed out, Claude Lorrain. Cornelis Poelenburg and his satellites—the whole school of Dutch painters of classic pastoral, for what they are worth—took their first inspiration from Elsheimer. The elder Teniers was his pupil in painting, and Jan Van de Velde his direct follower both in painting and in etching. But the disciple most completely attached to and identified with Elsheimer was a noble amateur of Utrecht, Hendrik Goudt, who lived in close intimacy with him at Rome, bought as many of his pictures as he could, and devoted his remarkable and highly-trained powers as an engraver to the reproduction of his works, generally on nearly the original scale. Admiration for Elsheimer seems almost to have absorbed his powers: and when afterwards Sandart found him in Utrecht, a broken man, living with a mistress whose love-potions, it was said, had overthrown his reason, his sole gleams of intelligence and pride were still in talking of Elsheimer.

Many of Elsheimer's most characteristic things,

such as the larger "Tobias and the Angel," the "Aurora," the "Cephalus and Procris," and the glittering torchlit scene of Ceres quenching her thirst at the peasant's door, from Ovid, are comparatively well known through the masterly engravings of his friend Goudt. Some of these same examples, and a good many additional, have also been engraved by Hollar. For instance, the first of our three present illustrations is taken from Hollar's engraving of the group of Tobias and the angel, in the picture known as the "larger Tobias;" the whole picture in which the group occurs having previously been engraved by Goudt. The work in question, somewhat injured, is now in the possession of Mr. Samuel Sandars, and was exhibited a few years ago at Burlington House. Past a foreground of dense and carefully drawn foliage, opening out on the left so as to give a view of an azure champaign in the distance, travels, under the charge of the protecting angel Raphael, the lad Tobias, dragging after him the great fish he has taken in the Tigris. Not every reader, probably, has in memory the text of the apocryphal scripture here illustrated:—"And when the young man went down



CUPID AND PSYCHE.

(From the Picture by Elsheimer. Fitzwilliam Museum.)

to wash himself, a fish leaped out of the river, and would have devoured him. Then the angel said unto him, Take the fish. And the young man laid hold of the fish and drew it to land. To whom the angel said, Open the fish and take the heart and the liver and the gall, and put them up safely. So the young man did as the angel commanded him, and when they had roasted the fish, they did eat it, and both went on their way until they drew near to Ecbatane." A similar conception of the theme reappears in a second version of the same story known as the "smaller Tobias," wherein Elsheimer has represented Tobias dragging the fish across some stepping-stones, and followed by a spaniel preparing with trepidation to jump from one stone to another; evidently with reference to the verse: "So they went forth, and the young man's dog after them." Elsheimer, like so many other artists in illustrating this favourite story, seems to have forgotten that the fish was cooked and eaten immediately after its capture, and represents the young Tobias as dragging it with him on his farther travels. Or should we rather, instead of construing the action literally, see in this traditional adjunct of the fish merely an emblem enabling us to identify the personage?

Two of Hollar's other engravings after Elsheimer, which we have not attempted to reproduce, are taken from originals formerly belonging to the great Lord Arundel, which are now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. These are a "Venus" and a "Pallas;" both are on the minutest scale. The "Venus" has an almost Titianic depth of colour in the blue sky and red and white drapery, and some of Elsheimer's best feeling in the massing and softness of the forest trees, and of the gleaming volumes of white cloud above them. Unluckily, it is injured and blackened. So, again, past cure and almost past recognition is the "Pallas," a candle-lit interior scene, with the goddess seated in a great chair towards one side, her emblems of lance, helm, and owl near by (the owl seated on a chemical retort), and students of all sorts working at books, at globes, at drawing from the anatomical model, and so forth.

Of the two larger specimens of Elsheimer's work in the Fitzwilliam Museum, neither, as it happens, has ever yet been engraved, except in the woodcuts which accompany this notice. Each is important and characteristic in its way. The first is an example of the artist's manner in the painting of daylight landscape enlivened by the figures of a classic story; the other of his elaborate chiaroscuro work in scenes of artificial light. The landscape piece illustrates the story of Latona and the unmannerly peasants, from Ovid's "Metamorphoses." Wandering, so the story runs, with her new-born twins in Lycia, the goddess, being sore athirst, came one evening in sight of a pond, and

went down to drink of it. She found some peasants at work among the sedge and osiers of the bank, who refused, with jeers and insults, to let her touch the water, and presently, jumping in, began to stir and muddy it with their hands and feet. At that the goddess cursed them—"Dwell in your pond, then, for ever and a day"—and straightway the wicked peasants were turned into frogs. To Elsheimer, with his predilection for lonely woods and pools, this story seems to have had a peculiar attraction. He was at all times much given to the repetition of favourite subjects: thus among his extant works there are some half a dozen different versions of the "Flight into Egypt," or, if we include under that title the episode of the "Repose," as many as eight or nine: the episode, again, of Tobias and the angel travelling together, from the book of Tobit, he, as we have already seen, illustrated at least twice. The story now in question, of Latona and the peasants, Elsheimer painted three times. Two of the pictures seem to have been lost. One of them, which belonged to Lord Arundel, has been engraved by Hollar, the other by Magdalena de Pas: in both, as in the example still extant at Cambridge, the pool is conceived as lying bordered, at least on one side, by heavy forest trees; in both, the goddess has come up with her twins from the right, and the peasants stand splashing and flouting near the margin of the water. But in Lord Arundel's picture there appears a view of an open mountain country beyond the mere, while in the foreground action the process of transformation has not yet begun; the three peasants have still their human shape. In the example engraved by Magdalena de Pas, the figures are more in number and on a much smaller scale than in the other two, the landscape being quite predominant, and the trees completely enclosing and embowering the scene; two of the peasants are already turning into frogs, and throw up their hands in horror at their predicament. For the Cambridge picture see our woodcut. It is attested by the master's authentic signature, A. ELSHEIMER, in the left-hand corner, and is treated with a lighter and more sparkling touch than is usual with him. The forest scenery, designed with somewhat less than his customary art, retreats in tones of rather exaggerated blue, such as occur oftener in the works of Bril and Breughel than in his own; the story of the boors' offence and chastisement is expressed with simplicity, humour, and dramatic point: charming in design and exquisite in finish, in a spirit closely akin to some of the choicest early works of Rubens, are the twin babes Apollo and Diana, lying on the ground while their mother in vain holds out a bowl for water.

Our third example, illustrating the story of Cupid and Psyche, is an experiment in artificial lighting

analogous to the "Baucis and Philemon," or to the Madrid picture of "Ceres Drinking at the Cottage Door." Though not, like these two, widely known by the engravings of Goudt and Hollar, the picture is, of all Elsheimer's works, perhaps that in which he has obtained the highest polish and delicacy of execution, and, in the personage of Cupid, the most refined ideal of academic grace. The figures, about seven inches high, are of a larger scale than usual; the absence of accessories is, for Elsheimer, remarkable; the conduct of the artificial light proceeding from the candle held by Cupid, though devoid of Rembrandt's magic quality of vibrating mystery and suggestiveness, is singularly skilful, striking, and true to nature. There is a fine gleam of dark peacock colour in the wings of the youthful god: his drapery is of a dusky red, and that of Psyche a rich blue. What precise point of the story is illustrated seems uncertain. In the text of Apuleius there is no exactly corresponding situation. By the *pyxis* or casket held in the hand of Love, with a wreath of vapour escaping from it, and by the shamefast looks of his bride, we might suppose it to be the final scene,

where he finds her swooning in the jaws of Tænarus after she has let loose the baleful dream from the casket of Proserpine. But then who is the aged man apparently explaining or expostulating in the background? Again we must apparently assume some vagueness of memory on the part of the artist.

So much for the works of Elsheimer in the Fitzwilliam Museum. An acquaintance with them, and with the aims and the historic place of this interesting and once renowned master, will enable the student to look with greater pleasure and instruction at his pictures in other galleries: at the "Flight into Egypt" and the "Good Samaritan" of the Louvre; at the artist's handsome physiognomy as painted by himself at Florence, where are also his "Mercury and the Daughters of Cecrops," and a landscape with Hagar and an angel; at the "Riposo" of the Belvedere; the "Aurora" in the Brunswick Gallery; the "Ceres" at Madrid; the "Philemon and Baucis" at Dresden; and most important of all, the "Burning of Troy," the allegorical "Contento," the "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," and the "Flight into Egypt," at Munich.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

"A KIRGHIZ FALCONER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY BASIL VASSILIVITCH VERESCHAGUINE.



THE name of Vereschaguine seems notable in Russian art. There are no less than three artists thus called, and all of them are distinguished by much technical ability and no mean share of higher qualities.

Peter Petrovitch is a painter of topography—a view of Sebastopol by him is the property of the Emperor of Russia; and Basil Petrovitch is well known as a painter of Biblical subjects, several of which were prominent features of the great exhibition at Moscow last year. His "Scene in the Life of St. Gregory," which belongs to the Académie des Beaux-Arts at St. Petersburg, is a really striking work, and "The Descent from the Cross," painted for the Moscow Cathedral, takes high rank amongst modern performances of the kind. Basil Vassilivitch Vereschaguine, however, is altogether the most interesting figure of the three. Born in the province of Novgorod in the year 1842, he became a pupil of Professor Beideman at the Russian Academy, and afterwards of Gérôme in Paris, of whose teaching his work bears the unmistakable impress. He has been a great traveller: he may be said to know the Caucasus

by heart; he wandered for some three years in the Indies; and he toiled and suffered with the Russian armies through the campaigns in Central Asia in 1867-8, and in the tremendous conflict with Turkey five years ago. He has acted as a kind of special artist; many of his pictures are—or were, for Vereschaguine has destroyed some of them himself—illustrations of campaign life, and the heroic horrors of battle; and there are several engravings from his sketches in that endless "Tour du Monde" of Messrs. Hachette. He has had special exhibitions of his works in all the capitals of Europe—twice in London and Paris and St. Petersburg, and once in Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, and Dresden; while he was amply represented at the Moscow Exhibition of 1882. Altogether, therefore, he is a personage in modern art-history.

Nothing is more significant in Russian art than that it is only interesting and valuable when it deals directly with Russian life. Outside its national sphere it very rarely rises above a respectable imitation of French cleverness. When, however, it devotes itself honestly to the facts of native existence, it invariably sets forth something that is certain to be novel, and that is not improbably touching and significant. The most memorable

pictures at the Moscow Exhibition above referred to were certainly those which illustrated Russian life as it is. Such paintings as those of Maximoff and Savitzki and Repine are full enough of earnestness and inevitable human fact as to be really memorable. These painters, having learned their art in Paris, have applied it to the illustration of the harsh and moving realism of their national life, and the result is a revelation.

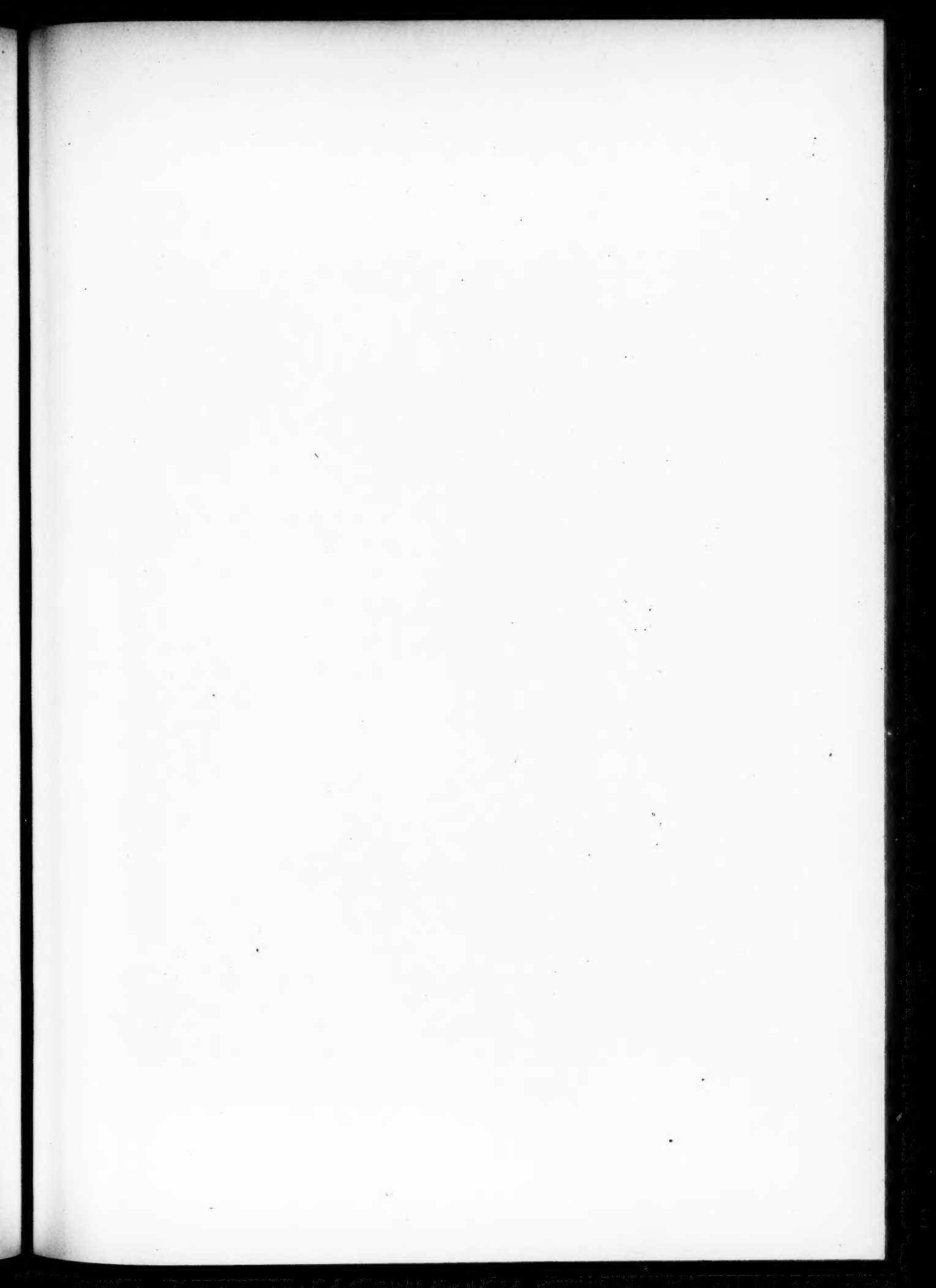
The author of the "Kirghiz Falconer" is, as may be seen from our engraving, a pronounced realist. He is, indeed, one of the foremost of the school. In the matter of mere elaboration the "Kirghiz Falconer" is a good example of his work. It is a careful portraiture of a quaint figure and a picturesque costume. As imagination its merits are not very obvious; indeed it may be said that it is altogether of small account when compared with such pictures as "The Opium-Eaters"—a scene in Tashkend, painted with singular veracity and insight—or those suggestive and impressive pictures of the war in Bulgaria—"The Conquerors," a straggling group of battle-grimed and wearied warriors, standing in the desolation of a hard-fought field; and "The Conquered," a wide plain of silent dead, broken only by the figure of a priest in prayer. But if it has not the heroic qualities of these and other productions of the artist, it has an historic value; for it is a faithful record of a type and a

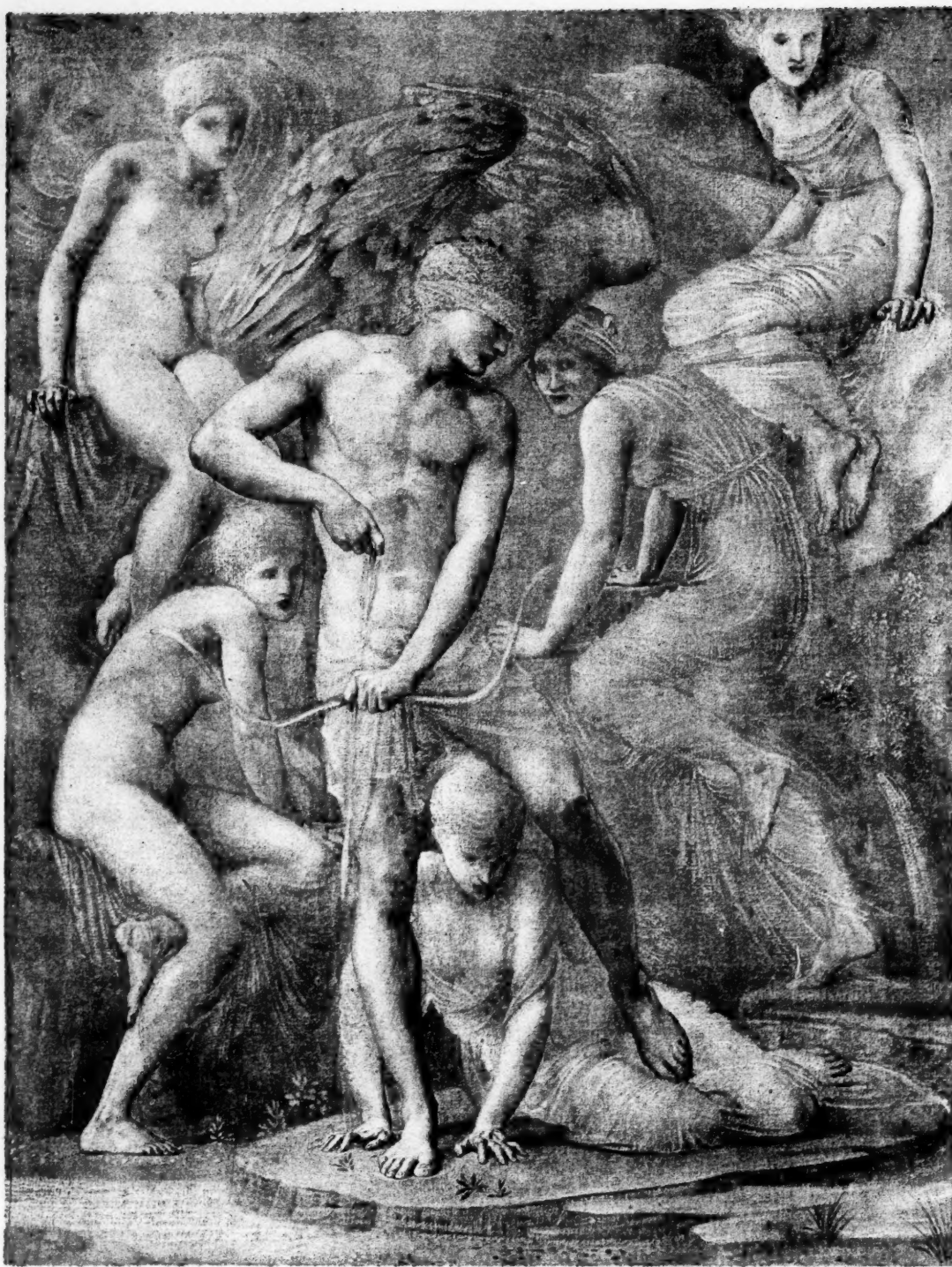
custom that belong to a quaint and ancient civilisation passing swiftly away before the iron advance of what we are pleased to call Western culture.



A KIRGHIZ FALCONER.

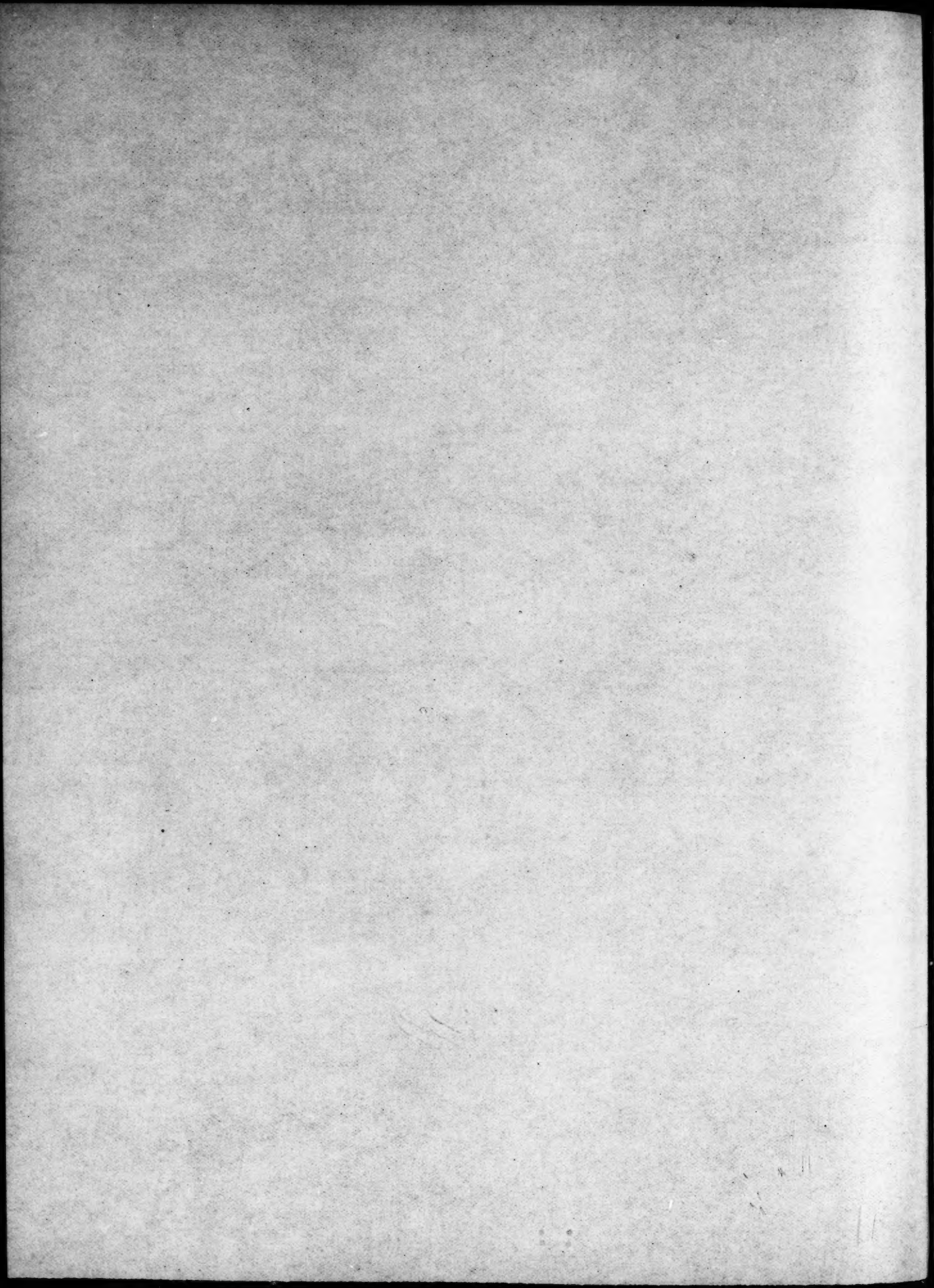
(From the Picture by Basil V. Vereschagin.)





CUPID'S HUNTING GROUND.

Drawn by E. Burne Jones. By Permission of C. Ionides, Esq.

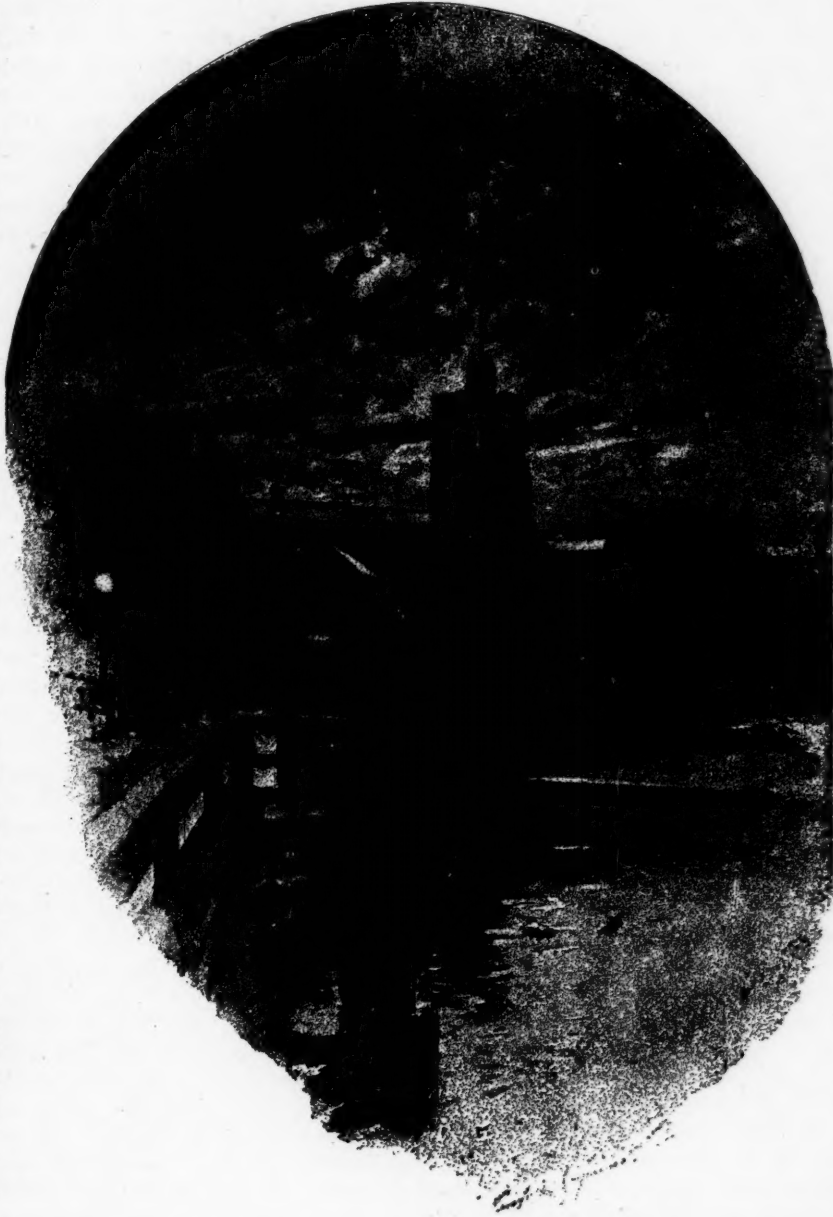


THE LOWER THAMES.—I.

IT is remarkable that so little has been written of the Lower Thames in comparison with what has been said about its higher reaches. Mr. Leslie, for example, has written a book on "Our River" in which he does not even suggest that it flows through London's heart. The Thames of Mr. Leslie is not mine. He writes of willowy banks and sedgy breakwaters. For him the river swoons along through pleasant landscapes, or sleeps for long summer days under the green shadow of larch or beech or plane-tree. For me, the Thames is the mightier stream—at once grim and splendid—which divides the grandest city of the world. "Earth has not anything to show more fair!" exclaimed Wordsworth, as, with the morning mists about him, he gazed down from old Westminster Bridge. "An infected sea, rolling its black waters in sinuous detours," said a French poet, as he looked at the multitudinous ships in the crowded Pool. There is almost as good reason for the horror of the one spectator as for the admiration of the other. It all depends upon what one looks for, and has the power of seeing. I know a man who, on his first sight of the sea, observed—"How strangely it smells!" And so there are those whose obser-

vation has only enabled them to declare that it is a "very muddy river," or that it is "not so wide as they expected."

And here, at the beginning, it seems proper to say a word concerning the colour of our river. There



THE LOWER THAMES.—I.: PUTNEY BRIDGE.

are no two states of the tide, and scarcely two succeeding days, on which it will be exactly the same. I am not speaking, of course, of the river as it is played upon by storm and sunlight, by crisping wind and shifting cloud, but only of the colour of Thames water as it is seen when one is looking down into it prosaically from, let us say, a recess of London Bridge. It is not black, nor is it distinctly muddy. Perhaps it holds more objectionable matter in solution than any other river in Europe or the world, but its tone is as far from resembling the light, somewhat earthy, brown of the Humber as it is from approaching the dismal, Lethæan blackness of the Irwell. More or less brown the Thames is in all states of weather and tide, but it is invariably toned with the soft green of the olive, sometimes more, sometimes less, but always sufficiently to give it character and distinction. And so it comes about that in your idle moments you may gaze downwards over the Embankment for hour after hour, and watch the lapping tide without wearying of any monotony of colour, but not without reviving pleasant recollections of the sea.

I propose that we should take the water at Putney, and proceed down the river very much at our leisure, until we find ourselves brought to a standstill amid the confusing traffic and the crowded shipping of Greenwich Reach. There, in our first illustration (i.), is old Putney Bridge, with the moon shining down upon it, on one of those nights when, as in Keats's daring simile, the clouds are "like herded elephants," and the moon is now obscured, and now shines dimly through a vaporous cloud, and anon sits enthroned for a brief moment in a clear space of sky. Thus to make a pictorial record of one of the oldest and quaintest of Thames bridges is like writing history, for even as I write old Putney Bridge is vanishing into the past. This subject of bridges, indeed, is rather a sad one for a lover of the Thames. Such as cross the river between Putney and Westminster are chiefly costly disfigurements, their ugliness usually being greater in proportion to their cost and the newness of the date of their construction. There are those who find themselves able to admire the new bridge at Chelsea, which seems to have been suggested by a wild, bemuddled dream of forts and Turkish minarets and Chinese pagodas. From such persons, doubtless, proceeds that "public voice" which has been crying aloud for the destruction of Putney Bridge. They have reason with them, in so far as that they are entitled to complain of the bridge being weak, and dangerous for the crowds on a boat-race day. It is now more than a century and a half since thirty inhabitants of Putney and Fulham advanced £740 each to build a bridge. One suspects that they were men of taste as well as

of substance, for this bridge was no commonplace viaduct, intended merely for a utilitarian causeway between the hither bank and the farther. I suspect that when they approved the design, they were looking forward to the day when they would be able to lean their elbows on the top of the quaint triangular buttresses, and perchance to angle for trout therefrom. Until the authorities began to remove it piecemeal a few months ago, the bridge was beautiful alike for form and colour. Nowhere on the Thames banks was there anything equal to the mossy green of its decaying piles. On either side, when the tide is low, there is left exposed a bright strip of pebbly beach; and from hence what is seen of the river and its banks looks much as it must have looked a century ago, before the railway or the paddle-steamer had made Putney quite so familiar to the common cockney.

Far away as it seems from the heart of London, Putney is yet situated, like the home of "The Gardener's Daughter"—

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it."

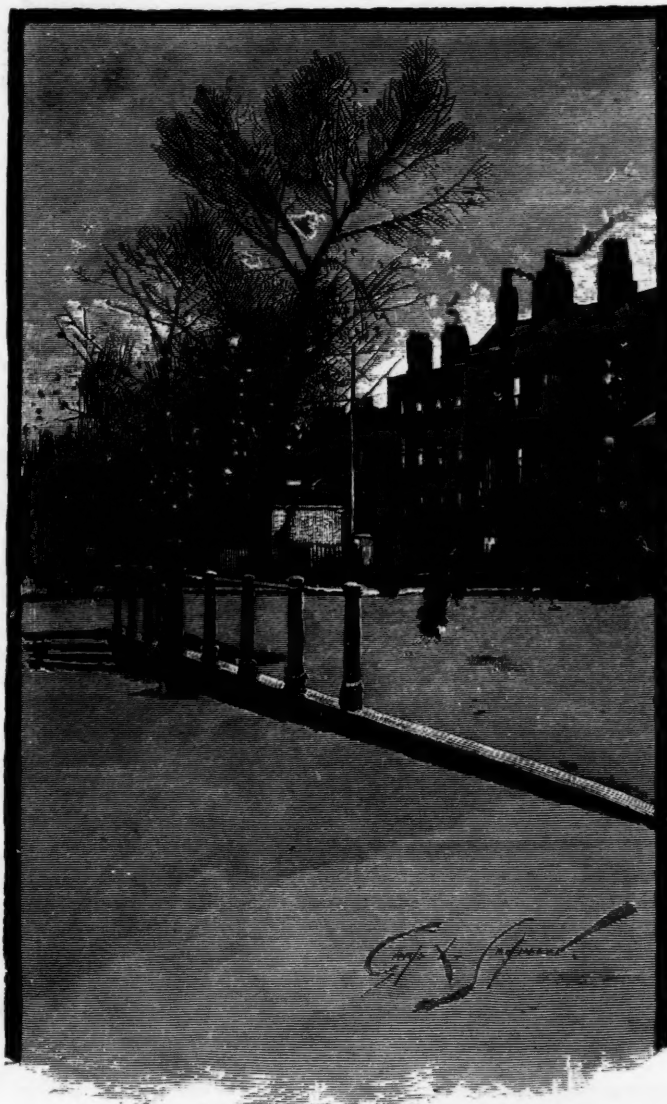
Here we get into a region of purer air and more open skies. Standing on Battersea Bridge, you may often contrast the dim garment of smoke and cloud which hangs over London, even on bright days, with the tender blue and the clear grey of a heaven which the winds sweep at their will. It is under conditions like these that you begin to understand how the beauty of the sky is less dependent on states of weather than on states of atmosphere. Even in the light of the most common day the sky beyond Chelsea is touching and noble when one looks upon it after turning one's back on the grey canopy which, as Mr. Kinglake says, "we Londoners have agreed" to call by an identical name. A moonlight like that which Mr. Seymour has shown us over Putney Church is sometimes possible in London, but so seldom that its occurrence ought to be regarded as an extraordinary phenomenon. On the other hand, the river never seems to be half so wonderful at Putney, and beyond, as between Westminster and London Bridge. Where the sky is clear we get broader but more familiar effects of light. There is a white gleam in the distance; the grey of the clouds and the blue of the heaven in which they float are reflected at your feet. These things can be relied on. They are what one expects and encounters wherever there is a large space of water. But the effects that are to be observed "between bridges" are uncertain, multitudinous, mysterious. Let us suppose, for example, that we are standing on London Bridge on some dim morning in spring. The sky does not exist for us, but eastward through the mist there is a struggling point of light.

Down below there is a glitter of red sunlight across the water, with a solemn march of ghostly sails through the impending gloom. Small vessels, that a moment ago were faint shadows, loom forward into the light, and stand out dark and solid against a background in which warehouses and wharves seem to have no more substantiality than a dream. Whosoever hurries by such a scene, and merely observes that "it is a dull morning," has yet to feel the power and make acquaintance with the beauty of the Thames.

But we are over-running our artist, who is still lingering in the moonlight on the old Putney Bridge. He has been gracious enough to leave out of sight the hideous aqueduct with which the Chelsea Water Company has been privileged to disfigure the quaintest and most interesting locality upon the Lower Thames. To the end that this thing of ugliness might be built—when one is standing on the Bishop's Walk at Fulham, it cuts up the opposite landscape precisely into halves—the old house was pulled down in which Theodore Hook had lived and laughed. Here it was that after one of those roaring nights squandered with high and mighty visitors from town, Hook, as his biographer tells us, "rose with a swimming, bewildered head, and as the fumes dis-

persed, perceived that he must write for money." He lies buried at Fulham Church, among forty bishops. He was one of the last and least of the notable men with whom Fulham and Putney have been associated. At Putney Gibbon was born, and William Pitt died at Putney Heath, stricken with the news of Austerlitz. Thomas Cromwell, also, was bred to his father's trade of blacksmith there. Wandering among the quaint, time-stained houses of Fulham, you seem to encounter a long procession of notable forms. Richard Burbage, the actor, leads off, arm in arm with John Florio, through whose translation Shakespeare read Montaigne. Henry Condell, too, is of the company. There are the small figures of Pope and Richardson,

Swift's querulous face, and the benevolent features of Granville Sharpe. Towards the end of the procession one catches sight of Shelley and Mary Wolstonecraft; of Leigh Hunt and of the elder Matthews. They have all, as Carlyle says of the Merovingian kings, "wended slowly on—into eternity." Whatsoever changes may take place, whosoever may come and go, Putney and Fulham will continue to be associated with these names and faces. Nor will it be forgotten that Samuel Pepys fell asleep in Fulham Church, and dropped his hat into a hole behind the pulpit, whence it was recovered "by the help of the clerk and my stick."



THE LOWER THAMES.—II.: CHEYNE WALK.



THE LOWER THAMES.—III.: BATTERSEA REACH.

The villages at either end of Putney Bridge are remarkable reflections of each other. The church in our illustration might, for instance, stand for a picture of the church on the other side of the river. The two towers—which are apt to remind one of a

forlorn and miserable houses, among stables and cowsheds and refuse; but to the river he will never win, save once through a narrow lane, and once at the end of an iron bridge. It is at Chelsea that we first come upon the real beauties of the Lower Thames.



THE LOWER THAMES.—IV.: LAMBETH PALACE.

border peel—are so much alike that there has arisen a tradition that they were built by two jealous sisters, in rivalry of each other. It is remarkable that exactly the same story is told to account for the existence of two churches in the little village of Bywell, on the Tyne. The popular imagination is by no means rich in invention, and it would seem to be governed by peculiar and stringent laws, else how shall we explain that similar circumstances produce a similar legend on the coaly Tyne and on the silver Thames?

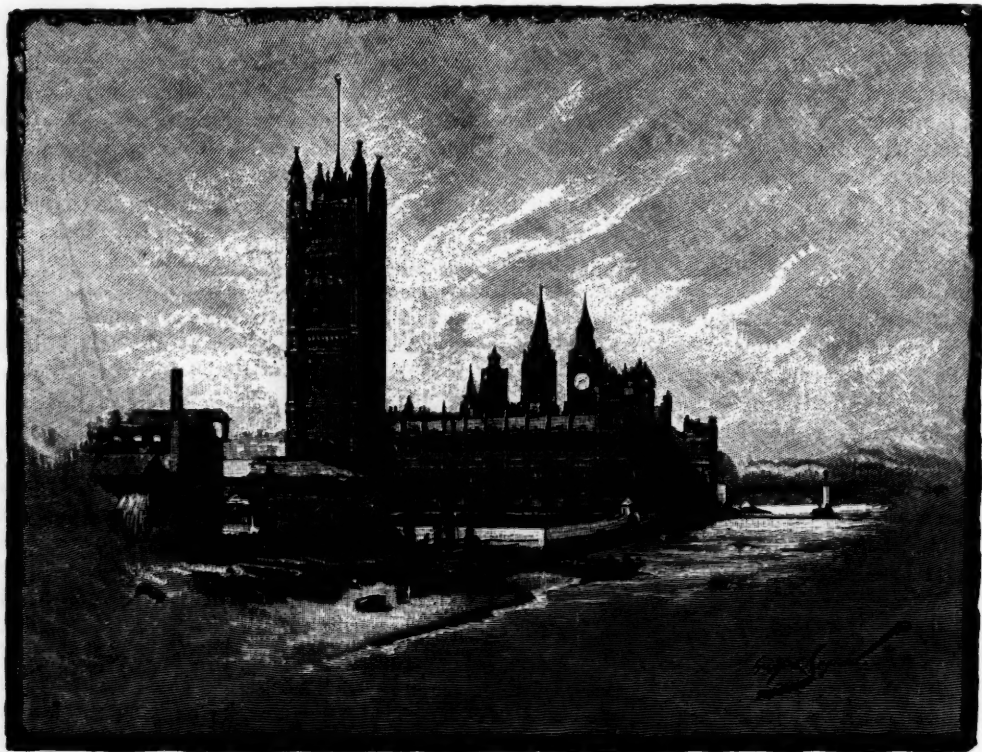
At Putney we are yet at a part of the river which is familiar to excursionists and sight-seers. Both Putney and Fulham still have some rural beauty and attractiveness. From the bridge, looking downwards, however, you catch your first glimpse of the more seamy side of Thames scenery. The dusky Wandle percolates into the river. The Surrey bank is crowded with soap-works, starch-works, oil-works. Nor are we afforded, as in many places lower down, the relief of picturesque wharves, crowding sails, or tall piles of timbers moss-engreened. From Fulham to Chelsea there is no path by the river-side. Whoso makes a detour round Ranelagh Gardens in the hope of again reaching the river will find himself wandering over dismal, stricken fields, by streets of

It is seriously related of Turner that he took a house at Chelsea in order that he might study the effects of the fireworks at Cremorne. Perhaps the tradition is responsible for the existence of a recent picture by Mr. Whistler, who also took up his residence at Chelsea, though in the days when Cremorne was no more. But when Turner, in his last illness, crept out on to the roof of his house, and looked out over the river, we may be certain that it was not to familiarise himself with such harmonies or contrasts of colour as may be produced by Mr. Brock. He had painted the Thames at intervals all his life. Any one who wants to know why he went to live just where he did should stand on Chelsea Pier when the sun is hastening to set, and look up towards Battersea Reach, or take up a position beside Mr. Seymour, who has drawn us (III.) the almost unvarying group of boats and sails which may be found just above Battersea Bridge. There is no portion of our river that is so beautiful and marvellous as this when it is flooded with the evening light. To me there are few things more pathetic than a brief passage in Mr. Thornbury's book: "The day he died, nay, I believe the very hour that he died, his landlady wheeled Turner's chair to the window, that he might see the sunshine he had loved so much mantling the river and

glowing on the sails of passing boats." The boys of Chelsea knew Turner as "Puggy Booth;" by his neighbours it is said that he was regarded as a retired admiral. So little as this was known of him at the end of his great, grim life by those among whom he dwelt! I am tempted here to relate an unpublished anecdote. A friend of mine called on Turner, in company with two Academicians. It was a hot day, and one of the R.A.'s ventured to suggest that he was very dry. "James," called out Turner, going to the landing of the stairs. "What?" said James, who was as gruff as his master. "Fetch some porter." James came upstairs and looked at the strength of the company. "How much?" he said; "a quart?" "No," said Turner, "a pint;" and then he went on with the conversation which had been broken in upon by the unwelcome suggestion of drought.

Very narrow and patched and crippled is Battersea Bridge; yet, withal, there is much that is pleasant in its clusters of wooden piles. They were laid a very little more than a century ago; but they have assumed the appearance of almost unimaginable age. Also they have in perfection that dark mossy greenness which is so seldom seen except on some decaying pier which is lashed and beaten by the

sea. The timbers of the bridge make a sombre frame for the broad crescent of Battersea Reach. There is nothing specially attractive about the church, which stands by the river on the Surrey side, but it always has a fine foreground of steamboats lying at rest, sometimes for weeks on weeks, but always fewest in the summer-time, when the average Londoner frequents the river, as he expresses it, "for a blow." Beyond the Reach, the buildings which we have passed are no longer repellent, for thus seen in mass they take attractive forms, and become beautiful by reason of those deep purple tones with which the kindly atmosphere enshrouds and refines them. The scene is closed in by a low line of hills, on which the trees and shadows are sleeping. Turner was wont to call this the English view of the river. To the long, sedate stretch of water between Chelsea Pier and York Road he was accustomed to give the name of the Dutch view. There could, indeed, scarcely be a greater contrast than between what one sees looking up the river and then downward, from a point like this. Were but the Thames broader it would be easy enough to imagine oneself upon the Scheldt; and more so in these days even than in the last years of Turner's life, for on the Surrey side, along the edge of Battersea Park, there is a straight



THE LOWER THAMES.—V.: THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

and formal bank, edged with diminutive and formal trees, which only lack a church and a windmill here and there to make the illusion perfect.

On the opposite bank the scene is Dutch in a loftier style. Just beyond the embankment lie the tall and venerable and time-stained houses of Cheyne Walk (II.). The place has the air of the Eighteenth Century still. Alterations of some of the houses, the building of stone balconies, the construction of bay-windows, have not deprived it of its former appearance of old-fashioned but dignified respectability. It seems odd, almost, that a place associated with the genius of so many generations should be so neat and prim, so suggestive of the affected exclusiveness of moderate station. Cheyne Walk appears to have natural associations with Chelsea porcelain. It seems altogether appropriate that china shepherds and shepherdesses should have come from a neighbourhood like this. If the doors of one of these serene old houses were to swing open, and there came therefrom a procession of beaux and fair ladies dressed in the fashions of Watteau, who could affect to be surprised at the circumstance. In connection with Cheyne Walk there presents itself the rolling figure of Dr. Johnson, hurrying down to the factory to test the worth of some new ideas in porcelain manufacture, and then coming back slowly and discontentedly, because the vase he had modelled on his novel principles had fallen to pieces in the oven. This row of old houses, with its stolid High-Dutch impressiveness, is among the most illustrious sights in all England. With what greatness has it not been associated? by what genius is it not made venerable still? But to this generation even Cheyne Walk must yield precedence to Cheyne Row. This is a dull, heavy, unpicturesque street, only the end of which can be seen from the river. One wonders how Carlyle could have been content to live in such a house as No. 5 for over forty years, or how MacLise, his neighbour, could endure to look for day after day on nothing but a high brick wall. On Carlyle's contentment, however, we are permitted to cast doubts. Has not Harriet Martineau told us how one day he sallied forth on a lean pony, with a map of the world in his pocket, in search of a new home?

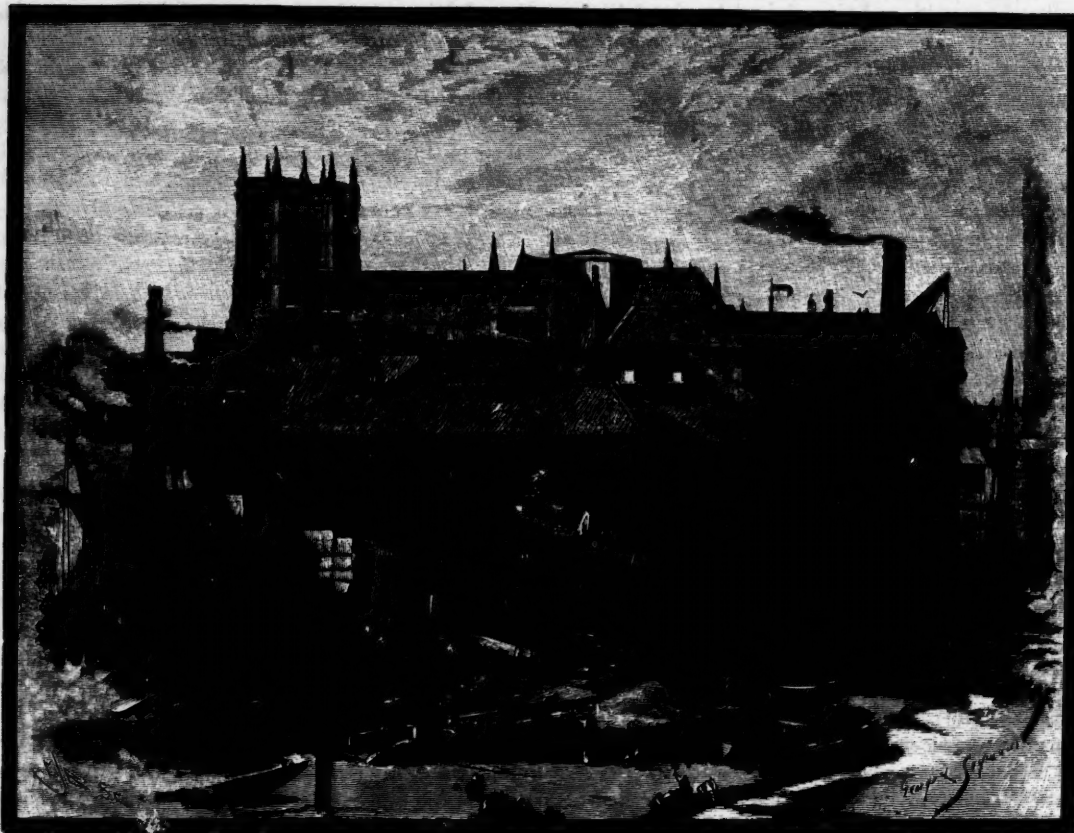
At the end of Cheyne Walk there has lately arisen a stupendous pile of red-brick mansions. They are very ambitious, and have a studied quaintness. Nevertheless they contrast but ill with the plainer beauties of the houses of an earlier century. They have also the demerit of concealing the finest view of Chelsea Hospital, which may never more be seen from the river to the same advantage as of old. These sterile agglomerations of red brick are rapidly creeping along the northern bank of the Thames, from Chelsea to Pimlico. At this latter point there is

a line of new houses which is peculiarly trying to one who remembers the river-bank as it was a few years ago. But on Pimlico generally how can one pass any judgment that does not seem harsh? It is stark ugliness, redeemed here and there on the river side by a jutting wharf, or a cluster of barges, or an old, clumpish coasting schooner unloading stone.

At Vauxhall Bridge we come in sight of Lambeth—first of Doulton's elaborate factory, to which the word "handsome" seems most applicable, then of Lambeth Palace, of St. Thomas's Hospital, and finally of Westminster Bridge. With Lambeth Palace (IV.) our artist has dealt very lovingly, vignetting it so as to leave out Lambeth Bridge, and bring into the foreground the old, curious, ramshackle landing-stage, which is so placed that it might have been designed expressly to break the stony severity of the Embankment. To all Englishmen who esteem the history of their country Lambeth Palace is of scarcely less interest than the Tower. It has been the scene of councils and convocations. Here Sir Thomas More was summoned before Cranmer, and Cranmer before Cardinal Pole. Here, too, Anne Boleyn did penance in the brief interval between her condemnation and her death. It is as if on every stone of Lambeth Palace the record of some troubled period of our history were graven. But into matters of history I need not enter here. In point of picturesqueness Lambeth Palace is unique, being not only curious and varied in its forms, but also very opulent in beauty and variety of colour. Probably pilgrimages to it would be more frequent if it had not so powerful a rival on the other side of the water. Of the architectural qualities of the new Palace of Westminster, which Mr. Seymour has also drawn for us (V.), there will always be differences of opinion more or less bitter. The palace of the archbishops is the accident of many centuries; the Houses of Parliament have all the advantages that may be supposed to belong to unity of design. They are best seen as in our picture. Thus viewed, the building appears less scattered than from any other point of view—less dwarfed in height by its tremendous length. It is ennobled, too, by its contrast with the most squalid, and yet most really picturesque, portion of Westminster. The shore between Lambeth Bridge and the Embankment, which is shown in our last two illustrations, is admirably typical of most of the scenery of the Lower Thames. Half-ruined warehouses, crumbling wharves, coal-barges, sheds, decaying timbers, and a general aspect of going to the bad—these elements, unsightly enough to those who love only regularity of line and imposing stone or stucco fronts, are rich material for the harvest of a quiet eye; and there are few places at which the elements of a good picture lie

more ready to the hand than on that part of the banks of Thames which fronts the quaint stateliness of the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth.

dynamite. Along the opposite shore the lights make a vast semicircle, each light being represented in the water by a long, wavering reflection. The windows



THE LOWER THAMES.—VI.: THE OLD SHORE, WESTMINSTER.

When the lantern which signals to the outside world that the House of Commons is at work is burning into the small hours, bored or wearied members of the legislature escape for a change of air and scene to the splendid terrace which overlooks the Thames. A police boat steals silently by, and they know that for the present they are safe from

of the House on one side, the gleaming band of distant light on the other, throw the middle of the river into mysterious gloom. Westminster Bridge is a series of dark impalpable arches. The Thames barge, out at all times of night, creeps along like an awful shadow. It is as solemn as midnight on some Venetian lagoon.

AARON WATSON.

AMERICAN PICTURES AT THE SALON.

THE American contributions to the last Salon made, on the whole, an excellent showing. Indeed, once demonstrate that you can paint, and the average character of a French exhibition is not unfriendly to the success of your own share therein. The Swedish showing was admirable, for example.

Doubtless other "schools" would have made a similarly agreeable impression if they had been represented in any force—always predicating the requisite technical excellence. It is vain to deny the cardinal importance of this last. In a general way one may say that whereas, on the one hand, expression may



AN ARAGONESE SMUGGLER.

(Painted by W. J. Dannat. Salon, 1883.)

be at once very perfect and very empty, on the other its value furnishes an indispensable test, if indeed it is not a condition, of the value of the idea to be expressed. Pictures whose authors have not yet obtained directing control over emotions for which they would but cannot communicate the necessary visual justification, look better in company with those of their kind than among the products of an art never so soulless but possessing the advantages of intelligence and education. In fine, if one is to compete successfully with academic excellence, it is only to be done by transcending and not by contradicting it. Elementary as this may seem, and as it unquestionably is, it has not always been acknowledged by Americans any more than by other Anglo-Saxon painters. Twenty years ago, to be sure, what was then known as the "American school of landscape" took very serious views of technique, and was very severe upon pure "feeling," for which indeed it had small aptitude; but since then, and strangely enough contemporaneously with the rise into importance of a number of brilliant students returning from an apprenticeship in Paris and Munich studios where they had learned very much more than their predecessors ever condescended to think it necessary to learn of the art of painting, there has grown up in America a disesteem for mere form and an exaggerated regard for the merest glimmerings—in many cases—of poetic feeling. To take a precise illustration: the success of such painters as Mr. Shirlaw and Mr. Bridgman at the Exposition Universelle of 1878 created a feeling of melancholy surprise in American art-circles, and it cannot be denied that if one were to select from among American painters those whose feeling for art is keenest, his choice would hardly fall upon either of these. But what got them their medals, and what is necessary for any painter who wishes to get a hearing, was the respectability of their equipment; and it is agreeable to observe that whatever may be the influence of public opinion at home since the renaissance (or, in some respects, quite as exactly speaking, the nascence) of 1876, the American painters who this year sent their works to the world's art-show fully appreciate the elementariness of an adequate technique.

Mr. William M. Chase, for example, is a painter pure and simple, and as such capable of holding his own in any competition. His portrait of Miss Wheeler was properly hung high up to give place to his "Girl Reading:" undoubtedly because the superior simplicity of the latter gave an excellent opportunity for the manifestation of the painter's capacity, whereas in the more ambitious "Portrait" the easy and frank exercise of his powers was somewhat overweighted by the more complex necessities of the subject as he had conceived it. The first

necessity of a portrait from the point of view of art is, of course, not that it should be a resemblance, but that it should be agreeable; and agreeable this portrait certainly was not. It is by no means unpleasant to see in any painter of Mr. Chase's powers traces of an enthusiasm for a master for whom he has an undoubted natural sympathy; but after all it remains true that the study of any master is useful only as preparation, and reliance upon it of value only up to the point when you take up the brush to begin your own masterpiece. And the reason is clear: the characteristics of any master or of any of his works form a whole, not a congeries, the organic relation of whose parts is disturbed when any one of them is used as material in connection with anything foreign. So when Mr. Chase gives us, however capital, an example of Franz Hals's rendering of flesh, and applies it to a lady of perhaps insufficient native vivacity, and surrounds it with modern studio properties, his work visibly falls to pieces; the casual observer remarks merely that the ochre accessories which fill a large portion of the canvas subdue nearly to effacement the flesh-tones, which thus acquire a grey and muddy look, if indeed he does not entirely pass over a work in which there is a quantity of good painting. The very essence of Franz Hals's art is subordination of means to effect; he has a manly carelessness as to whether you see how he does what he is trying to express, provided he enables you to see it, that is almost morally refreshing. Exactly the contrary is true of Mr. Chase's portrait. Miss Wheeler counts for next to nothing in it, not only in lack of character (which is a consideration legitimate enough, but not referred to here), but in point of pure pictorial relation to her surroundings. But all these shortcomings become sources of strength in the "Girl Reading." If one cannot be Franz Hals, he can, nevertheless, if he be as clever and sympathetic as Mr. Chase is, show very plainly the success with which Hals's manner and method may be studied and applied to one's own purposes. Here those purposes are nothing more nor less than a triumph over the difficulties of painting, and here consequently Mr. Chase is thoroughly at home. In a general way, and as regards the end to which the amateur likes to see painting devoted—that is to say, to the creation of something in itself beautiful—the picture cannot be called in any degree striking; but it was a capital contribution to the French Salon for just this reason, the reason that all attempt at picture-making is subordinated to the successful display to the initiated of its author's excellent technical equipment. Its complexity of light and shade, the varied aspect of its different surfaces at different distances, its graduation of general and local colour, and above all the happy way in which these elements blended into

an effective whole at the proper distance—the distance also at which the sense of paint lost itself in a well-nigh perfect rendering of quality—all this constituted a canvas perfectly capable of holding its own in the most difficult competition in the world. It might be called without either flattery or injustice “A Lesson in Painting,” and it is not unnatural to associate its excellences and defects with the habits of mind naturally induced by his profession in a painter who, like Mr. Chase, is an enthusiastic teacher of his art. For there is most assuredly a defect accompanying these excellences, and a defect which is, of course, responsible for the little attention which his picture received. And it is impossible to state it in words, for it is of the very essence of art, and as such *ex vi termini*, untranslatable. But one has only to think of certain works in this same sphere to remind oneself of the real difference there may be between pictures which have no subject or a subject in the nature of a handicap; and for these it is not necessary to go back a couple of hundred years and to Holland—they are to be found in the next room of the Salon, signed Vollon or Phillippe Rousseau. Indeed, from its own point of view, Mr. Chase’s “Girl Reading” fails in art because evidently it was not his ideal, his

picture, that absorbed the painter’s faculties in painting it; it was the problem of rendering the things themselves, impedimenta merely in an art-sense, and their relations under certain difficult circumstances. Vollon’s superb rendering of a piece of meat ready for the *pot au feu* suggests itself in contrast, not because it was better painted, that is to say, not because it was a better *pot au feu* than Chase’s was, “A Girl Reading,” but because he had used his piece of meat to pictorial ends so subtly as to give one a genuine emotion which the united *étalage* of the Halles would be powerless to excite. How? Ah! that is what no one will ever tell us.

Mr. Dannat’s “Aragonese Smuggler” was considerably more successful because of its excellence in just those qualities, the lack of which, as I have been saying, is perfectly in accord with excellent technical skill. The subject being Spanish almost begs the whole question, to be sure: a Spanish photograph seems to us more imaginative than almost any design of pictorial composition. And it must be acknowledged that the obvious excellences of this smuggler were rather of a photographic order. The picture easily might have been, the observer said to himself, the work of the camera writ large and

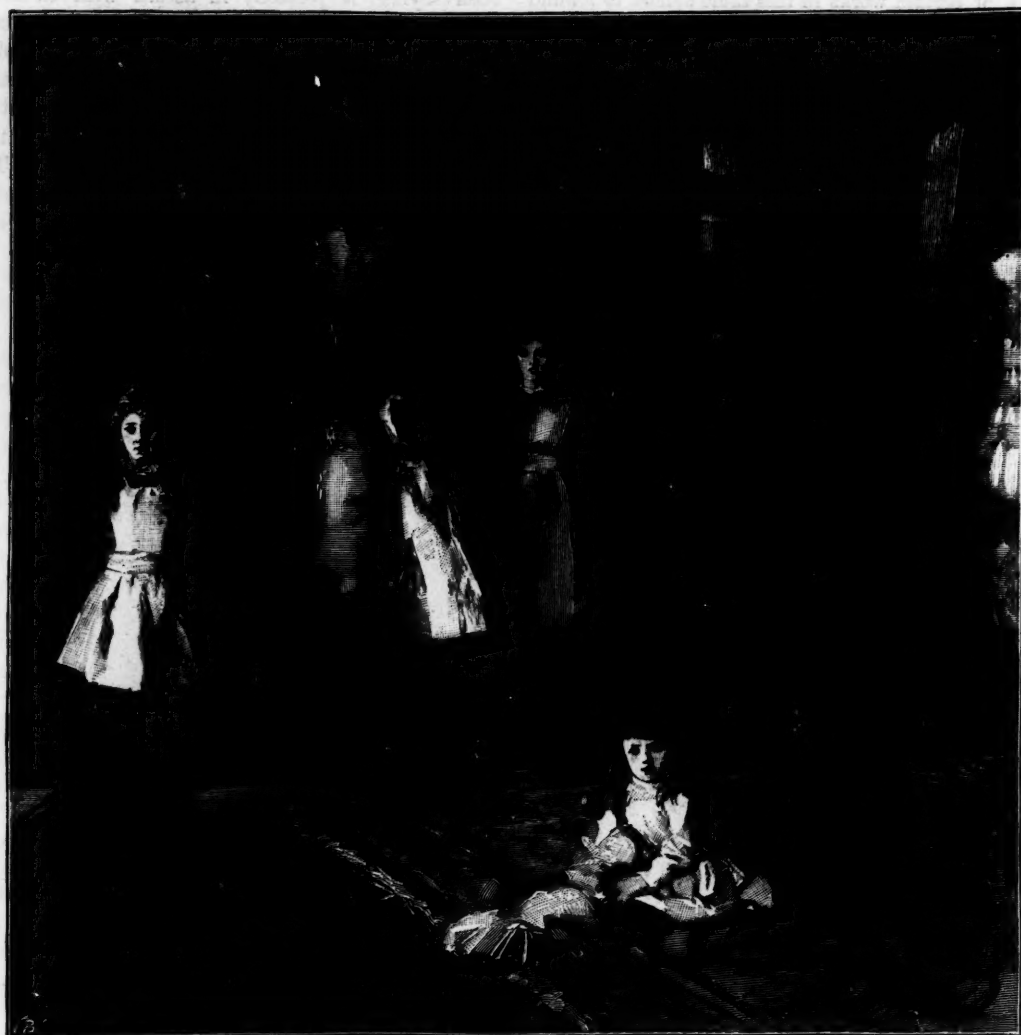


THE FIRST STEP.

(Painted by Frank Penfold. Salon, 1883.)

supplemented in certain necessary directions. But it was not this that got it medalled. It was the evident fact that the painter had been touched, artistically impressed, by the type he endeavoured to render, and that by force of this he had been enabled to touch and impress the spectator, and, in a word, hold that communication with him which is of the first necessity in a work of the imagination. Certain loosenesses of brushwork apart—and these matter of taste rather than of grammar—the execution of the picture was admirable in all technical regards; and this accomplishment, as perhaps the reader may divine from the reproduction given herewith, was creditable very nearly in proportion to the apparent simplicity of the scheme. To fill a canvas as large as this (the figure

is life-size), and at the same time to satisfy the irresistible appetite of the beholder for subordinate details whereon to repose his faculties in the intervals of appreciation, is extremely difficult, and Mr. Dannat's success was very nearly perfect. And he succeeded here, and so converted what might otherwise have appeared merely a model for fortunate proportions, posed with happy firmness, and exercising his muscles to the end of the action concerned with felicitous singleness of effort, into a true picture, a real work of the imagination, by his own absolute absorption in, and the concentration of his energies upon, the pictorial element of the subject he had to represent. Thus, instead of a capital study, the result was a true picture, vigorously conceived and adequately rendered.



CHILDREN'S PORTRAITS.

(Painted by John S. Sargent. Salon, 1883.)

Nevertheless, if one had to depend entirely upon such circumventions of material difficulties as Mr. Chase's, ameliorated by such sympathetic appreciation of the picturesque as Mr. Dannat's, the art of painting

at any rate the most marked thing about him, and what he has learned of M. Carolus Duran relates only to tools and the use of them. His progress from what may be called the mere amusement of a young



PORTRAIT OF MRS. WHISTLER.

(Painted by J. M'Neil Whistler. Salon, 1883.)

would surely play a smaller part in men's thoughts and susceptibilities than it does. Vollon is delightful beyond any gainsaying. But really, whether we share it or not, we must acknowledge that there is something esoteric in the delight to be obtained from whatever in the realm of art has only competence and appreciativeness for its characteristics, and does not enforce and elevate these by the element of the creative imagination. And so the real distinction of a painter like John Sargent is only recognised when one approaches his work by the road we have just followed, in order to appreciate the real value of an indisputable individuality. As the Salon catalogue says, Mr. Sargent was born in Florence of American parentage, but he has passed very little indeed of his life in the United States. But whether there is anything racy in his work or not, his individuality is

painter, fond of exercising his art, to his present attainment, has been very marked. From the "Capri Peasant," which, in America at least, first brought him into notice, to his Salon picture is a long way—the distance between a mere display of intelligent capacity and the successful accomplishment of one of the most difficult and dignified problems that a truly imaginative painter can feel the impulse to render. His "Children's Portraits" was exhibited last winter in the exhibition of the International Society of Painters, along with a number of other canvases which a practised eye could see were in the same vein. There was a beautiful and sympathetic portrait of a lady—a patrician whose blue blood Fortune could not have better rendered—and a number of Venetian studies and sketches, Venetian women talking at the corners of streets or at the depths of long corridors and what-

not—all eloquent reminiscences of the Museo del Prado. But it is clear that, although it may be said of Sargent much more truly than it was said of Fortuny, that he is Velasquez come to life again, he owes only to his recent study of that master what there is of general truth and general point of view in his art, and not the mannerisms of which mere artistic sensitiveness becomes enamoured. Indeed it would be difficult to find a more distinguished illustration of the real value of the study of the old by the younger masters of painting than Mr. Sargent's "Children's Portraits;" in the way in which the subject is approached and in the way in which it is handled, in the concentrated devotion of mind and hand to the development of its inherent artistic potentialities, there is clearly a reminiscence of Velasquez; one even thinks of the special masterpiece in the Madrid Gallery in which the painter has represented himself at work surrounded by figures of children and the reflection in a mirror of his royal sitters. But it is only because Mr. Sargent has applied the same manner, at once large and sympathetic, to the illustration of his own subject. There is the same absolute naturalness and unconsciousness in the children; the same intimate differentiation of characters without a shock to the *ensemble* of either character, interpretation, or artistic presentation; the same grave and decorous, almost grandiose pictorial treatment; with nothing in the accessories which is not happily subordinated to the main idea of the canvas: the whole resulting in a subtle fusion of the pictorial with the purely intellectual. With less distinction in the touch and far less importance in general conception, the portrait of his father by Mr. Alden Weir belongs to the same category, and is a work of perhaps larger dignity, though of narrower scope, in the portrayal of character.

What is it, nevertheless, which the two lack in common to make them works of the very first rank? Just that quality which in Mr. Chase's work is so marked—namely, the effort for technical perfection. It may at first thought seem singular to cavil with the technique of either Sargent or Weir, who are both of them remarkable for their pictorial conception and presentation of a subject, and are, first of all, and without literary or other alloy, painters. But a taking technique even is not technical perfection, and one may admire many qualities in that of both these thorough painters and still recognise that there is a point at which in each case it becomes unsatisfactory or, indeed, approximatively speaking, ceases altogether. That point is reached when the idea has been communicated or the thought presented in all its completeness. This is a very different thing, of course, from the mere suggestiveness of the impressionists. But between what may be called adequate expression, fairly enough, and realisation,

the difference is very great. And by realisation, of course, is not meant the exaggerated anatomy of a figure-painter, or the botanising of a landscape-painter, or the concentration upon his details of the devotee of *genre*. Only, to be thoroughly satisfactory, a work of art must not merely satisfy the mind, it must please the sense as well; and if the foreground of a picture is as vacant and loose and the background as obscure as those of Mr. Sargent's "Children's Portraits," and if the definition of really vital detail is as pointedly neglected as it is in the work of Mr. Weir, the very basis on which the sense reposes and in which it delights is lacking, despite the palpable fact that what is positively necessary for a correct induction is provided in abundance. In other words, the painter's ideal is merely conveyed to the beholder without being perfectly realised, and there is not that fulfilment of one of the oldest and least adequate definitions of a work of art, viz., the interpenetration of an object with its ideal. With Mr. Chase we have the object, with Mr. Sargent we have the ideal; with Velasquez, say, we have the identification of the two.

But one need not go so far back as Velasquez for an illustration which may be found in this same Salon. If in modern times there has been painted a picture thoroughly imbued with the tradition of the golden age of art, it is Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother. It has a thousand merits, which during the three days preliminary to the opening of the Salon kept a crowd of critics before it; and merits of an order felicitously emphasised by the mass of nudities and *tours de force* surrounding it, which, perhaps, accounts for the singular award of a *third* medal only. The character of the subject is interpreted with an exquisite delicacy, with the result that merely human and not necessarily artistic sympathy must have recognised the universality of the motherliness expressed in every line and trait: as if his subject had really (so far as the expression may be permitted nowadays) inspired the painter. The firmness of contour and decision of masses adjoined to the tender sobriety of tone, the remarkable sense of interior fitness responsible for the subtly harmonious character and even shape of the accessories of the central figure, the achievement of beauty in mere colour and chiaroscuro notwithstanding an ascetic restriction to grey tones—these and a dozen other characteristics make this canvas an admirable definition in itself of what art—the art we really mean when we speak of art—in truth is. Compare it, for example, with perhaps the star picture of the year—M. Henner's "Liseuse;" an appreciation of the real difference between these two canvases is itself "a liberal education" in art. But what emphasises all this and gives the picture its quality of

distinction is the absolute poise between the execution of the conception and the conception itself. Mr. Whistler could have conveyed to us the same notion of lofty and reserved character with his etching-needle, but in that case we should have missed a noble work of the creative imagination. It is the concentration of attention upon his pure eccentricities (much fewer in number than is popularly supposed) that prevents his recognition as, perhaps, the most thorough, the most perfect, the most typical *artist* of our time; and that he could never be, if he were given over to circumventing technical difficulties on the one hand, or on the other were content with conveying to the beholder his own picturesque ideas.

Originality counts as well in the Salon as mere eccentricity counts ill, and the two canvases of Mr. Thomas Harrison in the esteem of the judicious must certainly have triumphed over their ill-fortune in being skied. His is a new name, but it is safe to prophesy well of it. He has certainly a sentiment for colour. The harmony of delicate tones in his picture of a boyish outcast with a green jacket and grey trousers seated on the ground and idling with a pink fish and piece of coral, prettily defined against the pinkish wall one finds in the outskirts of Italian towns, was extremely agreeable, and its motive thoroughly original. The type of face, too, was entirely removed from the conventional Spanish Steps model, and contributed a value of its own to what was after all a mere nothing, but just such a nothing as only a true artist would feel the impulse to paint. The title, "Un Esclave," was in this sense a weight to carry, perhaps; for the moral consideration suggested had less than nothing to do with the true merit of the work. But a title is often better fortuitous than designed. "Les Amateurs"—a young couple in a boat, evidently caring less about their fishing than each other—was hardly less charming; more so, indeed, from a sentimental point of view. The water reflections, with their vague definition and the peculiar misty light with which the yellow green and silvery tones of the whole was enveloped, were as far as possible removed from the commonplace. At the same time it was equally clear that the painter's effort had not been to get as far away as possible from the commonplace, but to express adequately the really original notion of a "landscape with figures" which at the time of working he had in his mind.

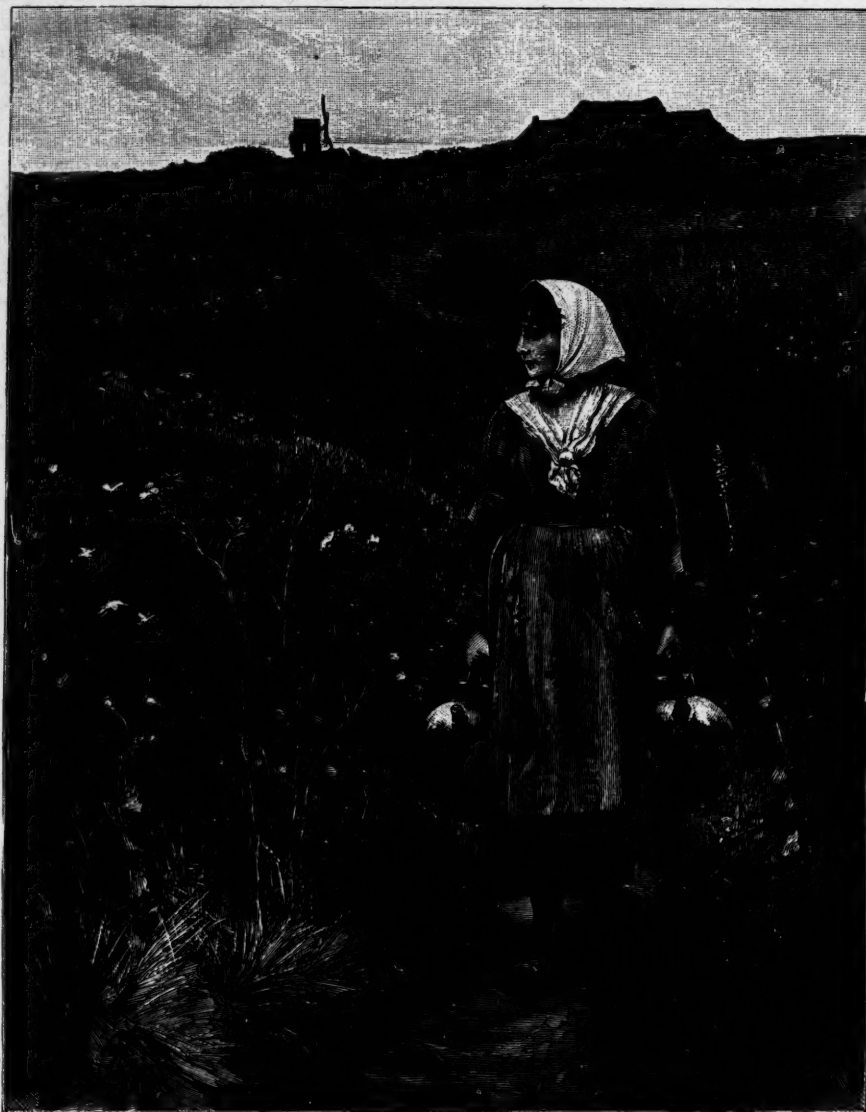
Of sentiment pure and simple Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce, of Boston, contributed enough and of an excellent enough quality to atone for any lack of the same in the American contingent. His "Prelude," an engaging young lady with black hair, a pale and melancholy face, a brilliant and solidly-painted red shawl, and a guitar which she was touch-

ing with evident discrimination, was a very pretty study indeed, whose sentiment was so frank, that is so unadulterated with sentimentality, that to call it a "study" at all seems a little like begrudging its just tithe of praise. If instead of being six feet by four the canvas had only been as many square inches, preserving the while its fidelity of touch and justness of relations! But that is what is difficult. It is only Meissonier who really knows the value of scale in the painting of a *chef-d'œuvre*. Still truer and considerably larger in feeling was "The Water-Carrier," of which a woodcut is given herewith, and in which the same model is brought into more palpable relations with both the actual world of field and sky and the wider capacities of the art of painting, so that she gains greatly in interest without losing any of the simplicity and pensive grace which seem her native endowment. The motive of the entire picture is extremely agreeable and dignified as well, and Mr. Pearce probably owes his medal to it rather than to "The Prelude."

Landscape, the value of which in art is patriotically supposed by Anglo-Saxons to have been discovered by "modern painters," and of which equally with their English contemporaries Americans may be said to have a tradition which places them on a level with foreign rivals—landscape, nevertheless, was not affected by the American contributors. It is, perhaps, a tenable theory that a painter of landscape alone is in so far a specialist following a narrow line rather than a painter properly so called—a painter, that is to say, of anything and everything whatever; for which reason it is impossible not to appreciate the effort of Mr. Frank Penfold, for example, who is apparently a born landscape-painter, to extend his range, so to speak, and exercise himself in *genre*—witness his "First Step," engraved some pages back. This is painted with much truth—with a fidelity, in fact, a little too obviously painstaking; but it is clear that its excellence consists in its naturalness, its observation, its lack of "picture-making," except of the simplest and most obvious order. It may be taken as a satisfactory demonstration of Mr. Penfold's proficiency, but the frank and spontaneous exercise of his powers was much more manifest in his quiet and tender "Autumn." And a respectable proficiency in this sort of *genre* is, so far, more common than noteworthy landscape in the Salon. Mr. Bacon's "In Normandy," capable enough and evidencing its open-air manufacture, but rather cold and colourless; Mr. Ridgeway Knight's "Sans Dot," a young and sturdy peasant girl at her work in and amid grey-green grass under a grey sky, and looking across the field with pensive sadness at a troop of *jeunes mariés*, who frolic along the highway; Mr. Moss's "Morning Prayer," and Mr. Brownell's "Lace-

Maker," repeating the prosaic side of Dutch homeliness; Mr. Walter Gay's "Armourer," of insufficient force to atone for paintiness in a small picture; Mr. Blackman's true and pretty "Jour Gras;" Mr. May's

was charming in its delicate greys and greens and its pink flush over the red roofs, which latter, however, might have been a little more stoutly defined without loss to the general atmospheric softness. Mr. H. W.



THE WATER-CARRIER.

(Painted by Charles Sprague Pearce. Salon, 1883. By Permission of O. Schaus, Esq.)

"Milton and his Daughters," to which one might easily prefer Munkasy's treatment of the same subject; Mr. Edward's breezy and real but not too solid "Retour de la Pêche"—all these, and others which fell into the same general category, quite overbalanced the landscapes which the Americans had to show. Mr. Charles Davis's "Le Bout du Village"

Peirce's "October" was exceedingly agreeable also for its pretty and varied modulations in a light key of colour; and Mr. Clifford Grayson's "Un Fiehu Temps" expressed its wet motive with complete success. But in landscape this was nearly all; and of important, solid, and large works, strongly painted, full of out-door freshness and reality, the American



SIGNY.

(Painted by Frank Myers Boggs. Salon, 1883.)

display would have been quite lacking but for the contributions of Mr. Boggs, one of which (engraved above) was at once bought by the French Government, and the other "St. Germain-des-Près," by

an American amateur. A big canvas by La Farge or Martin was what was needed to balance the figures of Sargent and Whistler, and make a truly representative American exhibit. W. C. BROWNELL.

PICTURES OF THE RING.*



It is at least a probable opinion that no exhibition of more than say fifty modern pictures has been seen within the memory of the oldest critic which did not contain a Spanish bull-fighter. Long before native artists had begun to be heard of out of the peninsula these picturesque persons

had been the favourite models of some Englishmen, and of not a few French painters of the romantic epoch. Since Fortuny has come, and has founded a school, their number has greatly increased. Picadores with lance in rest, banderilleros flourishing their barbed instruments of torture, and espadas taking refreshment, have become stock-subjects. They have

become so common that they have even a tendency to grow into a bore. By the time we have seen our thousandth torero we begin to speculate whether there can be absolutely nothing in Spain but bull-fighters, with their Andalusian sweethearts and a chorus of old beggars. The popularity of the type is, however, intelligible enough. It certainly is picturesque, and then there is this also which must not be forgotten, that foreigners—and it is mostly for them that Spanish painters work—seem to think that the bull-fighter is the most interesting object in the country. They want him, and they get him.

Although, however, it has become a tradition that the Spanish bull-fighter is the proper subject for a Spanish painter, the popularity of the type is not a mere matter of routine. Many painters repeat it simply because it saves them the trouble of looking at life for themselves, or because it sells; but it was a genuine national and artistic sentiment which first recommended "La Tauromaquia" to Spanish painters. When the peninsula began to

* "La Tauromachie. Recueil de Quarante Estampes, Représentant Différentes Manières et Feintes de l'Art de Combattre les Taureaux, Inventées et Gravées par Don Francisco Goya y Lucientes." (Paris: Loizelet.) 100 francs.

revive at the end of the last century there was a reaction both in literature and art against the classical French models of the previous generation. In literature, a thing which by the nature of it requires a certain amount of inherited reasoning power in the artist, the movement was feeble enough. In painting the reaction was more vigorous. The essential was done from the moment that a man of any artistic faculty had been found who had the courage to look for himself. Such a man was Francisco Goya, an artist who has had the not uncommon fate to be greatly overpraised and also unduly depreciated. To call him the successor of Velasquez is sufficiently absurd, but he was in a very real sense the predecessor of Fortuny, Madrazo, and Domingo. He went through much the same training as these men have done. His education was strictly classical, but he broke away from its influence and struck out a line for himself. The period covered by his long life is one which has an irresistible fascination for Spanish artists and men of letters of the present generation. He began working under Charles III., and continued through the reign of Charles IV. and the administration of Godoy, far into the time of Ferdinand VII. Being a Liberal, he spent most of his later years in exile. From the days when he ceased to be a student until his death he painted the things of Spain, and no doubt the picture he has left of what they were between 1770 and 1820 has done much to make the period familiar to artists of to-day, and therefore popular. It would be curious to inquire into the causes which limited his influence in his own time; for in spite of his great personal popularity he can scarcely be said to have had a school or immediate successors. It was not, indeed, till Fortuny and his friends appeared that Goya's work can be said to have been continued. But that is not the question for the moment. Our business is not with Goya as a master, but merely with his pictures of the bull-ring.

At a time when his reputation was already well established, when he was the most popular portrait-painter in Spain, and had been employed to cover the roofs and walls of chapels with religious pictures, to which he contrived to impart a highly secular tone, Goya began to etch his long series of studies of popular types. Having once entered on this road, he could scarcely neglect the bull-ring, and accordingly he executed forty plates for the king's collection of prints known as the "*Calcografía Real*." These plates have often been spoken of, and a few copies have been made from the impressions published in his time, but they were little known either in or out of Spain. Lately, however, a completely new set of impressions has been taken by M. Loizelet, of Paris, and they are now within the reach of all the world.

If we are to accept the ambitious classical theories of Lessing, and lay it down as a rule that nothing is artistic which is not beautiful, these etchings of Goya's must be dismissed as wholly unworthy of notice. Beautiful they certainly are not. Neither can it be said that they are remarkable for the excellence of their technical qualities. The drawing is frequently lamentable, the anatomy of men, horses, and bulls at times more than primitive, and the artist struggles with the difficulties of etching like the merest beginner. To these defects must be added a prevailing dimness, than which nothing can well be more fatal to the truth in a picture of a bull-ring. Whoever has seen one of these disgusting spectacles, and every Englishman who goes to Spain sees as many as he can, knows that the glare of the sunlight is the most vivid impressions he brings away with him. Yet when all these deductions are made, there remains enough to give the etchings a real artistic value. The effects of light and shade are sometimes striking; the men and horses may be badly drawn, but the riders sit tight, and the animals move. The absurdly small bulls charge fiercely enough. What, however, really saves these plates from failure is their cynical and brutal truth. They do give the spirit and movement of a very cruel phase of Spanish life.

Goya came in a happy hour to take a survey of the bull-fight. That most vigorous and enduring of Spanish institutions was just passing into the last stage of its development in his day. At the close of the last century it ceased entirely to be a sport, and became what it is now—a gladiatorial show; but the memory of its former state still lingered. There were yet men like that Andalusian noble—the last of the Romans—who enjoyed nothing so much as letting a fiery bull loose among the guests in his country house after dinner. We have abundant means of knowing what the bull-fight was in the Seventeenth Century from the reports of travellers. The Dutchman Aarsens van Semmelsdyk saw one in the great square of Madrid, and thought it a fine amusement, but perhaps a little dangerous. Clarendon saw one in the same place a little earlier, when he was in Spain with Lord Cottington on a mission from Charles Stewart during the two years between the execution of Charles I. and the battle of Worcester. The Countess D'Aulnoy has recorded a certain amount of fact on the subject in the midst of a great deal of fiction and plagiarism in her much over-rated book. But the bull-fight was freely used for literary purposes in the Seventeenth Century. The English reader will too probably *not* remember that Almanzor, Dryden's overpowering hero, makes his first appearance at a bull-feast in Granada, and,

as usual, carries all before him. In these early days the bull was let loose in a square, and everybody who could trust his nerve was free to worry him. Goya has not neglected this part of his subject. There are various plates devoted to the feats of the valiant Moor Gazul, and other valiant Moors. These unbelievers, who are credited with the honour of having originated the sport, are treated with some artistic severity. They are, perhaps, the meanest-looking men ever seen out of a caricature. To be sure, the great Charles V. himself is not much better treated. That thunderbolt of war, who, as all his biographers assert, was an accomplished toreador, is drawn by Goya in the act of driving a lance into a bull. The artist, who was an ardent liberal, intended, perhaps, that he should be a type of despotism, for he is certainly incredibly ugly. There is, be it observed, all the difference between a toreador and a torero, which separates Mr. Jones of the M.C.C. from T. Smith of the Sussex eleven. The former is an amateur who kills bulls for his own amusement, the latter is the professional who fights for pay. The toreador always fights on horseback, and despatches his bulls with a short and heavy spear called a *rejon*. He is only to be seen now at rare intervals, when a royal fight is given at a coronation, or such ceremony, and then he is accompanied by a gang of professional toreros, who really do the work. Goya's eleventh plate represents the Cid killing his bull, but, in addition to the fact that the hero is almost as little flattered as Charles V., the drawing is of little value. One of the seven inedited etchings published by M. Loizelet represents a piece of cruel folly such as even Spain has outgrown. The subject is a combat between a bull and a toreador who had the ingenious idea of using his *rejon* out of the window of a carriage drawn by two mules. He must have had a wonderfully developed love of mere cruelty.

All these are mere antiquities or survivals. The great majority of Goya's plates are devoted to the bull-fight as it now is—that is, what Pepe Illo made it. This great reformer and organiser, who, with the help of other scientific persons, brought the science of the ring into a thoroughly satisfactory state, appears four times in the series, or, rather, four plates are devoted to him. Three out of the number give different versions of his heroic and lamented death. Pepe Illo, who was Goya's contemporary, drew up the rules of the ring, and was the reputed author of the standard text-book on the subject. He really did no more than supply the facts, which were put into shape by one Gomez. The influence of the practical man is, however, very perceptible in this "*Tauromaquia, o Arte de Torear*," which is astonishingly lucid, simple, and straightforward—

qualities very rare in Spanish literature, at least since 1616, or thereabouts. There is another and later work by Montes. Pepe Illo, as he was called in the fancy—his real name was José Delgado—deserved a poet quite as much as most of his country's modern heroes, for he ended a life of honest and intelligent attention to his business by a most heroic death. Like some of his successors who have died in harness, he committed the mistake of remaining too long in the ring. An *espada*, or, as we persist in calling him, a *matador*, the man who gives the fatal thrust with the sword, can rarely go on working after he begins to approach forty. He becomes too stiff, and is apt to lose his nerve. Now Pepe Illo was beginning to decline in this way, but he had not yet retired when he was in an evil hour engaged to kill his bulls at an important *fiesta*. He felt by no means in proper form in the morning, and his friends urged him to send in an excuse, and let some younger man take his place. But Pepe was firm. He declared that he was not ill enough to lie up, and that having given his word he would do his duty. For a time all went well, but at last he tried to perform one of his most famous feats with the cloak. His eye betrayed him. He miscalculated his distance, was caught on the horns of the bull, and killed on the spot. This tragic event seems to have had a great fascination for Goya. He repeated it three times with considerable variations. If we are to decide which is the artist's final conception of the scene from the qualities of the etchings we must select the unpublished plate marked E by M. Loizelet. It is the best of the forty in drawing, composition, and workmanship. Goya has taken the moment when the bull is rushing on with his head up. The unlucky Pepe is suspended head downwards from a horn, and is grasping at one of the beast's legs, perhaps in a frantic effort to stop him. In all probability the unhappy man was seen to do something of the kind. A swarm of capeadores are rushing forward to help their chief, and a mounted man—a *picador*—is charging among them. The heads and figures of this plate are worthy of Goya's reputation. The faces of the bull-fighters are ugly, but they are human, which is not by any means always the case with his ugly faces. Even the horse of the *picador* and the bull are drawn with exceptional accuracy.

Some of the plates devoted to the feats of Pepe Illo's contemporaries show considerable vigour. No. 19, for instance, in which Goya has immortalised the madness of the great Martincho. This hero seems to have jumped from a table with his feet in irons on to the back of a bull in the plaza at Saragossa. How he got away afterwards does not

appear. Perhaps Martincho's feet were as supple as Jack Shepherd's thumbs, and he could slip his irons off. However that may be, he has had no imitators. The "*Légèreté et audace de Juanito Apinani dans la Place de Madrid*," shown in No. 20, may be seen in any bull-fight to-day. Juanito is taking a pole leap with a garrocha, or picador's lance, over a charging bull. The trick requires a good eye and a steady nerve, but so does all the torero's work. Any good modern espada—Lagartijo, for instance, or

Chicorro—can do it with ease. Another plate which is worth looking at is No. 27, wherein the celebrated Fernando del Toro, a picador, is to be seen challenging the bull to come on. The bull is a somewhat comic beast, with a wonderfully curved neck and diminutive head, but Fernando and his horse are very like the real thing. This quality of truth is indeed absent from few of the plates, even from the inferior ones, which look as if they were the work of Goya's prentice hand.

DAVID HANNAY.

FASHIONS FOR THE FEET.—I.

THE collection of foot-gear at Cluny is full of interest not only for artists, archæologists, and ethnologists, but for every student of human nature. Originally formed by the eminent French engraver, the late Jules Jacquemart, it was acquired by the Musée de Cluny in 1880. Further enriched by the purchase of the collection of Baron Schvitter, it is

in every respect unique, not merely in its subject-matter, but because it is at once very choice and singularly universal. Here are not only examples of boots and shoes from ancient times, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and every period since, but boots and shoes from every quarter of the globe.

The chief interest naturally centres in that portion



BOOTS AND SHOES.—I.

- 1, Female Shoe, Henri II.; 2, Shoe of Catherine de Medicis; 3, Shoe, French (Sixteenth Century); 4, Female Shoe, Henri III.; 5, Italian (Early Seventeenth Century); 6, 7, Shoes, Louis XIV.; 8, Italian (Seventeenth Century); 9, French, Regency; 22, Boot, Louis XIII. 25, Military Boot, Henri III.; 26, Spanish Boot, Philip II.

which is most complete, and which illustrates the female fashions that have prevailed in France and Italy from the time of the Valois to that of the First Empire. One of the earliest examples is a female shoe of the age of Henri II. (1). It is of white stuff ornamented on the instep with a large rosette of silver lace and a long metal point of gilt copper engraved in chevrons. The heel is so enormously high that the lady must literally have stood on her toes. The long metal point

feet and had to be attached to the knee by a metal chain. Its full proportions, however, were confined to princes and great nobles; lords and very rich people were permitted to wear toes a foot long, but the middle class might not exceed six inches. These protuberances were embroidered and trimmed with lace, the ends being shaped like a horn, a claw, or some other grotesque point. This prevailed until the last quarter of the Fourteenth Century, when the fashion gave way to a kind of slipper with a very



BOOTS AND SHOES.—II.

10, 11, Shoes, Louis XV.; 12, Slipper of the Princesse de Lamballe; 13, Slipper, Louis XVI.; 14, Female Shoe, Louis XVI.; 15, Shoe, Napoleon I.; 16, Shoe of the Empress Josephine; 17, Man's Dress Shoe, 1820.

is a remnant of a fashion which prevailed from the Eleventh to the Fifteenth Century, and which, though stigmatised by the bishops as immoral and impious, and moreover rendered illegal in France by royal decree, and in England by Act of Parliament, refused to do more than retire into temporary banishment, reappearing in the reign of Louis XI. under a form more offensive than ever. This was the long-peaked shoe, called in France the *chaussure à poulaine* from the resemblance of the point to the prow of a ship. William of Malmesbury attributes its origin to a certain follower of William Rufus, and evidently regards it as part and parcel of the disgraceful morals of the Anglo-Norman court. In France it is traced back to Geoffrey Plantagenet, father of Henry II. of England, who is said to have had a great exorcism at the end of his foot, obliging him to wear a peculiar form of shoe. The cordwainer appears to have hit the public taste; for the Plantagenet shoe at once became the fashion, and every one wore a long point, which gradually became elongated to two

broad toe just rounded off. But in another hundred years the peaked toes reappeared, and this time men wore points of iron a foot long, through the end of which a chain was passed, so that they were held aloft in the air. The same fashion appears to have obtained in England, for Camden speaks of "shoes and patterns being snowted and piked more than a finger long, looking upwards." And here in this shoe we have evidence of a lady as late as the days of Henri II. wearing a long metal point. When we find such remarkable persistency in a fashion apparently unreasonable, we suspect that in some way it peculiarly expressed the spirit of the latter Middle Ages. In the shoe before us the union of the high heel with the peaked toe produces a foot which very truly represents a court in which the men were satyrs and the women sirens.

The next female shoe of interest comes from the wardrobe of Catherine de Medici (2). The long toe has lost its point, and developed into something like a duck's bill, covered as far as the

instep with a piece of silk, on which are worked rosettes of silver lace placed so close as to give the appearance of a metal surface. This shoe is made of white leather, and seems to have lost its ornamentation. Both this example and another of the Sixteenth Century (3) are peculiar in having soles which connect the toe and the heel in the form of a patten. The second is made of white leather, and cut out lozenge-wise with eight thongs, which unite in a central one going up the instep; the heel is painted red, and made of leaves of leather pressed together. The most reasonable shoe of the Valois epoch, and indeed of the whole series from the French courts, belongs to the time of Henri III. (4). It is made to the natural shape of the foot, and has a heel of moderate height. Of fawn-coloured leather, it is cut out at the sides in large lozenge-shaped openings, and fastened by two straps, which spring from the neck and embrace the central thong, the edges throughout being scalloped, and the shoe embroidered with fine blue.

No specimen of woman's wear under Henri IV. is given, but to judge from a child's shoe, the same fashion prevailed as that last illustrated. With Louis XIII. the high heels and pointed toes reappear. An Italian example (5) of this date resembles the Henri III. specimen in its open sides, its scalloped edges, and its method of fastening; but the toe, tending to a point, ends in a fine duck's bill. The heel is painted red. A German shoe of about the same time is tasteful, but more domestic. It is of grey kid, embroidered on the upper with a bold design in black silk. The toe is pointed and slightly raised; and the heel towards the centre of the foot is painted pink.

We now come to the Ludovician period, the early part of which coincides with that of Charles II. of England, a period whose extreme frivolity and heartlessness are well expressed in its costume. What can be more tasteless than the specimens (6, 7, 8) we have engraved of the fashion of Louis XIV., with their hard shapes, their crude glaring colours, and the recrudescence of the peaked toe? The heels have again risen enormously, and turn the foot into the cloven hoof of the early Valois period. The first is of damask, embroidered with white, blue, and silver, and fastened with narrow straps; it is elevated on a very high narrow heel widening out at the base. The second somewhat reproduces the shoe of Henri II.; the wearer must have stood on her toes. The material is of yellow silk, embroidered from toe to instep with a tasteless covering of silver lace; the very high heel is in red morocco; it is fastened just below the ankle with a strap and buckle. If these two shoes show how the art of the Renaissance had declined in France, the specimen from Italy of the same period (8) is even worse.

One can hardly believe that such a shoe was made for anything but a goat. Thus shod, it is difficult to imagine how any creature less sure-footed could maintain its balance. The toe is ornamented with rosettes in cerise and yellow ribbons.

The Regency (1715—1723) is represented by a boot (9) which, apart from its high heel, shaped like a barber's wig-stand, would not be very ugly. The front is even graceful in its lines, the flying flaps giving it a floral appearance. The next series, belonging to the reign of Louis XV., cannot be denied a certain piquant grace. Later on I shall have to remark the singular resemblance between the typical form (10) of this reign, and that prevalent in Mohammedan countries and in Japan. Only, the beauty observable in Oriental and African specimens, due to innate harmony, is here destroyed by the elevation of the shoe on pegs, to a height which gives it the appearance of springing from the middle of the foot. In one example the whole form of the shoe, even to the treading down of the heel, is oriental; but, perched on its stand, it has exactly the form of an old coal-scuttle (11). These pegs, it would seem, were helpful in dancing, for Gay writes in his "Trivia"—

"The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound."

The slippers of this period are also quite Oriental in character, being merely a sole covered luxuriously at the toes.

The Louis XV. shape prevailed in the early years of Louis XVI., but gradually gave way to a more natural and sober fashion. Among the earlier specimens is a shoe which appears to have been worn by the ordinary public. It has still much of the old style, but its proportions are very modest. The covering is black spotted silk with a sort of puff-ball ornament over the toe, also in black silk. The pointed toe continued some time, but the heel got flattened and began to recede into its normal place. A specimen of this period is a slipper (12), said to have belonged to the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe. It is sharply pointed, but delicate in form. The material is pale green silk, set off with yellow ribbons. But the shoe that must be considered typical of the reign of Louis XVI. has a very low heel, and a toe which, at first oval, becomes what botanists distinguish as ovate. The collection affords several examples of this gradual change in the shape of the toe, commencing with a very obtuse point, which in the end is quite lost. The specimen engraved (13) is an extremely pretty slipper in green morocco with a red heel and a double *ruche* of red taffetas.

These dainty shoekins must begin their last dance, and many will be whirled away in the tumbrils. The galleries of Versailles and the Tuileries resound with the noisy tread of the

daughters of the people. M. Jacquemart has wisely preserved a specimen of their foot-gear (14). It is oval-toed with a flap on both sides of the instep; the front, opening slightly, is tied by a narrow ribbon, as also the flaps could be if required, there being holes pierced for the purpose. The heels are painted red. Then the Republic gives place to the Empire, and one of the first changes in fashion is the reappearance of the pointed toe. Otherwise the shoes affected during the Consulate and first days of the Empire are in the antique taste. The shoe we give (15) is in pearl-grey linen with a very restrained

up until the Wellington supplanted it. If it be true that Bonaparte's lack of boots kept him out of India, and led him into the jaws of temptation, the boots in vogue in 1795 may be regarded as historic, and ought to be represented in a French collection. We should like also to see a specimen of the pumps of the Directory, and the top-boots of the Revolution, an outcome of that Anglomania which was one of its early symptoms. But with the exception of a small boy's boot of the age of Louis XVI., we get nothing in the way of male foot-gear until we come to a postillion's boot (18) of



BOOTS AND SHOES.—III.

18, Postillion's Boot, Louis XV.; 19, Cauldron Boot, Louis XIV.; 20, Fashionable Boot, Louis XIV.; 21, Soulier de Vilain, Louis XIV.; 22, Boot of Henri de Montmorency, 1632; 23, Flemish Shoe, 1530.

ornamentation in green silk; it might have been worn by the women of Etruria. Born of republican admiration for Greek and Roman liberty, the fashion soon passed away, and a singularly dull mode set in. The specimen from the Empress Josephine's wardrobe (16) is indicative of the bourgeois character of the imperial court. This fashion of neat, square, low-heeled shoes prevailed during the Restoration with both sexes. From 1820 we get a man's evening dress shoe of varnished leather (17). The instep is cut away, and the opening made to represent an embroidered stocking by a tracery of black kid on white leather. Between this and the wear of Louis XV. there is a great lack of male foot-gear. This is to be regretted, as a number of interesting boots and shoes occur in this period. We should have the various military boots under the Empire, especially the Hessian boot so common in the early part of this century, and which in England was not quite given

the time of Louis XV. To the same period probably belongs a long flexible boot in shagreen leather, made to completely cover the leg. It was tightened by means of buckles at the top and below the knee.

Of the age of Louis XIV. we have three remarkable boots with funnel tops—imperious, adventurous, impressive. One is an example of the bellows boot, the *botte à soufflet*; another of the cauldron boot, the *botte à chaudron* (19). The latter has a singular appendage round the ankle. The piece which held the spur is a sort of double flap, apparently very inconvenient for riding or walking. The former is a handsome boot, the leg being made square rather than round. The third (20) is carefully made, with a top so enormous that a man could hardly wear a pair without straddling. This is the more likely as the foot is remarkably small. Evidently it belonged to some *petit maitre* of the court of the Grand Monarque. Compare it with our next, of the same

period (21), and you have a vivid idea of what it cost humanity to produce the pretty little fur-belowed Louis Quatorze seigneurs.

The Louis Treize boot (22), included in our first group, differed little from the *botte à soufflet* just described, except that the heel was higher, and that the upper part fell back more upon the leg. Of the same period is an historical shoe (23) which belonged to the godson of Henri IV., the unfortunate Henri de Montmorenci, beheaded at Toulouse in 1632. It is of ordinary leather, very long, with a square flat toe; the upper is adorned with a *fleur-de-lis*, and on the band are the initials of the duke, surrounded by arabesques. It is interesting as showing the fashion of the courts of Louis XIII. and Charles I. Among other very singular shapes of the Seventeenth Century is one described as of Flemish origin. Perhaps the others are of the same fashion. Whether they are simply bootmakers'

freaks (24), or appertain to any particular class, I cannot say. They appear unique, and they may possibly be dated two or three centuries after their time. They are dated 1752; and as they are more easily pictured than described, I shall return to them on a future occasion. Of the Sixteenth Century we have a tall pair of military boots of the reign of Henri III. (25), fitting close to the leg, and having a low heel and rounded toe. A similar boot is the great Spanish boot of the age of Philip II. (26). It is made in three distinct parts, and nearly covers the whole leg; the heel is wedge-shaped; it reminds us that one who was often arrayed in such foot-gear, the victor of Lepanto, Don John of Austria, was believed by some to have been poisoned by means of his boots. Brantôme, who tells the story, says "it is generally held that he (Juan d'Autriche) died poisoned *par des bottines par-jumées*." R. HEATH.

CALAIS GATE.



CALAIS GATE—to the triumph of the Philistine and the sorrow of the antiquary be it spoken—is to become a thing of the past. By the latest advices from Outre Manche, a railway is to run from the town to the lace-making suburb of St.-Pierre; a great central station, a theatre, and a Hôtel de Ville are to take the place of the old ramparts and deep stagnant fosses; and with them will go the time-honoured portal and drawbridge which dates from Richelieu and 1635. Doubtless we shall hear next that it is to be re-erected; that the bricks have been carefully numbered and preserved; and that somewhere it is to be set up again for the edification of the Freemans of the future. We have heard such tales before. What happened to that famous gate which crossed King Street, Westminster, in front of the Chapel Royal, and which rumour gave to Holbein? Was it not to arise again, at the end of the Long Walk at Windsor, with the added beauty of extensions at the sides, from designs by Sandby? And where is it to-day? We are told of some of its eight medallions that "got worked into" keepers' lodges at Windsor; and of others that found their way to a country-house in Essex. But where those precious relics, so carefully cherished (save the mark!) by William, Duke of Cumberland, that en-

lightened patron of the arts, and the art of war especially, did ultimately "get worked" to, no history has recorded. And where are the stones of Temple Bar? Here is a burden for that clever balladist of Blue China and *bric-à-brac*! Where are the stones of Temple Bar?—

Prince, when you hear good men complain
That now no more our temples are,
Add thou this legend for refrain,—
"Where are the stones of Temple Bar?"

For the moment, however, we have less to do with the destruction of ancient monuments—though that were a fruitful theme—than with Calais Gate especially, and Calais Gate, moreover, in relation to art alone. And its chief, if not its sole relation to art, is its connection with the notable English pictorial satirist who used it for the background of one of his pictures. We propose to reproduce that picture; and to tell once more how William Hogarth took ship for Calais, and how he returned ignominiously to his native land.

Acute observer as Hogarth was, it may be doubted whether even the most enthusiastic of his admirers would style him a large-viewed or liberal-minded man. He was not cosmopolitan, but urban—not to say parochial and cockney. The *mores hominum multorum* he had certainly seen, but he could not add, *et urbes*. Beyond this brief visit to Calais of which I am now speaking, there is no indication that he ever left the country, or even went far out of London. He had indeed gone on a five

days' tour to Sheerness; and there are traditions of his residence at the Ram Inn in Cirencester. A writer in *Harper's Magazine* has discovered that he planted a mulberry-tree in the (then) remote suburb of Hampstead; and he lived much, as we know, in the equally remote suburb of Chiswick, where he had an older mulberry tree of his own. Add to this scant migration, that he was British to the backbone, and possessed in its perfection that noble contempt for the foreigner, which is (or was) the proudest privilege of our insularity. Frenchmen, in particular, he detested. Drawing his information chiefly from the hair-dressers, dancing-masters, and Hogg Lane refugees about him, he constructed from these scraps and heel-taps the most gallant nation in the world. In his eyes, all Frenchmen were frog-eaters, scarecrows, consumers of *soupe-maigre*. They were monkeys in their manners, and starvelings in their physique. Why, an English butcher, bred upon beef and beer, could toss them in one hand, and does

accordingly in honest William's picture! Besides, they consorted with Jacobites—with renegade Scotchmen!—with lean and hungry schemers everywhere. Their advent in England—and their advent in England was a good deal talked about in the middle of the last century—was synonymous with the compulsory introduction of wheels, racks, thumb-screws, the Inquisition, monasteries at Blackfriars, and wooden shoes. "What," said the "Gazetteer," with a fine confusion of metaphor, "shall we lie down and be saddled with wooden shoes?" Never, while there was a trained-band man in Brentford, or a cudgel-player at Hockley-in-the-Hole!

When, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, William Hogarth made his memorable visit to Calais, he paid it much in this spirit. There is naturally a slight difference between his own official account of the affair and that of his friends, to whom it seems to have presented itself in a more serious aspect. According to them, Hogarth when in France



CALAIS GATE.

(From the Etching by William Hogarth.)

behaved himself with a plentiful lack of *savoir-faire*. Nothing satisfied him. He pooh-poohed the houses, the furniture, the ornaments, or spoke of them openly with scornful opprobrium. "In the streets he was often clamorously rude. A tatter'd bag, or a pair of silk stockings with holes in them, drew a torrent of imprudent language from him." His travelling companions, among whom were his crony, Frank Hayman, and Cheere the sculptor (afterwards Sir Henry), strove vainly to induce him to be more guarded in his language, especially as there were plenty of Irish and Scotch within hearing, who would have rejoiced in mobbing the sturdy little Englishman. But admonition of this kind was only thrown away. Hogarth merely laughed at it; "and treated the offerer of it as a pusillanimous wretch, unworthy of a residence in a free country, making him the butt of his ridicule for several evenings afterwards." At last matters culminated when he was amusing himself with a slight sketch of the gate of Calais. He was taken before the Commandant, and though the drawings upon him proved the innocence of his design, he was informed that, had not the Peace been actually signed, he would assuredly have been hanged upon the ramparts. "Two guards," says Steevens, "were then provided to convey him on shipboard; nor did they quit him till he was three miles from the shore. They then spun him round like a top, on the deck; and told him he was at liberty to proceed on his voyage without further attendance or molestation. With the slightest allusion to the ludicrous particulars of this affair, poor Hogarth was by no means pleased. The leading circumstance in it his own pencil has recorded."

It is quite possible that this account loses nothing under the malicious pen of George Steevens, who, from whatever source he received his information, doubtless heightened it *more suo*. Walpole's version, written at the time in a letter to Horace Mann, of December 15, 1748, is far less "picturesque." "Hogarth has run a great risk since the peace; he went to France, and was so imprudent as to be taking a sketch of the drawbridge at Calais. He was seized and carried to the governor, where he was forced to prove his vocation by producing several caricatures of the French; particularly a scene of the shore, with an immense piece of beef landing for the Lion-d'Argent, the English Inn at Calais, and several hungry friars following it. They were much diverted with his drawings, and dismissed him."

After this we may fairly give the story as Hogarth (who probably told it to Walpole) relates it himself in the MSS. published by John Ireland in 1798. "The next print," says he, "I engraved was the 'Roast Beef of Old England,' which took its rise from a visit I paid to France the preceding year.

The first time an Englishman goes from Dover to Calais, he must be struck with the different face of things at so little a distance. A farcical pomp of war, pompous parade of religion, and much bustle with very little business. To sum up all, poverty, slavery, and innate insolence, covered with an affectation of politeness, give you even here a true picture of the manners of the whole nation: nor are the priests less opposite to those of Dover, than the two shores. The friars are dirty, sleek, and solemn; the soldiery are lean, ragged, and tawdry; and as to the fishwomen—their faces are absolute leather.

"As I was sauntering about and observing them near the gate, which it seems was built by the English when the place was in our possession, I remarked some appearance of the arms of England on the front. By this and idle curiosity, I was prompted to make a sketch of it; which being observed, I was taken into custody; but not attempting to conceal any of my sketches or memorandums, which were found to be merely those of a painter, for his private use, without any relation to fortification, it was not thought necessary to send me back to Paris.* I was only closely confined to my own lodgings, till the wind changed for England; where I no sooner arrived than I set about the picture, made the gate my background, and in one corner introduced my own portrait—which has generally been thought a correct likeness—with the soldier's hand upon my shoulder. By the fat friar who stops the lean cook that is sinking under the weight of a vast sirloin of beef, and two of the military bearing off a great kettle of *soupe-maigre*, I meant to display to my own countrymen the striking difference between the food, priests, soldiers, &c., of two nations so contiguous that in a clear day one coast may be seen from the other. The melancholy and miserable Highlander browsing on his scanty fare, consisting of a bit of bread and an onion, is intended for one of the many that fled from this country after the rebellion in 1744 [5]."

Hogarth's portrait is reproduced as our initial. In his own day it was copied as a watch paper. Besides the figures he mentions, there are to the left of the picture a pair of basket-women, who are making merry over the resemblance to a human face which a sufficiently "leathern" fishwife has discovered in a skate which she holds in her lap. But the painter has cleverly suggested a fact of which they themselves are ignorant, and that is the strong similarity between this face and their own weather-beaten features. In the representation of the two sentinels he has given full value to the "lean,

* Ireland says:—"This proves he had reached Paris." Unfortunately, those who have seen the original MS. declare that this passage does not occur in it.

ragged, and tawdry" element in the French soldiers. One has paper ruffles, on which the words "Grand Monarch, P." are plainly legible, his small clothes are fastened by a skewer, and he has a large hole in his gaiter. Opposite, his equally famished and tattered companion spills his skillet of *soupe-maigre* from sheer astonishment. The squinting and stunted figure next to this one is an Irish mercenary. The painter has paid a compliment to the national bravery by giving him a bullet-hole in his hat. In the background, through the gate, a priest is carrying the Host to a sick person; the people fall on their knees as he passes. The fat Franciscan was a portrait of Pine of Pine's Horace, the well-known engraver in St. Martin's Lane, and, like Hogarth, an habitué of Old Slaughter's Coffee-House, the Feathers, in Leicester Fields, and other centres of good-fellowship. Hogarth painted his portrait, which was engraved in 1756 by McArdell. With his appearance before Calais Gate, Pine was only moderately pleased; it procured him the nickname of "Friar Pine," and he endeavoured to induce the artist to modify the likeness. This Hogarth resolutely refused to do.

Judging from the date of Walpole's letter, "Calais Gate" must have been painted either late in 1748, or early in 1749. "Soon after it was finished," says Steevens, "it fell down by accident, and a nail ran through the cross on the top of the gate. Hogarth strove in vain to mend it with the same colour so as to conceal the blemish. He therefore introduced a starved crow looking down on the roast beef, and thus completely covered the defect." In 1761, when exhibited at Spring Gardens, it belonged to Lord Charlemont, the "amiable nobleman" for whom Hogarth painted "The Lady's Last Stake." At the British Institution, in 1814, it was still his lordship's, but in 1875, when it appeared at Burlington House, it had become the property of Mr.

H. F. Bolekow, of Middlesborough-on-Tees. In March, 1749, it was engraved by Hogarth and Charles Mosley, with the title of "O the Roast Beef of Old England, &c." Though not one of Hogarth's capital works, it at once became popular on account of its subject. The lean French sentinel was speedily appropriated as a heading for recruiting advertisements, where he figured in humiliating contrast to a burly and well-fed British Grenadier. Moreover, Theodosius Forrest, son of the Forrest who had been Hogarth's companion in the "Five Days' Tour," turned the whole into a cantata, headed by a reduced copy of the print. These were the initial lines of this patriotic performance:—

RECITATIVE.

"'Twas at the Gates of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad Despair and Famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, Madam Grandair's cook,
As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took,
Bending beneath the weight of famed Sir-Join,
On whom he often wished in vain to dine.
Good Father *Dominick* by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestowed," &c.

But a more interesting outcome of the painter's misadventure than even poor Forrest's verses, is the picture of "Hogarth Brought before the Governor of Calais as a Spy," which Frith exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1851, when he was yet but an Associate. In the Academy catalogue the passage from Walpole already quoted is printed in explanation of the title of the picture. It is curious to note, in concluding this account of "Calais Gate," that much what happened to Hogarth in 1748, happened again to Wilkie in 1816. He, too, stopped to sketch "Hogarth's Gate," as he styles it; he too was arrested and haled before the Mayor. But he was politely dismissed, though Waterloo had not long been fought.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

"CUPID'S HUNTING FIELDS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY EDWARD BURNES JONES.

THE excellent monochrome which, by permission of Mr. Constantine Ionides, we have reproduced, in its original colour, as our frontispiece, is a characteristic example of the exquisite and peculiar art of the most imaginative and, in some ways, the most accomplished of modern painters. The draughtsmanship is so expressive and complete, so "entirely masterful," that it recalls the very terms of Ruskin's eulogy. The colour, simple as it is, is eminently appropriate and attractive. The gestures are quick with pas-

sionate significance. The general effect is one that interests and that charms. The painter's mannerisms are present, it is true—his indifference to perspective, his care for methods and ambitions long since abandoned, his preference for a unique type of face and a peculiar cast of expression. But to be mannered is not necessarily to be unbeautiful or imperfect. Here there is too much beauty and too near an approach to certain kinds of perfectness to leave the matter in doubt for even a moment.

In invention and in aim the picture is in some sort representative. The love-god is blind and impassive as Fortune herself; at his approach the maidens who are his quarry are smitten, not with joy, but with amazement and dread; one is already stricken down, so that the archer holds her underfoot, and her hurt is manifestly desperate. From this imagining of love, and love's works and ways, there is abstracted all that is gross, all that is unworthy, all that is trivial and mean. It is wholly noble and wholly spiritual; and the forms in which it is embodied

are touched with the august and stainless chastity of great religious art. It is charged with the passionate melancholy which colours the poet-painter's outlook upon life and time; it symbolises love as an influence which is the source, not only of the world's happiness, but of the world's misery as well. But it is the work of one who has "uttered nothing base;" and in the far-reaching significance of its conception, not less than in the matchless purity of the terms in which that conception is expressed, it is worthy its author.

A SCULPTOR'S HOME.

MR. THORNYCROFT lives in that green retreat, the Melbury Road. Here house by house rises the home of some well-known worker in the fine arts, built in almost every case after the designs or according to the taste of the inhabitants, until this street, situated in an arid and unsuggestive suburb of Kensington, has assumed an atmosphere all its own, and even to walk therein is to assimilate something of the higher, quieter, more refined lives that are lived in its precincts; till for awhile the brutal ugliness, the prosaic squalor of London are forgot.

Moreton House is the name of Mr. Thornycroft's home. It is so called after a fine old English black and-white half-timbered house, built in the best taste of its period, now crumbling to decay, in a remote corner of Cheshire, once the ancestral home of the Thornycrofts. It is built in that later Victorian style to which our architects have given the not altogether appropriate name of Queen Anne. It is of red brick, as houses should be under a murky sky. Though not built wholly from Mr. Thornycroft's designs, it has yet been controlled by his taste, and of the entrance porch (i.) he is specially proud, since this is entirely his own device. He was much delighted when Mr. Waterhouse, the architect, admired its

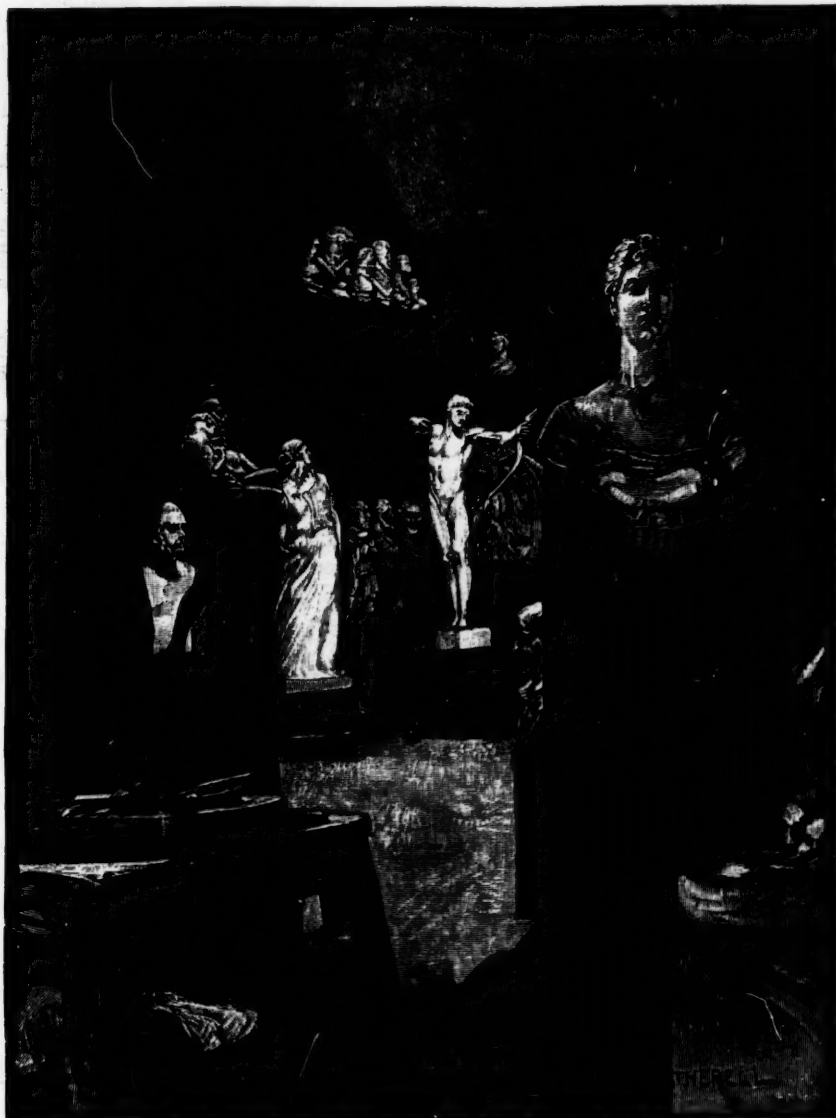
idea and proportions. Its distinctive feature is that it is light, and yet solid and protective: two essential requisites for a climate such as ours, to which nothing can be more unfitted than the airy Greek portico affected by our earlier builders—places in which to catch in full force the chronic wind and rain. A second door admits into the dwelling and into a narrow vestibule that runs alongside the house, of which the low leaded windows are seen in our vignette below. At the further end west stands an equestrian statuette of the Queen, the work



A SCULPTOR'S HOME.—I.: THE POINTING STUDIO. THE PORCH.

of the elder Thornycroft. It is from this corner that we obtain that charming peep of the inner hall and the staircase which our artist has depicted in his third sketch. Very happily do lines

this hall open out the drawing-room and dining-room on the left, the gallery on the right. But ere we explore these rooms let us hasten to the studio, where presides the master-spirit. Fully to



A SCULPTOR'S HOME.—II.: THE LARGE STUDIO.

and curves blend; very pleasantly to the eye do the subdued tints of hangings combine with the dark polish of the wooden stairs, the red tiling of the floor, the *bric-à-brac*, the photographs and engravings that line the walls; while beyond, giving grace, colour, and, as it were, the benediction of nature to the whole, are the green trees of the garden, seen through the leaded window at the base. From

understand an artist we must see his studio; fully to understand a man's house we must have looked into his mind.

Mr. Thornycroft's studio, or rather studios, are an annex to the house, connected with it by a pretty, narrow little conservatory, gay with flowers, forming an appropriate entrance to a sanctuary of art. The first room we enter hence (vi.) is rather a depository of

plaster copies of some of the various art-works of the family—for the Thornycrofts, as we all know, are a family of sculptors. Here stand not only Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Shakespeare," designed for the Park Lane fountain, his gold medal group of a "Warrior Bearing a Wounded Youth from the Field of Battle," his many portrait-busts of varied merit; but also works by the father, whose pupil he has been, and by the gifted mother who has helped to make the name of Thornycroft a household word in sculpture. There is no attempt at elegance of arrangement. The works stand closely packed together; and since they are all in plaster, always a dead material, and one that suffers terribly from the effects of a London sky, this is hardly the place in which to enjoy Mr. Thornycroft's art. The room however, and one adjoining it, are used for the rougher work, of which there is so much in the sculptor's art. Here is done the pointing, as it is called: the marking out with mathematical accuracy upon the marble the points that shall guide the workman whose labour it is to block out in the rough from the formless marble what may be called the potentiality of a statue, its rude semblance, to which it is reserved to the sculptor's hand to give form, finish, and life. In our first vignette we see the plaster bust from which the workman copies, the shapeless marble, the nicely accurate instrument by which the measurements are taken, and the punctures made upon the block. Here are hewn out the pedestals; here, in short, is done all the work that is rather masonry than sculpture.

The next room, separated from this by only a wooden partition, is called the large studio, and is that in which Mr. Thornycroft's assistants work. The brick walls are tinted a warm Pompeian red, and a curtain, hung transversely across the length of the room, adds to the impression of colour. Here the artist's small clay sketches

are enlarged to the size the statue shall ultimately assume; here they can be seen full size, alive with all the soft tender sinuosities that make the clay medium so truly, as Thorwaldsen expressed it, the life of the statue, of which the plaster cast is the death, the marble the resurrection. Here stands the strange framework on which the statue is built up, with its hanging chains that will ultimately be enclosed in clay and form the arms and legs; its leaden pipes that will support the head and shoulders; the iron support, resembling a gas-pipe rather than an artistic utensil, that will form its prop. Large doors open out from the studio towards the garden, and lead on to a paved platform that juts right out into the greenery. On to this platform Mr. Thornycroft loves to bring his work, and even in the garden itself many of his statues are first made. This is another respect in which he is perhaps unique, yet another evidence of his healthful mind. Probably there is no other sculptor in London who has the same true instinct to work out of doors. As nothing is more fatal to letters than the smell of the midnight oil, so nothing is more disadvantageous to art than a confined studio atmosphere. But how many have the courage or good sense to shake it off? By taking out his work into the open, Mr. Thornycroft confronts it with the full light of day. He knows well that sculpture is essentially an outdoor art—that only our English climatic conditions have forced it to seek shelter under roofs; and by taking out his work into the open he fictitiously creates for himself a sort of Greek feeling. He does not see it under the artificial effects of light and shade that must haunt even the best built studio. Under the wide eye of heaven it must be true, if it can stand at all. Here no doubt is the key to the quiet vigorous character of Mr. Thornycroft's work.



A SCULPTOR'S HOME.—III.: THE STAIRCASE.

He is fortunate in having a garden to work in; and though it is small, it is so surrounded by other gardens—separated from his own in some cases only by a green hedge—that it seems far larger than it is. The scrupulous neatness with which it is tended, the kindness with which the flowers grow in it, the miraculous absence of smutty trees and plants, would lead you to believe yourself miles distant from the grimmest city of the universe. Mr. Thornycroft loves the open air, as he loves sports and athletic exercises. He knows that to keep his nature in balance, and preserve his strength, he must remain in contact with his mother earth.

From this large studio we enter Mr. Thornycroft's sanctum (v.). It is large—thirty-five feet in length—and the sloping roof is high; but being somewhat full it scarcely gives the idea of its size. Here, too, the walls are tinted the same Pompeian red. But the principal first impression is that here the workshop element has been minimised until it may be said to be eliminated. Mr. Thornycroft says that he does not like the room in which the greater part of his life is spent to be comfortless. Certainly few sculptors' studios are so pretty, so cosy. There is no dirt, no untidiness, no parade of the utensils of his craft. The very water-pot that holds the brush with which, as with a holy-water *asperge*, the sculptor must sprinkle his clay in order to keep it moist, is enclosed in a brass pot of quaint design, being in fact a Breton milk-pail. It is seen in our sketch, on the rug beside the modelling-stand, which is surmounted by the clay sketch of a monument to a dead father and son to be erected in Liverpool for the widowed mother. Culture, true culture, not its tea-cup semblance, pervades the very air of the room. For while paintings, sketches, photographs line the walls, a piano occupies the place of honour, and a violoncello rests against the jamb. Then there is a bookcase, and books are carelessly strewn around—sure tokens that they are kept to be read, not merely looked at. And examining them we shall see that poetry, and poetry of the best and highest kind, predominates. Upon the floor is spread a matting, with hereand there an Oriental rug, forming patches of

pleasant colour, another notable feature in Mr. Thornycroft, and rare in a sculptor, being his fine eye for colour. The quaint fireplace, designed by the artist, encloses a hearth with Early-English dogs. And as is fitting, and as it has been since all ages, that the hearthstone be the guardian of whatever is sacred to the house-owner, so here Mr. Thornycroft has accumulated his Penates. On each side the lintel hang photographs of portions of the Elgin marbles, which Mr. Thornycroft recognises as his chief masters in his art; while over the centre is a cast of one of the tigers in Professor Halhnel's "Bacchic Procession," so unfortunately destroyed in the fire that consumed the Dresden Theatre. Over the fireplace itself, beside two Doulton vases, are Mr. Thornycroft's favourite antiques, which he places here, as he expresses it, to keep his eyes fresh, and which enable him, when he lifts them from his work, "to see how bad it is" as contrasted with these masterpieces. It is the period of the Elgin marbles, the highest, purest type of Greek art, that Mr. Thornycroft loves best; and it is characteristic of his sense, his taste, his freedom from conventionality, that the specimens he has chosen to be his Penates are not those that one would, perhaps, look to see upon his fireplace. True, a large photograph of the Venus of Milo surmounts the whole altar, as it may be justly called; but then it would, indeed, be rank heresy in any artist to exclude from his work-room the dearest of the antiques. Beneath the Aphrodité stands a copy of the fine dignified bust known as the Oxford Fragment, probably a Demeter. And truly it is fitting that the Earth Mother should preside over the hearth-



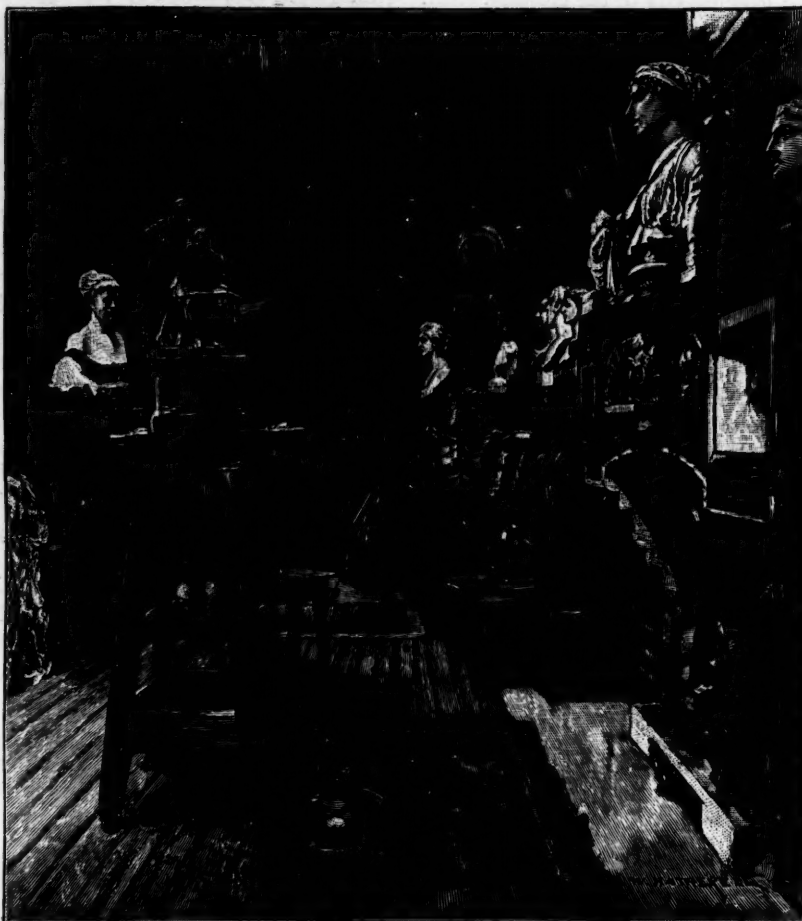
A SCULPTOR'S HOME.—IV.: THE DINING-ROOM.

stone of one of her healthy sons. On her one hand is a torso of the Cyrenian Aphrodité, on the other the so-called "Hera" of Kensington, with her placid, archaic, curiously thoughtful beauty. The other busts and statuettes all testify to the sculptor's sympathy with early Greek art.

The many busts and statues that adorn the room

his sitters. The most masterly, vigorous, and withal poetic is the "Sir Arthur Cotton." Others reveal that Mr. Thornycroft is not wanting in a certain perception of quiet humour.

The studio is lighted by a high lancet window, over which, in our sketch, a blind is drawn. Mr. Thornycroft can, when he desires, also light the room from



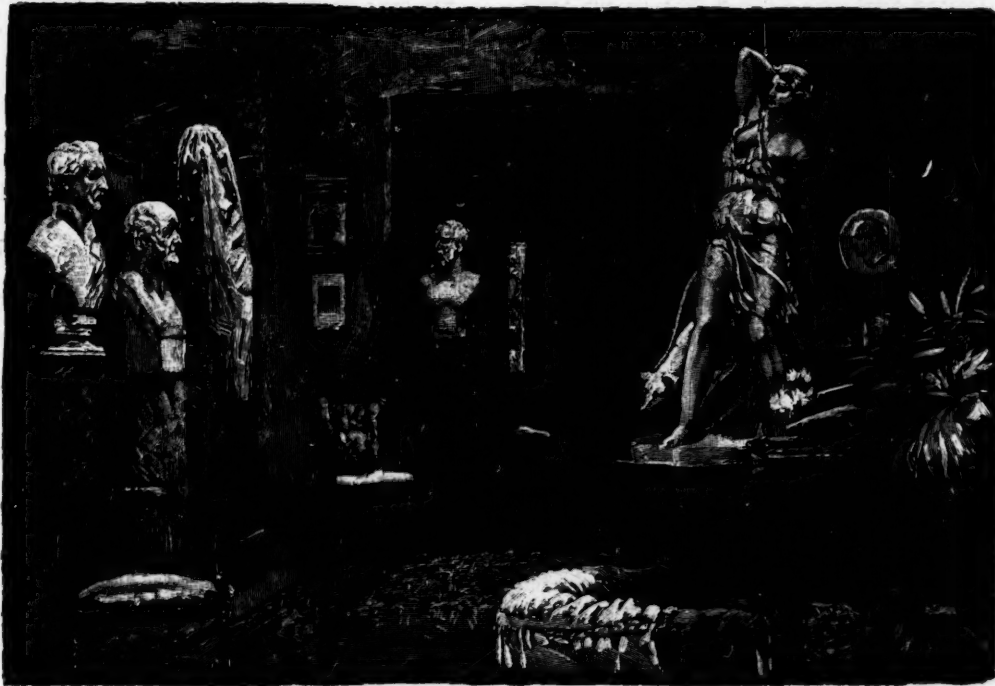
A SCULPTOR'S HOME.—V.: THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

are from Mr. Thornycroft's own hand. Here we see a bronze cast of the original wax sketch of his "Teucer"—the statue that gained him fame at the Royal Academy in 1881—as well as a full-sized bust. Here, too, stand the masterly little bronze of an "Athlete Putting a Stone," and the excellent standing statue of Lord Beaconsfield, designed by the sculptor in competition for the Beaconsfield Memorial erected by the town of Liverpool. Portrait-busts, too, abound in his studio, in too many cases the mere "pot-boilers" of his profession. Their excellence varies with the artist's interest in

above. The unique feature of his studio, and one of which he is specially proud, is that the wall does not come down flush with the window, but that beyond he has built for himself an alcove or low outer room, which presents the unspeakable advantage that, while he can get his work near to the light, he can himself, by retreating into this outer room, get at a distance from his object, and so have a good perspective whence to judge it. The alcove is connected with the studio by a curtain, and opens out on to the garden. On fine days the door stands open and a luscious background of greenery is presented to

the eye, refreshing and resting, and combining very gratefully with the white of the sculptures, making them look less *dénaturées* than at the best they are apt to do in London. The alcove itself is a delicious little snugger, used by Mr. Thornycroft as his

in plaster, the quarry whence the marble is hewn, and finally the carving of the work out of the nobler material. All the instruments used in the sculptor's profession are indicated—the modelling-tool, the callipers, the spatula, the point, the gradine, even down



A SCULPTOR'S HOME.—VI.: THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

writing-room: full of sketches and books, and those silent evidences of culture which the cultured eye is so quick to detect, so grateful to perceive. Stepping out from it into the garden, we see that above its low roof is built a balcony, on which on warm evenings Mr. Thornycroft loves to sit reading or sketching in wax. Beneath, just above the door to the garden, runs a frieze, or what has become a frieze, for it was merely a coved cornice of cement which Mr. Thornycroft chose to decorate. While the cement was wet he sketched in a charming little frieze, representing the story of the making of a statue. On the extreme left the sculptor gazes ardently into the fire whence he draws his first inspiration; then, seated at the piano, under the sweet strains of music he matures it, while the outline of the moon shows that this is night, the time for meditation. The uprising of the sun tells of the dawn of a new day in which the statue passes from the realms of fancy to those of reality. The clay sketch is made, the frame constructed on which the clay is put; here is the model sitting, here the casting

to the very screw-jack. Turning the corner, we come upon the sculptor, his work done, enjoying his recreation: hunting the deer, shooting, fishing, playing lawn tennis, evoking sounds from his violin. The frieze, though most roughly and sketchily scratched in with the stylus, is full of poetry and charm.

Re-entering the conservatory, we pass into what is called the gallery for finished work (vi.), next to Mr. Thornycroft's private studio the most attractive room in the house. It is a striking illustration of the air of refinement imparted to a room by the presence and judicious arrangement of sculpture. Here the place of honour is given to music, in the shape of a grand piano, and piles of music books lie around; for here it is that the Thornycrofts assemble of an evening to seek refreshment and inspiration from the sister art. Here, amid plants and flowers, stand some of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's finest works, some in plaster, some in marble; among the former his vivid "Artemis," seen in our sketch; among the latter his "Lot's Wife." Since he finishes most of his sculpture himself, his

marble work is particularly individual. All work that is completed is kept awhile in this room, perhaps that he may the better judge of it in a new *milieu*, and give it any final touches it may need. Through the open folding-doors of the gallery we look into a family sitting-room, chiefly furnished with Mrs. Thornycroft's sculpture, while a door at the other end conducts us once more into the hall.

Crossing this we enter a cheerful drawing-room, cool and low in colour, of which the only fault is that perhaps it has too much of an uninhabited look, the Thornycrofts preferring their sanctums or the gallery for general living. A notable feature is the fireplace, the tiles that surround the grate being painted with portraits of the whole Thornycroft family by Miss Helen Thornycroft. The dining-room (IV.) has not this unused air, since man, even artistic man, must eat. A warm-coloured pleasant room it is, with its long bay window and lead lightings,

through which in the evening are seen the red rays of some of those lovely sunsets for which London is famous. Here hangs Mr. T. Blake Wirgman's finely-conceived portrait of Mrs. Thornycroft, representing her as in the act of modelling a clay statue, the modelling-tool in her fingers.

But after we have seen all in detail, what chiefly strikes us and clings in our memory about Mr. Thornycroft's house is its true artistic beauty and the absence of modern artistic affectation. Every object seems to fall naturally into its place, not to have been put there as the result of much study from the desire to be peculiar and unique. And it is this that makes it, what even the finest houses should be, essentially a dwelling-house, not a mere repository of beautiful things where comfort and homelikeness is the best point to be regarded. This is an error into which our present makers of beautiful houses seem a little inclined to fall.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE STORY OF A PHENICIAN BOWL.

"And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift."



O our modern ears these words from the nuptial song of the Jewish king are charged with a wealth of sacred, allegorical association. But to the singer himself they had a simpler significance; and this significance, though less familiar to us, has still for all time a deep and far-reaching importance. It is the sound of a voice still witnessing to a bygone phase of the world's art-history: a voice which, heard in conjunction with the testimony of modern archaeological research, is all the more fascinating, the more persuasive, because its witness is so wholly spontaneous and unconscious. Let us seek the daughter of Tyre in her old-world home, and try to learn something of the fashion of her gifts.

And, first, the fashion of her gifts. In the British Museum, in the museums of the Vatican and the Louvre and of New York, may be seen a number of bronze and silver-gilt bowls, chased and embossed with delicate and intricate decorations. Our first illustration is a drawing from the most famous of these bowls, found at Palestrina, not far from Rome, and preserved in the Etruscan museum of the Vatican. In the centre circle the eye is caught at once by a scene that, by the type of face, the treatment of

the hair, the peculiar dress, is manifestly Egyptian. Round the next circle are ranged a frieze of horses in motion, whose character it would be hard to identify. The spaces left vacant are filled in regularly with formally-drawn birds, moving in the same direction as the horses. Such birds, serving no purpose but that of decorating vacant space, occur frequently in the designs on early Greek vases. In the outermost circle the main interest of the artist has unfolded itself. In the upper part of the picture, starting from a tiny fortress, a king goes forth in his chariot to the hunt. Remembering the design of the centre medallion, we might at once assume him an Egyptian. But a second glance corrects our supposition: that high peaked head-gear, that long, crimped, formal beard, that closely-draped figure, are to be seen in the Assyrian relief in our fourth picture; we have seen them a thousand times in other reliefs from the walls of Assyrian palaces at Nimrud, at Kuyunjik. But again comes another surprise—the Assyrian king is driven by a charioteer of obviously Egyptian type. The story continues round the tiny frieze: the Assyrian dismounts, and leaves the Egyptian charioteer in the chariot, while he himself takes aim with his bow at a stag standing in naïve expectation on a curiously-drawn mound: the stag is wounded and falls. All through, after the manner of ancient oriental art, the figures are represented again and again to denote advancing stages of one and the same story. Next, beneath

the shade of a palm-tree, the Egyptian gives fodder to the horses, and the Assyrian proceeds to hang up and divide the stag he has slain—part for the feast he himself has earned, part for sacrifice to the gods. We see him seated, the altar before him; above is hovering the winged disc of the oriental sun-god, symbol of a protecting genius; just such a symbol you may see near an Egyptian sphinx

could ever see them. Their kinsmen still flourish in the modern gorilla, and it must be remembered that the name "gorilla" is taken from the account of the "wild men" whom Hanno, the adventurous Carthaginian admiral, so named when he captured them in his voyage round the Pillars of Hercules along the unknown coast of Africa, of which the story is told in the one fragment of the official records of the



1.—A BOWL FROM PALESTRINA.

engraved in Perrot's admirable book. But danger is near. From the opening of a cave in a hillock to the left of the scene there looks the face of a hideous ape, an incarnation of malice, watching to slay the pious king unawares. In the next scene the brute stands upright, a stone in his hand. This cave-dwelling ape standing upright, man-fashion, and warring with stones for weapons, science says must be sought for in Africa, and Africa alone. Such apes appear not infrequently on early Greek vases, though in his native land, we may be sure, unless they had travelled across the seas, no Greek

navy of Carthage. But the goddess in whose honour due sacrifice had been done is mindful of her worshipper; and just as this hideous ape is hurling his stone she appears from heaven (truly a *dea ex machina*) and catches up king and chariot in her protecting arms. Such honour in many an ancient mythology is the guerdon of the faithful. But the king returns to earth again, dowered with new strength. He tramples his enemy underfoot, and returns in triumph to the palace whence he went forth. Looking at the bowl, we ask ourselves with inevitable curiosity what manner of art is this that

combines in such strange confusion a king from Assyria, a charioteer from Egypt, and an ape from Africa? Why was this cup found in Italy? Why do its designs reappear on pottery that is Hellenic? Here are problems enough for solution.

But one instance, perhaps, may not suffice; I

the design as a whole is by no means clear. The explanation given of the Palestrina bowl is due to the ingenuity of the French savant M. Clermont-Gauneau, and the archaeological world still waits eagerly to see if he will unravel by the like clue the decorative mysteries that still remain.



2.—A BOWL FROM CURIUM.

will take another. Where the instances are many we cannot attribute peculiarities to mere accident or caprice. The bowl we figure in our second illustration is said to have been found at Curium, on the south coast of Cyprus, during the excavations made there by General Cesnola. The mystery seems to deepen. Curium in Cyprus and Palestrina in Italy are far enough asunder. In the centre medallion this time is a scene more obviously Assyrian than any our Palestrinian bowl afforded. A winged deity, half god half monster, contends with a lion. The spaces round are filled by two protecting hawk-shaped genii. How thoroughly Assyrian is this winged deity we may see by comparing him with our copy of the relief. As yet, I may add, the interpretation of

But enough is clear for our purpose; the style may be recognised apart from the full mythological significance. Let us look at one more scene in the right-hand corner of the outside frieze of our Curium bowl. A king, bearing on his head a symbolic crown, manifestly Egyptian, is slaying his foes; he grasps them by the hair, he kills them literally at a blow; beside him stands a hawk-headed sun-deity, Ra, with the solar disc on his head. By the side of this we might place a similar design from the rock temple at Abu-Simbel, in Nubia; the juxtaposition would be enough. At intervals along our Curium bowl are formal designs like trees, with monsters planted heraldically on either side. A glance at the Assyrian relief shows how oriental they are.

A third cup, from Amathus, in Cyprus (figured in our third picture), bears witness even more clear and circumstantial. Round the innermost circle are ranged a row of sphinxes: Egyptian, for on their head they wear the uræus or curled asps, with head upreared. They are the sisters of the gentle human-headed Egyptian sphinx already referred to, but they have borrowed the high formal wings of their Assyrian sister. In the next circle to the right are two frog-headed Egyptian genii (each crowned with the uræus) adoring the great creative beetle, symbol of Ptah, the God of Memphis; next, to the left, is a winged lady, a lotus blossom in her hand, balanced on the opposite side by a similar winged lady, Athor, the moon-cow goddess, the horned moon-disc on her head. Facing each of these winged goddesses is a youthful figure who lays his finger on his lip, sign of the young sun-god Horus. One is seated on a lotus bud, symbol of the rising sun; the other stands erect, holding the Egyptian sign of life in his hand. Between the two figures of Horus stand symmetrically two that are manifestly Assyrian; between these, a floral design like that in our relief. But Assyrian though they are, these figures bear in their hands the Egyptian life-symbol. In the outermost circle is a battle scene, in which Assyrian and Egyptian elements are mingled in a confusion I may not pause to unravel.

And now for our Assyrian relief. Two winged

Genii kneel on either side of the Sacred Tree. The tree is arranged formally, symmetrically, pattern-fashion; it is a symbol, not a living growth. The Assyrian type of figure and face is clearly seen in the Genii: the short muscular figure, awkwardly and formally draped, the face with full cheeks, aquiline nose and heavily-set eyes, the long formal beard. The two curious wings also arranged pattern-fashion, symbols of swiftness and strength, are mere adjuncts to point a meaning, not organic parts of a wing-flying being. The whole system of decoration, the harsh emphasis of the muscles, the elaborate lifeless detail of the feathers and drapery give the relief the air of a piece of needlework translated into stone. Very different is the aspect of Egypt, as shown on the opposite page, in a relief from a sculpture at Abydos. The great king, Seti I., father of the still greater Ramses II., is here represented; and in his beautiful figure we may study, far better than in the rude drawing of our bowls, the type of the Egyptian. Seti is pleasanter to gaze at than the Assyrian genius, with his coarse brutal aspect; he is tall and slight, his shoulders broad and full, his hips narrow, his arm fine and powerful, the hand with long sensitive fingers; the head somewhat large, the forehead square and low, the full-lipped mouth very gentle and a trifle melancholy. His dress, scunter than that of the Assyrian, is the curious *schenti* of plaited linen falling in triangular form,



3.—A BOWL FROM AMATHUS.

as we have seen it in the centre medallion of our bowl. On his head is the kingly uræus, already familiar. In his right hand is the tiny figure of the goddess he worships, holding the T-shaped

nation as they claimed and fought for their Promised Land. This people built Sidon, the City of Fish-catchers; and later the great city of Tyre arose on her "rock" in her splendour. In the Fourteenth



4.—AN ASSYRIAN RELIEF.

symbol of life. Near him is the opening bud of the sacred lotus, a lotus like that from which we saw the young Horus arise. It would be difficult to find anywhere in any art, ancient or modern, a relief more instinct with delicate refinement.

It is these two arts, the art of Assyria and the art of Egypt, that we find almost inextricably fused in our richly decorated bowls. I might easily multiply examples, I might examine bowl after bowl with the same result; we should find always this mingling, this well-nigh chaos of Egyptian and Assyrian elements, varying much in proportion, ignorantly and inaccurately copied, but combined usually with a dexterity decoratively pleasing to the eye, however bewildering to the mind. What, again we ask, does this mean? The answer is the strangest of all stories, the tale of the Daughter of Tyre; for these bowls are among the goodly "gifts" she holds in her hands.

Assyria and Egypt lie geographically far asunder, but between them is a land, a narrow strip of sea-coast known by its inhabitants as Canaan (the hollow country); a land called by the Greeks in part Phenicia, in part Palestina (the land of the Pelishtim or Philistines), Phenicia being called by the Egyptians the land of Kaft. Here, two thousand years before Christ, were settled a civilised people, a people who were at one time hard-pressed by the Hebrew

Century B.C. this land of Phenicia was, we know, invaded by the great king of Egypt, Ramses II., who has left behind him sculptures on the rocky coast near the modern Beyrouth. About three centuries later Tiglath-Pileser I., King of Asshur, forced his way across the Euphrates and reached the western sea-coast. But long before these warlike contests the land of Phenicia had carried on peaceful traffic with Egypt and Assyria. In her markets met and were exchanged merchandise from Syria with the products of the valleys of both Nile and Euphrates. Here are merchants from Egypt as Ezekiel saw them, with "fine brodered linen," with papyrus fabrics, with glass and graven gems; here a caravan is unloading with its treasure brought from the uttermost East with the fleece of long-haired lambs and goats, with spices and frankincense, with cinnamon and cassia, with silken tissues, with pearls and bright gold from India. Ezekiel has painted the picture in his "burden of Tyre." Our business is rather with the Phenicians as craftsmen than as merchants. Craftsmen they were, though artists we may not call them, for they lacked creative impulse. When the wondrous wares of the East poured into their markets, they were not content merely to exchange the one for the other, a fleece for a golden bowl, a graven weapon for a casket; they must learn to copy as well as to buy and sell. As copyists they

attained to a marvellous manual dexterity. They had art enough to admire the artistic wares it was their mission to bear to and fro; and in their own native workshops they began to attempt to reproduce them. They had no national style; they could simply imitate technical processes and combine and rearrange the elements that lay to hand. But in this mechanical adaptation, they achieved a success destined to be known far and wide through the civilised world. Their skill was not to be confined within the narrow limits of Canaan—their trade was to turn westward as well as eastward; and in this traffic with the West lies their peculiar significance for the modern world.

Let us follow one of their traders on his way. Slowly he will creep on from island to island, to Rhodes, to Crete, to Thera, Melos, Samothrace, Lemnos, Thasos; at each he will plant trading stations, to which again and again he may return. In exchange for his ware he will win copper ore from Cyprus, gold from Thasos, captive slaves from each

and all. And last, on a fateful day, some trader more venturesome than the rest moors his black ship in the Bay of Argos; he unloads his wares—stuffs dyed with the Tyrian purple, carved ivory, and amber and graven ostrich eggs, vessels of pottery, shining armour and carven bowls—such bowls as we have seen. Eager natives crowd about the gay bazaar, goodly men and fair tall women; and gladly they barter for these Eastern gauds their home-grown wares, and, most of all, the purple dye-fish on their coasts. Further afield we will not follow the Phenician trader; we know his ships touched at the coast of Etruria and Latium, for the first of our bowls was found at Palestrina. We know that to the coast of Africa came the Phenician Queen Dido; and how her colonies held Sicily and Sardinia, the Balearic Isles and Spain. We know, too, that the Phenician voyaged even beyond the pillars of Hercules, and that one day he bore for freight the prophet Jonah. But we will pause at Hellas, where the treasures of Mycenæ tell of his presence, and Ezekiel lifts his voice,

adding yet another woe to "the burden of Tyre." "Javan (the Ionian, *i.e.*, the Greek), Tubal, and Meshech, they were their merchants, they traded the persons of men and vessels of brass in their market."

This contact with Hellas gains special interest to us from the testimony of Homer; the art he knew of was manifestly of foreign, of Phenician, character. Menelaos has a "mixing bowl" beautifully wrought; it is all of silver and the lips thereof are finished with gold, and the hero Phædimos, *King of the Sidonians*, gave it him. Helen has a silver work-basket with wheels beneath and the rims thereof finished with gold, which was given her by the wife of a king of Egypt; the swineherd Eumæos tells how to his island home came "the Phenicians, mariners renowned, greedy merchant men, with countless gauds in a black ship."

The sequel of this story I may not tell to-day. How the artist-spirit of Hellas awoke at the electric touch of this foreign contact; how her native craftsmen first wondered at, then copied, then outgrew their foreign models; how with the genius of the true borrower they chose out the good and refused the evil; how



5.—SETI I. FROM A RELIEF AT ABYDOS.

they learnt from the coarse realism of Assyria and the delicate naturalism of Egypt such lessons as each could teach; how they borrowed from the East the alphabet of art as they borrowed the alphabet of writing, and transfigured it to be the expression of a living language all their own; how they learnt from the Phenicians such skill in the fashioning of material and such conventions in the expression of ideas as might save them the long weary struggle for the mastery of mere technique; how they appro-

priated a system of decoration ready made; how they absorbed a sentiment for what Mr. Pater has well called "Asiatic curiousness;" how they learnt the principle of heraldic balance, the symmetry of subject answering to subject: all this, the story of the Græco-Phenician period of art, I must leave unpictured and untold—leave it even to-day, when a griffin and a sphinx and a unicorn still decorate our walls, and tell of the Phenician trader who brought them from the East.

JANE E. HARRISON.

COMEDY AT COURT.

IN "La Comédie à la Cour" (Paris: Firmin-Didot), M. Adolph Jullien, author of an excellent "Histoire de la Costume au Théâtre," has told the story of three of the most distinguished sets of amateur theatricals known to the France of the Eighteenth Century. The first is the private theatre of Condé's grandchild, the mad Duchesse du Maine, at Sceaux, once the country-house of no less a man than Colbert. The second is the admirable little play-house established by Mdme. de Pompadour at Versailles, and translated by her to Bellevue. The third is the attempt at histrionics of Marie-Antoinette, at the Théâtre du Petit Trianon. The history of each of these achievements is well and clearly told, and admirably illustrated, now with reproductions by process (some of which we are able to present to our readers), and now with etchings and chromo-lithographs, after Cochin and Le Brun. The result is one

of the best and handsomest books of the kind which I remember to have seen.

During the last century France was wholly delivered over to the passion of private theatricals. The craze was a development of the fashion of a preceding age. At the epoch of the Fronde it was the proper thing to keep a company of players. Under Louis Quatorze it was still the proper thing to have

a private troop, but it was also the proper thing to appear yourself. The Grand Monarque had Molière for his manager, and kept a company which was one of the original stocks of the Comédie-Française, the greatest theatre in the world. But he often deigned to stoop himself to the stage, and, in Benserade's ballets and the divertissements that make so terrible a solution of continuity in the work of Molière, he danced amid his courtiers with a majesty so dazzling, we are told, as to be almost intolerable. Where the king had en-



MDLLE. PRÉVOST AS A BACCHANTE.

(From the Picture by Raoux. Musée de Tours.)

tered in, it was only natural and decent that the court should follow. Club after club was formed, and play-house after play-house was built and fitted up. And after the peace of 1748 the fashion had become a mania. High and low, rich and poor, royal and ribald, the burgess with the duke, Aspasia with the daughter of a hundred earls—every one took pleasure in acting. There were private theatres "dans tout les quartiers, dans toutes les rues, dans toutes les maisons." No man about town but had his peculiar stage, no fashionable woman but had hers. In their brilliant set of essays, "*La Femme au Dix-huitième Siècle*," the brothers Goncourt, working after M. Victor Fournel, count up some forty of them, and do not go near to exhausting the tale. Mdlle. Guimard had a couple of play-houses, so had the sisters Verrières, so had Voltaire, so had the Regent Orléans. M. de la Popelinière had a theatre of his own at Passy; the dancer D'Auberval, by a costly and ingenious mechanical arrangement, could convert his drawing-room into a theatre in the twinkling of an eye; Clairon was the bright particular star of the Duchesse de Villeroy's company; a performance, for Molé's benefit, at the theatre of Baron d'Esclapon, realised upwards of twenty-four thousand livres. At Versailles, in the Théâtre des Petits Cabinets, M^{de}. de Pompadour achieved success in comedy, tragedy, and opera alike; while princes played the bassoon in the orchestra, and dukes and marquises danced in solemn ballets, or "took the nap" in pantomimes and *parades*. Marie-Antoinette took lessons of Dugazon; Voltaire trained and produced Le Kain, and, in spite of a tendency to over-emphasis and exaggeration,

himself excelled as an actor of tragedy; the Regent was admirable in peasant parts—as, for instance, the Lubin of "*George Dandin*"—and in the part of a financier—as, for instance, the Turcaret of Lesage; the Marquis de Courtenvaux was an excellent *premier danseur*; M. Hue de Miromesnil, the keeper of the seals, was an incomparable Scapin; M^{de}. de Montesson was sometimes equalled with Sophie Arnould; Mdlle. de Savalette was esteemed not much inferior to the Dangeville herself. It was one dramatic club, at the Hôtel Jaback, which sent out the peerless Lecouvreur; it was another, at the Hôtel de Clermont-Tonnerre, which revealed La Kain; it was a third, founded just before the Revolution by a certain Doyen and in



ZEPHYR AND FLORA.

(Painted by Delobel for the Pavilion of Aurora, Seeaux.)

existence yet some thirty or forty years ago, which produced artists so near to us in time and repute as Bocage, Samson, Ligier, Provost, Arnal, Bouffé, and Brohan. Of private theatricals under Napoleon (who was a perfect judge of acting, and who hissed, they say, the Empress Josephine with absolute pitilessness) and the monarchy I have no need to speak. With the actors trained at the Théâtre-Doyen we have advanced far on into the present century; and I need add no more than that the two Coquelins, with Mdles. Reichenberg and Samary, are as popular on the drawing-room stage as were Fleury and Clairon and Dazincourt before them. So that in France the tradition of private theatricals is as free from breaks as that of the Théâtre-Français or the Opéra themselves.

Of the private theatres of the Eighteenth Century, that of the Duchesse du Maine was one of the earliest, and, in some ways, one of the most important. It had its origin partly in the Duchesse's inordinate vanity and partly in her peculiar craze for excitement. Her Highness—the "poupée du sang," as she was called—was as active in the pursuit of pleasure as her renowned grandsire had been in the pursuit of victory. Flattery of the grossest and most extravagant type was a necessity of life for her; and without excitement, change, novelty, the opportunity of parading her personality, she could hardly have existed. It was in the Pavilion of Aurora, in her domain of Sceaux, that she set up her stage. In 1672 Le Brun had built and decorated the place for Colbert, from a tapestry in the Pitti Palace. He painted the ceiling of the central hall with a magnificent allegory of the coming of dawn; and from this the Pavilion took its name. The Duchesse—"une des personnes qui s'ennuyaient le plus au monde, et qui ennuyaient le plus leur monde"—had a passion for allegory; and she commissioned Delobel to paint the ceilings of certain rooms in the Pavilion with allegorical groups, suggested by heroic moments in pieces played by her upon her private stage, in which her own portrait bore a principal part. In one, which I have reproduced, she is represented as Flora, while Zephyr, as the Genius of Festival, crowns her with laurel, and corpulent amorini sport and worship about and around. In another she is figured as Pomona—a Pomona, it may be noted, who makes the most of her form; Vertumnus, attired as a female soothsayer, is telling Pomona's fortune, which, you may be sure, is none of the meanest; while a number of these harmless, necessary cupids, in whose absence no allegory could be held complete, are pursuing their wonted vocation in the background. These two imposing trifles are a type of all that was done to amuse the Goddess of Sceaux. Witty as she

was—and she was one of the wittiest of her time—the Duchesse only lived to be flattered and amused, to converse in allegories and enigmas, to take first place in charades and dramatic riddles designed in her honour. Among her poets were Chaulieu and Sainte-Aulaire, were La Fare and Fontenelle and Voltaire; the Abbé Genest, an Academician, and a poet of singular dulness and ineptitude, wrote tragedies for her stage; Nicolas Malezieu, an Academician of singular sprightliness and humour, was her manager, her playwright, her principal actor, her master of the revels; her lady of the bedchamber and dramatist in ordinary was the incomparable Mdle. de Launay. Among her intimates were Louis de Bourbon and Marie-Anne d'Enghien—afterwards the Duchesse de Vendôme—the Duc de Nevers, the Duchesses d'Harcourt, de la Ferté, d'Estrées, de Rohan, de Lauzun, d'Albemarle, and a crowd of notables besides. At Sceaux all these noble persons wore nicknames. Thus Malezieu was called the Curate; Genest, the Abbé Pegasus, or—with reference to the grandeur of his nose—the Abbé Rhinoceros; the Duc de Nevers, Amphion; the Duchesse, Diana and the Sylph of Damascus; the Duc d'Albemarle, the son of our James II., the Major; and so forth. Tired of donkey-riding and riddles, and the fantastic humours of the Ordre de la Mouche-à-Miel (the Duchesse, being tiny of stature and abounding in wit and sweetness, was pleased to figure herself as a honey-making, sting-bearing Bee, and to create an order of knight-hood in her own and the insect's honour), it occurred to the mistress of Sceaux to institute the series of entertainments known in history as the Grandes Nuits. Their origin is trivial enough. The Duchesse, as I have said, was incurably restless, and passed a great part of her nights at cards. A diligent courtier of hers, the Abbé de Vaubrun, determined to give her a little surprise. He explained his device to Mdle. de Launay, and with her aid he was enabled to practise it without delay. That admirable creature, assuming the shape of Night, came suddenly in upon the card-players, and thanked the Duchesse in an elaborate harangue for preferring her to Day, Luna to Sol, Darkness to Light, and so forth; after which the gallant Vaubrun, as one of Night's lackeys, came forward and sang a madrigal, composed *ad hoc* by Malezieu and set to music by Mouret. The idea was novel; the flattery was gross; the opportunity of display was excellent; and the Duchesse lost no time in instituting the set of magnificent diversions we know. They were given once a fortnight. Each was under the direction of a king and queen, who planned it, arranged it, executed it, paid for it, and put off their crowns next day. They were composed of dances, music, and operatic and dramatic interludes.

Those of the seventh night are a type of the rest. In the first interlude astronomers came trooping in from the observatory to ask for information about a certain Star which had taken of late to rising and setting with exemplary punctuality every fifteenth night. In the second, a band of treasure-seekers, inspired by Merlin the Wizard, repaired to Sceaux to discover a certain hidden Gem. In the third a pack of wehrwolves and maniacs came in and were restored to reason under a certain beneficent Influence. I do not need to note that Gem, Influence, and Star were all expressions of her unapproachable highness, the Duchesse du Maine.

This was in 1715. With the sixteenth entertainment the *Grandes Nuits* came miserably to an end. The old king fell mortally ill, and the Duchesse had to leave Sceaux for Versailles, where many and great misfortunes awaited her, and from whence she was not soon to depart. The *Grandes Nuits* were over for good and all. The fourteenth night, however, had witnessed, says M. Jullien, an event of capital importance in the history of the dance. At the beginning of the second interlude Apollo appeared, and offered the princess a "danse caractérisée de Camille et d'Horace le poignard à la main." Then to Mouret's music Balon and the enchanting Prévost (whose portrait, from the original by Raoux, in Tours Museum,

I reproduce) danced and mimed the great scene in Corneille's fourth act, the scene between the brother and sister. The two artists were excited even to tears; the audience wept with them; their success was complete; dramatic dancing was proved to be possible and desirable. The *ballet d'action* dates from this experiment at Sceaux. Balon and Prévost are the direct ancestors of Taglioni and Carlotta Grisi, the heroines of "La Sylphide" and "Giselle."

The Duchesse du Maine, I should add, was old in histrionics at the time of the *Grandes Nuits*. She was ambitious exceedingly. Tragedy and comedy came alike to her. She attempted Molière's *Célestine* and Racine's *Andromaque*, Genest's *Penelope* and Quinault's *Lauretta*, the *Monime* of "Bajazet," and the *Iphigénie* of a translation from Euripides.

She appears to have been as bad an actress as can well be imagined. But her interest in the stage was a part of her nature and ceased only with her life. After her return to Sceaux she is found arranging performances of tragedies by Morand and dramas by Calderon and comedies by Plautus. A year after her husband's death, Voltaire and the Marquise du Chatelet were her guests at Anet, where they spent their time in writing history and explaining Newton, in making themselves ridiculous, and in producing Voltaire's farce

"Le Comte de Boursouffle."

In the autumn of the same year (1747) we hear of operas and ballets (danced by Mdle. Guimard and the Duc de Courtenvaux), and of a performance of Voltaire's "Prude," an adaptation of Wycherly's "Plain Dealer," with the poet and the "divine Émilie" in principal parts. Over the production of the "Prude," I may add, the Duchesse and her poet had a violent quarrel. Voltaire, who was an egoist of the first water, and whose impudence was scarce less phenomenal than his literary skill, filled the house with invitations of his own. This mightily enraged his royal mistress; and the poet and his Émilie were as good as ordered from the house. The ill-feeling lasted for some time. But the Duchesse was vain; Voltaire was the most dexterous of flatterers; and



à Paris Chez Crapuy Ruiffet, devant la boutique de la Poste. .

THE DUCHESS DU MAINE.

(From a Print.)

presently things were smoothed over, and concord reigned once more. In 1750 Voltaire finished his "Rome Sauvée," which he pretended to have written under the Duchesse's inspiration, and which he certainly owed to her suggestion. He produced it at Sceaux, with young Le Kain as *Lentulus* and himself as his own *Cicéron*. This was the last event of importance witnessed in the Pavilion of Aurora. In the January of 1753 the Duchesse died. She was seventy-seven years old; and as Sainte-Beuve has said, "elle avait joué la comédie jusqu'à extinction, et sans se douter que ce fût une comédie." All her friends and boon companions had preceded her to the grave. She had lived so long, and she belonged to a past so distant, that she was forgotten even in the act of death, and buried as the merest nobody.

Some five-and-twenty years afterwards, in 1780, Marie-Antoinette took up the stage as an amusement, and began to play in opera and comedy at Trianon. She had been admirably trained. Gluck had taught her music; Noverre had been her dancing-

appears, however, to have been a bad actress (it was of her that some one said, "Il faut convenir qui c'est royalement mal jouer"), and as a manager to have been greatly wanting in tact and discretion. She began in the August of 1780 as the Gotte of



AN ARCHDUCAL BALLET.

(From a Picture at Trianon.)

master; she had learned singing from Sainville and D'Aufresne; and at ten years old she had appeared (as you may see her in my last picture, which is a reproduction of one in the Petit Trianon) with her brothers, the Archdukes Ferdinand and Maximilian, and a set of supernumeraries which included the girls and boys of the houses of Clary, Auesberg, and Furstemberg, in a ballet composed by Metastasio and set to music by the composer of "Orphée" and "Alceste." She

"La Gageure Imprevue" and the Jenny of "Le Roi et le Fermier," pieces like our own "No Song, No Supper" and "The King and the Miller of Mansfield;" she ended, in the August of 1785, four days after the arrest of Louis de Rohan for his share in the Diamond Necklace business, as Beaumarchais' Rosine. Eight years afterwards she wended her way to the Place de la Révolution and the altar of Saint Guillotine.

W. E. H.

